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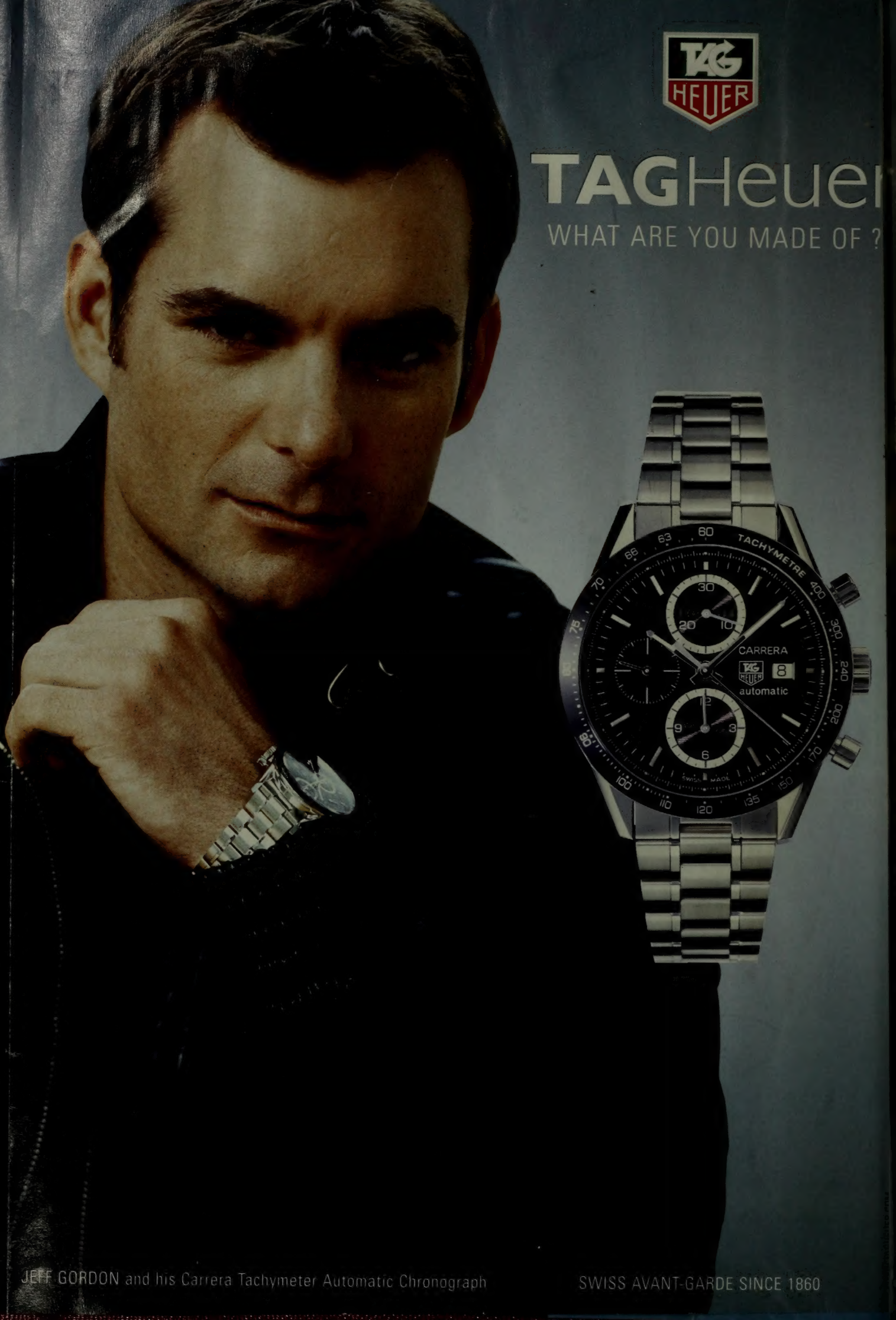
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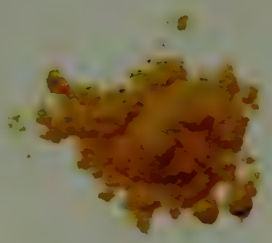

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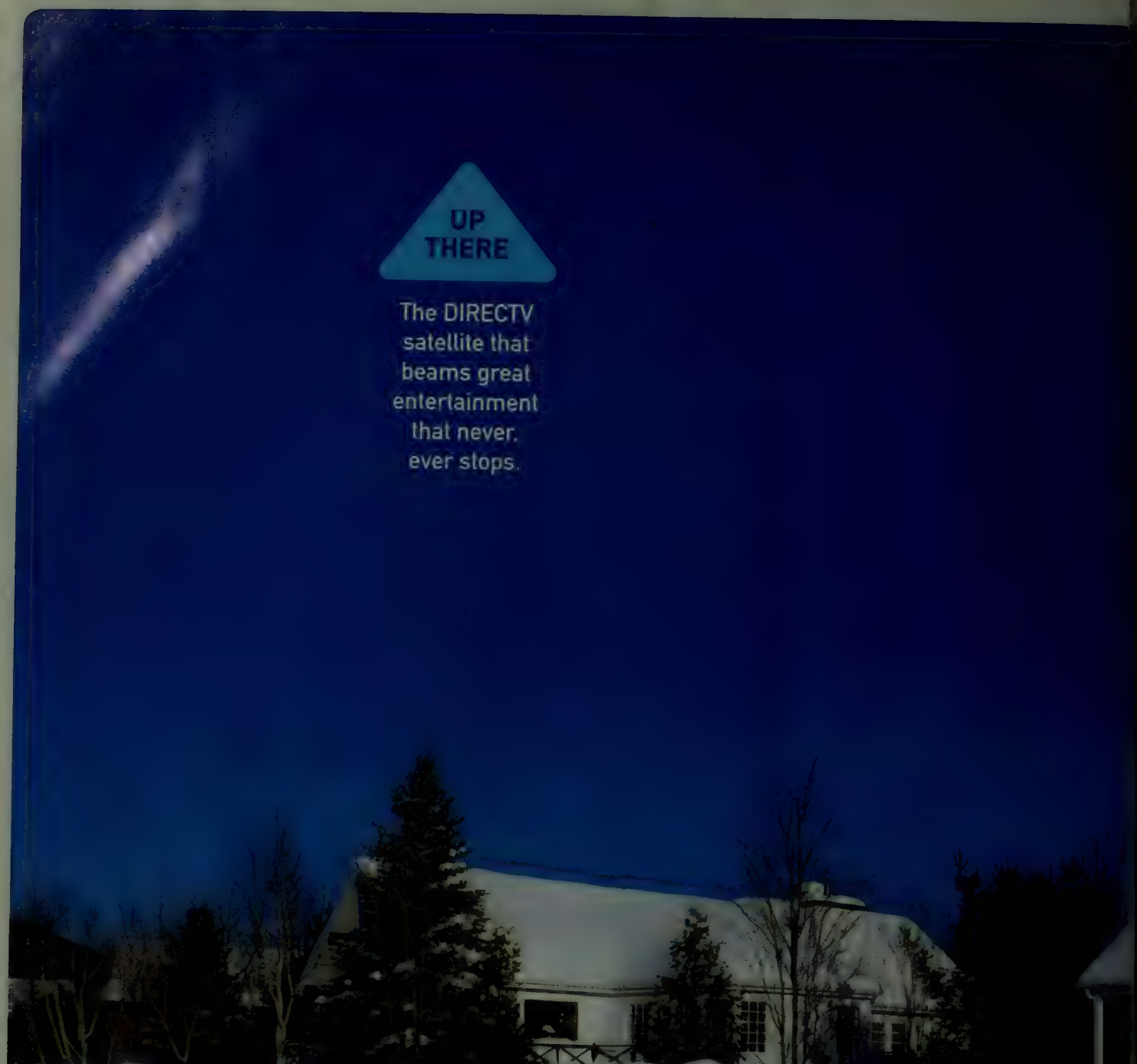
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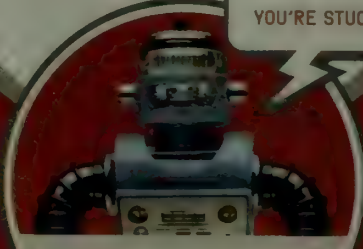
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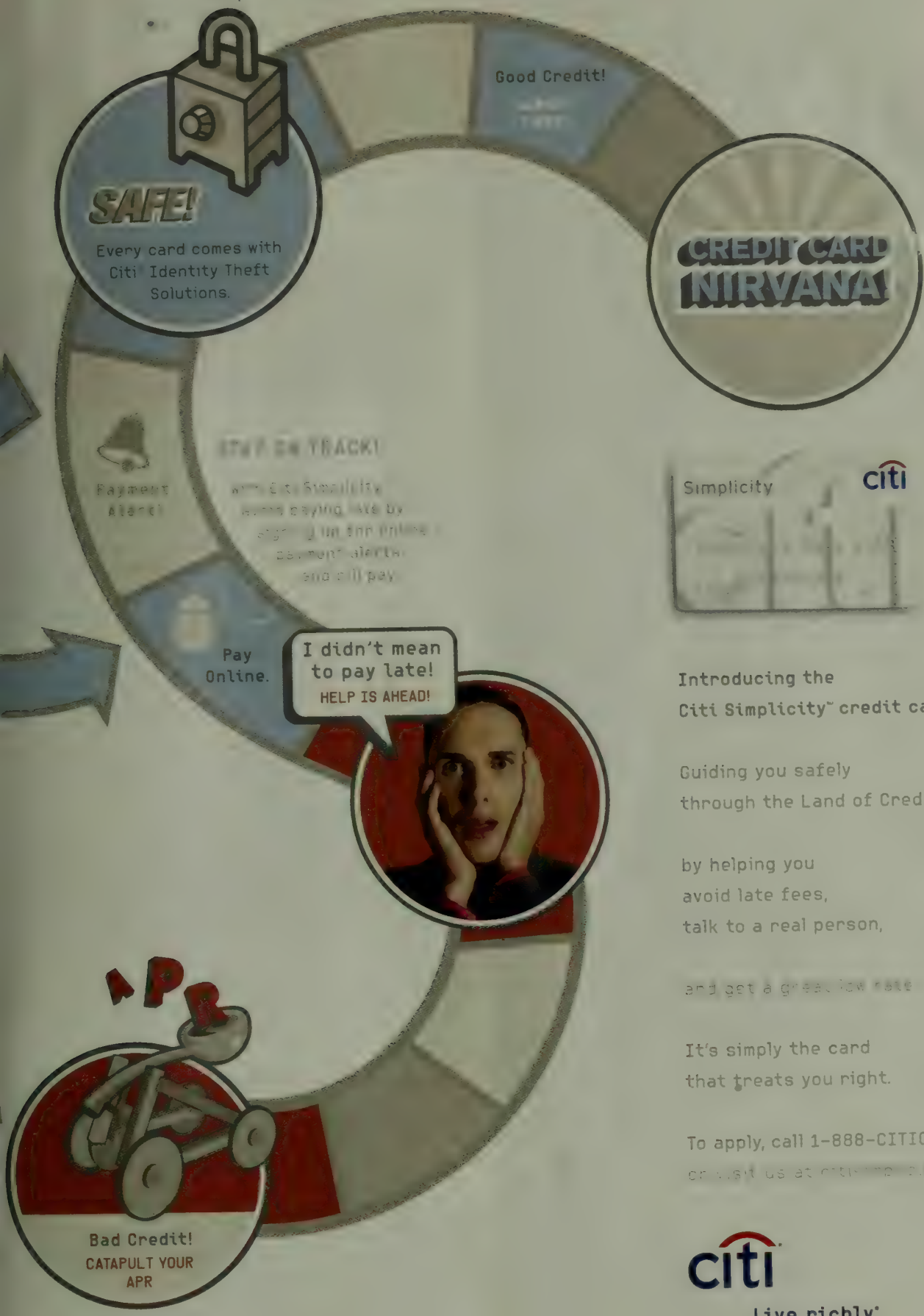
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- CANADA'S LITERARY LIGHTS
- DAILY DOSE: THE BLOG ROLL TO TOP ALL BLOG ROLLS

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89 THE BEST OF THE BEST 2005 Confronting war and disaster or providing hope and distraction, they gave the year its brightness. Cindy Sheehan, the cast of *Lost,* and Bono and Sir Bob Geldof headline a 23-page portfolio by Annie Leibovitz and other top photographers. Essay by James Wolcott.

112 FROM THE SHADOWS: AN ORAL HISTORY OF OSAMA BIN LADEN In 1997, Peter L. Bergen became one of the few journalists to interview Osama bin Laden. Now, in an excerpt from his new book, Bergen penetrates bin Laden's inner circle for an unprecedented portrait.

118 THE ROAD TO *KONG* Peter Jackson's epic remake of *King Kong* premieres this month, starring Naomi Watts as the iconic blonde in the big ape's fist. Krista Smith learns about Watts's romances, her friendship with Nicole Kidman, and her struggle to make Hollywood's "go-to" list. Photographs by Norman Jean Roy.

124 BARYSHNIKOV AT THE SUMMIT Annie Leibovitz and Laura Jacobs spotlight Mikhail Baryshnikov's next bi leap: his new arts center.

126 MISSING WHITE FEMALE The disappearance of Alabama teenager Natalee Holloway in Aruba led to a cable news obsession and six arrests. Six months later, the suspects are free, the case remains unsolved, and Natalee's mother is at war with the entire island. Bryan Burrough digs into the mystery. Photographs by Harry Benson.

132 UNRELIABLE SOURCES Judy Miller went to jail as a defender of journalistic principle. But she's inflicted lasting damage on America's paper of record. Looking inside *The New York Times*'s investigation of its controversial former reporter, Seth Mnookin finds publisher Arthur Sulzberger Jr. in the hot seat.

136 A PRIVATE-SCHOOL AFFAIR The last few years have been ugly for St. Paul's, the exclusive New England boarding school, as it reeled from allegations of financial mismanagement and sexual abuse. Alex Shoumatoff diagnoses his alma mater. Photographs by Jonathan Becker and Vincent Laforet.

HOT DAMSEL!
KING KONG'S NAOMI WATTS MONKEYS AROUND 118

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72 LIFE ACCORDING TO LULU The vivid, fantastical imagination behind Lulu Guinness's luxury handbags ha spawned a fashion empire—and a blossoming Lulu cult. In London, Laura Jacobs enters Guinness's enchanted world. Photographs by Chris Craymer.

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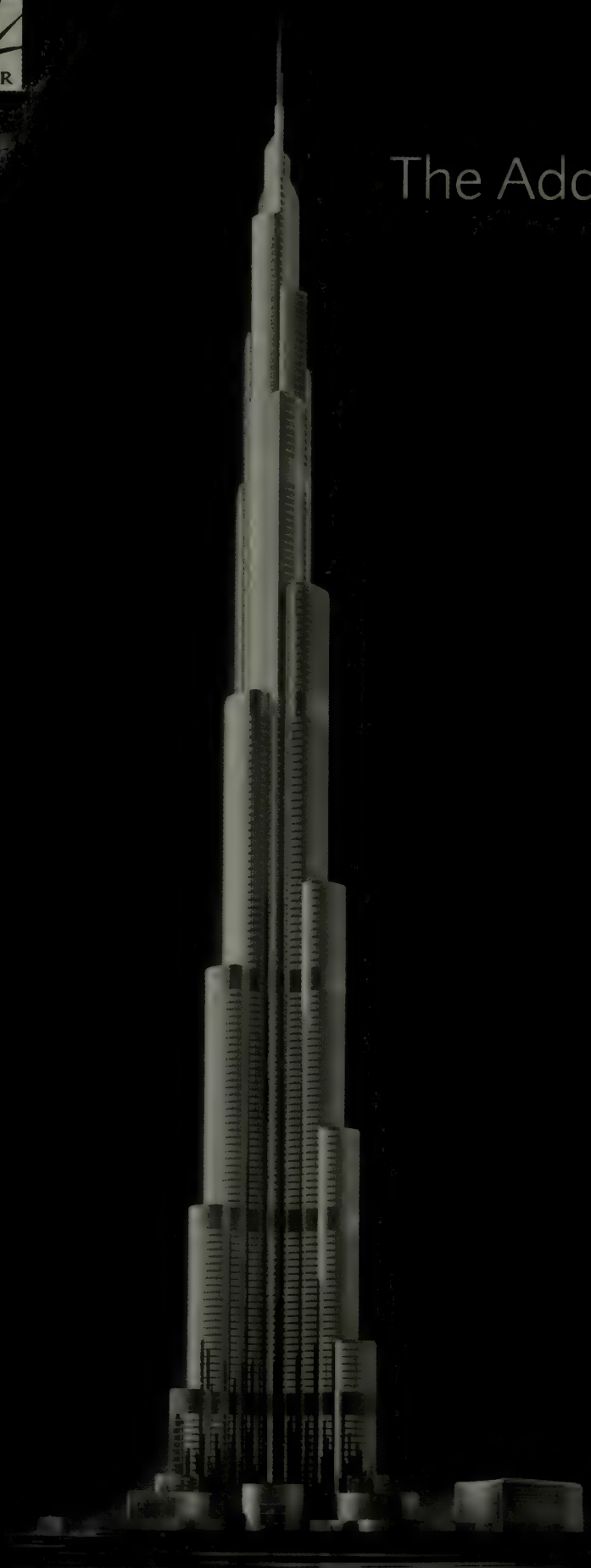
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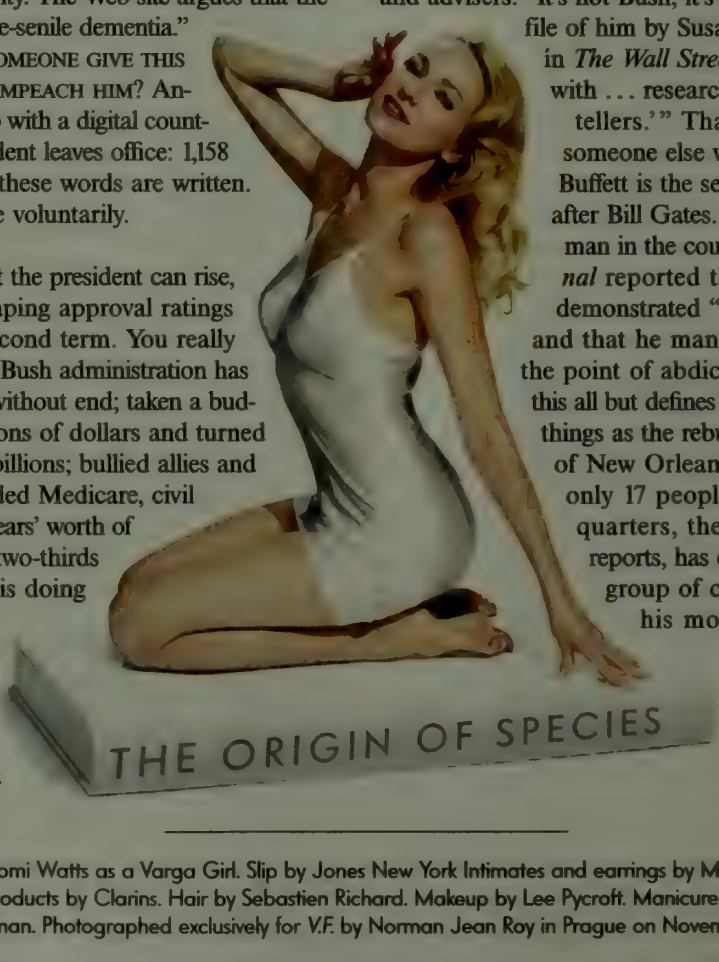
The Man in the Suit



In response to Maureen Dowd's engaging contemplation of the sexes in her book *Are Men Necessary?,* I offer the following to indicate the true differences between the two sexes. There are the obvious: men like the Three Stooges, women don't; men fall in love with their eyes, women with their ears; men do not find it necessary to hold on to the neck of a straw, whereas women do. And faced with a mechanical failure in an appliance or some such, women are more than likely to go first into quiet hysterics and then call in a repairman. A man, on the other hand, will tell the womenfolk to step aside, then cast a cool, discerning eye over the inoperative machine. He will calmly fiddle with this knob and then that one. He will examine the wiring. He will flick the switch on; he will flick it off. And with the machine still lying there dormant, he will stand back, confident that he has explored every possible option. And then he will begin hitting it vigorously with a large stick.

Which pretty much describes the administration's response to 9/11. Two and a half years after the invasion of Iraq, the president is paying for that stick. A Web site being linked to around the Internet shows two film clips of him. In one, he is a charismatic, quick-thinking gubernatorial candidate in Texas, all smiles and confidence. The other clip is more recent. It depicts the same man a decade later, speaking haltingly, faltering over his words, unable to get across the thrust of his argument with any sort of clarity. The Web site argues that the president is in the early stages of "pre-senile dementia." A bumper sticker proclaims: WILL SOMEONE GIVE THIS MAN A BLOW JOB SO THAT WE CAN IMPEACH HIM? Another entrepreneur is selling a key fob with a digital countdown of the time left until the president leaves office: 1,158 days, 12 hours, and 32 minutes as these words are written. That is if the president leaves office voluntarily.

The Bush faithful cling to hope that the president can rise, phoenix-like, from his floor-scraping approval ratings to salvage something out of his second term. You really have to admire their optimism. The Bush administration has plunged the country into two wars without end; taken a budget surplus in the hundreds of billions of dollars and turned it into a deficit in the hundreds of billions; bullied allies and enemies alike; and, at home, shredded Medicare, civil liberties, poverty programs, and 30 years' worth of environmental protections. Almost two-thirds of Americans think the president is doing a poor job, and his poll numbers on issues such as personal trust, honesty, and values are in free fall. Frankly, with all that is collapsing around him, it's a miracle his ratings are as high as they are.



This is the time in most presid second terms when the comma in chief hits the road, boosting hi tered morale with crowds of chee flag-waving foreigners. In Novembe president took his forced smile twitchy hand to Argentina—to att meeting of 34 nations from the A icas—and was met with protesters riots. Bush has made such a bot things that there is no haven anywh even the *Canadians* hate him. Well, *is* Mongolia. But like a man with feet of toilet paper stuck to the he his shoe, the president can't seem t away from questions about the m scandals at home. Bill Maher sai cently, "Mr. President . . . it's time to do what you've always best: lose interest and walk away. Like you did with your military vice and the oil company and the baseball team. . . . It's time to r on and try the next fantasy job. How about cowboy or spacem

Maher is certainly one of the most gifted political comment of the age. But perhaps he's wrong about this. What if president is not the bicycle-riding, video-golf-playing, in- by-10-P.M. dimwit his critics say he is? What if this is all a r What if he is playing a game of almost unfathomable sophis tion—and he is closer in management style to the legendary in ment guru Warren Buffett than, say, Daffy Duck? Who does sound like: "He makes swift . . . decisions, steers clear of meet and advisers." It's not Bush, it's Buffett, according to a recent file of him by Susan Pulliam and Karen Richar in *The Wall Street Journal.* His desk "isn't litt with . . . research. 'I don't use analysts or fort tellers.'" That's Buffett, but it could also someone else we know. The comparisons go Buffett is the second-richest man in the count after Bill Gates. Bush is the second-most-powe man in the country—after Dick Cheney. The J *nal* reported that in his office recently Buf demonstrated "a newspaper-throwing techniq and that he manages his operations, he says, the point of abdication." To the president's crit this all but defines Bush's inattention to detail, on s things as the rebuilding of Iraq and the destruct of New Orleans. And just as Buffett mainta only 17 people at Berkshire Hathaway's he quarters, the president, according to rec reports, has closed himself off to all but a sm group of cheerleaders, all of them wom his mom, his wife, Secretary of St Condoleezza Rice, and Unc secretary of State Karen Hugh Hmm, perhaps the president been secretly reading Maur Dowd. —GRAYDON CAR

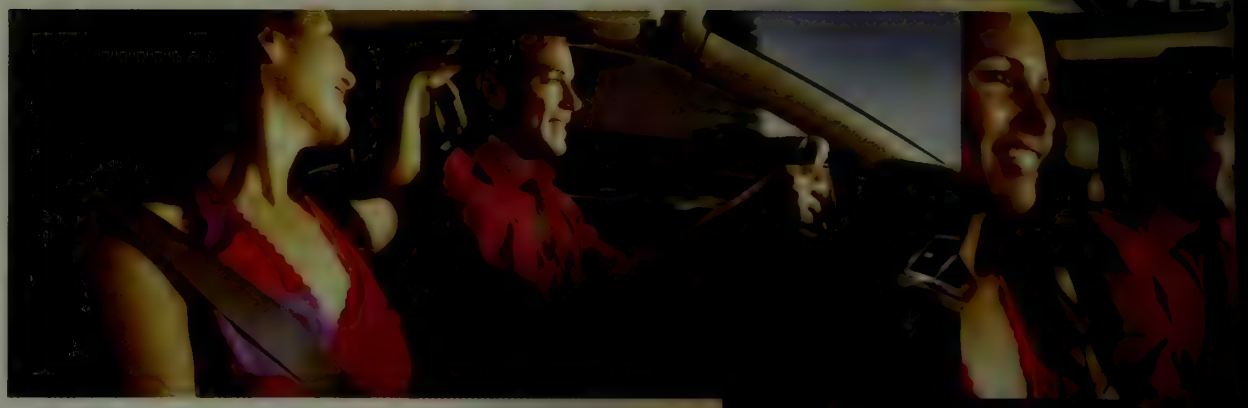
ON THE COVER: Naomi Watts as a Varga Girl. Slip by Jones New York Intimates and earrings by Mikimoto. Hair products by Kérastase Paris. Makeup products by Clarins. Hair by Sebastien Richard. Makeup by Lee Pycroft. Manicure by Klaudie Turkova. Styled by Elizabeth Saltzman. Photographed exclusively for *V.F.* by Norman Jean Roy in Prague on November 9, 2005.



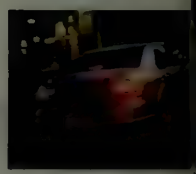
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*As shown: 2006 Mercury Milan V-6 Premier with optional features, MSRP $24,185. Tax, title and registration fees extra. **Available feature.

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PHOTO CREDIT: TREI BROCK

Jim Manausa and Amy Sacco with Fred Schneider of the B-52's.

A FASHION-FORWARD EVENING

A [illegible] crowd turned out at Bette this fall for the launch of the [illegible] collection by fashion designer Robert Molnar. Impossible to get and wait-listed, the collection is made in Italy and will be shown during the upcoming New York Fashion Week.

CONTRIBUTORS



Peter L. Bergen

"I've been thinking about Osama bin Laden every day since 1997, when I first met him [during a CNN interview]," says Peter L. Bergen. "This guy changed history, but there's almost a black hole of information about him." To paint an accurate picture of bin Laden, Bergen talked to everyone he could find who knew him, and dug up obscure articles from the Arab press. The result is an history of the world's most notorious terrorist, which is excerpted beginning on page Bergen anticipates some criticism from people who might accuse him of "humanizin monster, but he points out, "We weren't attacked by robots on 9/11. We were attacke human beings and their human commander." *The Osama bin Laden I Know: An History of al Qaeda's Leader* comes out this month from Free P



JOANNA ISOBEL KELLY

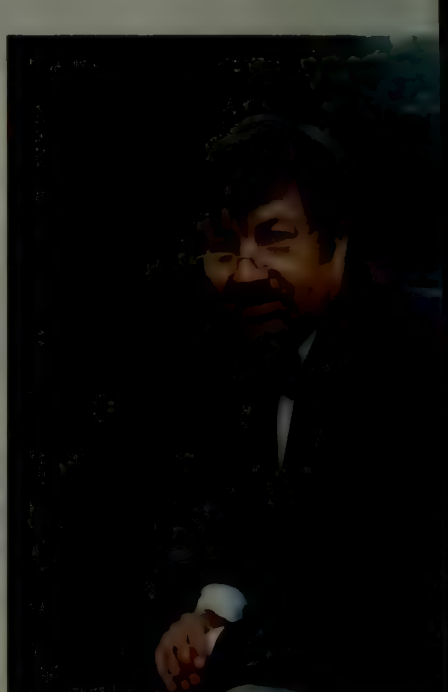
Norman Jean Roy

Photographed by Norman Jean Roy for this month's cove Naomi Watts joins a company of captivating women who hav posed for him, including Elle Macpherson, Kate Hudson, and Natalie Portman. Roy easil found what he was aiming for shooting Watts—a natural, clean intelligent look. "I wanted to ma her look absolutely beautiful," he says. "Thankfully, it wasn't stretch, as she is all woman: beautiful, sexy, and confident." The shoot took place on a stor dark September day, but Roy, who calls Watts "a timeless presence," finally found enou sun on his very last shot. "The skies opened up and she glowed," he says. The result a luminous and complex picture, in which the light "almost lifts her off the page."

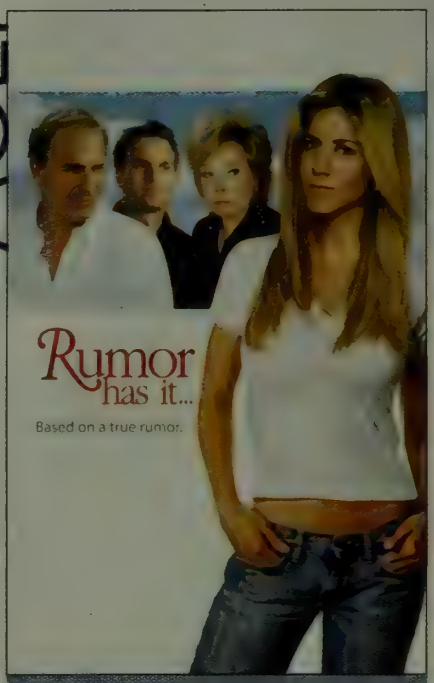
Alex Shoumatoff

This month Alex Shoumatoff writes about the scandal surrounding New Hampshire's exclusive preparatory institution St. Paul's School—also his alma mater. "When I heard about the series of problems that it was having all at once, I knew that they were nothing unique, since I have written the history of two other private schools," he says. "Other schools have had the same problems and much worse." Still, Shoumatoff has fond memories of his time spent at S.P.S. "My four years there were among the happiest in my life," he says. "At the age of 13, my roommate had read the complete works of Dostoyevsky, had nine yards of jazz records, and knew who was playing on every cut. We would go to the clubs in New York and hear Thelonious, Coltrane, Dizzy, Stan Getz—all the cats."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 34




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ON THE SILVER SCREEN

Sarah Huttinger (Jennifer Aniston) is going home to attend her sister's wedding, which means spending a lot of time with her tennis-obsessed Pasadena family. When Sarah stumbles into a well-kept family secret, she starts to question her roots and sets off in search of the man (Kevin Costner) who may have all the answers.
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in theaters December 25.

For more details,
visit rumorhasitmovie.com





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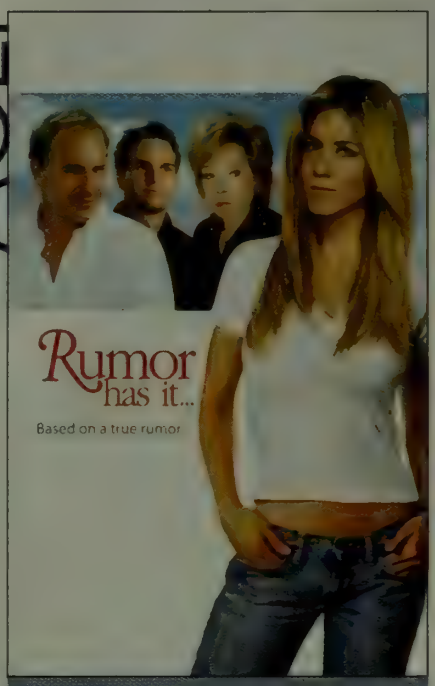
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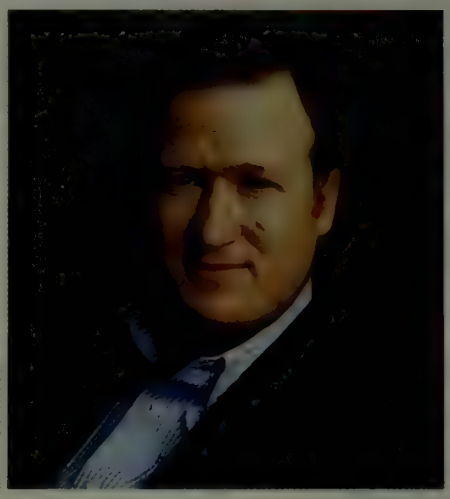
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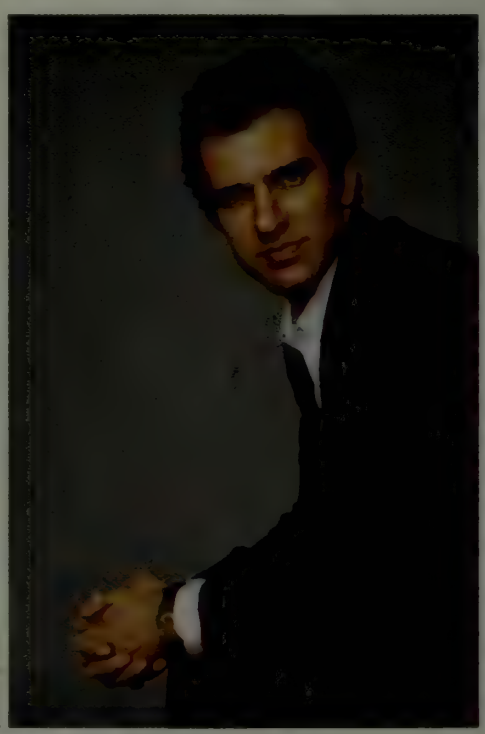
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- *Mobil Travel Guide, Four Star Spa Award*





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- *"Top 100 Golf Resorts in North America" by Conde Nast Traveler*
- *"One of America's Best Spas" by Mobil Travel Guide*

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- *AAA Four Diamond Award*





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- *AAA Four Diamond Award*

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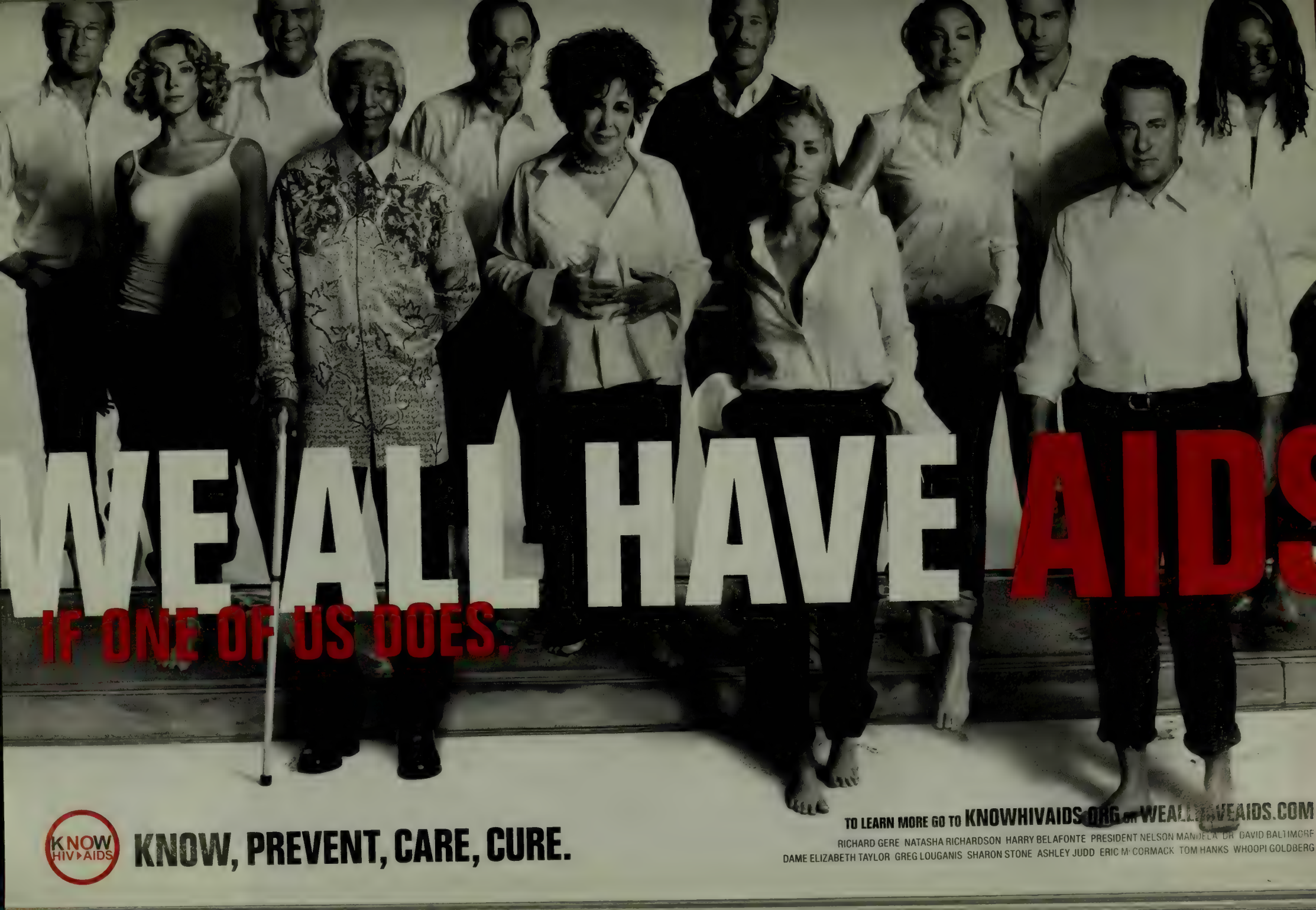
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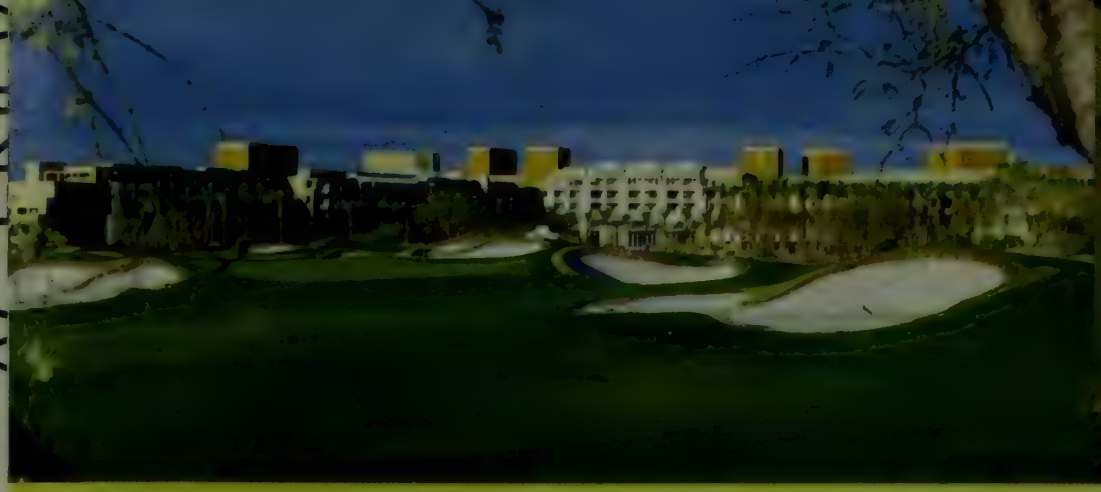
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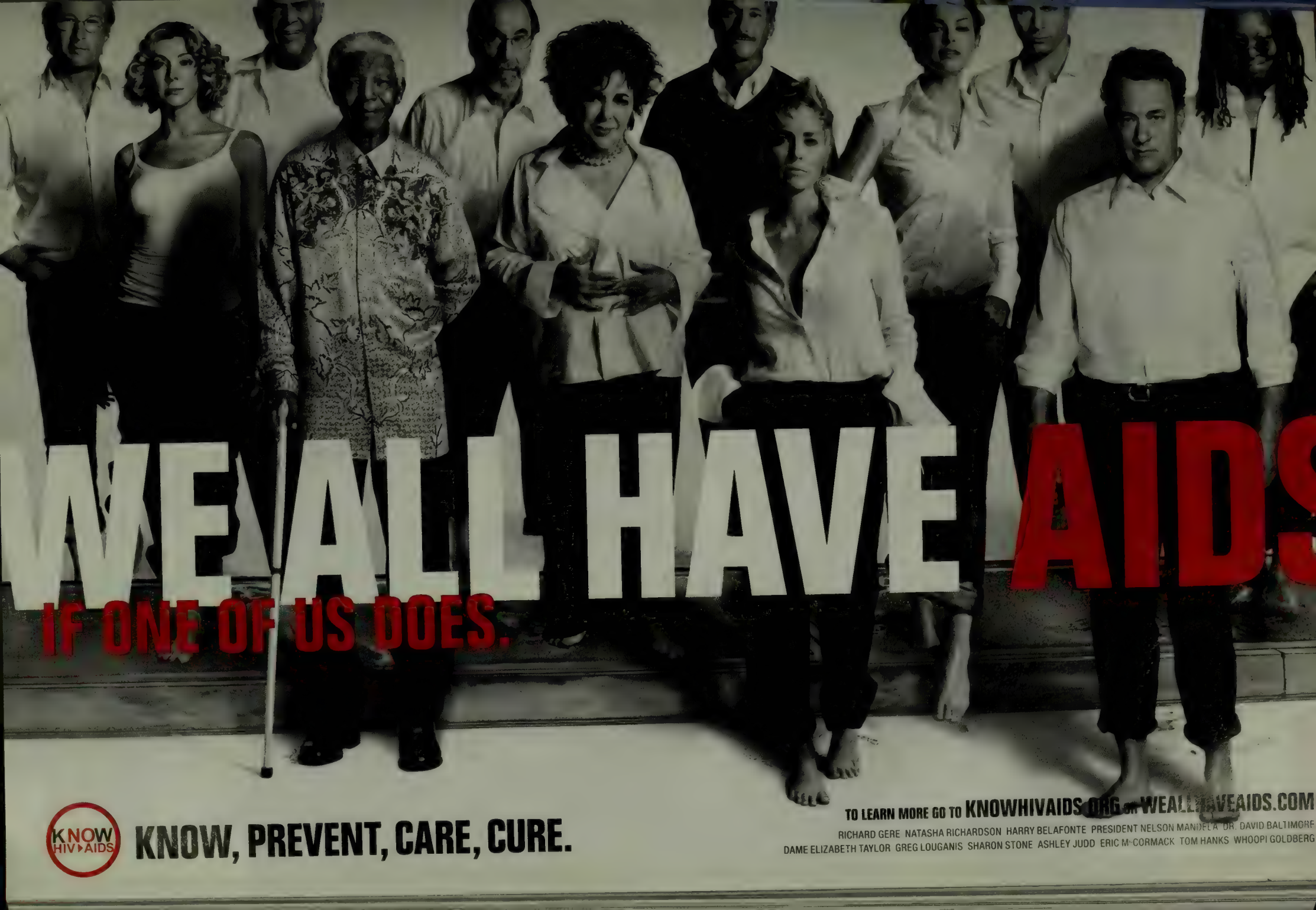
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IN KATRINA'S WAKE

Remember Mississippi!; Texans speak out; playing the blame game; and pictures perfect

As a lifelong New Orleanian, I applaud *Vanity Fair* for its article "Hell and High Water" [photographs by Jonas Karlsson, reporting by Ron Beiner, introduction by David Halberstam, November]. I was amazed at how brilliantly thorough the piece was, and how accurately it captured the broad spectrum of our reality—from entire neighborhoods submerged in water to the private security officers hired to protect the mansions on St. Charles Avenue from looters.

This is my first day back in the office after living for almost two months in temporary housing, in Alabama initially, then in Florida, and finally in California. Although the work is piled high and there is much to do, I felt compelled to take the time and thank you for telling our story. Please keep it coming, for the aftermath of this debacle will be felt not for years or decades but for lifetimes.

STEPHANIE MAY BRUNO
New Orleans, Louisiana

WE ARE DEEPLY saddened by your failure to mention the incalculable losses suffered by my fellow Mississippians. Although the Mississippi Gulf Coast has never enjoyed the notoriety of the French Quarter, prior to the storm it did provide a quiet, yet colorful, backdrop for all those fortunate enough to experience the hospitality of communities such as Bay St. Louis, Biloxi, Ocean Springs, and Pass Christian.

We can't sit back and allow what remains of that beloved culture to disappear before our very eyes. The support and coverage from magazines not unlike yours will help to educate the world on what was, what is, and what is yet to come.

MIKE CORSO
Jackson, Mississippi

I READ this article and perused the photos with increasing disbelief that you failed to mention—even in passing—the one federal agency that sprang into action immediately: the U.S. Coast Guard. These dedicated, courageous men and women rescued 33,500 people in the aftermath of Hurricane Katrina. And hundreds of Coast Guardsmen are still there helping sweep up the environmental mess Katrina left behind. Yet not one Coast Guardsman merited even so much as a thumbnail photo in your 28-page spread.

VERONICA L. HARTMAN
Chief warrant officer, U.S. Coast Guard
Pasadena, Maryland

LIFE IN BUSH COUNTRY

MOST OF THE FEMALE POPULATION in Waco and the surrounding areas are not idiots, as portrayed by Shirley Westerfield in "High Noon in Crawford" [by Evgenia Peretz, November], who stated, "I don't think about [the war], because I have about five or six girlfriends that I kind of stay in touch with, and we're not talking about the war when we g together." We actually do discuss the war Iraq and do believe President Bush is a sh

MARIAN NA
Waco, Te

"HIGH NOON IN CRAWFORD" was ridiculous I had to laugh. What ever ha pened to unbiased journalism? Wheth Democrat or Republican, liberal or co servative, why not report both sides wi accuracy and tastefulness? This article insulting and makes a mockery of the m jority of the people who live and work this small Texas town. Please let me, a fo mer resident of Crawford, enlighten you.

Crawford is not full of uneducated, poo starstruck, and gunslinging country peopl It is a town filled with hardworking, educa ed, open-minded, and warm-spirited peop with good values. The real people of Craw ford are Democrats and Republicans alik who are just trying to lead normal lives am all of the George Bush hubbub and "peac lovers." They just want their town represente accurately, with no bias one way or the othe

MONICA FO
Knox City, Tex

STORM SURGE

GRAYDON CARTER'S Editor's Letter in th November issue truly is superb medicin ["Gone with the Wind—and the Rain"]. Hi

POSTSCRIPT

This month marks five years since the late Hunter S. Thompson received a letter from Lisl Auman, who, at 22, had been convicted of felony murder in the shooting death of a Denver police officer in 1998 and had been sentenced to life without parole, even though the gunman, whom she had met only the night before, was Matthaeus Jaehnig, a 25-year-old with an extensive criminal record. (The shooting occurred after police pursued a car occupied by Auman and Jaehnig from the scene of a burglary. Authorities prosecuted Auman for felony murder because, under Colorado law, everyone involved in the underlying felony is guilty of murder when someone is killed following the felony. And Jaehnig? After killing the officer, he turned the gun on himself and committed suicide.)

After reading *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas,* Auman wrote the gonzo journalist, and Thompson, already aware of and disgusted by her case, began an unrelenting crusade to reclaim Auman's innocence. Thompson enlisted *Vanity Fair* contributing editor Mark Seal, and in "The Prisoner of Denver" (June 2004) they exposed the corruption and callousness of a legal strategy that damned a young girl.

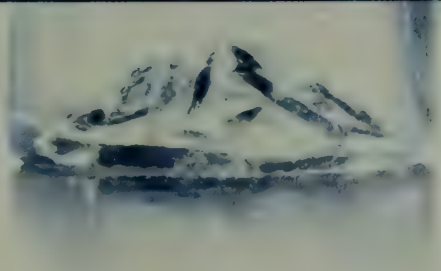
Thompson spent the last years of his life storming the state cap ital with Chivas Regal in hand and assembling a Free Lisl brigad of lawyers, political activists, journalists, musicians (Warren Zevon) and movie stars (Sean Penn, Benicio Del Toro). But the *V.F.* piec marked a turning point. "The defining moment for Lisl's free dom was the publication of 'The Prisoner of Denver,'" says Lisl's father, Don Auman. "The campaign to free her had been a long uphill battle, and it had become clear that the fight against Lisl's unjust conviction needed to go beyond the confines of Denver's media. Through the article co-written with Mark Seal, Hunter commanded the attention of the world." Sadly, Thompson—who committed suicide last February after battling a number of medical problems—will never see how his efforts, along with those of Auman's family and friends, made a difference. After serving eight years in prison, Auman, now 29, was released on October 17, 2005, to a halfway house in Denver where she will spend at least six months before being completely free from incarceration.

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From left: Annapolis Yacht Club commodore Mark Myers, Taran Teague and Colette Cutrone of Rolex, and regatta participants Annie Lush, Debbie Capozzi, Gary Jobson, Sally Barkow, and Carrie Howe.

ALL HANDS ON DECK

On September 21, Rolex Watch U.S.A. treated participants of the Rolex International Keelboat Championship to a gorgeous night under the stars at an exclusive crew party, co-hosted for the third year by Condé Nast Media Group and select Condé Nast magazines. Guests enjoyed food, drinks, and live music at the Chesapeake Bay Foundation, in picturesque Annapolis, Maryland. The title sponsor of the regatta since its inception in 1985, Rolex continues to be a committed supporter of women's athletics.

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thinking is logical, rigorous, and courageous. I especially appreciated his term "non-response" for the shameful behavior of the federal government vis-à-vis the Katrina fiasco. I call it medicine because, for all of us who died a little watching the brutality of the non-response to the human cries for help within our national borders, hearing the truth liberates the curative power of anger from the clutches of cold rage.

It is just and proper that whoever holds the power to act should also be held accountable for not doing so in times of absolute need. Because of the magnitude of this disaster, the brutality of the non-response, and the horror of the consequences, only the highest office in the land will do in terms of accountability this time.

ROSY DE NUTTLE
Elkhart, Indiana

IT IS AMAZING that within your entire diatribe against the administration for its reaction to Katrina you never mentioned Mayor C. Ray Nagin, the Democratic mayor of New Orleans, or Kathleen Blanco, the Democratic governor of Louisiana. This leads us to believe that they had no responsibility to the citizens and no obligation to see to their safe evacuation. Then again, they certainly showed no responsibility.

However, I am sure the mayor and the governor both read the five-part series in *The Times-Picayune* in 2002 that described the city's vulnerability to flooding. And I am pretty sure they both participated in the 2004 survival exercise involving a mo Category 3 hurricane, but it's a relief learn that they didn't need to do anyth with that information. You want us to cept that it all fell to the administration get the buses running and the citizens ev uated before the storm.

JULIA McFADY
Emerald Isle, North Caro

RAP ROYALTY

I AM absolutely stunned by the "Kings a Queens of Hip-Hop" Music Portfolio [N vember]. I have never, in any magazi seen hip-hop artists captured with such d nity and class.

I congratulate the photographers f turning out some incredible work. My or suggestion is that *Vanity Fair* should pu lish a fine, hardcover book so that we c enjoy these photographs forever.

MATTHEW McBRII
Philadelphia, Pennsylvar

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MORE FROM THE V.F. MAILBAG

"Graydon, Graydon, Graydon," begins Glenn, Glenn, Glenn Bratcher, of Katy, Texas, perhaps a tad too chummily. "How empty must your life be that your entire purpose is to slam George W. Bush?" Brutal! Happily, the sly drolleries that follow—references to "Al (Totally Insane) Gore," "Teddy (Hic) Kennedy," and "Hillary (Not Really a Moderate) Clinton"—had the Mailbag dissolving in grateful giggles.

"Put James Wolcott's name up for a Pulitzer Prize!" recommends Catherine Goff, of Dallas, adding, "Please give him a raise." We're down with the Pulitzer suggestion, Ms. Goff, but kindly leave any contractual negotiations to us. Wolcott might see this and Get Ideas.

Eminem, LL Cool J, Dr. Dre, Mike Jones, Ludacris, Usher, Flavor Flav, Busta Rhymes, Will Smith, Notorious B.I.G., Tupac, and Ja Rule are among the luminaries (living and dead) some people feel we should have included in November's Music Portfolio ("The Kings and Queens of Hip-Hop"). Not, however, James Grigsby—a reader, not a rapper—of Brea, California, who, after quoting a 50 Cent lyric that made the Mailbag blush, notes, "Duke Ellington must be turning over in his grave." Alysha P., of the Bronx, nevertheless found it "refreshing to see hip-hop portrayed in a positive manner."

Finally, hip-hop detractors raised the "glorification of violence" issue, but, frankly, it's readers like the one who "tore off" the cover and "ripped out all of the offensive pages" whom we're really not looking forward to bumping into on a dark, deserted street. And remember all those Paris Hilton–cover shredders from last month's Mailbag? Clearly, no more rage-filled, violence-prone subculture exists in America today than the murky netherworld of the Aggrieved Longtime Subscriber—the very subject, as it happens, of yet another controversial cover story next month.



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PHOTOGRAPH BY BRUCE WEBER



14 THINGS TO DO IN January

1 **HAVE TEA AND COOKIES**
The famed **Ladurée** tea room and pastry shop of Paris opens another spot, at Harrods, in London. You can still say, "Mais oui," after biting into seasonal macaroon flavors—Gingerbread, Chestnut, Orange, and Liquorice—this winter.



6 **BE COOL**
Canada's **Ice Hotel,** a sister to Sweden's famed frost palace, opens in Quebec. There's an Absolut Ice Bar, a chapel, art galleries, and suites, all confected from 12,400 tons of snow and ice.

11 **FUEL YOUR FANTASY**
The **L.A. Auto Show** amps up the concept-car quotient. Last year's event featured design sketches for a flying Mercedes-Benz with propeller fans and a G.P.S. virtual-highway navigation system; a Mini Cooper with a convertible back end designed to hold surfboards and skis; and Hummer's entry, a roadster described as a "street-legal lunar rover."



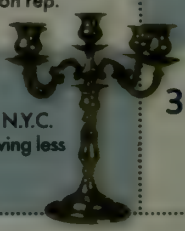
16 **GEAR UP FOR AWARDS SEASON**
Enjoy the pre-show as nominees follow the less-is-more rule of thumb for dressing at this year's **Golden Globe Awards.**



17 **TRACK A TREND**
Boston's Museum of Fine Arts presents **"Degas to Picasso: Modern Masters,"** a survey of pioneering modernist sculpture, graphic art, and painting from 1900 to 1970.

19 **BREAK OUT THE PJ'S**
Harry Connick Jr. makes his theatrical debut, with New York's Roundabout Theatre Company, in ***The Pajama Game,*** starring as the factory manager whose love interest is the labor-union rep.

21 **ANTIQUE FOR A CAUSE**
Shop for old treasures at the **Winter Antiques Show,** in N.Y.C. Opening night benefits the East Side House Settlement, giving less old Park Avenue matrons an excuse to redecorate.



22 **SCREEN AN INDIE**
Mormons will keep you from your liquor, and backroom deals have already locked up the best new films, but the **Sundance Film Festival** does allow you to ski on your expense account.



STRIKE A POSE
Even Zeffirelli's *La Traviata* can't compete with the operatic pageantry of the fashion runways during the **Paris couture shows.** Attending will finally give you inspiration for that diet, because while the dress you're eyeing weighs a few hundred pounds, you must clock in as a featherweight.

25 **ENACT WORLD PEACE**
Power knows many incarnations but only one **World Economic Forum.** It's the flashy summit where financial titans, global leaders, and soapboxing celebrities gather, in Davos, Switzerland.

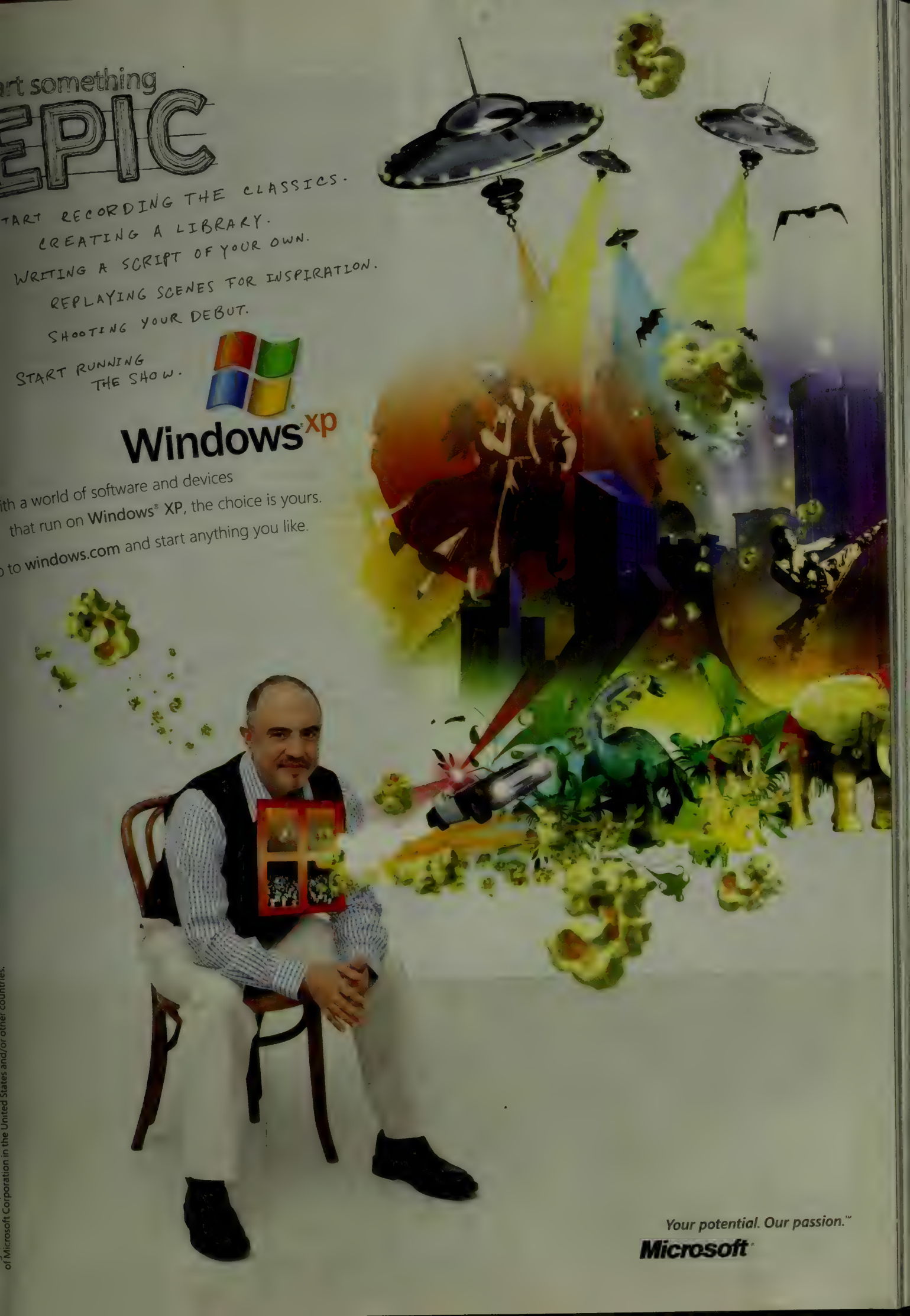
TWO-STEP IN A BALL GOWN
Honky-tonk meets high octaves at the **Nashville Opera Guild's** "La Bella Notte" gala, where wearing cowboy boots under your Valentino is expected and writing big checks is encouraged.

27 **FREEZE IN STYLE**
Really macho guys trade in grass for ice while atop 900 pounds of pony and chasing after balls flying at 110 m.p.h. at the **Cartier Polo World Cup on Snow,** in Saint-Moritz.



WEAR WHITE TIE AND TAILS, PLEASE
The **International Red Cross Ball** is held at **Donald Trump's** Mar-a-Lago, in Palm Beach, gathering everyone from local tycoons to ambassadors to the U.S.

30 **LOVE YOUR SHOW TUNES**
New York's Public Theater's 50th-anniversary celebration, at City Center, highlights the company's great musicals, from *Hair* to *A Chorus Line.*


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HAUNT-PROUD
Maggie and Allan Schorer poolside at their Florida home, from *Tiffany's Palm Beach*.

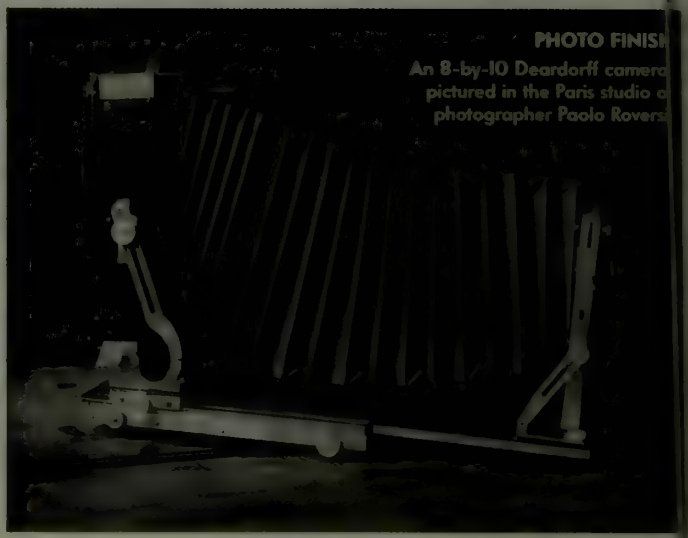


PHOTO FINISH
An 8-by-10 Deardorff camera pictured in the Paris studio of photographer Paolo Roversi

Crazy Christian fundamentalists, gung-ho military types, blabbermouth babysitters, heroic spin doctors, self-obsessed fifty-somethings, and imploding mega-stars! Welcome to America, darling.

After the publication of Hollywood nanny **Suzanne Hansen's** memoir, former employer and hardballing *Über*-agent Michael Ovitz might swear bitterly: *You'll Never Nanny in This Town Again* (Crown). In **Eric Dezenhall's** *Turnpike Flameout* (St. Martin's), a star-wrangling spin doctor tries to vindicate an aging rocker accused of murder. For boomers in denial about the heft of their nest egg, yet invested with a grandiose sense of "lifestyle entitlement," **Lee Eisenberg's** *The Number* (Free Press) provides precious accounting. At the request of *The Atlantic*, **Bernard-Henri Lévy** re-traced the footsteps of another great French thinker, Alexis de Tocqueville; now his dispatches are collected in *American Vertigo* (Random House). *My Fundamentalist Education* (Public Affairs) is **Christine Rosen's** chronicle of her Florida childhood, where the ABC's were the apocalypse, the Bible, and Christ. **Peter Schechter's** new novel sniffs out a terrorist group's *Point of Entry* (HarperCollins). **Max Hastings** decodes some military folk uniquely wired to become *Warriors* (Knopf). A mythological rise to stardom and a spectacular fall into disgrace—**Margo Jefferson** muses *On Michael Jackson* (Pantheon).

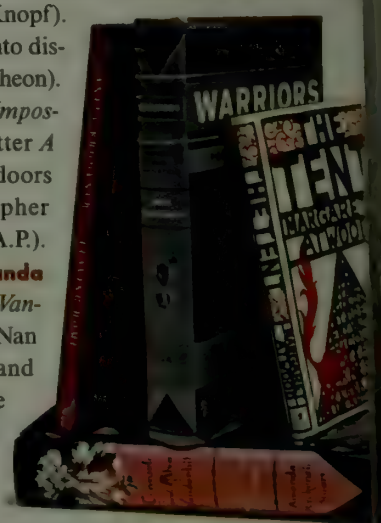
HOT TYPE

ELISSA SCHAPPELL



FRENCH LESSONS
Bernard-Henri Lévy at his apartment in Paris, March 2002.

Swiftly: **Ayelet Waldman** ponders *Love and Other Impossible Pursuits* (Doubleday). **Siri Hustvedt's** essays utter *A Plea for Eros* (Picador). **John Loring** throws open the doors to *Tiffany's Palm Beach* (Abrams). Famed photographer **Paolo Roversi** welcomes the curious into his *Studio* (D.A.P.). *Arthur & George* (Knopf) is **Julian Barnes's** newest. **Amanda Mackenzie Stuart** gilds the lives of *Consuelo and Alva Vanderbilt* (HarperCollins). **Margaret Atwood's** *The Tent* (Nan A. Talese/Doubleday) enfolds glittering mini-fictions and micro-dramas. **Anita Brookner's** heroine discovers the joys and sorrows inherent in *Leaving Home* (Random House). **David J. Clayton, M.D.** (with Laura Vanderkam), prescribes *The Healthy Guide to Unhealthy Living* (Simon & Schuster) as a way to survive your bad habits. Now, that's American!



Boys 2 Men

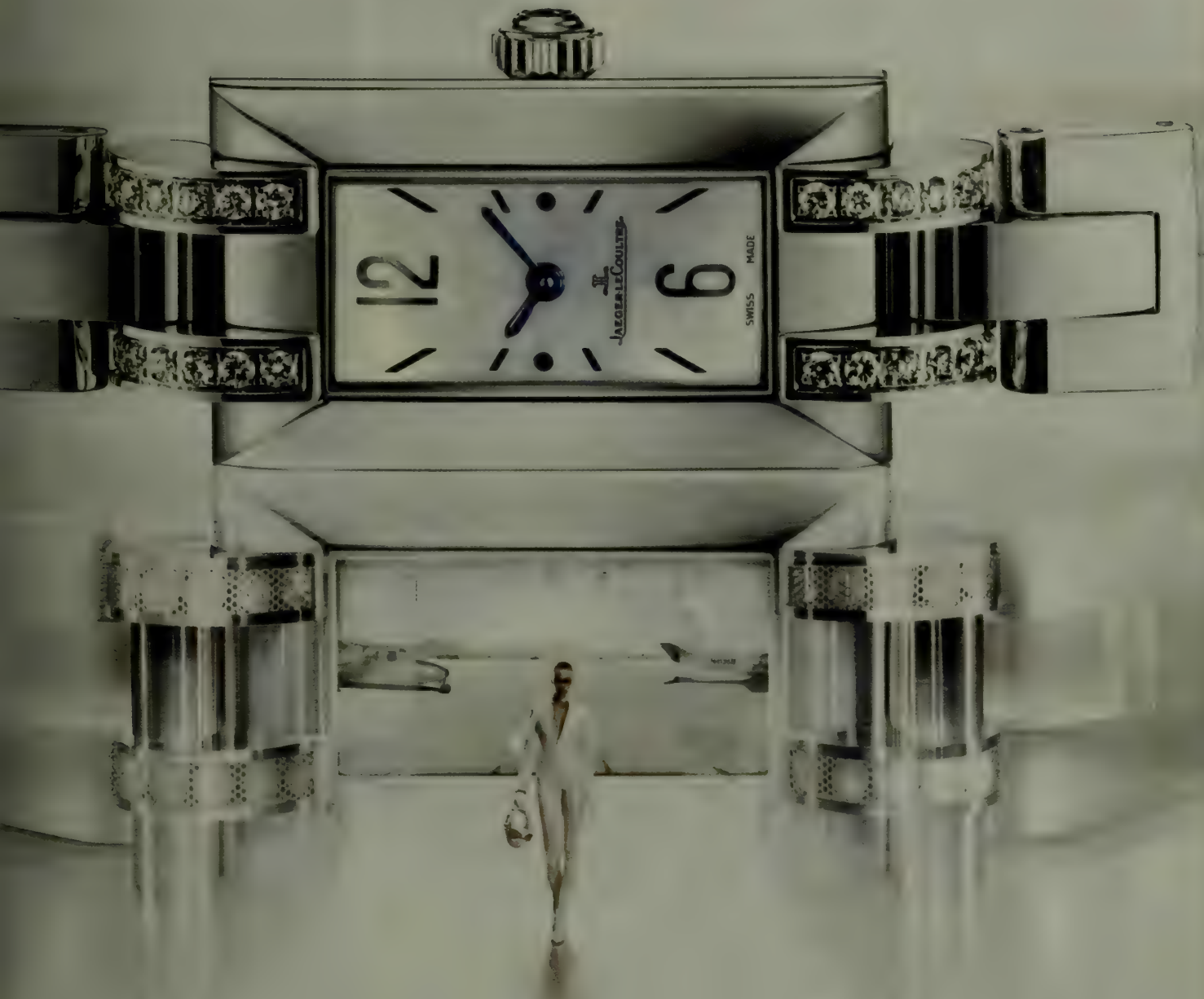
COMING OF AGE IN APPALACHIA

Anyone who thinks life in small-town America is simple (a certain hotel heiress comes to mind) will find some hard evidence to the contrary in "Country Boys," the engrossing six-hour *Frontline* documentary by **David Sutherland** ("The Farmer's Wife"), airing from January 9 to 11 on PBS. Focusing on two troubled teenagers, Chris Johnson and Cody Perkins, coming of age in the hardscrabble hills of eastern Kentucky, Sutherland offers up an extraordinarily intimate portrait of poverty in America. Chris lives in an isolated trailer with his parents, who seem interested more in the monthly check he receives due to a learning disability than in helping him to overcome it. Meanwhile, Cody shakes off a hellish childhood (both parents committed suicide) and cobbles together a sturdy support system consisting of his adoring girlfriend, his storefront church, and his comically priggish step-grandma. (He also fronts his own Christian death-metal band.) Sutherland says his biggest surprise in making the film was the extent to which cable TV and the Internet have given the rural poor a window on the outside world. "They're far more sophisticated about us than we are about them," he says. "Country Boys" should help even the score. —AARON GELL



MOUNTAIN MEN
Chris Johnson and Cody Perkins in "Country Boys."

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NEW CLUB ON THE BLOCK



Social Hollywood

When restaurateur **Jeffrey Chodorow** (China Grill, Asia de Cuba) asked his favorite Los Angeles nighthawks if they could envision a swank destination on the funky stretch of Sunset Boulevard that passes through Hollywood, their unanimous reply was "No!" Wrong answer. "That eggs me on," says Chodorow, who next month opens Social Hollywood, a multi-tasking restaurant-lounge complex on the site of the original Hollywood Athletic Club. Ignoring the skeptics wasn't difficult once he saw the rambling space's visual feast of classic L.A. architecture. Designed by Egyptian Theatre architects Meyer & Holler, the Hollywood Athletic Club opened on New Year's Eve 1923 and soon counted **Charlie Chaplin, Clark Gable, Errol Flynn,** and **John Wayne** among its members. Whether their on-site exertions counted as athletic is a matter of opinion, but legend has it that Wayne was fined $2,000 for putting his hand through a door to prove he had the hardest punch, and that **W. C. Fields** had his mistress rolled in a carpet and delivered to one of the club's private rooms, presumably to practice his swordsmanship. Social will be attired more elegantly in what Chodorow says is a $12 million ensemble meant to evoke Hollywood Old and New. Interior designer **Mark Zeff** has given the rooms a Moroccan makeover; the bar features a newfangled video wall; **Michelle Bernstein** will collaborate with local executive chef **Joe Ojeda;** invitation-only members will get their own space upstairs; and if Chodorow has his way, the naysayers will soon proclaim, "Yes!"—FRANK DIGIACOMO



Millions of Pieces

ALEX TEW HAS WEB SURFERS SEEING SPOTS

Priced out of that primo-Everglades-land deal? Brooklyn Bridge a mite too steep? If so, **Alex Tew** has a virtual-real-estate offer for you . . . while supplies last. In August, the 21-year-old business student from Wiltshire, England, slapped together a Web site and began selling one million pixels for a buck apiece, which owners could decorate and link to as they saw fit. A week later—wouldn't you know it?—*the thing went viral.* By press time, Tew had pocketed some $600,000, together with his 15-minute ration of e-fame alongside lip-synching whiz kid **Gary "Numa Numa" Brolsma.** Not only does Tew's milliondollarhomepage.com make for addictive surfing, but it's an ominously eye-catching work of pointillist art, a billboard-choked entrance ramp to the info superhighway. At the moment, between uploading pixels, fielding media inquiries, and showering his earnings on fellow dorm rats at the local pub, Tew is still holding down a full course load at the University of Nottingham. He's also cooking up another scheme for "making up money out of thin air," as he puts it—loginchillout.com, an audiovisual meditation site for stressed-out office workers. If only he'd launched it months ago: "I could definitely do with some deep-relaxation exercises myself," he says. —AARON GELL

International entrepreneur David Tang, ov
er of the fashion house Shanghai Tang, L
don's Cipriani restaurant, and the priv
China Clubs in Beijing, Singapore, and H
Kong, has recently opened China Tang,
Art Deco dim sum dining hot spot at the D
chester hotel, in London. Herewith, a few
the eccentric Mr. Tang's favorite things



David Tang, photographed at China Tang, in London, on November 3, 2005

MY STUFF

DAVID TANG

GROOMING PRODUCTS
Shampoo KIEHL'S Moisturizer AQUEOUS CREAM
Toothpaste REMBRANDT Soap ROGER & GALLET
Cologne SANTA MARIA NOVELLA

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Computer NONE Stereo BANG & OLUFSEN

HOME
Where do you live?
HONG KONG, LONDON, BRITISH AIRWAYS
Car ASTON MARTIN

BEVERAGES
Bottled water EVIAN, SMALL BOTTLES
Coffee STRONG AND BLACK
Cocktail VIRGIN CLAMATO

CLOTHES
Sunglasses JAPANESE PLASTIC
Jeans NONE Boxers or briefs? SULKA BOXERS
Sneakers ONLY AT THE GYM—YAMAMOTO.
Watch BALL
T-shirt BATH & RACQUETS CLUB, LONDON
Dress shirts CHARVET BESPOKE

FAVORITE MEAL
PIGSKIN AND FISH BALLS IN CURRY SAUCE WITH LOTUS LEAF, WRAPPED GENTLY, AND FRIED RICE.

FAVORITE RESTAURANTS
KAJOKSEE, IN PHUKET (ALMOST BY FAR); YACOUT, IN MARRAKECH; LE SIRENUSE, IN POSITANO; JOCKEY, IN MADRID

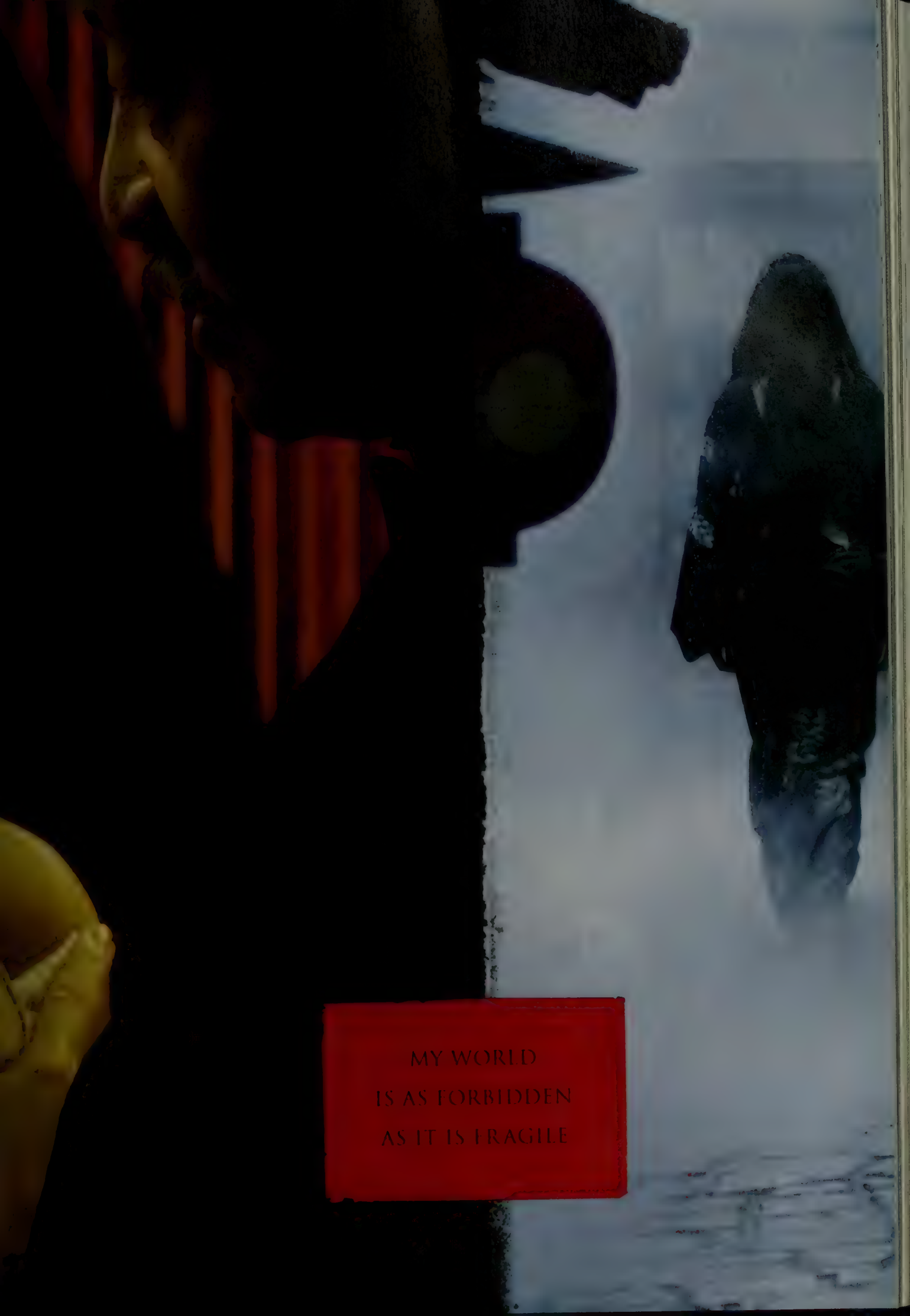
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HAS NEVER BEEN TOLD




MY WORLD
IS AS FORBIDDEN
AS IT IS FRAGILE


WITHOUT
ITS MYSTERIES
IT CANNOT SURVIVE



RICHARD CORLISS, *TIME MAGAZINE*

"...AN EMOTIONALLY SUMPTUOUS LOVE STORY. *GEISHA* IS A GEISHA: A VIBRANT WORK OF ART THAT ENTERTAINS US FOR A FEW HOURS. THEN DISAPPEARS INTO THE NIGHT, TAKING OUR BEGUILED HEARTS WITH IT."



MEMOIRS OF A GEISHA



Sharon Stone was among the celebrities in attendance.



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PLANETARIUM

MICHAEL LUTIN



Martin Luther King Jr.

CAPRICORN DEC. 22–JAN. 19

Although you're facing some interesting opportunities for extracurricular activities (if you catch the drift), you don't seem ready to take advantage of them. The reason: you've lost confidence in yourself during Chiron's crushing transit of your sign. When it's time to put up or shut up, you don't go through with it for fear that you won't be able to perform. Nonsense. Chiron is out of your sign now, and the only way to prove you're still a desirable commodity is to do what you're scared to death of doing. If they laugh, so they laugh.



Jaromir Jagr

AQUARIUS JAN. 20–FEB. 18

If this were ancient Greece, you could swear that somebody had sent the Furies after you. You get rid of one cosmic challenge and—*boom!*—another befalls you. The news isn't all bad: a culminating Jupiter is protecting you and sending you a big professional perk. But Mars, Saturn, and Chiron are squeezing you dry, which is why you feel unduly afflicted. Try to remember that any obstacles have been sent by the universe to help you evolve. It's O.K. to scream.



Brent Scowcroft

PISCES FEB. 19–MARCH 20

A person in your position shouldn't have to do grunt work or fight over every nickel. You're too gentle, sensitive, and highly evolved to worry about boring health issues, argue over money, or listen as people judge your performance or, worse, question your integrity. With planets in fixed signs, however, all Pisceans have to descend to this lowly plane to deal with petty people. Fortunately, it's just temporary. Thank God for that voice in your head that tells you that, despite the irritations of life on Earth, everything is all right.



Jenna Jameson

ARIES MARCH 21–APRIL 19

Since Mars went retrograde last fall, you've been wise to back off and avoid confrontations that could have led to war. You don't like being indirect, though. When you can't be honest, you resent people for making you protect them from your feelings. Your passions have been stirred up again now, and with those passions comes the courage to be more up-front. Not only will that bring an end to passive-aggressive behavior, which you abhor, but what it can do for your love life is worth the risk it takes to put yourself out there.



Ving Rhames

TAURUS APRIL 20–MAY 20

You have a right to be furious. After all, you've been storing up your anger for months, and now the pressure cooker is finally blowing its lid. You've borne insults and coped with disappointment with noble grace. Enough already. With Mars going direct in your sign, you can't hold it in one more second. Only a well-meaning fool (or a bad therapist) would tell you to cool it when all you want is action. Since you still have at least one person who loves you, when he or she goes to kiss you, try not to bite.



Mary-Kate and Ashley Olsen

GEMINI MAY 21–JUNE 21

Plenty of people who are a lot saner than Geminis are thought to be (however unfairly) would go crazy over Mars's long, agonizing transit of the solar 12th house. It all started last summer, and even if you have been blessed with self-induced short-term-memory loss—as many in your sign are—you can't have forgotten how put-upon you have felt. You're not without helpers, fortunately, which makes work easier. It's the plots going on behind your back, real and imagined, that will make you nuts if you don't stay spiritual.



Amy Vanderbilt

CANCER JUNE 22–JULY

Squares of Jupiter and Saturn don't quash your ability to live life to the fullest. They just let you know that, no matter how rich you are, it's no sin to fly coach once in a while. If you have children, they are a source of endless joy and pride, but they also put the financial squeeze on you from the moment they pop into this world. Even economic battles can't hinder your love of life at the moment. As usual, you have to be the embodiment of cool and act like a storm's eye that has eluded everybody's radar but yours.



Robert Redford

LEO JULY 23–AUG. 22

While you're in no mood to run through the streets shouting, "What a fabulous life I'm living!," you have to admit you're in a lot better control of your existence this winter than last. Apart from your rare moments curled up in front of the fire, you've probably been discouraged by work and people you can neither control nor dump. With Mars moving to an exalted position in your astrological chart, here's your chance to get out there and sell your wares.



David Souter

VIRGO AUG. 23–SEPT. 2

Jupiter and Saturn are filling your brain with creative ideas as well as an itch to chase private rainbows. Be aware. You are still emotionally vulnerable (some would say desperate). While it's healthy to be open and go after what you want, you could make a colossal fool of yourself. Whether you're loaded with work or obsessing over your latest case of the sniffles, the direct motion of Mars in your solar 9th house pulls you closer to someone who has quite a hold on you. Love and grief: sometimes you can't tell the difference.



Michelle Wie

LIBRA SEPT. 23–OCT. 23

Although you don't have a clue what all your diligence and loyalty are going to get you, with Venus at the bottom of your solar chart you're doing a damned good job of playing sentry, keeping unwanted elements from your neighborhood and intruders and vermin off your property. You're starting to see what a royal pain it can be to love anybody at all, but at least money is not the problem it was a year ago. Now that your sexual appetite has been re-awakened, you're as hungry as a bear after hibernation, and just as grouchy.



Nicollette Sheridan

SCORPIO OCT. 24–NOV. 2

Jupiter in your solar 1st house is a good omen. It makes you feel and look better and gives you a positive demeanor that draws people to you. That's fortunate, because you also have to cope with Chiron in your 4th house, messing up your family scene, and Saturn's transit of your solar midheaven, making (nearly) impossible professional demands on you. It's a good thing you're a Scorpio and have the same approach to adversity that a cockroach has to bug spray: you play dead till the lights go out and then you're back in business.



Sarah Silverman

SAGITTARIUS NOV. 22–DEC. 21

When you take over the world—and with Pluto still in Sadge that could be soon—everybody will benefit from following your example of blitheringly happy anarchy. Until that day arrives, however, a planetary grand cross of fixed planets demands that you stay healthy enough to keep working like a beaver, continue talking to people you'd rather never have to hear from again, and keep your mind active and positive the whole time. If you can hack all that, you might even be able to squeeze in a naughty fantasy or two.



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CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS



BAD DR
A group of Ug
children at a shelter i
where they will spe
night protected from
abductors,

Childhood's End

For 19 years, Joseph Kony has been enslaving, torturing, raping, and murdering Ugandan children, many of whom become soldiers for his "Lord's Resistance Army," then go on to torture, rape, and kill other children. The author exposes the vicious insanity–and cynical politics–behind one of Africa's greatest nightmares

In William Faulkner's story "Raid," set in Alabama and Mississippi in the closing years of the Civil War, a white family becomes aware of a sudden, vast, nighttime migration through the scorched countryside. They can hear it and even smell it before they can see it; it's the black population voting with its feet and heading, so it fervently believes, for the river Jordan: "We couldn't see them and they did not see us; maybe they didn't even look, just walking fast in the dark with that panting, hurrying murmuring, going on . . . "

Northern Uganda is centered on the headstreams of the Nile rather than the Jordan, and is a strange place for me to find myself put in mind of Faulkner, but every evening at dusk the main town of Gulu starts to be inundated by a mass of frightened humanity, panting, hurrying, and murmuring as it moves urgently through the crepuscular hours. Most of the "night commuters," as they are known locally, are children. They leave their outlying villages and walk as many as eight kilometers to huddle for safety in the towns. And then, in the morning, often without breakfast and often without shoes, they walk all the way back again to get to their schools and their families. That's if the former have not been burned and the latter have not been butchered. These children are not running toward Jordan and the Lord; they are running for their lives from the "Lord's Resistance Army" (L.R.A.). This grotesque, zombie-like militia, which has abducted, enslaved, and brainwashed more than 20,000 children, is a kind of Christian Khmer Rouge and has for the past 19 years set a standard of cruelty and ruthlessness that—even in a region with a living memory of Idi Amin has the power to strike the most vivid terr right into the heart and the other viscer

Here's what happens to the childre who can't run fast enough, or who take th risk of sleeping in their huts in the bush I am sitting in a rehab center, talking t young James, who is 11 and looks about When he actually was nine and sleepin at home with his four brothers, the L.R.A stormed his village and took the boys awa They were roped at the waist and menace with bayonets to persuade them to con fess what they could not know—the where abouts of the Ugandan Army's soldiers On the subsequent forced march, Jame underwent the twin forms of initiatio practiced by the L.R.A. He was first sav agely flogged with a wire lash and the made to take part in the murder of thos children who had become too exhausted t

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GUILLAUME BONN

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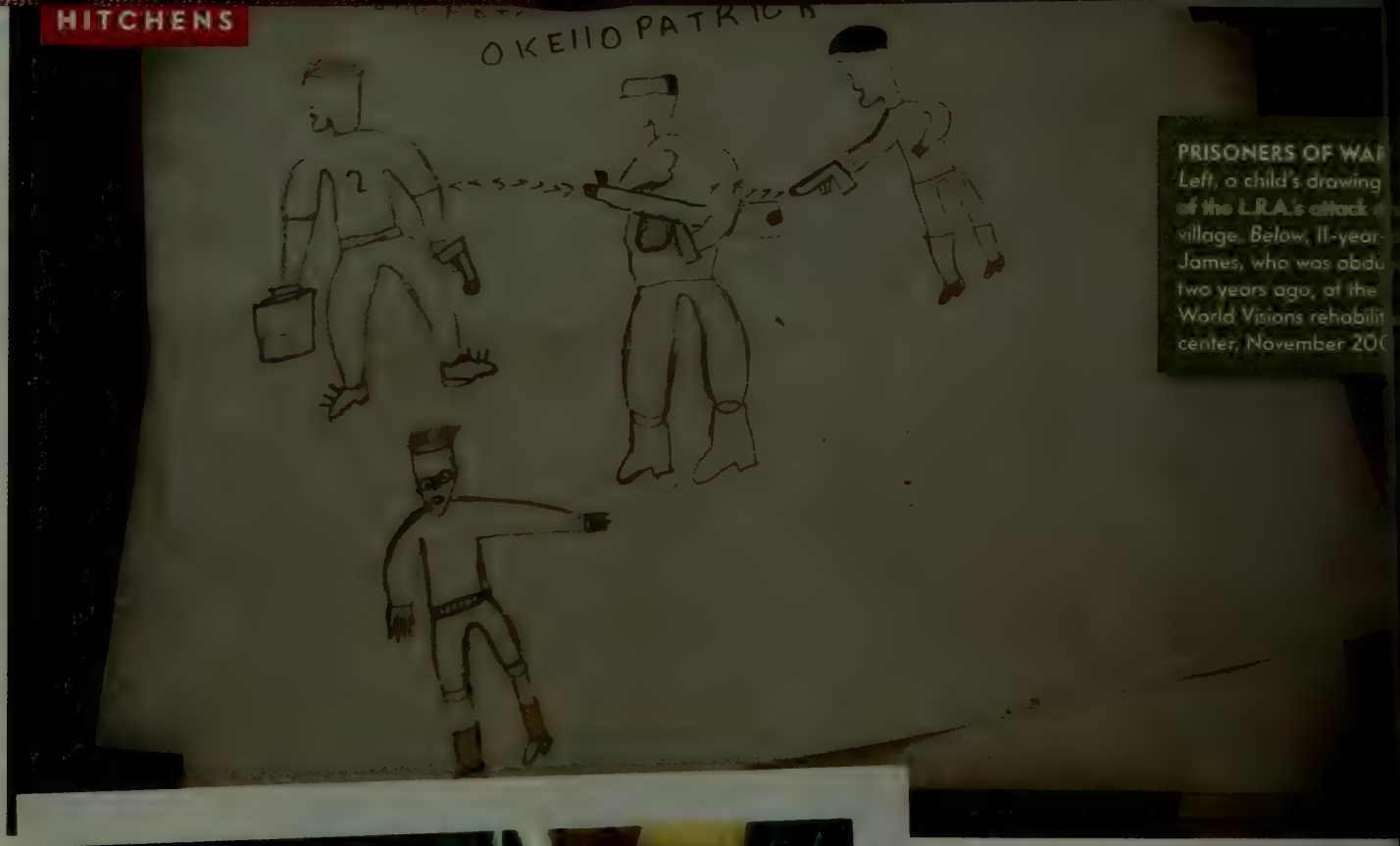
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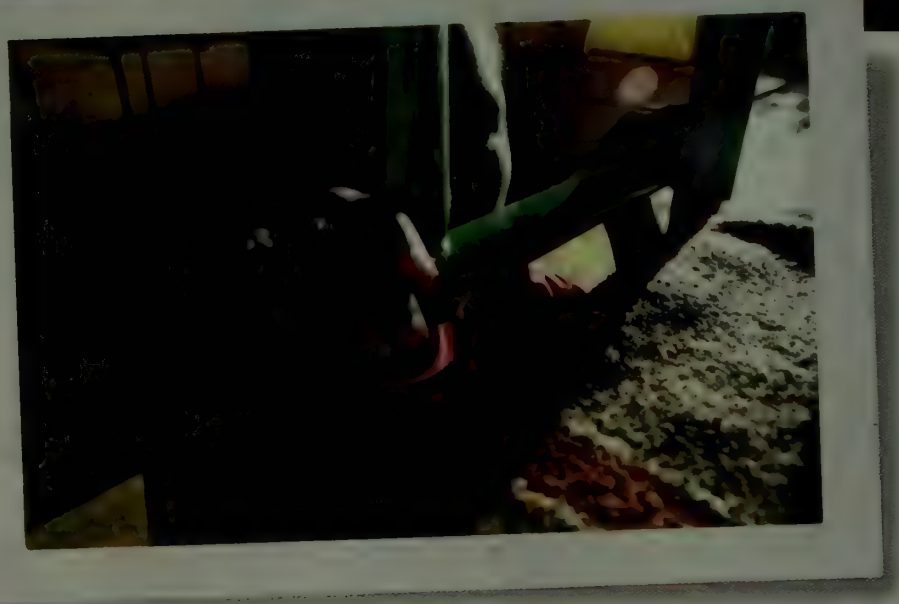
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PRISONERS OF WAR Left, a child's drawing of the L.R.A.'s attack on a village. Below, 11-year-old James, who was abducted two years ago, at the World Visions rehabilitation center, November 2005.



I drove out of Gulu—whose approach roads can be used only in the daytime—to a refugee camp nearer the Sudanese border. A few Ugandan shillings and a few packets of cigarettes procured me a Ugandan Army escort, who sat heavily armed in the back of the pickup truck. As I buckled my seat belt, the driver told me to unbuckle it in spite of the parlous condition of the road. "If you have to jump out," he said, "you will have to jump out very fast." That didn't make me feel much safer, but only days after I left, two Ugandan aid workers were murdered in daylight on these pitted, dusty highways. We bounced along until we hit Pabbo, where a collection of huts and shanties huddle together

"Children who have known pain know how to inflict it."

walk any farther. "First we had to watch," he says. "Then we had to join in the beatings until they died." He was spared from having to do this to a member of his family, which is the L.R.A.'s preferred method of what it calls "registration." And he was spared from being made into a concubine or a sex slave, because the L.R.A. doesn't tolerate that kind of thing for boys. It is, after all, "faith-based." Excuse me, but it does have its standards.

Talking to James about the unimaginable ruin of his childhood, I notice that when I am speaking he stays stock-still, with something a bit dead behind his eyes. But when it comes his turn to tell his story, he immediately starts twisting about in his chair, rubbing his eyes and making waving gestures with his arms. The leader of the L.R.A., a former Catholic acolyte in his 40s named Joseph Kony, who now claims to be a spirit medium with a special mission to impose the Ten Commandments, knows what old Fagin knew: that little boys are nimble and malleable if you catch them young enough, and that they make good thieves and runners. Little James was marched all the way to Sudan, whose Muslim-extremist government offers shelter and aid—such an ecumenical spirit!—to the Christian fanatics. There he was put to work stealing food from neighboring villages, and digging and grinding cassava roots. Soon enough, he was given a submachine gun almost as big as himself. Had he not escaped during an ambush, he would have gotten big enough to be given a girl as well, to do with what he liked.

er as if for protection. In this place ar packed about 59,000 of the estimated 1. million "internally displaced persons (I.D.P.'s) who have sought protection from the savagery of the L.R.A. Here, I had the slightly more awkward task of interviewing the female survivors of Joseph Kony's rolling Jonestown: a campaign o horror and superstition and indoctrination

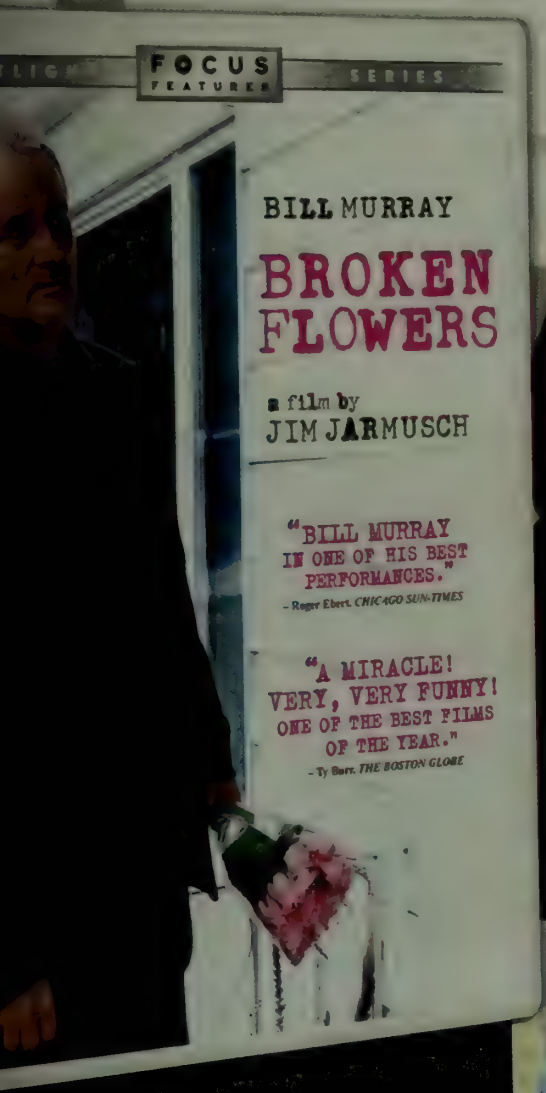
The women of Uganda are naturally modest and reserved, and it obviously involved an effort for them to tell their stories to a male European stranger. But they stood up as straight as spears and looked me right in the eye. Forced to carry heavy loads through the bush and viciously caned—up to 250 strokes—if they dropped anything. Given as gifts or prizes to men two or three times their age and compelled to bear

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children. Made to watch, and to join in, sessions of hideous punishment for those who tried to escape. Rose Atim, a young woman of bronze Nubian Nefertiti beauty, politely started her story by specifying her primary-school grade (grade five) at the time of her abduction. Her nostrils still flared with indignation when she spoke, whereas one of her fellow refugees, Jane Akello, a young lady with almost anthracite skin, was dull and dead-eyed and monotonous in her delivery. I was beginning to be able to distinguish symptoms. I felt a strong sense of indecency during these interviews, but this was mere squeamish self-indulgence on my part, since the women were anxious to relate the stories of their stolen and maimed childhoods. It was as if they had emerged from some harrowing voyage on the Underground Railroad.

mands. He has helped himself to about 50 captives as "wives," claiming Old Testament authority for this (King Solomon had 700 spouses), often insisting—partly for biblical reasons and partly for the more banal reason of AIDS dread—that they be virgins. He used to anoint his followers with a holy oil mashed from indigenous shea-butter nuts, and now uses "holy water," which he tells his little disciples will make them invulnerable to bullets. He has claimed to be able to turn stones into hand grenades, and many of his devotees say that they have seen him do it. He warns any child tempted to run away that the baptismal fluids are visible to him forever and thus they can always be found again. (He can also identify many of his "children" by the pattern of lashes that they earned while under his tender care.) Signs

of his disapproval include the cutting
of lips, noses, and breasts in the villa
he raids and, to deter informers, a p
lock driven through the upper and lo
lips. This is the sort of deranged gang—
gellant, hysterical, fanatical, lethal, unc
age—that an unfortunate traveler mi
have encountered on the roads of E
rope during the Thirty Years' War or
last Crusade. "Yes," says Michael Oru
director of the Gulu Children of War R
habilitation Center, who works on dep
gramming these feral kids, "children w
have known pain know how to inflict
We were sitting in a yard that contained,
well as some unreformed youngsters, fo
random babies crawling about in the du
These had been found lying next to the
panga-slashed mothers or else left behi
when their mothers were marched awa

Kony appointed himself the Lord's anointed prophet in 198

Very few people, apart from his victims, have ever met or even seen the enslaving and child-stealing Joseph Kony, and the few pictures and films of him are amateur and indistinct. This very imprecision probably helps him to maintain his version of charisma. Here is what we know and (with the help of former captives and a Scotland Yard criminal profiler) what we speculate. Kony grew up in a Gulu Province village called Odek. He appointed himself the Lord's anointed prophet for the Acholi people of northern Uganda in 1987, and by the mid-90s was receiving arms and cash from Sudan. He probably suffers from multiple-personality disorder, and he takes his dreams for prophecies. He goes into trances in which he speaks into a tape recorder and plays back the resulting words as com-





PROPHETEERING *Top,* L.R.A. leader Joseph Kony with children, 1995; *right,* Uganda and the surrounding region.

In October, the Lord of the Flies wa
hit, in his medieval redoubt, by a messag
from the 21st century. Joseph Kony an
four other leaders of the L.R.A. were
named in the first arrest warrants ever
issued by the new International Crimina
Court (I.C.C.). If that sounds like progress
to you, then consider this. The whereabouts
of Kony are already known: he openly
uses a satellite phone from a base across
the Ugandan border in southern Sudan.
Like the United States, Sudan is not a
signatory to the treaty that set up the
I.C.C. And it has sponsored the L.R.A.
because the Ugandan government—which
is an I.C.C. signatory—has helped the
people of southern Sudan fight against
the theocracy in Khartoum, the same
theocracy that has been sponsoring the
genocide against Muslim black Africans
in Darfur. Arrest warrants look pretty


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SAFE HOUSE Children wait in line at a shelter of an NGO in Gulu, where they hope to spend the night hiding from the L.R.A. kidnappers.

flimsy when set against ruthless cynicism of this depth and intensity. Kony has evidently made some kind of peace with his Sudanese Islamist patrons: in addition to his proclamation of the Ten Commandments, he once banned alcohol and announced that all pigs were unclean and that those who farm them, let alone eat them, were subject to death. So, unless he has undergone a conversion to Judaism in the wilderness, we can probably assume that he is repaying his murderous armorers and protectors.

restore Uganda's pulse after decades of war and famine and tyranny and Ebola and West Nile fever and AIDS. She has been yelled at by Joseph Kony, humiliated by corrupt and hypocritical Sudanese "intermediaries," dissed by the Ugandan political elite, and shamefully ignored by the international "human rights" community. She still believes that an amnesty for Kony's unindicted commanders is possible, which will bring the L.R.A. children back from the bush, but she and thousands like her can always be outvoted by one brutalized schoolboy with a machete.

And that's what makes it so affe ing and so upsetting to watch t "night commuter" children wh they come scuttling and scampering in town as the sun departs from the sk These schoolchildren have not yet h evil done to them, nor are they ready inflict any evil. It's not too late for ther in other words.

I sat in the deepening gloom for while with one small boy, Jimmy Opio whose age was 14. He spoke with a appalling gravity and realism about h mother's inability to pay school fees f

The Acholi people are the chief sufferers in all this.

I had a faintly nerve-racking drink with Francis Ongom, one of Kony's ex-officers, who defected only recently and who would not agree to be questioned about his own past crimes. "Kony has refused Sudan's request that he allow his soldiers to convert to Islam," said this hardened-looking man as he imbibed a Red Bull through a straw, "but he has found Bible justifications for killing witches, for killing pigs because of the story of the Gadarene swine, and for killing people because god did the same with Noah's flood and Sodom and Gomorrah." Nice to know that he is immersed in the Good Book.

The terrifying thing about such violence and cruelty is that only a few dedicated practitioners are required in order to paralyze everyone else with fear. I had a long meeting with Betty Bigombe, one of those staunch and beautiful women—it is so often the women—who have helped

We are being forced to watch yet another Darfur, in which the time supposedly set aside for negotiations is used by the killers and cleansers to complete their work.

The Acholi people of northern Uganda, who are the chief sufferers in all this, have to suffer everything twice. Their children are murdered or abducted and enslaved and then come back to murder and abduct and enslave even more children. Yet if the Ugandan Army were allowed to use extreme measures to destroy the L.R.A., the victims would be . . . Acholi children again. It must be nightmarish to know that any feral-child terrorist who is shot could be one of your own. "I and the public know," wrote W. H. Auden in perhaps his greatest poem, "September 1, 1939":

> What all schoolchildren learn,
> Those to whom evil is done
> Do evil in return.

himself and his brother both, about th fatigue and time-wasting of being co stantly afraid and famished and continu ally on the run. In that absurd way tha one does, I asked him what he wanted t be when he grew up. His unhesitating an swer was that he wanted to be a politi cian—he had his party, the Forum fo Democratic Change, all picked out a well. I shamefacedly arranged, along wit the admirable John Prendergast of th International Crisis Group, to get him the meager sum that would pay for his schooling, tried not to notice the hun dreds of other eyes that were hungrily turned toward me in the darkness, won dered what the hell the actual politicians here or there, were doing about his plight, and managed to get out of the night en campment just before the equatorial rains hit and washed most of the tents and groundsheets away. □



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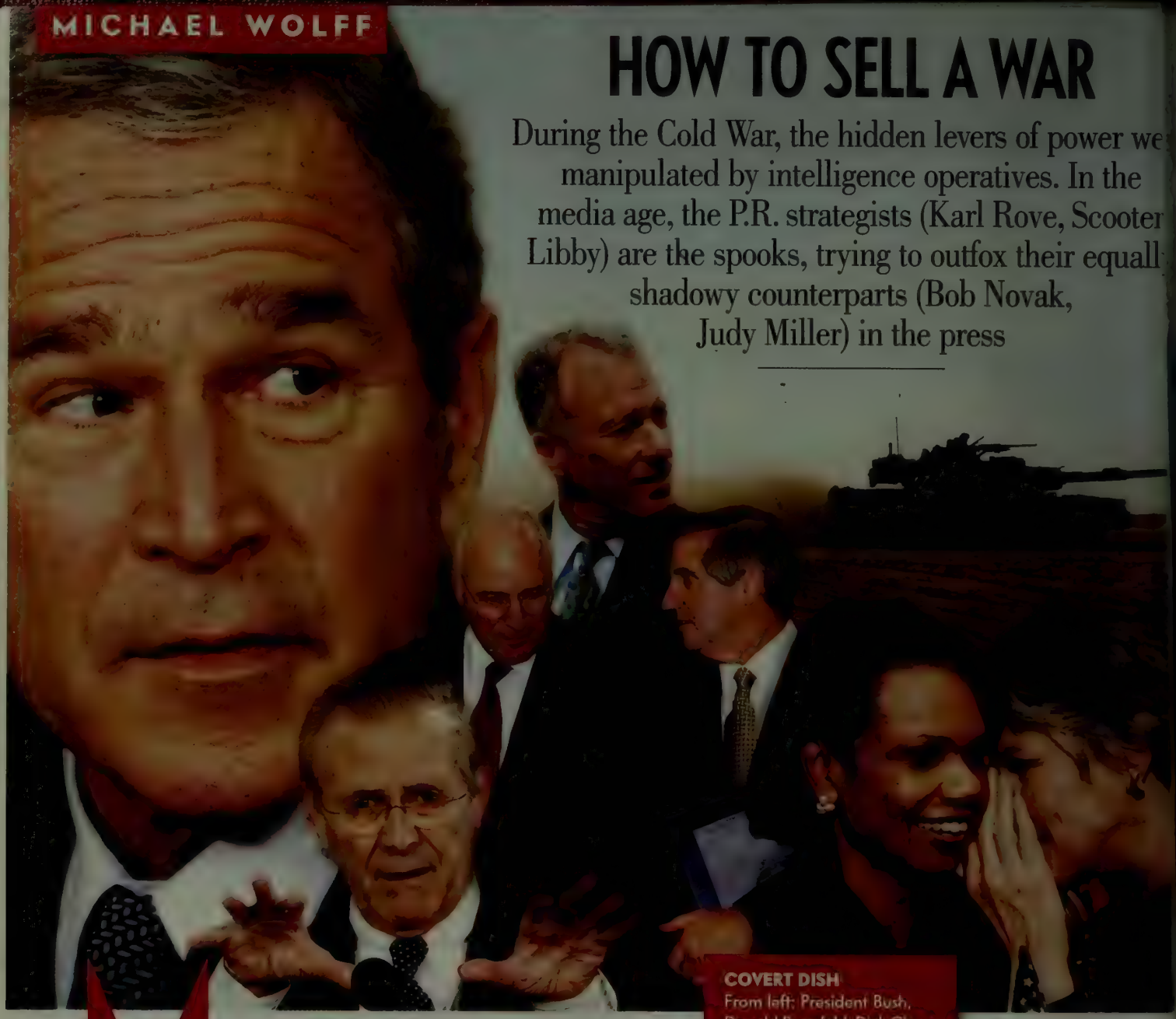
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MICHAEL WOLFF

HOW TO SELL A WAR

During the Cold War, the hidden levers of power we manipulated by intelligence operatives. In the media age, the P.R. strategists (Karl Rove, Scooter Libby) are the spooks, trying to outfox their equall shadowy counterparts (Bob Novak, Judy Miller) in the press



COVERT DISH
From left: President Bush, Donald Rumsfeld, Dick Cheney, and White House Iraq Group members Scooter Libby, Andrew Card, Condoleezza Rice, and Karen Hughes.

Minutes after the special counsel, Patrick Fitzgerald, announced the indictment of Scooter Libby, Lanny Davis, a White House staffer and ubiquitous Clinton defender in the Monica years, was back on television. The next day he was writing an op-ed piece for *The New York Times*. His fundamental point, that aspects of this investigation threaten to criminalize politics itself, was a plaintively self-interested one: "I can remember all the times I picked up the phone and talked 'on background' to reporters, 'pushing back' against rumors damaging to President Clinton and citing information that I thought was 'out there.'"

His cry here is the cry of the message specialist, or public-relations professional, or communications strategist, that anybody who deals with the press is in an equivocal world. A different morality and code of conduct necessarily apply in this alternative reality where publicity and information are negotiated . . . what works for you . . . what works for me . . . what I can get away with . . . what you can live with . . . what gives you a story while at the same time sending my message.

Let's push this further. During the Cold War, the glamorous figures in government were the keen, dispassionate, and amoral geopolitical operators—the best-and-the-brightest types—doing hard things to the enemy before he did such things to us. In the media age, the 24/7-news-cycle age, which has come to dominate politics since the end of the Cold War, the cool guys are those on the front lines of today's most pressing battle: the one with the media. You have to trick the media before the media plays its trick on you—strike and strike hard in the time, the lightning-quick time, before public opinion congeals and hardens. It's the age of the message spook: Scooter Libby suddenly, mysteriously, materializing in front of *The New York Times*'s Judy Miller in Jackson Hole, Wyoming—"a man in jeans, a cowboy hat and sunglasses," as she spookily described him in the piece she wrote for the *Times* recapping he involvement with Libby And there's his furtiv letter to her releasing he from her pledge of con fidentiality: "Out West, where you vaca tion, the aspens will already be turning They turn in clusters, because their root connect them."

There is, of course, a qualitative, ever moral difference, as Lanny Davis and othe Democrats have been trying to point out between the Democrats' message tradecraf and the Republicans'. The Clinton people at their most unforthright, used the mani fold arts of press manipulation to hide the truth about their man's sex life. The Bush people have used these dark P.R. arts, these black-ops communication-control skills, to persuade everybody who was anybody in the theoretically skeptical press to embrace at least one if not all of their cockamamy reasons to commence a war that has now cost more than 2,000 American lives.

Scooter is hardly the spookiest among the Bush message spooks. Karl Rove is the

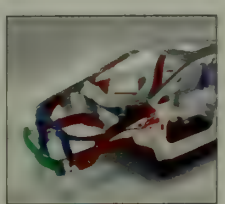
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virtual M of the semi-covert message operation. Cheney—who has, according to former friends, undergone a personality transformation marked by secretiveness and paranoia since becoming vice president—plays a sinister spymaster overseeing the Iraq message. The White House Iraq Group—the "task force," or "internal working group," assembled by Bush chief of staff Andrew Card in the summer of 2002 to create, in Bob Woodward's description, the "echo" for the rationale for war, whose membership has included the best of the Bush message specialists, Rove, Libby, Mary Matalin, and Karen Hughes among them—was in essence a clandestine counter-media unit. These were the message plumbers of the Iraq war. A subtext of the covert media side is that it sought mastery over the actual spies. P.R. intelligence trumped actual intelligence. Outing Valerie Plame Wilson, a real undercover agent (she's the co-

YOU HAVE TO TRICK THE MEDIA

BEFORE THE MEDIA PLAYS ITS TRICK ON YOU—STRIKE HARD.

vert spy as cheerful neighborhood mom, while Rove and Libby are the public figures as dark creepy fellows), has a certain logic if it contributes to protecting *even* higher-level clandestine folk.

Now, spooks, we understand through the literature of the Cold War, come to exist because there are other spooks. Spooks occupy a parallel universe. Spooks, no matter that their actual interests may be opposed, enable one another, are the only people who truly understand each other. The P.R. people are spooks, but so are the media people. Hence, Judy Miller.

In fact, she is not just the archetype of the spook-reporter, with weirdly divided allegiances, trading this moral compromise for that questionable information (or just suckered by the other side), but, also, the archetype who, caught out, is then disavowed by her fellow media spooks.

After the Libby indictment Nicholas Lemann, the longtime Washington correspondent for *The New Yorker* and now dean of the Columbia Journalism School, wrote a strangely rationalized and almost impossible to decipher account of the media and the war. (It is full of the subtext and ritual bows that Cold War foreign-policy papers written by intelligence insiders often had—you can't tell if the author is coming or going.) His essay, seemingly, had two points: the first was a strangled explanation of Washington-press virtue, which, because so much of the press in fact signed on to the Bush administration's specious reasons for going to war, necessitated, with an attention-deficit sort of insistence, a continued defense of the war; the second point was to separate Judy Miller from that same press corps—"a different story," Lemann called her. The problem with disavowing Miller is that almost everybody else in the Washington press corps had been hoodwinked just like her. So she had to be disappeared on an *ad hominem* basis. Lemann, as stuffy a grandee as you're likely to find in this disintermediated age, a mandarin in his self-conceit, gray and indistinct in his affect, did this by offering his recollection of her from 30 years ago as a poseur and hysteric.

Lemann has an air of infinite, even bemused tolerance toward the press. He could be, in ensuing fictions, a George Smiley–ish sort (though less tragic). In a conversation I had with Lemann about Miller when she was still in jail for refusing to identify the now hapless Libby as her source—at the time Lemann was still defending her—he kept saying he was concerned with the larger context. "If you don't understand the way Washington works," he kept saying, you couldn't appreciate the nuances here. In his telling, all the facts were shaded by a larger cultural cloud, a way of behaving, of doing business—all too shadowy and insiderish for words.

The Washington press is filled with such spooky people. There's NBC's Tim Russert (married to *V.F.* special correspondent Maureen Orth), whom Libby called to complain about another NBC reporter's creeping anti-war attitude and who, Libby claimed, told him about Valerie Plame Wilson—a claim Russert denied to Fitzgerald. The more interesting question may not be what Libby said to Russert but how many of these calls Russert has gotten over the years—how much information, how many relationships, how much influence runs through his hands? And Bob Woodward—there may be no greater, independent, unaccountable intelligence operation in Washington. Woodward's haughty dismissal of the entire Plame investigation turned out to be cagey dissembling—he was at the very center of the deal. We should have known! Nobody is more octopus-like in his Washington relationships—Woodward may be the final information arbiter, the ultimate station chief.

And then there's Bob Novak, riding around town in his Corvette convertibl he's got spook written all over him.

But who is exactly on what side? W is the C.I.A. and who is the K.G.B. in spook metaphor?

Lemann, in his *New Yorker* piece, ma a similar point about mixing up the sid He affectionately chides the press for closeness to the administration. It's all ab access, Lemann points out, piously. Th the ultimate issue in the source dispu you have to coddle your leakers by publi ing their leaks to keep them leaking to y Lemann even evokes, from another g eration, the journalistic icons the Als brothers and Walter Lippmann to sugg the water-seeking-its-own-level nature the relationship between journalists a politicians.

This is, it seems to me, the point of parture in the Bush-age spook narrati The Alsop brothers and Walter Lippma in some sense shared power equ ly in Washington with the politic side. In this newer, co-depende world of sources and reporters, lea ers and leakees, communicatio strategists and media people, t Bush people are, to confuse the m aphor a bit, the alcoholics. Clev er, more desperate, more threatening, mo hysterical, more demanding, than the m dia is. Hence, they—switching back to t spy metaphor—were able to dupe, turn, tri the media into the case for war.

As it has happened in the past wh spies have made huge blunders, we' getting a glimpse into the shado world—we're getting to see how one sid successfully gulled the other. But do w ever see it all? Can we ever know the s crets of a secret world? (How, in fact, di Rove slip Patrick Fitzgerald's bonds at th last second?) Still, a glimpse is a glimps

I have a small one of my own to offer my own encounter with a Bush P.R. spook

It took place nearly two years ago, jus as the war was beginning. Setting my Gra ham Greene scene: The Middle East . . . dark desert . . . big black planes flyin overhead.

I thought then that my P.R. spook was no matter how unsettling, just an overzeal ous functionary (an especially overzealou one). But so many aspects about the wa in Iraq—not least of all the fact that it ha been fought in recent memory twice, b both a father and a son—keep turning u like bad pennies, again and again (Dic Cheney, for one; Judy Miller, for another)

The name of my penny recently sur faced in the Fitzgerald investigation—there he was, a charter member of the Whit House Iraq Group. Before that, he'd don press for Rumsfeld early in the administra

Dear Ketel One Drinker

f only everyone had such

good taste.

tion, then he'd managed the White House Coalition Information Center for the war against terrorism. And then, in 2003, out into the war itself. I've recently found him in the secretary of state's office—managing communications. He has, in other words, appeared at almost every key message vantage point of the war. (He was also spokesman for Bush in Miami-Dade County during the Florida recount.)

His name is easy enough to find out. But let me not use it. I don't think he, individually, is the point. I think he's more useful to see as pure archetype. He's my model for the quintessential character of the Iraq war. (In the Vietnam War, there were several actual, spooky Zelig types, who became recurring models in many fictional accounts—Iraq will surely generate similar characters and literature.)

He—X—is in fact, hierarchically, not too important. Just recently I called someone I know who is well versed in the intelligence business, and he dismissed X as just a P.R. type. But my friend was, I think, missing the finer point, the reversal in which P.R. becomes strategically more important than the intelligence it's based on, or, depending, not based on.

His was the first name, just about the first word of any sort, I heard uttered when I got to Doha, in Qatar, the headquarters of CentCom, General Tommy Franks's command, a day before the war began. I'd arranged to be picked up by a colleague at the airport, and he filled me in on the instant culture that had sprung up at the main communications facility—the multi-million-dollar facility with its elaborate staging—for the imminent war.

"You can't really see anybody, or get anything done, unless you talk to [X] and get in with him," said my colleague. "He's a kind of . . . it's unsettling."

The basis on which media organizations were persuaded by the war planners to send teams to CentCom and build elaborate communications infrastructures was that this was as close as you could get to Tommy Franks. This is where you had to go to get "inside Tommy Franks's brain" is how the Pentagon communications people were putting it.

Now, X, coming from the White House Iraq Group, had effectively been seconded to Franks's staff—in other words, instead of the military running the press and communications operation in the field, the White House was arguably running it. This thematic coherence, this elegant coordination, was part of the subdural message, that everyone was connected through the chain of P.R. command.

CentCom and its press facility were a 45-minute ride out into a desert no-man's-land, and then there was an hour of security clearance before you passed into the compound. It was remote, secretive, controlled. Inside, instead of getting General Franks, you got X—mysterious, volatile, everywhere, and absolutely in charge. Nothing seemed to happen without him.

He was clearly not just the press liaison, but some greater message enforcer. Most press operatives, no matter how much their function might be to frustrate the press, end up becoming a little press-like themselves. Not X. No accommodation here. No identifying. No banter. He cultivated his own air of mystery—you can't know who I am and what power I might have. Eccentrically, or ominously, he wore a military uniform, though he was not in the military. (His bio lists him as a U.S. Navy Reserve officer.) Very boy-playing-at-soldier. Very, as other reporters began to say, "Hitler youth."

A not insignificant example of the media tradecraft of the war was that X, the person whose job was to coordinate the flow of information, actually had no information. He could not tell you anything. But he could frustrate your ability to find out anything. This was his job: obstruction.

ROVE, LIBBY, MATALIN, HUGHES . . . WERE THE MESSAGE PLUMBERS OF THE IRAQ WAR.

This became the essential strategy of the entire CentCom communications effort: limit all information, with the penalty for trying to get more being that you'd get less.

X was, too, an advocate—not just a source or even a pitchman, but a believer, a proselytizer. He was the "echo" of the Cheney-Wolfowitz-Rumsfeld message. He met almost any kind of skepticism about the war with an angry declaration—red face and popping veins on his neck—that his brother was at that very moment on the front lines. What he did worked. Certainly, the catechism of dubious, incorrect, unverified, self-serving, aggrandizing information that came out of the CentCom press operation is impressive—from the daily imminence of finding W.M.D. to the Iraqis' joy at our arrival, to the purported heroism of the unfortunate Private Jessica Lynch.

His over-the-topness, his weirdness, should have, it seems, been the tip-off that something was drastically amiss here, just as, certainly, Scooter Libby appearing weirdly in front of Judy Miller in Jackson Hole should have given her pause, or Karl Rove outing a C.I.A. agent, but, in fact, I think the opposite happens. The weirder the situation, the stranger the alternative reality, the more everybody becomes a party to it.

The thing is, you can't really, as a reporter, expose the artifice of how you get information—just as a spy can't expose his own network. The stranger it is, the less inclined you are to expose it. You can't say if you're Judy Miller, These neocons who are lavishing all this attention on me are weird. You can't even say, These flacks in the White House Iraq Group are, in fact, flacks (rather, they become high officials). You can't travel 3,000 miles, into a war zone, investing hundreds of thousands of dollars in communications infrastructure, and then say, We're getting info, or non-info, from a nutter. Given the investment, everybody has an interest in covering up the sketchiness.

Everybody's drawn into the vortex of weirdness—because you're not allowed to make this odd parallel reality the story itself. You can't let on to the spookiness.

That would compromise everybody—that might make people doubt the news!

The backstory—which was, at CentCom and in all the other flack-the-war communications posts X has held, intimidation by an angry prick—must never be revealed.

Even though the backstory—who got the better of whom in the media battle to sell the war—*is* the story, and why we're in this mess.

It is, at the very least, a literary shame that the special counsel has not published the narrative, which he has surely assembled, as to the particular dark, baroque, and even comical back-and-forth among the communications ops and message specialists and various higher-up members of the Washington press corps. Such a report would provide wonderful background for a new literature of subterfuge and indirection and folly. Certainly, if Libby doesn't settle his case, his trial could be one of the great insights into journalistic haplessness and hugger-muggery.

In any event, the relationship of political hacks to political flacks seems too central to the reasons for a hideous and ridiculous and unnecessary war for the backstory not to be told, for the world of P.R. and media spooks not to open up enough for anyone to see that this is a place where a rarefied bunch of morally dubious men and women now reside.

We're in the new shadow world. □



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Life According to Lulu

Lulu Guinness's handbag empire sprang from such enchanting impulses as her wish to carry roses everywhere. With a balance of glamour and sensitivity, Guinness is now expanding into shoes, fragrance, and more

By Laura Jacobs

Look into the shop through the window and it might be Cecil Beaton's dressing room, or a stage set for *Lady Windermere's Fan*. The floor is black and white squares, the stylized black and white of the Ascot-races scene in *My Fair Lady*. A lilac-and-white striped wallpaper speaks of society women sipping afternoon tea, gossiping.

Walk into the shop and things take a turn. The first shelf you meet—well, it's a world scaled for a rabbit hole. There's a tea table set for two, with silverware and a centerpiece, but it's only five inches high. Nearby, not much bigger, there's a glittering silver castle with twin turrets—you'd need to be a half-inch tall to enter. There's even a replica of the shop you're in, complete with black-and-white striped awning. Are these objects for a dollhouse or an collector?

The red roses answer that questi Made of velvet, they are the size of r roses and are bunched in a black satin that is not the size of a real pail, but sm er, slimmer. The pail has a black sa handle because, like almost everything in this shop, it is a handbag. It was ma in 1993, and was added to the perman collection of the Victoria & Albert Mu um in 1997. Its construction, touched w the mysterious luxe of couture, is in nious. Its simplicity, heartbreaking.

"Roses were my favorite thing," s Lulu Guinness, the woman who creat this world and designed everything in "And I remember thinking one day, I be so great if you could carry a vase roses around with you all the time."

Enchantment, invention, wit—you cou carry that too. Thus Lulu Guinness e tered the cutthroat, megabucks business luxury handbags (a kind of hand-to-ha combat, really), not with expensive leathe and exotic skins but with a Surrealis sense of the symbolic, not with a plan a backer but with a little girl's sense play. That red rose blossomed into h own English empire.

She was born into a family on ea terms with empire. Her father, Mil Rivett-Carnac—today, Sir Miles, baronet—was a commander in the Roy Navy. In 1960 he was stationed in Malta, pinpoint of a port island, historically i portant. It was here that he and his wif April, expected to have their first chil That is, until April's mother insisted sh fly back to London for the birth. April r turned to the tiny island with a tiny gi named Lucinda—Cindy for short. "I hate 'Cindy,'" Lulu exclaims. "There was some thing called a Cindy doll, like a Barbie and I used to think it was like that."

After two years in Malta, another tw in Singapore, and two more children born Jonathan, then Simon—the family move back to Devon, England, where Rivett Carnac was teaching at the Royal Nava College. It was a traditional countryside upbringing, but there were also trips t the theater, the ballet. It was culture tha caught Cindy's eye, and the limelight. He favorite daydream as a girl? "It went from being a prima ballerina," Lulu says, "t being a famous actress." And something else from the start.

"She would do fantastic sketches—tha was the first sign that she was naturally artistic," says Simon Rivett-Carnac, now a director in a fund-management com pany. "That black-and-white, pen-and-ink approach," says Jonathan Rivett-Carnac, who works in private-equity venture capi-

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHRIS CRAYMER


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–"I remember that style of drawing, the
iting that you see on some of her bags."
At nine, Cindy was in boarding school
Norfolk. It was here, at Riddlesworth
ll—where she was head girl, an elected
sition—that she finally shed the dread
indy." Friends, and she had many, start-
calling her "Lulu," a nickname that
otured her confidence, her independence,
r love (at 12, no less) of Noël Coward
d Oscar Wilde, and an emerging person-
style that corresponded to her eccentric
wing style: gleefully cultivated, creatively
rlicued. Turning 13 in 1973, a time of
eater-vests and denim, Lulu was fascinat-
by the high-heeled past, a period many
omen were all too happy to leave behind
ever. "It was the glamour. And the ro-
ance," says Lulu, adding without apol-
y, "Woodstock does not speak to me."
Indeed, you could say it all began in
r grandmother's closet. April's mother,
etty Cohen, came from the family
at owned Lewis's department stores
the North of England and later
vned Selfridges. The company was
ld when Lulu was very young, and
e never knew the family history
til adulthood. What she did know
as that wonderful things came out
that closet.

"My grandmother would have old
ening bags," says Lulu, "and even-
g clothes which were from old
outuriers. I loved all her antique
ings. So she always knew that
r me the best present would be
ne of her old evening bags."

They were from the 30s, the 40s,
e 50s—the years of Chanel, Dior, Ba-
nciaga, years in which women's
ves were compartmental-
ed, a point frequently made
y the great couturière Elsa
chiaparelli, who designed
rompe l'oeil suits resem-
ling dresser drawers. In these
ifts Lulu discovered the struc-
ure of another era's elegance.
t was a perfect fit. At five feet
wo, with a curvy figure that in-
luded hips, pants were not for
ulu. When she began shopping
or her own clothes, not at Jean Ma-
hine on the Kings Road like every other
irl her age, but in the vintage racks on
ortobello Road, she knew what to look
or. "I started wearing 40s tea dresses with
great big cinched belt, and everyone
would say, 'Oh my God, you've got the
mallest waist in the world.' I realized that
his suited me."

Jonathan: "I do remember her pick-
ng out outfits that other people wouldn't
dream of looking at."

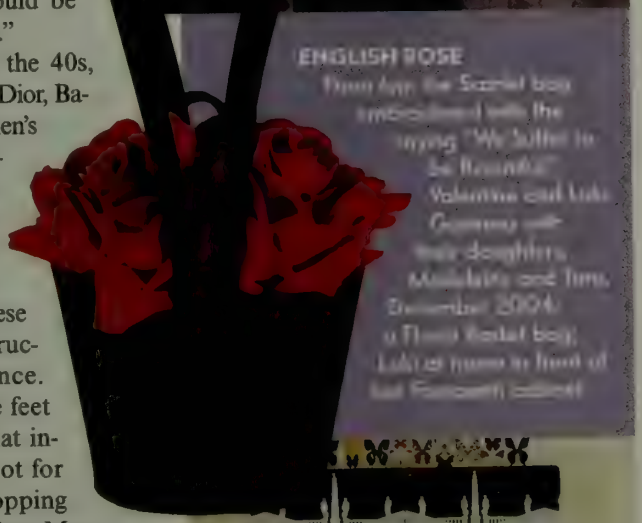
Simon: "She never followed."

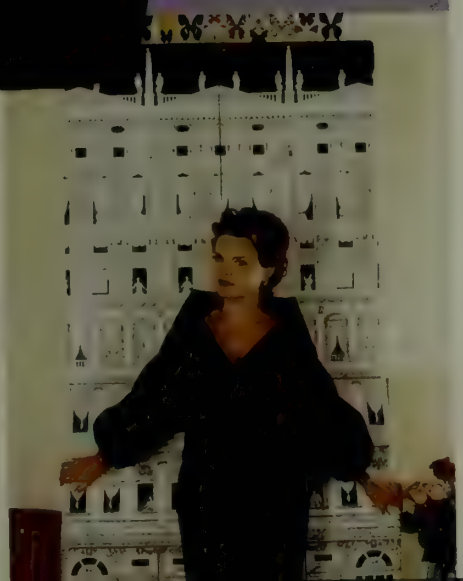


For Lulu Guinness,

Paris was an education in culture, a tutorial in chic.







It wasn't that Lulu was rebellious, exactly, but arbitrary rules, whether about style or at school, made no sense to her. "I was seen as a bit of a troublemaker," she says. "I would argue with people when I shouldn't." At 16 she was expelled from the highly academic Downe House for organizing a midnight feast—i.e., girls eating chocolate in the dark. Lulu finished up at Queen's Gate School, in London, and planned to go to Central Saint Martins College to study scenic design. "But while I was applying, my parents decided they were moving to South Africa for my father's job." Hoping to settle down from a life of far-flung travel, Rivett-Carnac had switched to banking, only to find that Barings, his new employer, needed him in Johannesburg. Lulu spent freshman year studying graphic design at the University of Cape Town. She also started to model.

The Cindy thing aside, Lulu *was* doll-like. She had a round face, pussycat cheekbones, a little Cupid's-bow mouth, and a mass of wavy dark hair. In the late 70s, if a fashion photographer didn't want a rangy blonde, he wanted a Victorian doll and Lulu was it. She met a photographer named Barry, 10 years older than she: "I thought he was about a hundred—he was 28—and I fell completely in love with him. He was moving to Milan to start in the European market." Meanwhile, her father had done such a good job in Johannesburg, Barings asked him to start up an office in New York City. Lulu could finish college there.

"That was such a defining moment in my life," says Lulu, "because if I'd gone there, who knows what I would have done. My parents wouldn't abide me going to live in Milan. So I literally thought, All my friends are in England, here's Milan, what's in the middle?" *Bonjour,* Paree.

For Lulu, Paris was an education in culture, a tutorial in chic. It didn't so much define her as refine her eye. To please her mother, Lulu enrolled at La Varenne, a famous cooking school, "which I didn't appreciate at all." She acted at the American Theater Company: "I got all the best parts because they always did Noël Coward and I had an English accent." And she had the run of the Parisian vintage shops. "The things I learned in Paris are not things that came from diplomas. It was by osmosis, spending a lot of time with stylists and makeup artists and models. I had my own style, and I was quite known for my style."

"And it's really remained very much in-

tact," says best friend Jayne Harkness, now president of the To Order division at Isaac Mizrahi, but then in Paris for design school. "Her personal style always had an inch of whimsy, but it was always mixing different antique pieces that looked perfectly modern on her. Even if she didn't wear makeup she had those red lips, and it was perfect."

Lulu returned to London in 1980, aged 20, to star in a play called *The Reluctant Debutante*. It should have been called *The Reluctant Actress*. "I liked the opening nights," she says, "and about a week. I may have had a little talent, but I couldn't exactly tell when I was good. It made me very nervous. It wasn't fun for me." She found something else that was.

Valentine Guinness was the second son of Jonathan Guinness, Lord Moyne (who was the son of Diana Mitford and Bryan Guinness). He was 21, it was his first year down from Oxford, and he was a singer-songwriter in a band called Panic—camp pop—with a hit song, "Hey Hey C.J.T." Another band member, a friend of Lulu's who knew she could sing, told her they were looking for three backup girls.

"That's where I met Valentine," says Lulu. For her it was love at first sight. "He had lovely green eyes, and was funny, and very attractive to me." When Barry came to London, she told him, "It's over."

Guinness remembers that they'd met earlier than that, at a weekend party. "I sat next to her at dinner and I was very taken with her. She was a very unusual person. Paris had given her this kind of style that the other English girls didn't have. The Lulu style. It's the age of elegance."

It was man-about-town meets girl-about-town, the next six years of courtship basically a blast. He was writing songs. She was singing backup, modeling, and working in P.R. for a building company; then she went into corporate video—"setting up, booking people, getting props"—all the while partying until the wee hours.

"They were just really comfortable together," remembers Jayne Harkness, "and very much in love from the very beginning."

"They could chat for more hours than there were in a day," says Simon.

"We grew up together," says Lulu. In 1986 she married Valentine at Winchester Cathedral and became Lulu Guinness.

"I can't bear to work for someone else any longer. I've got to make a fortune." That's what Lulu said to herself in 1988. Her job required late-night meetings, early-morning shoots, and she was tired.

"Two years into our marriage," says Valentine Guinness, "she was very adrift. I think she sort of wondered what on earth to do with her life. And there was a moment, it was 1987, she said that she had an idea for a briefcase type of thing. And she was going to try and make it."

It was called the Lulu bag, but Lulu refers to it as the "Filofax briefcase." "I mean, it sounds so funny now," she says, "but this phenomenon of the Filofax, someone had made a fortune from it. So I was like, How can I take this idea on from here and sell thousands?" Her idea was to make it for women, make it supremely elegant (black leather outside), add a jolt of color (suede lining of royal purple or bright red), and—the Filofax influence—attach status pockets to the suede, each inset with clear plastic. "It had all these separate little pockets," says Lulu, "that showed off all your really 80s things, which were your Ray-Ban sunglasses, your Mont Blanc pen, and your Sony Walkman."

> "I remember thinking, It'd be so great if you could carry a vase of roses around with you all the time."

Getting the prototype made—especially with those transparent pockets—took a year, but the briefcase that appeared in 1989 was beautiful, expensive (about £300), and a success. It sold out at Liberty, Joseph, and Browns. It did not make Lulu a fortune, but already it had a Lulu kind of life: that flash of surprise, a secret inside. Buyers saw something.

"The people that sold it for me, they all said, 'Why don't you design things that are more like you? Like what you carry?' Because I used to carry vintage bags. And I was like, 'What do you mean? This is it. This is my invention.'" Clearly, she needed another invention. She leapt from the masculine to the mommy and had a breakthrough success with her Baby bag. The concept? "It was made out of [textile designer] Celia Birtwell's fabric. It was a bag that you could wear with your power suit."

"The Baby bag was genius," says Jayne Harkness, "because girls had just started to think about families. It doubled as a really chic tote bag." Another Lulu signature was born: the bag was not what it seemed to be.

The Sunday Times ran a photograph Lulu holding the Baby bag, and the hundred sold immediately. With £15,0 and in the basement of their Nott Hill house—a late-19th-century, five-st town house they had bought a year ea er, in 1989—Lulu began designing ha bags. Her first was the Dolly bag, a 40s shape very much like the makes bag a hobo slips onto a stick. "And I dinky little bags in satin," says Lulu, embellishment, because I didn't kn where to get that done."

"It was just massive struggle," Val tine says of Lulu's first years. "Getting manufacturers. Getting her stuff into big shops. Getting the publicity. The f four years were this great struggle to ma a name for herself."

And then the blossoming. In 1993, laxing into her gift, going with her whi Lulu designed the first Florist Basket the Filofax briefcase was meant to sh off status symbols in its pockets, the Flo Basket itself was . . . not status-y but dee ly desirable, poetically rich. It spoke courtly love and cultivated gardens. It w a covetable *objet*, a symbol that could flo through a party like something in a séanc sit on a table as if painted there by M gritte. In white satin, it was a bride's bo quet. Lulu had been doing "handbags th were handbags," but with the roses, s says, "my true self came through." In oth words, her heart.

"That was the quintessential piece," sa Jayne Harkness.

"I was taken by her floral baskets," sa Sandra Wilson, the accessories fashio director of Neiman Marcus, who boug Lulu Guinness from then on. "It was th first time that I had seen anything lik that. And then I met her and became e amored with her personality. I mean, warm funny, so incredibly talented, dry Englis wit—that light touch we need in the heav ness of this world around us."

The Florist Basket made fans of fashio istas and put the business on the ma selling in America at Neiman's an Bergdorf Goodman. "The whole thing jus sort of exploded," remembers Valentine Lulu's next imaginative leap came in 199 and constituted her first collectible, th magical, hand-detailed, made-in-England museum-quality handbags she would pro duce in limited editions of 100 to 500. " was thinking of shapes you could put thing inside," recalls Lulu, "and the house wa square and simple as a shape." It was blac satin with a red suede roof, and on the fron (and back!) it was embroidered in Lulu' curly style with windows, a door, red roses climbing ivy, and a cat. "At the time, ther wasn't embroidery on accessories. That'

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TOYOTA | *moving forward*

where the really big breakthrough came for me." The Original House, as it is now called, is irresistible—a wink at artist Sir Osbert Lancaster, a nod to Disney, a fancy.

"It's a combination of completely original design with an element of handcrafting you don't find in a lot of bags," says Amy Todd Middleton, of Sotheby's in New York, where a special exhibition of Lulu Guinness collectibles ran last March. "They're so dainty and elegant and sophisticated, but charming and whimsical all at the same time. You just get caught in the Lulu spell."

The Original House was followed by the Shop, the Classic Room, the Parisian House, the Department Store, the Theatre, the Bordello, even the Circus. In short, a tabletop metropolis, a Lilliput of purses. The V&A now has five Lulu Guinness collectibles in its permanent collection. And the long list of red-carpet women who buy Lulu includes Helena Bonham Carter, Jerry Hall (who owns at least 20), Patsy Kensit, Sophie Dahl, Demi Moore, Katie Couric, Dame Judi Dench, the Duchess of York, Madonna, and Björk. Even Camilla, the new wife of Prince Charles, has carried Lulu Guinness.

The collectibles are works of art, showstoppers. But, for Lulu, the show must go on. In the three collections she designs annually, her personality plays with the same generosity, but at every price point. This is a line of conventional handbags and accessories, only they're not conventional. "To make something Lulu Guinness," Lulu says, "I have to think harder." Just as her Evening Dress collectible has a petticoat that lifts to reveal the words "Caught You," so every piece by Lulu has something that's catchy, witty: an embroidered aphorism, a visual pun. Lulu is wise about women, the echoes and dimensions that tickle and delight.

In fact, "wise" is the word everyone who knows Lulu uses to describe her. Even when she was a young girl, friends and family went to her for advice. Recently, Rizzoli went to her, and for a similar reason. As the book publisher of Diana Vreeland's "Why Don't You?" memos—lifestyle suggestions from that empress of the epigram—Rizzoli was looking for a new Vreeland and found it in Lulu. The result is a coffee-table book that sounds the glam battle cry *Put On Your Pearls, Girls!*, and places before the reader the lilac-and-white, pop-up-and-pearls, candy-box world according to Lulu (with illustrations by Martin Welch). Like Vreeland, Lulu is quite happy to make pronouncements—to be, so to spe Head Girl. But where Vreelan arbitrary and elitist, Lulu is in sive, humane: "Money does equal style." "You CAN be too r or too thin." The sense in this s sibility has struck a chord w women and become a cult w girls the world over.

Volumes bear it out. There 75 to 80 items in each collecti which add up to 170,000 piece year. The company has expanc into shoes, stockings, scarves, grance, sunglasses, stationery, u brellas, and, most recently, gloves, win knits, and powder compacts. There are t stores in London—the Ellis Street flagsh in Knightsbridge, and a shop in the Ro Exchange—and two others, in New Yo City and Tokyo. Meanwhile, portions each collection sell in more than 500 hi end department stores and boutiques, a the company, in which Lulu is the pr cipal shareholder, turns an annual pro of $7 million in handbag sales alone. T best-selling item in the Lulu Guinness e pire sums up the attitude of her custo er. It is a small, black, zip-top purse e broidered with teeny replicas of Lul most famous handbags. They float arou the phrase "You Can Never Have T Many."



LITTLE LULU

Lulu Guinness shop; Lulu's Chocolate Box bag with her 2004 book, *Put On Your Pearls, Girls!*; Lulu lounges at home in London in front of her "Birds of Paradise" wall hanging, September 6, 2005.



"In pictures it always comes out looki like Versailles," Lulu says of her N ting Hill house, where I meet her. " real life it's much more homely."

She's looking up at the wallpaper in t entry, where it's beginning to curl near t ceiling. But what wallpaper! Custom-ma by de Gournay in Paris, birds and butte flies hand-painted on a background so d icately balanced between blue and gre you can't name the color. It travels up t stairs like a vivid imagination.

"And I've been about to re-do my kitche for five years now," says Lulu, laughin "It's my project. It's why I'm working. It all I want."

She's everything you expect h to be—tiny, curvy, pretty, with size-4 foot and a steep English a cent shot through with little-gi light—everything but one thing: she not trying to be perfect. Lulu ha been a designer-entrepreneur for 1 years, and while it looks from th outside like a charmed climb up, has also been about balance. Rea *Put On Your Pearls, Girls!* a secon time and you notice dark intonations Two-thirds of the way through there' a black-and-white spread that show a haunted stairway, a shadow throw over the handbag topiaries. The ca

"Woodstock does not speak to me," says Lulu.




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A Timeless Image

presented by Perrier

The timeless elegance of *La Belle Epoque*—a golden age of opulence, romance and champagne toasts—is just as inspiring today as it was at the beginning of the 20th century. The exquisite images of master photographer Edward Steichen capture the era's *joie de vivre* as well as some of its most celebrated performers. In honor of these portraits, Perrier Jouet—with its own memorable bottle that has endured since *La Belle Epoque*—honors the fine craftsmanship of Edward Steichen.

Top: actress Lenore Ulric; below, left to right: dancers Mawlde and Hughes; actress Olaire Luca; and Algerina Flasch, ballet group dancers.

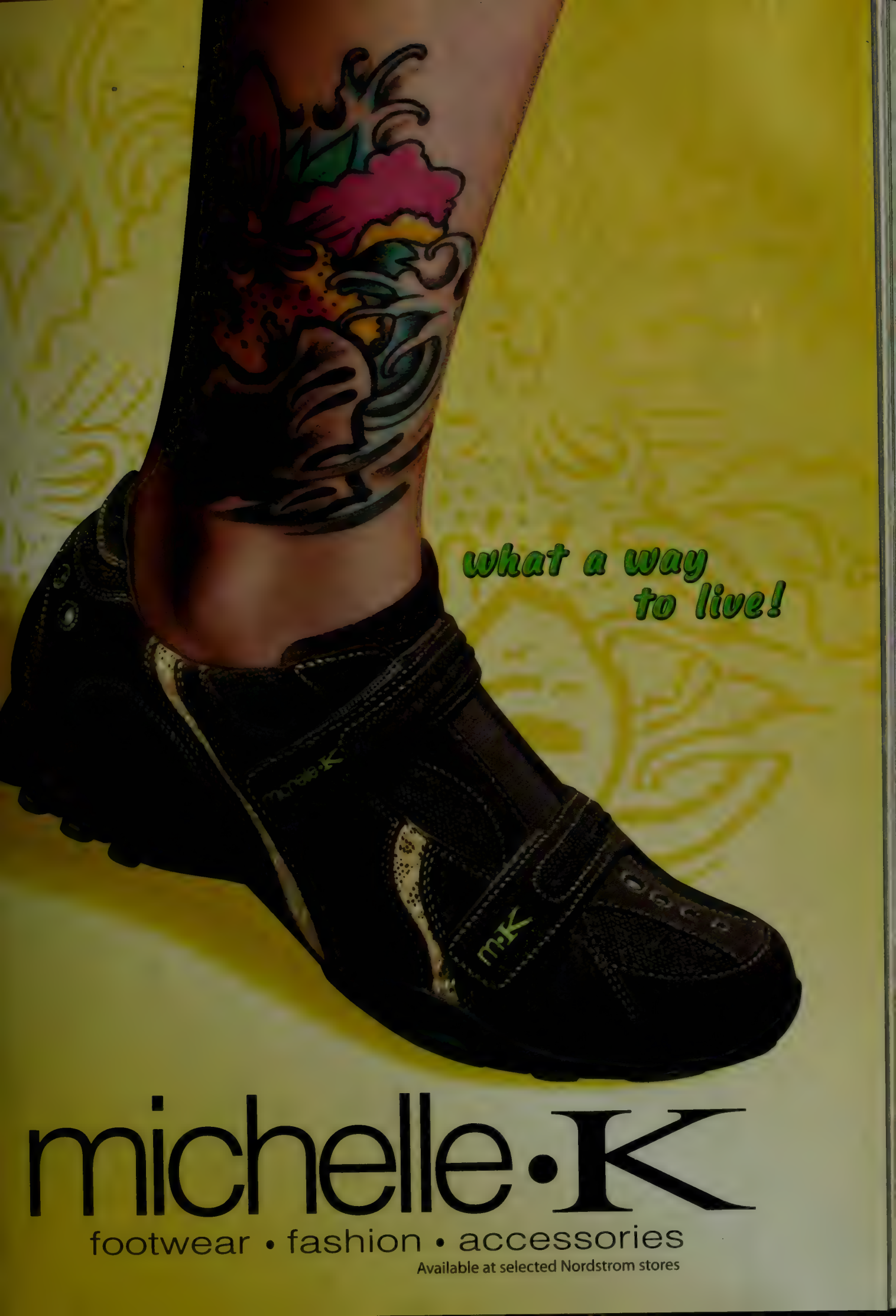








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If you have wrinkles, you've probably heard about... Idebenol™†

(e-deb-in-all)

But can this new "miracle" cream really work as good as they say?

By Misty Bott‡

You've seen it on the news... you've read about it in magazines...

People who have used it not only love it but are buying it again and again and again... racking up huge repeat sales at the cosmetic counters of high-end department stores (and that's at a whopping $109 for a 3.4 ounce tube). The cosmetic industry hasn't been this excited about the debut of a new wrinkle cream since the introduction of that "Better Than Botox®*?" "stretch mark cream turned anti-wrinkle phenomenon" StriVectin-SD. So what in the world is all the excitement about?

The new "wonder" potion is called Idebenol (pronounced ***e-deb-in-all***), from prestige skin cream developer Sövage Dermatologic Laboratories. But why are cosmetic "insiders" betting that Idebenol will not only make you look years younger but will breathe new life into a maturing (some would say "stagnant") cosmetic industry? Well, it's surely not Idebenol's less-than-spectacular (some would say rather plain) pale green and white packaging. Nor is it the fact that Idebenol touts itself as a "Facial Anti-Oxidant." Let's be real; anti-oxidants are nothing new. So why is everyone so excited?

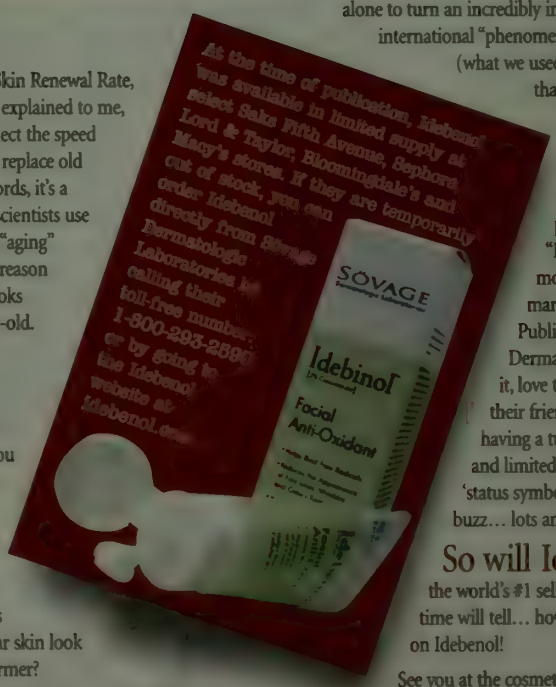
The reason everybody is so excited about Idebenol is that it can virtually reverse the hands of time. I know, "reverse the hands of time" sounds a wee bit trite, but here's one juicy little fact that will get you off your butt and running to your favorite cosmetic counter: In a clinical trial conducted on women with an average age of 67, these "mature" women increased their Skin Renewal Rate, or "SR," so dramatically that it matched the skin renewal rate of women in their late 20s (29-year-olds to be exact). That's right. 67-year-old skin with a renewal rate of a 29-year-old. Amazing!

‡Ms. Bott is Managing Editor of ePregnancy *magazine..."The New Image of Pregnancy"... and a certified skin-care junkie.*

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So what is a Skin Renewal Rate, you ask? Well, as it was explained to me, Skin Renewal Rates reflect the speed at which new skin cells replace old skin cells... in other words, it's a standardized measure scientists use to determine the skin's "aging" parameters... and one reason a 29-year-old always looks younger than a 67-year-old. Not quite there yet?

It turns out that Idebenol does more than just make you look younger. Idebenol is a highly selective "free radical killer." But what in the world are "free radicals," and how does "killing" them help your skin look younger, tighter, and firmer?



For an answer, we turned to Dr. B. Grant Bishop, M.D., noted dermatologist and Clinical Professor of Dermatology at the University of Utah. Dr. Bishop told us, "Free radicals are highly reactive molecules that can severely damage skin cells," explaining, "For more than three decades, researche... that free radicals accelerate the skin's aging process. ... terms, free radicals initiate a destructive cascade of e... cause the denaturation of structural cellular protein... enzyme function, the depletion of natural cellular p... a shift in cell membrane lipid oxidation, and ultimat... the skin's immune protective system... damaging D... predictably resulting in 'mutational events'... like th... loss of elasticity, age spots and, of course, wrinkles... signs of premature aging."

I don't know about you, but ... cream that can make 67-year-old skin renew itself w... efficiency of a 29-year-old... and "kill" free radicals ... they are) at the same time... sounds pretty amazing

However, Dr. Bishop cautions, "Although the dat... preliminary research and, concededly, the remarkabl... reports from people who've used Idebenol suggest th... compound is highly effective, many more clinical tri... conducted before a consensus regarding this novel sk... emerges in the established medical community." [As ... even though Dr. Bishop tells us to wait for a "medica... after our interview, he asked for a free tube of Idebe... own personal use... what does that tell ya?] Neverth... like most of us, and don't give a flying fig about a "m... consensus," but just want to hear "all the facts"... try ... on for size:

FACT: A 32% reduction in the appearance of fine lin... and crow's feet after one month, increasing to a 57% ... the appearance of fine lines, wrinkles and crow's feet ... months

FACT: A 34% improvement in the overall appearan... skin after one month, increasing to a 45% improvem... 3 months

FACT: A 33% reduction in the appearance of wrinkl... one month, increasing to a 55% reduction in the app... wrinkle depth in just 3 months

FACT: A 40% rise in skin hydration after one month ... to more than 50% in just 3 months

FACT: A 32% increase in the appearance of skin firm... elasticity in only 14 days

In today's world, however, it takes more ... alone to turn an incredibly innovative new product in... international "phenomenon" like StriVectin. It tak... (what we used to call word-of-mouth) ... that "celebrities" use it... the... swear by it... and be... write about it. So why... "insiders" so sure that ... destined to become the ... phenomenon of this or a... "Because Idebenol is not o... most advanced wrinkle crea... market in years," says Heather... Public Relations Director of Sö... Dermatologic Laboratories, "bu... it, love the way it makes them loo... their friends. It's gotten to the poin... having a tube of Idebenol (because ... and limited availability) has become ... 'status symbol'... in other words, Ideb... buzz... lots and lots and lots of buzz."

So will Idebenol overtake Str... the world's #1 selling prestige wrinkle crear... time will tell... however, the "oddsmakers" a... on Idebenol!

See you at the cosmetic counter...

P.S. In the interest of full disclosure you need t... that as part of this assignment I received a free tube of ... I love this stuff!

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n reads, "There's another world in-
e your head."

Lulu's head has always been full of
as, leaps. The words "I was thinking"
ch through her sentences. Her design
ector, Viki Wittering, says, "Lulu has a
llion ideas a day, and they're all brilliant.
y first week here, we'd been working to-
her all day, and I said, 'We've got to
p now.' There was so much to take in."

Unfortunately, a head can hold more than ideas. When her first daughter, Tara, was born, in 1991, Lulu found herself in a postpartum depression that didn't lift. "I went down and down and down, and I just didn't know why. I had suffered a nervous breakdown, and I was hospitalized." She spent a month at the Priory Clinic, emerged fragile and on medication. With the support of family, her husband, and Charlotte MacFarlane, formerly the company's director of business development, Lulu pushed through the blips, that darkness around the edges. The birth, in 1997, of her second daughter, Madeleine, brought it all back with a roar—another descent, another hospitalization, but this time followed by a diagnosis. She was bipolar.

"Sometimes, I would be really elated that this had happened to me," she says. "I got to see a much larger picture of the human condition, and people outside my obvious sphere. It's made me less judgmental. You know, I have never met a creative person who hasn't suffered similarly. . . . At the moment I'm on almost nothing. So 'day at a time,' that's all we can say."

At the moment, equilibrium touches everything in Lulu's life. Almost 2 years ago, after 23 years together, she and Valentine separated. They did it creatively, both believing their greatest achievement is their children, and putting that first. "We both felt we had completed a cycle," says Lulu. "We both became very independent over the years, from each other."

"Well, that's right," says Valentine. "We had a joke that the only time we ever got to speak to each other was if we went to the same party."

Now they talk all the time. Valentine, currently working on the screenplay for a film adaptation of George Orwell's *Burmese Days,* lives a few doors down; the girls don't even have to cross the street to see him. And he still tends the family garden.

The company, too, has found a better balance. In the first few years after 2000, Lulu's little empire—like Alice with her cake—grew too big too fast, overexpanding in the United States. The company was at its highest sales point ever, but design got by that wasn't 100 percent Lulu. "It's such a textbook cliché of what not to do in business," she says. "So now my head office is definitely here. The plan—with my new C.E.O., Casey Gorman—is to bring it into being an absolute focused pearl of a company. We've pulled in distribution again and started to go back to where I was in the old days, which is everything is designed from the beginning by me, not, you know, too many people being passed. And a new idea each season."

Listening to Lulu, you feel her freedom within the unknown, her trust in her own vision, the ideas that never stop coming. And yet, look again at the collectibles, three in particular. The Castle, finished with Rapunzel's long blond braid hanging from a high tower window. The pale-blue Birdcage, a favorite of Lulu's—you press a button underneath and it sings. And the silver Spider's Web, now in the V&A. All acts of imagination, all images of the artist held, caged, caught in her gift—unfree.

"I love the unexpected," Lulu says, "how you get something behind it. I like working out how a bag will open and close, that you lift up a skirt, or it stays shut by putting the roof on top of it. Trying to have an idea that's never been had before. That's the sort of thing I've loved, having moments of inspiration. And I still do." □

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VANITIES



OLIVIA WILDE

AGE AND OCCUPATION: 21, actress. **PROVENANCE:** Washington, D.C. **WILDE CHILD:** Wilde, who got her start on Jerry Bruckheimer's porn-world series, *Skin*, will appear in two big films this year: Nick Cassavetes's *Alpha Dog* and John Stockwell's *Turistas*. **O.C. CAN YOU SEE?** You might not recognize the former blonde from last season's *The O.C.* When she met creator Josh Schwartz, she jokingly asked, "'Are you going to make me Mischa Barton's lesbian lover?' He was like, 'How did you know?'" **WHAT'S UP, DOC?** "I'd love to have a documentary production company someday, as well as make political dramas. Growing up in D.C. with journalist parents [writers Andrew and Leslie Cockburn] makes it sort of unavoidable." **PLAYBOY ON LINE THREE:** "I think they call every actress every week. *Maxim* has no shame; they'll just keep calling. *Playboy*'s got great articles, though." (That's what they all say.) "I'd like [illegible] *Playboy*." —KRISTA SMITH

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTOINE VERGLAS

EDWIN COASTER 11/4/05

Graydon:

My part-time assistant Kirsten came over this morning in tears, telling me that some of my letters to you, and some of her letters to you on my behalf, were reprinted on some Web site called Mediawank.com. They called me a "fat check collector" and her my "latest blow-up-doll bubblehead." And you a "Savile Row–upholstered Canadian twit." Kirsten was deathly fearful that I'd suspect her of leaking the letters. I took her into my arms and told her not to worry, and managed to keep her in my clasp for a good 240 seconds, really getting a nice feel for the contours of her back. Anyhoo, I think I know who did the leaking: that beady little freelance fact-checker Adam Slushpilitz, who's had it in for me ever since I told him off for screwing up the Sandy Duncan–Peter Falk–Sammy Davis time line in my piece about Hollywood glass eyes. Every time I get him as a checker, he puts me through hell. I think it's time you grilled that little bastard under the interrogation lamp.

Best,

Ed

ADAM SLUSHPILITZ

Dear Mr. Carter: Nov. 1

Fine, you can let your goons escort me from the C.N.P. buildi with all my belongings. But I shall not repent. I shall go public the whole thing at Mediawank! Adam Slushpilitz will become th blogosphere's cause célèbre, and you will be exposed for the S Row–upholstered Canadian twit you are.

Adam Slushpilitz

Brookline Boys Associates
MANAGEMENT COMPANY

Dear Graydon: November

Perhaps you remember me. I am Josh Freelantzovitz, a former w with whom you corresponded at length in the late 1990s. Recently set up a management company with my brother, Joel, to handle the business affairs of your friend Ed Coaster and his fiancée, Amy Sacco. But in light of Ed's and your unconscionable treatment of my friend and colleague Adam Slushpilitz, I have decided to sunder this potentially lucrative business relationship. Ed Coaster is dead to me.

Not since you failed to retain Joel Stein as Calendar Boy has one of my dear friends been so shabbily treated by you. How dare you! I have powerful friends in the blogosphere, all of whom are prepared to say belittling things about your hair on a daily basis until you make amends with Adam. Watch your back, my friend. Watch your back.

Take care now,

Josh Freelantzovitz

The COASTER CORRESPONDENCE

More of the very expensive words of Edwin John Coaster, contributing editor



ILLUSTRATION BY TIM SHEAFFER

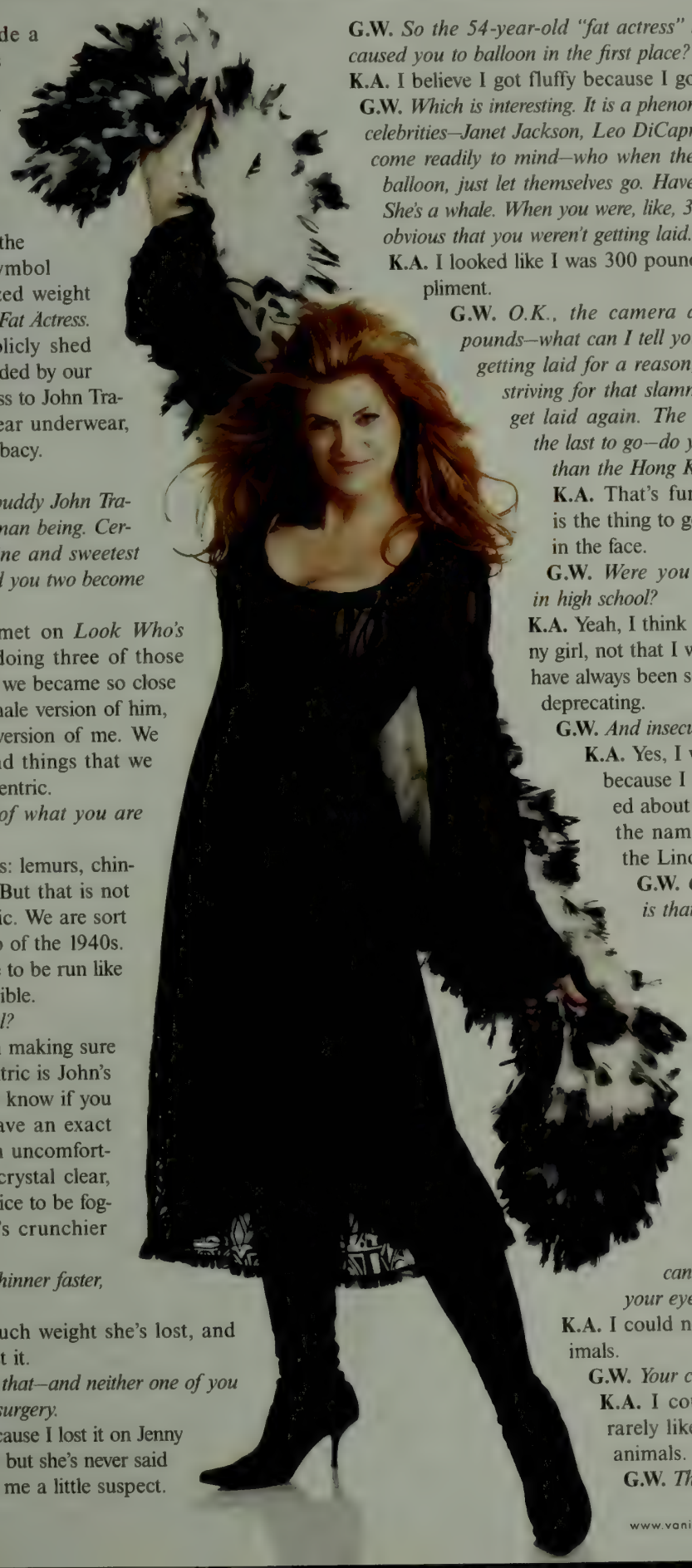

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GEORGE WAYNE Q&A

Look Who's Talking

Kirstie Alley on her pets, her chins, and John Travolta



Kirstie Alley made a mark in the 1980s as a half-Vulcan in *Star Trek II: e Wrath of Khan,* but it s her affinity for come- that propelled her to rdom with *Cheers* and, lat- *Veronica's Closet.* Recently, the etime coke-abusing sex symbol layed her highly publicized weight n into the Showtime series *Fat Actress.* w that she has very publicly shed se pounds, Alley gets prodded by our respondent on her closeness to John Tra- ta, why men shouldn't wear underwear, l life after five years of celibacy.

orge Wayne: *Your bosom buddy John Tra- ta is truly an awesome human being. Cer- nly one of the most genuine and sweetest ns I have ever met. How did you two become close?*

stie Alley: John and I met on *Look Who's 'king* and we ended up doing three of those vies together. But I think we became so close ause I am sort of the female version of him, l he is sort of the male version of me. We e so many similarities and things that we e, and we are sort of eccentric.

W. *Give me an example of what you are king about.*

A. Well, I have 26 animals: lemurs, chin- llas—all kinds of things. But that is not w John and I are eccentric. We are sort both stuck in a time warp of the 1940s. expect everybody's home to be run like ive-star hotel if at all possible.

W. *Is that eccentric or anal?*

A. Well, anal would mean making sure erything is perfect. Eccentric is John's ing an ice fanatic. I don't know if you ow that. John has to have an exact nd of ice or it makes him uncomfort- le. John's ice has to be crystal clear, he can clink it. I like my ice to be fog- . because that means it's crunchier d easier to chew.

W. *I can't decide who got thinner faster, u or Star Jones.*

A. I don't know how much weight she's lost, and e's never said how she lost it.

W. *I was just about to say that—and neither one of you ll fess up to gastric-bypass surgery.*

A. Well, I can't fess up, because I lost it on Jenny raig. I'm not a surgery girl, but she's never said w she lost it, so it makes me a little suspect.

G.W. *So the 54-year-old "fat actress" is no longer fat. What caused you to balloon in the first place?*

K.A. I believe I got fluffy because I got lazy.

G.W. *Which is interesting. It is a phenomenon: there are certain celebrities—Janet Jackson, Leo DiCaprio, and Tobey Maguire come readily to mind—who when they are not working just balloon, just let themselves go. Have you seen Janet lately? She's a whale. When you were, like, 300 pounds, it was rather obvious that you weren't getting laid.*

K.A. I looked like I was 300 pounds? What a lovely compliment.

G.W. *O.K., the camera added a few hundred pounds—what can I tell you? Anyway, you weren't getting laid for a reason, which is why you are striving for that slamming body. You want to get laid again. The double chin is always the last to go—do you still have more chins than the Hong Kong phone book?*

K.A. That's funny. Actually, my face is the thing to go first. I first get skinny in the face.

G.W. *Were you always the funny girl in high school?*

K.A. Yeah, I think I was definitely the funny girl, not that I was trying to be funny. I have always been sort of awkward and self-deprecating.

G.W. *And insecure?*

K.A. Yes, I was incredibly insecure, because I was incredibly introverted about my name. Nobody had the name Kirstie. I came from the Linda-Karen generation.

G.W. *One of your declarations is that men should never wear underwear. Why?*

K.A. Because I think that V line below their stomach is just really beautiful and sexy, and I think that when you unzip their jeans you should see that, and not a pair of white underwear.

G.W. *I agree. The obliques are the new erogenous zone. So what else can't you live without, besides your eyeliner and lilac perfume?*

K.A. I could never live without my animals.

G.W. *Your coterie, your zoo . . .*

K.A. I couldn't live without it. I rarely like people who don't like animals.

G.W. *Thank you, Kirstie Alley.*



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VANITY FAIR'S

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Essay by
JAMES WOLCOTT


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THE BEST OF THE BEST 2005

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Essay by
JAMES WOLCOTT

It's easy to pay big, fat tribute to heroes, oracles, and whistle-blowers once they're venerably old or conveniently deceased. Especially when the verdict of history has ruled in their favor. Dying at the age of 92, Rosa Parks lofted to her eternal rest as a national saint, the grandmother of us all. With a simple act of defiance on December 1, 1955—her refusal to surrender her seat on a segregated bus to a white man—Parks set into motion a struggle for racial equality that rolled like a mighty river through the country. An apostle of change, she was honored in death as the first woman to lie in state, a continuous loop of mourners and dignitaries (among them, Supreme Court nominee Samuel Alito, trying to win goody points before his confirmation hearing) circling her casket, in the Rotunda of the U.S. Capitol. Her funeral service, broadcast live on cable news networks, was a starry affair featuring politicians, preachers, civil-rights veterans, and the balcony-bosomed gospel raptures of Aretha Franklin. Touching and eloquent as the testimonials to Parks's quiet strength and dignity were, however, they carried no cost or penalty. Honoring a Symbol of the Civil-Rights Movement once the good fight has been won and the legal and legislative victories are in the record books isn't hard. But before Parks evolved into a symbol, a freedom medallion, she and her supporters in the Montgomery bus boycott were flesh-and-blood human beings beset by violence and vilification in a campaign for justice whose outcome wasn't preordained. Black churches were dynamited, as was the home of a young minister named Martin Luther King Jr., and the country would be shocked by grainy footage of dogs, water hoses, and billy clubs being trained on protesters. Today the conscience of the country has acquired a hard-to-crack shell, aided by media trafficking in fear and antagonism. (An Internet satirist imagined how Fox News would have covered the civil-rights movement had it been broadcasting in the 1950s: under an action-shot of police hosing down demonstrators shrieks the headline NEGROS ATTACK POLICE, DEMAND SPECIAL RIGHTS.) Yet shafts of truth and light still pierce the protective dome of apathy and cynicism, providing reasons to be grateful for the good-doers who refuse to call it quits.

Nearly five years of the uncomedy team of Bush and Cheney have so debased our sense of civic decency that we are shocked—thrilled—when those who can make a difference actually live up to their responsibilities and *do their duty.* Premier among them: Special Counsel Patrick Fitzgerald, conducting the investigation of the Valerie Plame Wilson leak case with a Boy Scout integrity that should shame Kenneth "Aunt Blabby" Starr into sticking his pious head in a bucket. Idealism isn't dead, as evidenced by the profile in courage known as Captain Ian Fishback, a devout Christian who, like Senator Robert Byrd, always carries a copy of the CONTINUED ON PAGE 107



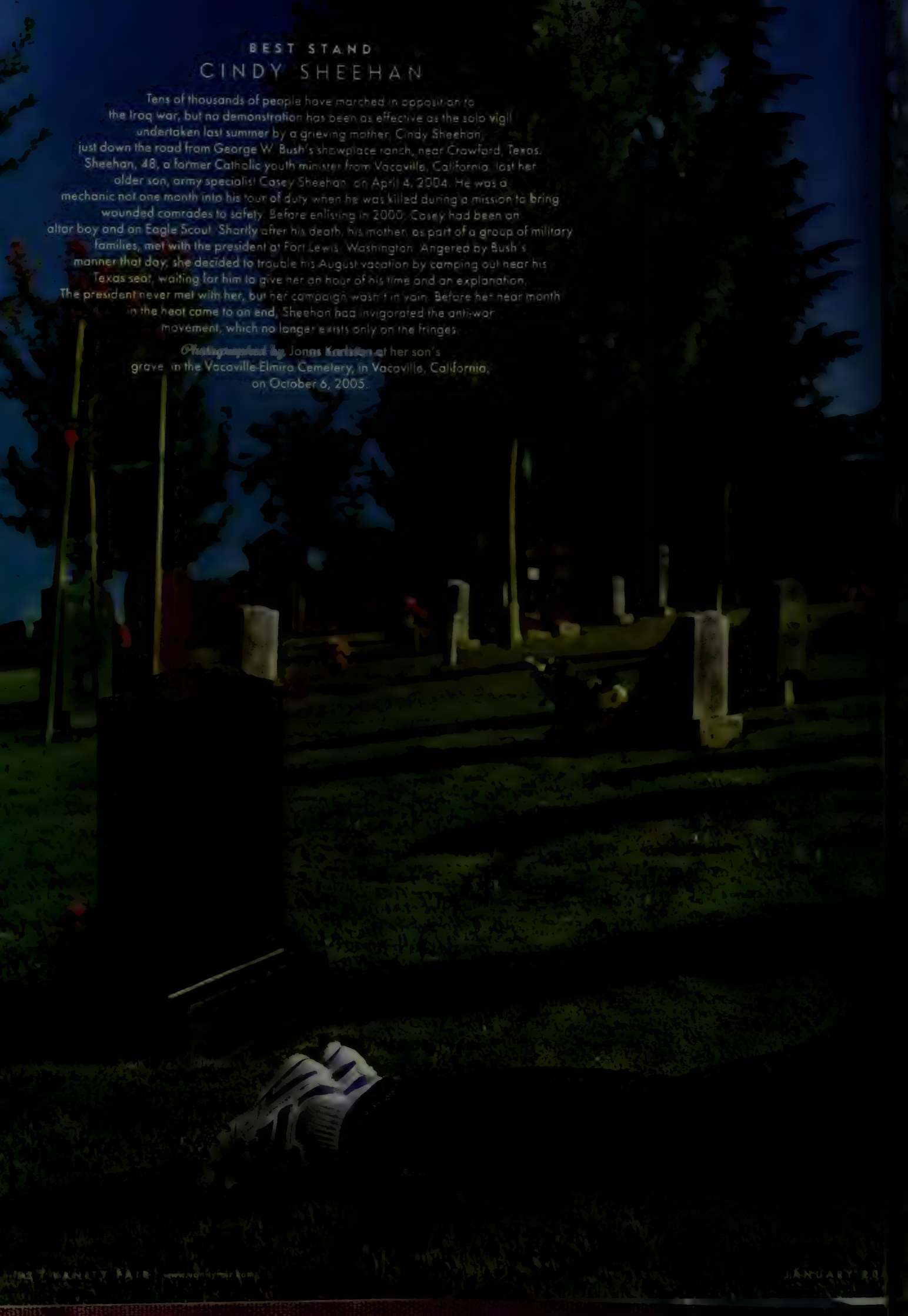
BEST WITNESS

CHARLES EVANS

Before Hurricane Katrina hit, Charles Evans, a nine-year-old resident of New Orleans' Ninth Ward, was already an everyday hero. He never knew his parents and was raised by his great-grandmother, Ophel Showing a consideration beyond his years, he regularly gave her the insulin shots she needed to keep her diabetes in c In the wake of the storm, which destroyed his home, he made his way with other refugees to the Ernest N. Morio Convention Center, where NBC's *Weekend Today* co-anch Campbell Brown found him outside. Wearing a SpongeBob SquarePants T-shirt, he carried himself with pois "They had several people died out here," he told Brown. "And, you know, I don't want to become one of them." Along his great-grandmother and 22 other family members, Charl was airlifted to Texas, where he eventually moved in with hi relatives, the Morrow family. His great-aunt Alma didn't survive her trip, ending up as one of the more than 1,000 casu of the hurricane in Louisiana. As Charles's cousin Kevin Mor tearfully explained in a follow-up segment filed by Brown, the boy sat down and wrote his great-aunt's obituary witho being asked to do so. Even after the hard times, Charles couldn't keep from beaming when he took the stag in Los Angeles as a special guest at the Emmys. And his kid side came through loud and clear when he appeared on the *Today* show for a formal interview and replied to Katie Couric's questions with monosyllables.

Photographed by Jonas Karlsson in Mesquite, Texas, on October 4, 2005.


SpongeBob



BEST STAND

CINDY SHEEHAN

Tens of thousands of people have marched in opposition to the Iraq war, but no demonstration has been as effective as the solo vigil undertaken last summer by a grieving mother, Cindy Sheehan, just down the road from George W. Bush's showplace ranch, near Crawford, Texas. Sheehan, 48, a former Catholic youth minister from Vacaville, California, lost her older son, army specialist Casey Sheehan, on April 4, 2004. He was a mechanic not one month into his tour of duty when he was killed during a mission to bring wounded comrades to safety. Before enlisting in 2000, Casey had been an altar boy and an Eagle Scout. Shortly after his death, his mother, as part of a group of military families, met with the president at Fort Lewis, Washington. Angered by Bush's manner that day, she decided to trouble his August vacation by camping out near his Texas seat, waiting for him to give her an hour of his time and an explanation. The president never met with her, but her campaign wasn't in vain. Before her near month in the heat came to an end, Sheehan had invigorated the anti-war movement, which no longer exists only on the fringes.

Photographed by Jonas Karlsson *at* her son's grave, in the Vacaville-Elmira Cemetery, in Vacaville, California, on October 6, 2005.





BEST FIND

THE CAST OF *LOST*

From left: Terry O'Quinn, Harold Perrineau, Evangeline Lilly, Naveen Andrews, Emilie de Ravin, Matthew Fox, Daniel Dae Kim, Yunjin Kim, Cynthia Watros, Michelle Rodriguez, Josh Holloway, Adewale Akinnuoye-Agbaje (in tank top), Jorge Garcia, Dominic Monaghan.

With its cinematic action sequences and omigod plot reversals, ABC's *Lost* is a real supershow. It's also a veritable museum of TV history, borrowing, ingeniously, from *Survivor*, *The Twilight Zone*, *The X-Files*, *Twin Peaks*, and even *Gilligan's Island*. But *Lost* thrives because of its stereotype-defying characters and the amazing ensemble cast that brings them to life. Matthew Fox (Dr. Jack Shephard), who combines a go-for-it quality with a soupçon of mischief, makes for a rock-solid foundation. The likable Jorge Garcia (Hugo "Hurley" Reyes) is somehow able to imbue the word "dude" with a thousand shades of meaning. Newcomer Evangeline Lilly (Kate) has a grit belying her beauty, and veteran character actor Terry O'Quinn (John Locke) is a mysteriously forceful presence. The *Lord of the Rings*–tested Dominic Monaghan (Charlie Pace) plays a nice



Shakespearean fool, and Emilie de Ravin (Claire Littleton) is the hot mama. Harold Perrineau (Michael Dawson) is great at being put through hell, and former *Guiding Light* star Cynthia Watros (Libby) adds to the second season's beauty quotient. Southern heartthrob Josh Holloway (James "Sawyer" Ford) brings a villainous quality to the island (but is it really an island?) and makes the perfect foil for the studmuffin Naveen Andrews (Sayid Jarrah). Yunjin Kim (Sun Kwon), a movie star in her native Korea, has proved to be a Season Two breakout player, and Daniel Dae Kim (Jin Soo Kwon) plays a character who's a bastard one minute and a pal the next. Second-season additions Michelle Rodriguez (Ana Lucia Cortez), of *Girlfight* fame, and Adewale Akinnuoye-Agbaje (Mr. Eko), who showed off his chops in *Get Rich or Die Tryin'*, keep the plot twists going and the chat rooms buzzing. Long may they stay lost.

Photographed by Mark Seliger at Kawela Bay, in Oahu, Hawaii, on October 22, 2005.



BEST READ

JOAN DIDION

As a young woman Joan Didion left California for New York and took a job at *Vogue*. At night she went to work on her stunning first novel, *Run River* (1963). Soon after its publication, she married writer John Gregory Dunne, and together they adopted an infant daughter, Quintana Roo. With Dunne as her constant companion, co-screenwriter, and in-house editor, Didion went on to delineate, in exacting prose, the changing moods in herself and the world around her in brilliant essays that would make up *Slouching Towards Bethlehem* (1968) and *The White Album* (1979). Over the years, her novels, including *Play It as It Lays* (1970) and *The Last Thing He Wanted* (1996), turned sparer in their descriptions and tighter in their plots, even as her journalistic works grew denser and showed more engagement with the political world. Her devastating new book, *The Year of Magical Thinking*, which won the National Book Award, is a memoir of mourning. It recounts the death of her husband and the illness of their daughter, who died between the completion of the work and its publication. Didion, 71, wrote it over 89 days, so that it would reflect the rawness of experience rather than become a literary set piece. Even in her darkest hours her gifts for reporting and description came to the fore, leaving readers with a rare portrait of motherhood and of an unusually happy marriage.

Photographed by Annie Leibovitz in Washington, D.C., on October 28, 2005.







BEST AMBASSADORS

SIR BOB GELDOF AND BONO

On July 2, 2005, after years of planning and backroom politicking, Sir Bob Geldof and Bono staged the massive Live 8 concert event in 10 cities worldwide. The performances by U2, Green Day, Madonna, Paul McCartney, Dave Matthews, Elton John, Coldplay, Destiny's Child, Kanye West, Björk, a re-united Pink Floyd, Snoop Dogg, and even Geldof himself were meant to raise awareness of extreme poverty in Africa and to pressure world leaders to do something about it. Five days after the mega-concert, the G8 Summit convened in Gleneagles, Scotland, and all nine world leaders signed their names to the Bono-and-Geldof-inspired pledge to send $25 billion a year to Africa. Right afterward, Geldof wandered across the Gleneagles lawns, hunched down in a clearing, and began to sob, and the next day, talking to a reporter in Paris, a triumphant Bono said, "I feel like I've got a right to punch the air." Geldof, 53, and Bono, 45, had risked the wrath of fans and hard-line activists by repeatedly meeting with presidents, prime ministers, senators, and secretaries, as well as with corporate leaders, economics wonks, right-wing pundits, and many others whom rock stars tend to avoid lest they sully their bad-boy images. But Sir Bob and Bono believed Africa represented an emergency, and as such it demanded a strategy more pragmatic than shouting slogans from the streets or the stage. Now comes the tricky part: making sure that the promised money actually reaches the world's most fragile continent.

Photographed by Annie Leibovitz at the Chateau Marmont, in Hollywood, California.





BEST ANIMAL INSTINCT

GREGORY COLBERT

Anybody who's been on a safari knows that one's first impulse when attempting wildlife photography is to keep humans out of the frame. (The folks back home don't need to know that your back-to-nature moment was shared with a mini-bus full of Yorkshire retirees.) Over the past 13 years, Gregory Colbert, however, has doggedly violated that unspoken rule, as well as the spoken one about not getting out of the vehicle and playing with the animals. This is a man who is not shy about joining a 4,000-pound elephant for a swim, or about encouraging a young girl to cuddle up with a cheetah. Approximately 200 of his photographs, each printed on some 54 square feet of handmade Japanese paper, will be on display in Santa Monica next month, housed in a temporary—Colbert would say "nomadic"—structure built with shipping containers and designed by the Japanese architect Shigeru Ban. When the exhibition went up on Manhattan's Pier 54 last March, *The New York Times* called it "spectacularly vacuous," but collectors, including Laurence Fishburne, Donna Karan, and Brad Pitt—not to mention the thousands of paying visitors who lined up along the West Side Highway, and no less an authority than the Vatican, which will welcome the show to St. Peter's Square—dig the message Colbert is sending: humans and animals are all part of one big, potentially happy family.

BEST LIFT

NIP/TUCK

From left: Bruno Campos, Roma Maffia, Joely Richardson, Julian McMahon, Dylan Walsh, John Hensley, Jessalyn Gilsig, and Kelly Carlson.

The most disturbing thing about the *über*-disturbing FX drama *Nip/Tuck* is it proves not that some plastic surgeons are just as screwed up as their patients but that we're just as screwed up for caring so much. Now in its third season, the show has become destination television for those in need of a Botox detox. Set in the Miami office of two hunky plastic surgeons, Sean McNamara (Dylan Walsh) and Christian Troy (Julian McMahon), *Nip/Tuck* draws on outrageously delectable plotlines—e.g., McNamara's teen son is seduced by a transgender life coach, and McNamara and Troy operate on an obese woman to dislodge her from the couch she's lived on for three years. *ER*, meet the 18-to-35 male demographic.

Photographed by Norman Jean Roy in West Hollywood on October 29, 2005.





BEST BUDDY

JOHNNY WILSON

astonishing 37 minutes at one time [illegible]

who spent an hour and six minutes cutting through 58-degree water, added a philanthropic dimension to h[illegible]

Surely the cons weren't the only ones left feeling old, lazy, and selfish.

Photographed by Jonas Karlsson in San Francisco, with Alcatraz in the distance, on October 28, 2005.

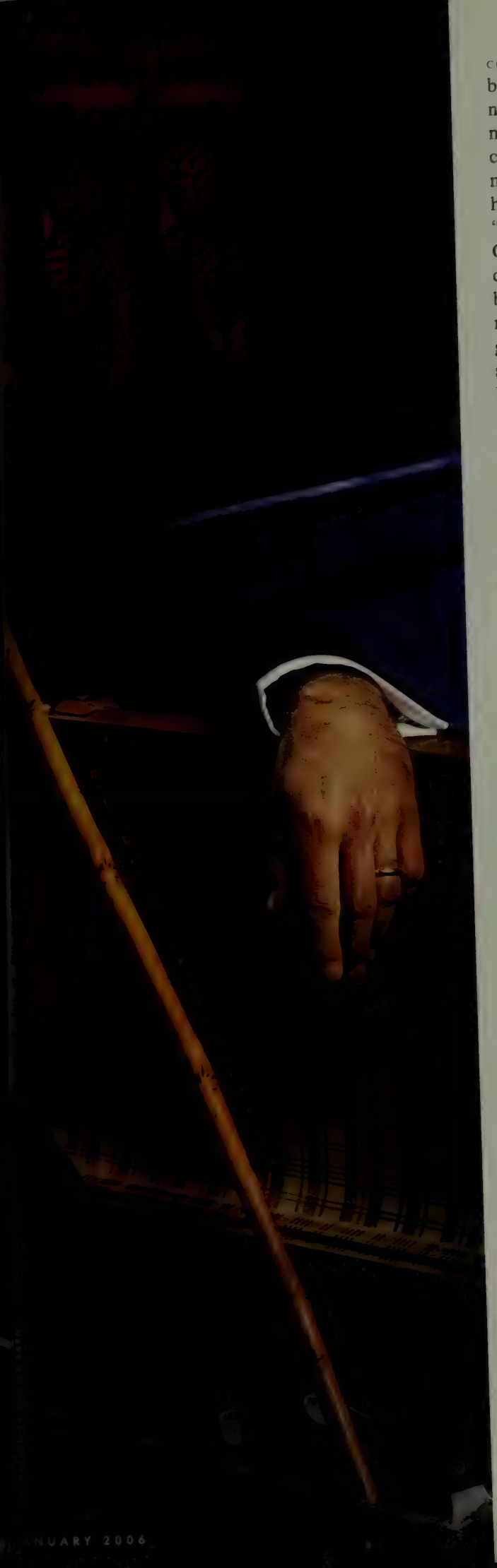




BEST LATE BLOOMER
STEVE CARELL

The release last summer of *The 40 Year-Old Virgin* was historic in two respects: (a) it represented the birth of a promising new subgenre, the gross-out middle-aged romantic comedy (think of *American Pie* during a hormone drought), and (b) it starred the most average-looking man ever to carry a major motion picture, Steve Carell, who not only was co-writer and co-executive producer but also—unlike, say, Vince Vaughn or Owen Wilson—could plausibly be confused with the drone who sold you a box of manila folders last week at Staples. Carell was formerly recognizable mainly for his fake-news-guy role on *The Daily Show with Jon Stewart*, his supporting roles in *Bruce Almighty* and *Anchorman: The Legend of Ron Burgundy* (this time as a weather guy), and his starring role as the boss on the unjustly sniffed-at American version of *The Office*, but thanks to *The 40 Year-Old Virgin*'s poster, Carell, with his beatific gaze, has become something of an icon. (Was he channeling a Sunday-school portrait of Christ?) Like his friend and frequent colleague Will Ferrell, Carell makes a fierce, almost primal commitment to character—in this he may well prove to be the Marlon Brando of American comedy, or at least the James Dean. Far-fetched? Was Brando's "Stella!" any more goose-bump-raising than Carell's *cris de coeur* while being chest-waxed?

Photographed by Mark Seliger at the Los Angeles Theatre, in Los Angeles, California, on October 29, 2005.

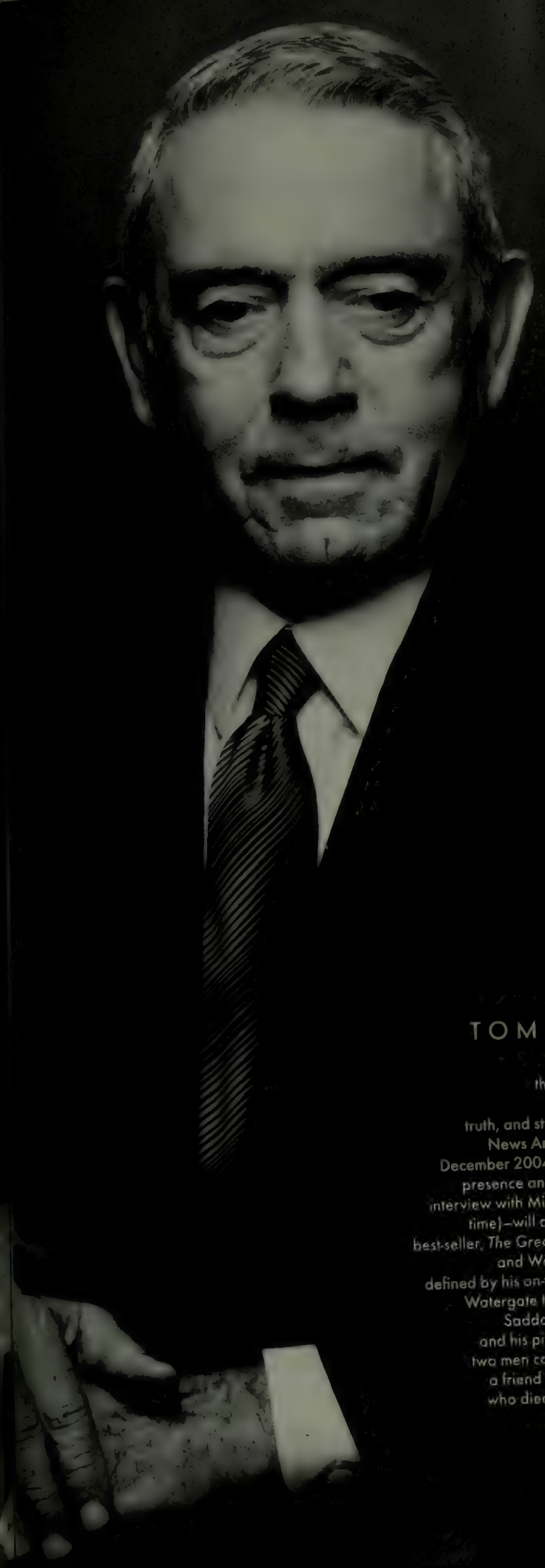


CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90 Constitution in his pocket. Captain Fishback refused to dummy up about the abuse of prisoners he witnessed at the Iraq-Syria border and near Fallujah, challenging the military's violation of the Geneva Conventions and addressing his concerns to Senator John McCain. For his conscientious impertinence, Fishback has been sequestered at Fort Bragg to keep a lid on his accusations. Also trying to do the right thing is Bunnatine "Bunny" Greenhouse, the procurement overseer for the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers who guards against taxpayer waste and has incurred the wrath of higher-ups for questioning the billion-dollar no-bid contracts to companies such as Halliburton. "She has rained a mighty storm upon herself for standing up, before members of Congress and live on C-SPAN to proclaim things are just not right in this staggeringly profitable business," wrote the A.P.'s Deborah Hastings. Nobody questions Dick Cheney's pet corporation without Corleone payback, and Greenhouse was demoted and cast adrift into bureaucratic limbo. Odd how Cheney's paw prints keep turning up everywhere. Former chief of staff to then secretary of state Colin Powell, Colonel Lawrence Wilkerson, able to hold his peace no longer, let rip with a rousing speech about the hijacking of foreign policy and the bungling of the Iraq invasion by the "cabal" of neoconservatives and true believers in Cheney's secret clubhouse. Wilkerson also boldly traced the paper trail of state-sanctioned torture to the toilet roll in the vice president's office. Assenting to Wilkerson's revelations with a courtly nod was wise elder Brent Scowcroft, who, in an interview with *The New Yorker,* broke the old-school code of silence to decry the disastrous folly of Iraq and to intimate what many of us have darkly suspected: the Dick Cheney we see with his jaw permanently tensed in a true-grit grimace is a dangerous impostor—a pod. "I consider Cheney a good friend—I've known him for thirty years," said Scowcroft. "But Dick Cheney I don't know anymore."

Iraq isn't the only arena that brought out the moral best from the distressed. Consider those ordinary citizens whose quick-witted daring and stoic endurance lay dormant until the existential test. Quick responders such as the Indian bus driver Kuldip Singh and conductor Budh Prakash, who foiled a terrorist attack during the recent wave of bombings in India by removing a bag of explosives planted under a passenger seat and tossing it away before it could detonate. Or the English schoolgirl Tilly Smith, who spotted the warning signs of a tsunami while vacationing at a Thai resort—"I saw this bubbling on the water, right on the edge, and foam sizzling just like in a frying pan"—and told her parents the news. While her father "relayed Tilly's warning to the hotel staff," the A.P. reported, "the girl dashed back toward the beach, filled with about 100 people," and told two resort employees, who "spread the warning and the beach was evacuated—minutes before the devastating waves struck." And, as *New York Times* op-ed columnist Nicholas D. Kristof has indisputably argued, no one walks taller in Rosa Parks's radiant wake than Mukhtaran Bibi, the Pakistani woman who was gang-raped and—instead of killing herself, as rape victims usually do in villages like hers—pressed charges, saw six of her rapists convicted, and used the compensation money she received to open a school. She not only defied native custom but also refused to bow to the bullying pressure of President Musharraf's government, which put her under detention to muzzle her dissent until an international outcry forced it to relent. Free to speak, Bibi said, "I have a message to the women of the world and all the women who have been raped or any of that kind of violation: that, no matter what, they must talk about it and they must fight for justice."

The truth kept breaking out in 2005, and perhaps in 2006 justice (long overdue) will follow.





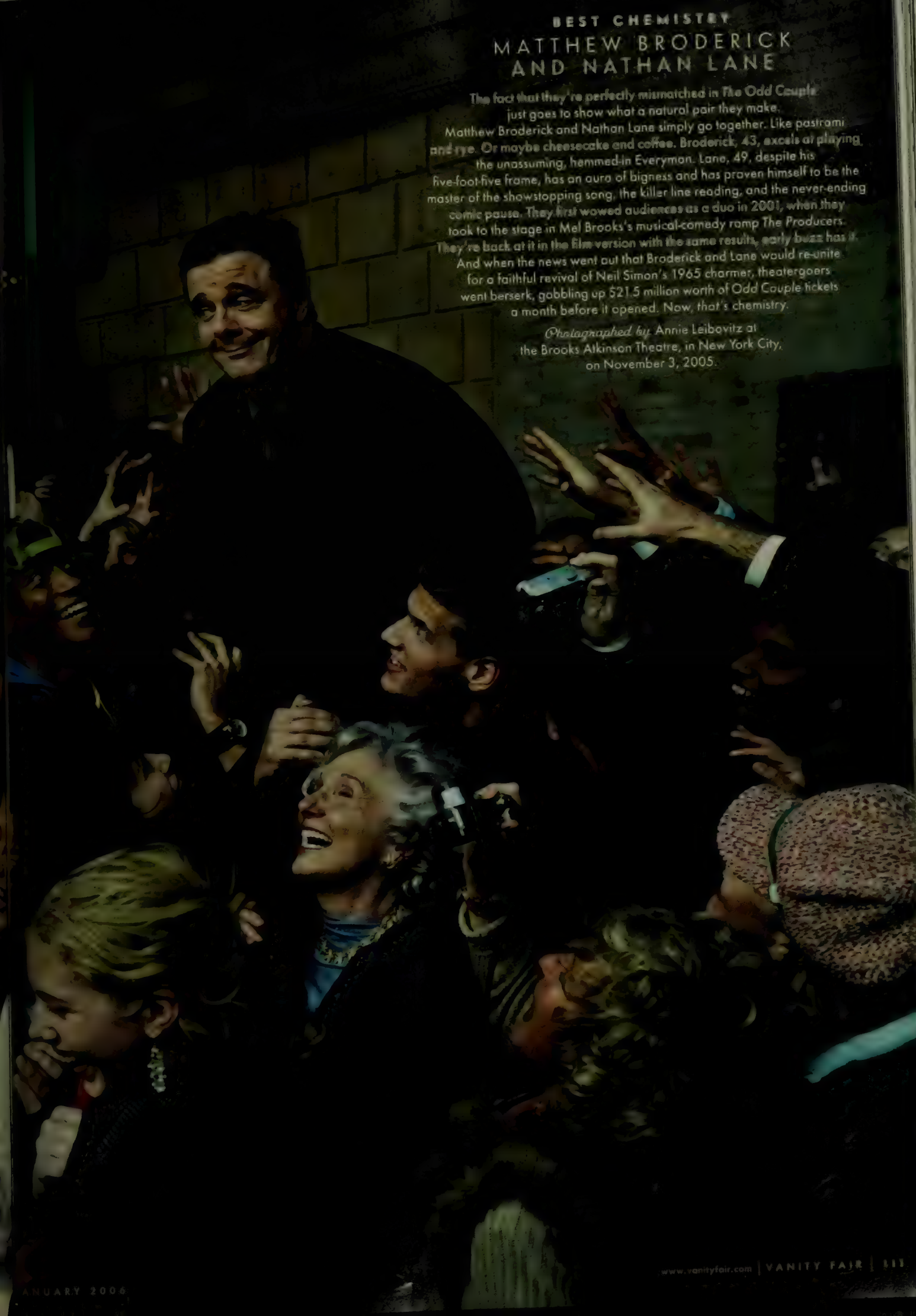
BEST SIGN-OFFS

TOM BROKAW AND DAN RATHER

Their eyes were ours. Starting in the early 1980s, they peered into the glaring strobe light of a turbulent world and, each night, shared with us a gleam of coherence, truth, and story line. Now, in a blink, their era—the Age of the Lone, Steady-Gaze News Anchor—has passed. NBC's Tom Brokaw, 65, left the anchor chair in December 2004; Dan Rather, 74, of CBS, did the same last March. Brokaw—a reassuring presence and consummate reporter (the first American to be granted a one-on-one interview with Mikhail Gorbachev; the only anchor to report the fall of the Berlin Wall in real time)—will also be remembered for his crowning offscreen achievement: his 1998 best-seller, *The Greatest Generation*, which paid homage to Americans shaped by the Depression and World War II. Rather, his style homespun yet ever an edge, was best defined by his on-the-scene dispatches (from hurricanes to civil-rights marches, from Vietnam to Watergate to Afghanistan), his scoops (he landed the only Gulf War interview with Saddam Hussein; his team broke the Abu Ghraib prisoner-abuse story), and his pivotal showdowns with Richard Nixon and George H. W. Bush. As the two men convened for a rare dual portrait, they talked of wives, of fishing, and of a friend who loomed large, off-camera: Peter Jennings, their ABC colleague, who died in August at age 67, after a battle with lung cancer. To these three, the last triumvirate of network news, we say, Good night, and Godspeed.

Photographed by Annie Leibovitz in New York City on October 27, 2005.


NEIL
THE
JOE



BEST CHEMISTRY

MATTHEW BRODERICK AND NATHAN LANE

The fact that they're perfectly mismatched in *The Odd Couple* just goes to show what a natural pair they make. Matthew Broderick and Nathan Lane simply go together. Like pastrami and rye. Or maybe cheesecake and coffee. Broderick, 43, excels at playing the unassuming, hemmed-in Everyman. Lane, 49, despite his five-foot-five frame, has an aura of bigness and has proven himself to be the master of the showstopping song, the killer line reading, and the never-ending comic pause. They first wowed audiences as a duo in 2001, when they took to the stage in Mel Brooks's musical-comedy romp *The Producers*. They're back at it in the film version with the same results, early buzz has it. And when the news went out that Broderick and Lane would re-unite for a faithful revival of Neil Simon's 1965 charmer, theatergoers went berserk, gobbling up $21.5 million worth of *Odd Couple* tickets a month before it opened. Now, that's chemistry.

Photographed by Annie Leibovitz at the Brooks Atkinson Theatre, in New York City, on November 3, 2005.

FROM THE SHADOWS

AN ORAL HISTORY OF OSAMA BIN LADEN

Osama bin Laden has been seen largely as a symbol, rather than as a man. In an excerpt from his new book, PETER L. BERGEN provides an unprecedente portrait, taken from interviews with the terrorist leader's family, friends, fellow jihadists and former employees. He also reveals the personal influences that led a privileged young Saudi to form his own army, the details of his life (and near death) a Tora Bora, the enmity between him and Saddam, and his plan to take advantage of what he saw as inevitable: the U.S. invasion of Iraq

At a 2002 press conference, President Bush remarked that Osama bin Laden was "a person who's now been marginalized." Some have even joked that bin Laden is, in fact, Bin Forgotten. Far from being marginalized, al-Qaeda's leader continues to exert considerable authority over the global jihadist movement, which he had a large role in creating. It's not simply that each day that bin Laden remains a free man is a morale booster for his followers around the world, but also that al-Qaeda's leader continues to supply the overall strategy for his organization's actions and for the broader ideological movement it has spawned.

Since the 9/11 attacks, bin Laden has released around 20 statements on video or audiotape, which have reached audiences of tens of millions via the BBC, CNN, Al Jazeera, and other television networks, and which have had a direct effect on world events. The attacks in London in July that killed 56—including the four suicide bombers—were a response to bin Laden's repeated calls to fight countries participating in the coalition in Iraq, as were the attacks in Madrid a year earlier that killed 191. An indicator of bin Laden's continued influence is that in 2004 the most fea insurgent commander in Iraq, the Jordanian Abu Musab Zarqawi, pledged his allegiance to al-Qaeda's leader. For milli of Muslims around the world, bin Laden remains an inspiratio figure. A worldwide opinion poll taken by the Pew Global A tudes Project in 2004 found that he is viewed favorably by la percentages in Pakistan (65 percent), Jordan (55 percent), Morocco (45 percent)—all key U.S. allies in the war on terror

Despite his impact on history, bin Laden remains shrou in a fog of myth, propaganda, and half-truths. For eight ye I have been interviewing people close to him and gather documents in order to fill out the picture of this mysterious m Some questions I have attempted to answer: What is he rea like? Was al-Qaeda a formally planned organization? Was Laden ever associated with or sympathetic to Saddam Husse Was he at Tora Bora in 2001? What is his significance tod and his possible legacy?

I. The Man

Osama bin Laden grew up during the 1960s and 1970s in Jid a port on the Red Sea in Saudi Arabia, 30 miles from Mec He came of age as the Muslim world was experiencing an aw ening known as the *Sahwa*. This peaked in 1979 with a series seismic events that profoundly influenced bin Laden and otl future members of al-Qaeda: the overthrow of the Shah of I

Excerpted from *The Osama bin Laden I Know: An Oral History of al Qaeda's Leader*, by Peter L. Bergen, to be published next month by Free Press; © 2006 by the author.



by the cleric Ayatollah Khomeini; the armed takeover of Islam's holy of holies, the mosque in Mecca, by Saudi militants; Egypt's cease-fire agreement with Israel; and the Soviet Union's invasion of Afghanistan.

***Osama bin Laden** to Jamal Ismail, a Palestinian correspondent for Al Jazeera television, 1998:* As it is well known, my father, Sheikh Muhammad bin Awad bin Laden, was born in Hadramawt [in southern Yemen]. He went to work in Hejaz [in Saudi Arabia] at an early age. Then God blessed him and bestowed on him an honor that no other building contractor has known. He built the holy Mecca mosque and at the same time—because of God's blessings to him—he built the holy mosque in Medina. When he found out that the government of Jordan announced a tender for restoration work on the Dome of the Rock Mosque [in Jerusalem], he gathered engineers and asked them, "Calculate only the cost price of the project." He was awarded the project.

***Jamal Khalifa,** bin Laden's brother-in-law:* [Osama] likes his father very much. He considered him as a model. He was not with his father much, because his father died when he was 10 years old. And, also, the father didn't meet his children much. He was very busy—a lot of children, a lot of houses—so he just met them officially. There are 54 children, and he had 20-plus wives. Osama's mother is Syrian; he's the only child from his mother and Muhammad bin Laden.

***Brian Fyfield-Shayler,** a British citizen who lived in Saudi Arabia and taught English to a number of the bin Laden boys:* All the sons are very good-looking. I don't think that I have ever met any ugly bin Ladens. Osama's mother, I am told, was a great beauty. Since his father never had more than four wives at any one time, he was constantly divorcing the third and the fourth and taking in new ones. This was an anachronism even in the 1950s and 60s.

This was my fourth year teaching, when [Osama] came along [in 1968, when he was 11]. Osama was one of 30 students. He [used to sit] two-thirds of the way back on the window side that looked out onto sports fields and playing grounds. Why did I remember Osama? First of all, I would have noticed because of his name, because of the family, and, of course, when you walked into a class of anyone of his age, he was literally outstanding because he was taller than his contemporaries, and so he was very noticeable. His English was not amazing. He was not one of the great brains of that class.

It was big news, national news, when [Osama's father] was killed [in a plane crash in 1967]. And for the next year at least the future of the business [hung in the balance]. There were a lot of projects that were not completed, and it was the major construction company of Saudi Arabia, so it was of huge importance, and there was probably only Salem [Osama's oldest brother] and three or four brothers at that period who were of an age even to take on the mantle. Salem was educated at Millfield [a boarding school in England]. Salem was a fraction younger than me, but not much. I was introduced to him by mutual friends. He was very Westernized. His English was beautiful; it was very fluent, very characterful.

***A relative** of the bin Laden family:* Salem was a unique individual by any standard. By Saudi standards he was off the charts. Very charismatic, amusing, no facial hair. He played guitar—60s hits like "Where Have All the Flowers Gone?" He acted as sort of a court jester to King Fahd and was part of Fahd's inner ci… Sometimes he overstepped with the king. One time he bu… the king's camp in the desert with one of his planes, which … down badly, but he was always taken back into the fold. Sa… took control of the business beginning in '73–'74. If King F… wanted a palace built, Salem would build it for him.

This raises the question of how much money Osama bin Lad… inherited from his family. Certainly far less than the $200 mi… or more mentioned in the media after 9/11. In fact, according … someone designated by the family to speak to me, bin Laden … benefited from the distribution of his father's estate according … Sharia law, which says that sons receive twice as much as daugh… However, with 54 children, even Muhammad bin Laden's vast … fortune did not go too far. Until Osama's family cut him off, in 1… he had probably received something like $20 million.

***Christina Akerblad,** former owner of the Hotel Astoria in the tow… Falun, Sweden, recalling how in 1970 Salem bin Laden, in his mid-… and his younger brother Osama paid a visit:* They came with a… Rolls-Royce, and it was forbidden to park the car outside … building in this street. But they did it, and [my husband an… said to them, You have to pay [a fine] for every day and e… hour you are staying outside this hotel, but they said, "O… doesn't matter—it's so funny to go to the police station an… talk with the police. We will stay where we are." It was li… joke to them. They had so much money they didn't know … much money they *had*. I asked them how they had manage… come to Sweden with this enormous Rolls-Royce. They s… "We have our plane."

They stayed one week. They were dressed very exclusive. T… had two double rooms. They slept in one bed and on the o… bed they had their bags. On Sunday, I had no cleaner at the h… so I took care of the room myself, and I was shocked becaus… the big bag they had lots of white, expensive shirts from Dior … Yves Saint Laurent. When they had [worn] the shirt once, t… dropped it. So the cleaner had taken these shirts to wash th… but they said, "No, we are just using them once, so you can [h… them if you want."

***Khaled Batarfi,** three years younger than bin Laden, met … when Osama was in his teens and they lived next door to e… other in Jidda:* I was the soccer captain even though Osama … older than me. Because he was tall, he used to play forwar… use his head and put in the goals. I was a tough guy then … Osama was the peaceful one. He was very shy, very observa… He liked Western movies. One of the TV series he liked was *F*… [It ran on NBC from 1955 to 1960.] He used to watch that, … he liked karate movies. Bruce Lee. He liked to go climbing mo… tains in the area between Syria and Turkey. He loved horse ridi…

He would fast every Monday and Thursday. [Such] fastin… an extra thing, because it's what the Prophet used to do, but … don't have to do it. [Osama's mother] is a moderate Muslim. … watches TV. She [has] never been very conservative, and … [current] husband's like that; their kids are like that. So Osa… was different, but then, he was different in a quiet way. He wo… bother his brothers sometimes for looking at the maid or thi… like that. Of course, he woke them for prayers in the morni… and that was good—nobody complained. But sometimes he … kind of upset if something is not done in an Islamic way. "D… wear short sleeves, don't do this, don't do that." At 17 he m…


One year after 9/11,
al-Qaeda was still
on life support.
Today it's on steroids.

ried his cousin in Latakia [in Syria]—a beautiful resort, I hear—the daughter of his uncle, the brother of his mother. And then he went to the university and I saw less of him.

Jamal Khalifa, *recalling his years with bin Laden at Jidda's King Abdul Aziz University:* In '76, I met Osama. He was in a different college, in economics. I was in science, but our activities were the same. I was almost 20, and he was 19. At that time we were religious and very much conservative. Of course, no girls—don't even talk about it—and no photographs. That's why I don't have any pictures with Osama. I was photographed in high school, but when I became religious I threw everything away.

We [discussed] polygamy, and we recalled our fathers, how they practiced polygamy. We found that they were practicing it in a wrong way, where they married and divorced, married and divorced—a lot of wives. Some of those practicing polygamy will, if they marry the second one, neglect the first one—not the Islamic way at all. And we look at polygamy as solving a social problem, especially when it's confirmed that there are more women than men in the society. It's not fun, it's not a matter of just having women with you to sleep with—it's a solution for a problem. So that's how [Osama and I] looked at it, and we decided to practice [polygamy] and to be a model.

Jamal Khashoggi, *a Saudi journalist who knew bin Laden in Jidda:* Osama was just like many of us who become part of the [Muslim] Brotherhood movement in Saudi Arabia. The only difference which set him apart from me and others, he was more religious, more literal, more fundamentalist. For example, he would not listen to music. He would not shake hands with a woman. He would not smoke. He would not watch television, unless it is news. He wouldn't play cards. He would not put a picture on his wall. Even though he comes from a rich family, he lives in a very simple house.

Khaled Batarfi: Did you know he went to America? He took his [first] son, Abdallah, because Abdallah has problems with his head—it was deformed—so he took him for a medical trip.

Even after his marriage, for a year or so he was still living in his mother's house. Later on, after he got his first child, it seems like it was too tight a place for him, especially since he was planning to marry another woman. So they moved to a building in the Al-Aziziyah district [in Jidda]. He gave each wife an apartment. I visited him once and I saw that they were bare apartments. I mean, I wouldn't live there myself. Very humble.

Carmen bin Ladin *(a frequent alternative spelling), former wife of Yeslam bin Ladin, Osama's older half-brother, in her 2004 book,* Inside the Kingdom: One day, Yeslam's younger brother Osama came to visit. Back then he was a young student attending King Abdul Aziz University in [Jidda], respected in the family for his stern religious beliefs, and recently married to a Syrian niece of his mother's.

Catching sight of Osama and his [adult] nephew Mafouz, I smiled and asked them in. "Yeslam is here," I assured them, but Osama snapped his head away when he saw me and glared back towards the gate. "No, really," I insisted. "Come in."

In Saudi culture, any man who might one day become your husband is not supposed to see you unveiled. Osama was among those men who followed the rule strictly.

Wisal al Turabi, *wife of Hassan Turabi, who became the de facto leader of Sudan after a coup in 1989. In the early 1990s the Turabi and bin Laden families socialized together in Khartoum:* [one of bin Laden's wives], Umm Ali [i.e., the mother of A her house. I didn't see her children, but she said the chi were in another room trying to learn the Koran. She was a versity lecturer. She was very knowledgeable, because she st in Saudi Arabia. She used to go to Saudi Arabia and come ing her holidays to stay in Khartoum. She was teaching Isla some families in Riyadh [an upscale neighborhood in Khart

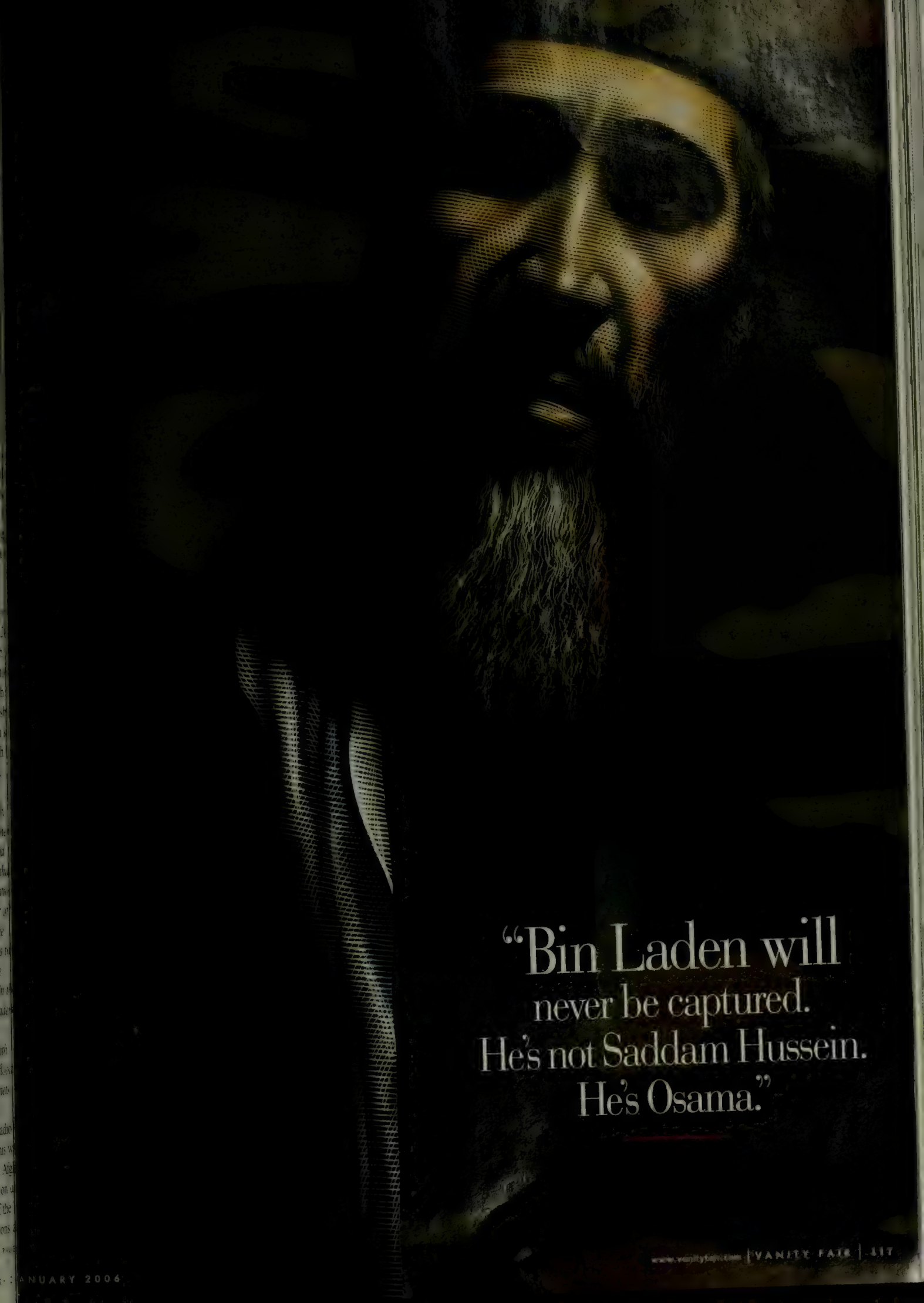
Three of his wives are university lecturers; the first one i He has four wives. And he married the other three because were spinsters. They were going to go without marrying i world. So he married them for the Word of God. In Islam v this. If you have a spinster, if you marry her, you will be re ed for this in the afterworld, because you will bring up you spring as Muslims.

Noman Benotman, *a Libyan former jihadist, remembers tha Laden lived a life far removed from that of the average billion son:* He's living a normal life, the life of poor people. I saw many times. You see his kids—you will never, ever in you think those kids are bin Laden's kids; [rather] they are p from the poorest family in the world. I saw them. You wou believe it—they're kids running around in old clothes. He al tells his followers, "You should learn to sacrifice everything modern life, like electricity, air-conditioning, refrigerators, line. If you are living the luxury life, it's very hard to evacuate go to the mountains to fight."

Abu Jandal, *bin Laden's former chief bodyguard, in an inte with the London-based Arabic newspaper* Al-Quds al-Arabi, His wife Umm Ali asked Sheikh Osama for a divorce when still lived in Sudan. She said that she could not continue t in an austere way and in hardship. He respected her wish divorced her in accordance with the Koranic verse "Hus and wife should either live together equitably or separate in ness." The other wives stayed with him, however, although come from distinguished families and are highly educated.

The Soviet invasion of Afghanistan in 1979 was a profoundly shocking event for bin Laden, as it was for thousands of oth devout young Muslims, who were drawn to the Afghan jihad during the 1980s. It was the first time since World War II th non-Muslim power had invaded and occupied a Muslim nati Indeed, for bin Laden it was the most transformative event o life. A key to this transformation was his encounter with the charismatic Palestinian cleric Abdullah Azzam. Azzam was t critical force both ideologically and organizationally for the recruitment of Muslims from around the world to engage in t Afghan struggle against the Soviets. Azzam became bin Lade mentor, and in 1984 they founded the Services Office, an organization dedicated to placing Arab volunteers either with relief organizations serving the Afghan refugees who had floo into Pakistan, or with the Afghan factions fighting the Soviets

Osama bin Laden *in 1997:* The news was broadcast by radio tions that the Soviet Union invaded a Muslim country; this w sufficient motivation for me to start to aid our brothers in Afg istan. In spite of the Soviet power, God conferred favors on u that we transported heavy equipment from the country of the Holy Places [Saudi Arabia] estimated at hundreds of tons gether that included bulldozers, loaders, CONTINUED ON PAG



"Bin Laden will never be captured. He's not Saddam Hussein. He's Osama."



QUEEN OF THE JUNGLE

Oscar-nominated actress Naomi Watts, star of Peter Jackson's hotly anticipated *King Kong*, in Stamford, Connecticut, September 15, 2005.

Road to Kong

For years, Naomi Watts was "the next big thing"—while she scrounged to pay the rent and watched her close friend Nicole Kidman reach the top. Now, four years after Watts's breakthrough, in *Mulholland Dr.*, the next big thing has come to her. As the 37-year-old actress stars in Peter Jackson's remake of *King Kong*, she tells KRISTA SMITH about her ex-boyfriend, her new man, and her run-in with Fay Wray, the great ape's first love



PHOTOGRAPHS BY NORMAN JEAN ROY • STYLED BY ELIZABETH SALTZMAN

Everywhere she goes, it's the same thing: "Hey, has anyone ever told you that you look like Naomi Watts?"

"I just smile. And keep walking," says none other than Naomi Watts, in her Anglo-Australian lilt. "If I were decked out in my stilettos, hair and makeup ready every day, then I might draw a little more attention to myself." This anonymity will cease to exist on December 14, however, when Universal Pictures releases Oscar winner Peter Jackson's *King Kong* in theaters around the world, transforming its leading lady from the woman who looks like Naomi Watts to the woman who *is* Naomi Watts, no questions asked. In the words of David Lynch, who cast her in her breakout role, in 2001's *Mulholland Dr.*, "Whoever sits in the palm of King Kong is a movie star for life."

At the Mercer Hotel, whose status as the favored destination for actors visiting New York was confirmed last June when Russell Crowe hurled a telephone at the concierge, I find Watts sitting on a banquette with her hair pulled back, wearing no makeup, in a chic but understated all-black outfit: Marc Jacobs camisole, her favorite old Roland Mouret pants, and simple flats. Next to her is her boyfriend, Liev Schreiber. "I get recognized more when I'm with him, because there is no mistaking him," Watts says. "He's tall, he's got a unique face. I just look like anybody. This is dressed up for me, by the way."

Watts and Schreiber began dating last spring, more than a year after she split from her previous boyfriend, Heath Ledger. That glamorous duo's relationship was always scrutinized through the prism of age, since Watts is 11 years older than Ledger. "I think deep down we both knew that there wasn't a forever plan," Watts says. "It was not an easy breakup but, you know, a bearable one. Is that a word? Bearable? It's sad saying good-bye to someone that you care for, but we always knew that it was in sight, so it was the inevitable that happened." Today, they remain friends, and Watts has even met Ledger's fiancée, Michelle Williams, who gave birth to the couple's daughter in late October.

One gets the feeling that Watts and Schreiber are at least entertaining thoughts of a "forever plan." They are a perfect match, not just physically but, more important, in terms of talent and intellect. At 38, Schreiber is one of Broadway's most respected actors, and Watts admits that she's always had an "actor crush on him." Last night, they had their first official outing as a couple, at the premiere of Schreiber's movie *Everything Is Illuminated,* his directorial debut. Our plan for today is to hit a few galleries in search of black-and-white prints to hang in Watts's house. For tips on where to go, she calls her older brother, Ben, a successful photographer who shoots for this magazine.

This is a short visit to New York for Watts; in a few days she'll return to China to finish filming a screen version of W. Somerset Maugham's *The Painted Veil,* with Edward Norton. Schreiber politely makes an exit to run a few errands before the trip—he a supporting role in the film—and once he's gone I press to talk about him behind his back. "He's just a solid guy," says. "And he's complex, which I love. And has a brilliant which I am totally in awe of. And he's incredibly funny—you *have* to laugh. For some people that's not such an impo thing, but I need that. We understand each other very well we're at very similar places in our lives."

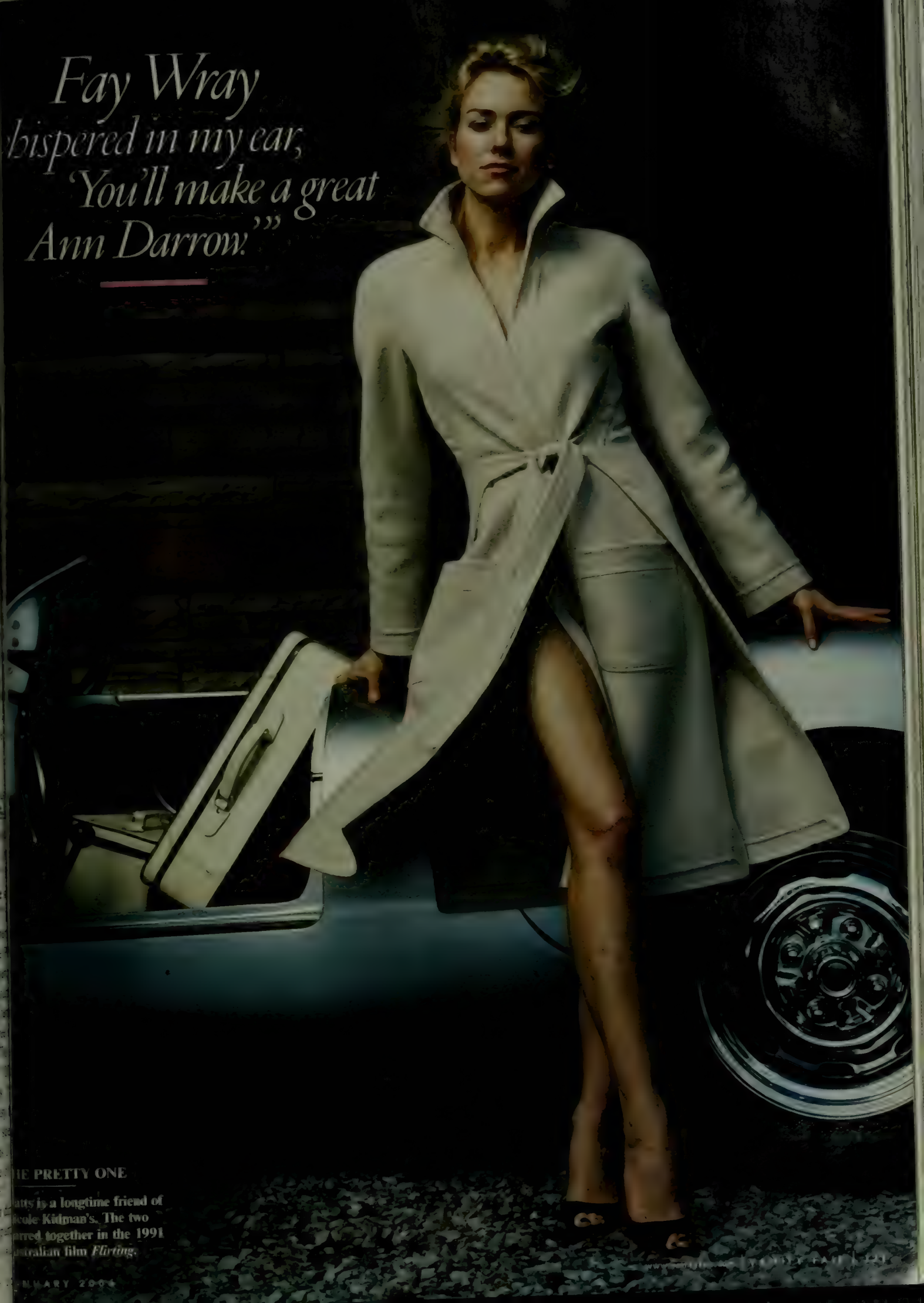
The place where Watts finds herself right now is a very place indeed. After struggling for a decade to catch a break is, at 37, on the very short list of "go-to" actresses who ca a movie made in Hollywood. At the top of that list is one o best friends, Nicole Kidman. Watts is so respected in H wood that even the elusive Sean Penn, her co-star in 2003 *Grams,* doesn't hesitate to pick up the phone and extol her as a woman and as an actress: "She's the best of what you She's a very bright, dear person, deeply human, with bal fire handy in her pockets when she wants them—and they hot in any color she wants. So it's really the most tremend pleasant sort of person to be around and work with." He help but add, "And she's not half-bad-looking, either."

Kate Hudson, who starred with Watts in Merchant Ivory *Divorce,* says, "You know what I love about Naomi? She do show up to everything. She wants to experience her life. It's har people to stay away from their celebrity, and I think Naomi an amazing job." It's true: Watts rarely goes out unless the means something to her. She's not one of those actresses who tend the opening of a mini-bar as an excuse to dress up, get picture taken, and maybe go home with a free phone. Hudson on: "It's so rare that you actually remain friends with somel you work with, especially females. When she got her break ing with David Lynch, you looked at her and thought, Wow is an extremely talented girl who's never had the opportunity so talented. It's like Kurt [Russell] said the other day: 'Look at Nicholson's first 10 movies and, you know, Naomi could b female Jack Nicholson.'"

Naomi Watts, who not so long ago wa ing evicted from her apartment and fe grateful to have landed a role in *Chil of the Corn IV: The Gathering,* now a beautiful home in Los Angeles. " owned it for a year," she says. "I've 30 nights there." And she has the words "Oscar-nominated" manently attached to her name. It was her nominated pe mance, as a grieving wife and mother in *21 Grams,* that made Jackson so determined to have her as his Ann Darrow, the her in *King Kong.* "Naomi delivered beautifully crafted performa in *21 Grams* and *Mulholland Dr.* Her work in those films is te and revealing and utterly honest," says Jackson, who won three arate Oscars in 2003 for writing, directing, and producing *The turn of the King,* the last film in his *Lord of the Rings* trilogy. "I Kong-Ann story doesn't work, the film won't work," he says. gave her heart and soul to the film, and this was not an easy to make; six months in New Zealand doing big emotional sc against blue screens is a tough task. One of the first things I covered, to my relief, is that Naomi has a very bawdy sense o mor. I feel incredibly blessed that she came to the movie."

For Watts, the deal was sealed over a three-and-a-half-hour di in London with Jackson and Fran Walsh, his wife and par

TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 155; PHOTOGRAPHS CONTINUED OVER



IE PRETTY ONE

atts is a longtime friend of
cole Kidman's. The two
arred together in the 1991
stralian film *Flirting*.



HIGH WATTAGE

Before *Mulholland Dr.*, Watts spent years chasing a break—a struggle satirized in her recent film *Ellie Parker.*

plan," Watts says of her breakup with Ledger.



BARYSHNIKOV AT THE SUMMIT



"The last frontier of New York is space," says Mikhail Baryshnikov, and he would know. It's been 32 years since his 1974 Apollo landing in the West, a Soviet defection that rebooted the dance boom. In those 32 years "Misha" has made frontier a priority. We got the first hint of his interests when he crawled out on a limb in a 1989 Broadway production of Kafka's *Metamorphosis*: the Sun God of classical ballet was suddenly psychically six-legged. Metamorphosis became Baryshnikov's aesthetic M.O., moving him from mega-star artistic director of the American Ballet Theatre in the 80s to modern-dance man of the White Oak Dance Project in the 90s. Now, in this millennium, another transformation: mover behind a whole new scene.

The Baryshnikov Arts Center (BAC), an immaculate sequence of column-free, light-drenched, poured-concrete studios, is located in the top three stories of 37 Arts, a state-of-the-art performing-arts complex at 450 West 37th Street. The building, by architect John W. Averitt, is raw yet warm, with a Bauhaus posture. "The idea that we could purchase this space and design it specifically," says Christina Sterner, Baryshnikov's longtime business partner and BAC's managing director, "that we could actually have a space to incorporate Misha's very expansive vision, was exciting."

International, interdisciplinary, BAC offers residency programs and fellowships to artists of all stripes. "I knew something like this would be an ideal playground for artists," says Baryshnikov, who wants to see the kind of collaboration, combustion, risk, that was New York's signature in the days when time and space were cheap. As for the location, he says, "I always passed this neighborhood driving downtown and said, 'It's kind of empty here.'" Not anymore. Up in the air on West 37th, with magnificent views of the Hudson River, floats another frontier, what Baryshnikov calls "the last chapter of my creative life."

—LAURA JACOBS

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANNIE LEIBOVITZ



THE SKY'S THE LIMIT

Mikhail Baryshnikov reaches new heights atop the Baryshnikov Arts Center, in New York City's Hell's Kitchen, October 4, 2005.



MOTHER COURAGE

Beth Twitty, holding her daughter's dance-team outfit, in Birmingham, Alabama, on October 30.

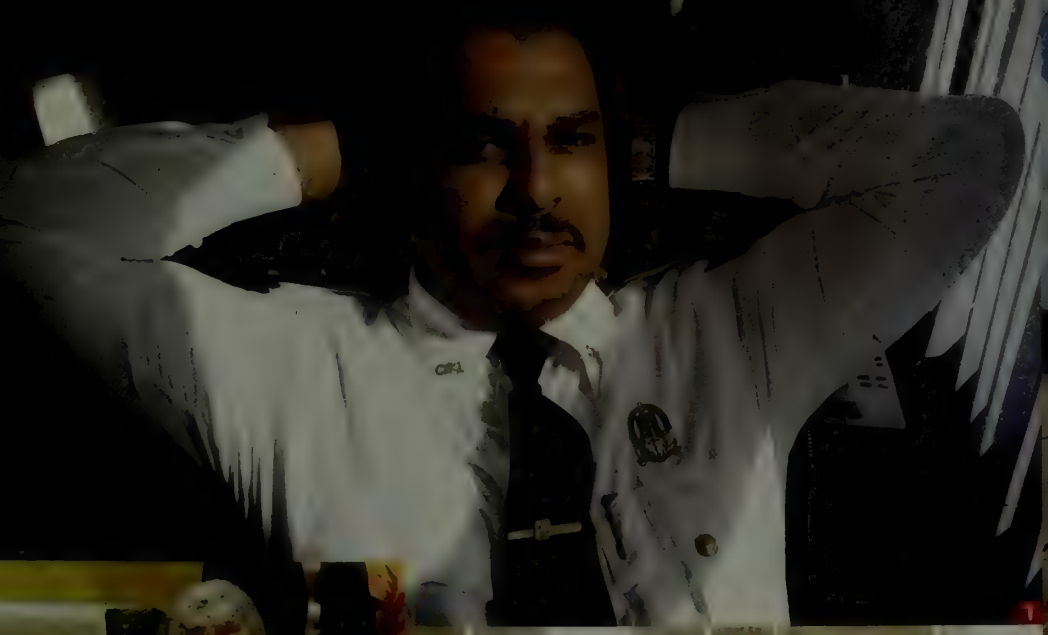
A missing girl. A desperate family. A tropical island. The disappearance of beautiful, blonde teenager Natalee Holloway on Aruba last May has become America's most tragic reality show. But behind the cable-ratings bonanza is a war of wills and cultures, as Natalee's mother, Beth Twitty, alleging an official cover-up, has turned Aruba upside down to find out what happened to her daughter. Sorting fact from rumor, with new information from the police, BRYAN BURROUGH cuts to the heart of the case

MISSING WH



TE FEMALE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HARRY BENSON



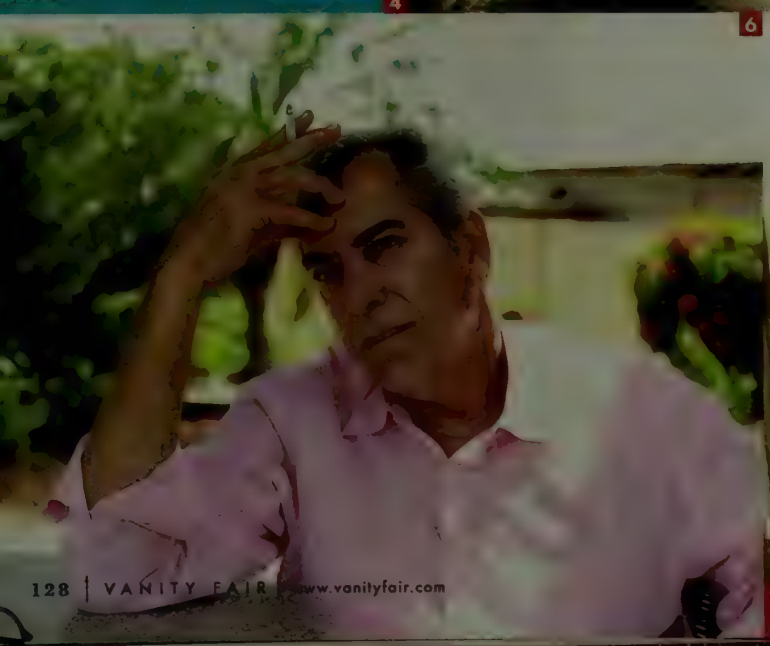






FASHION

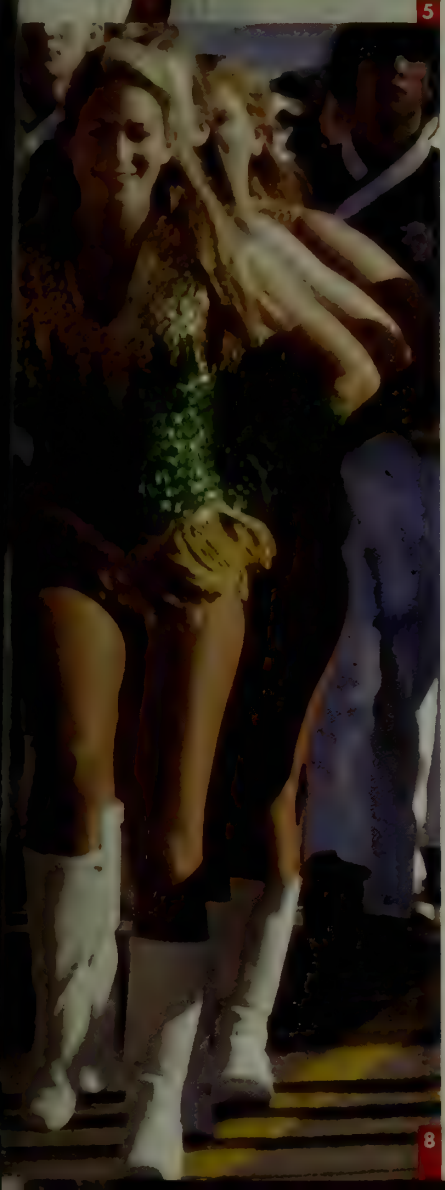
(1) Aruba deputy police chief Gerald Dompig. (2) The beach where Natalee was reportedly last seen. (3) Beth and Jay Holly in Aruba on July 9. (4) Beth and her support group of friends. (5) Joran van der Sloot, center, with Satish and Deepak Kalpoe at Carlos 'n Charlie's. (6) Aruban businessman Charles Cuvelier. (7) *Aruba Today* reporter Angela Munzenmaier and editor John Renfro. (8) Natalee with the Dorian dance team in 2004.











It had been a soccer mom's dream weekend, just the three women lying around the lake house at Hot Springs, Arkansas, sunbathing, relaxing, and luxuriating in the fact that, for three entire days, they were free of teenagers, dirty laundry, and housework. Now, on Monday, May 30, they were driving home in Beth Twitty's Chevy Tahoe, barreling east out of Memphis, looking to make it back to suburban Birmingham, Alabama, in time to get dinner on the table by nightfall.

A little after 11 A.M., Beth's cell phone rang. "Hello, this is Beth," she said in her soft southern accent. It was Jody Bearman, one of seven adults who had escorted a group of 124 students from Birmingham's Mountain Brook High School on a senior trip to the Caribbean island of Aruba. Twitty's 18-year-old daughter, Natalee, a hard-driving, straight-A student who was heading to the University of Alabama on a full scholarship, was on the trip. Beth's brow furrowed as she tried to digest Bearman's message: Natalee had not appeared in the Holiday Inn lobby for the return flight to Alabama.

No one, in fact, had seen her since the night before. Another mother might have surmised that her daughter was still out partying, maybe passed out in a hotel room. Not Beth Twitty. "I knew immediately that my daughter had been kidnapped in Aruba," she says today. "Natalee has never been late in her life."

Beth didn't panic. She became, in her words, "extremely focused." From her cell phone she called 911, telling the dispatcher her daughter had just been kidnapped and she was driving 110 miles an hour straight through Mississippi, and she wasn't stopping for anything. She called her husband, Natalee's stepfather, George "Jug" Twitty, and the F.B.I. By the time Beth reached Birmingham, a family friend had already arranged for a private jet. By five o'clock she was on board, along with Jug, the general manager of a Birmingham metals-industry facility, and two of Jug's longtime friends. They left a seat empty for the return trip—for Natalee. The jet landed at Aruba's Queen Beatrix International Airport around 10 P.M.

Thus began a long night's search that brought the Twitty family face-to-face with the Dutch teenager they would come to believe was responsible for the disappearance of their daughter, a search that within days would captivate America, or at least that sizable part of it that watches the nightly "justice shows" on cable television. Soon Beth Twitty would become a recognizable media fixture, giving interviews or meeting with everyone from Greta Van Susteren to Diane Sawyer to Dr. Phil to Condoleezza Rice. She has never wavered in her search for Natalee or in her belief that a boy named Joran van der Sloot knows her daughter's fate and that the corrupt police and government of Aruba have conspired to cover up the truth. The Twittys and others, including Bob Riley, the governor of Alabama, have called for American tourists to boycott the island.

Yet a deeper look at the investigation into Natalee Holloway's disappearance suggests the case is more complicated than it might appear on television. The Twitty family's obsessive quest has proved to be a national trauma for Aruba, a Dutch possession that has been repeatedly depicted in the U.S. media as overrun by drugs and crime. Stung by criticism they view as unwarranted, many Arubans, including a number who were once the Twittys' closest allies, have turned on the family, depicting them as Ugly Americans.

"They're killing Aruba," says Aruban businessman Charles Croes, a former ally. "That girl, Natalee, I wish she'd stayed home. I hope she's found alive there. Because no one would care. No one. The kid is just not worth all this trouble, this heartache. Is Natalee worth it? Is she?"

The Aruban police have reached a breaking point. In a wide-ranging interview, Gerold Dompig, the deputy police chief in charge of the case, says the biggest obstacle to solving it has been the Twitty family itself. Among other things, Dompig charges that pressure from the family sidetracked the investigation from the outset, forcing the premature arrests of the main suspects and destroying the best chance police had of gathering evidence to solve the case.

"They brought out their big guns on the

very first day, and they started shooting," grouses Dompig, seated in a tiny office inside his neat, European-style police station. "They didn't understand the way things are done in our system. They didn't want to understand. They act like they came from a world where you can just crush people. It was very harmful to our investigation."

Dompig traces these difficulties to the first hours of his probe, when he met with the Twittys to assure them that everything possible would be done to find Natalee. Instead of gratitude, he says, he was met with angry threats. "Jug and his Alabama friends, they basically came out and said they would bring hell to our island if Natalee wasn't found—'burn it down' were the exact words. That's when I knew we were in serious trouble." (Jug Twitty denies this happened. "Where would he get that?" he asks. "We thought he was a nice guy.")

The Holloway case is now one of the most popular reality shows in America thanks to the hosts of cable television's nightly justice shows, chiefly Greta Van Susteren on Fox News, Rita Cosby on MSNBC, and Nancy Grace on CNN Headline News. The story has all the elements the justice shows adore: an innocent victim, missing or murdered; avenging loved ones; and a handsome, white-male suspect. Throw in a gaggle of luckless cops and colorful minor characters, set it all in an island paradise, and you have the kind of real-life mystery that keeps Americans glued to their sets.

And make no mistake: Natalee Holloway has been very, very good for cable television. Van Susteren all but moved her show to Aruba this summer and saw her ratings jump nearly 60 percent. The case helped Rita Cosby leap to No. 1 at MSNBC. At CNN Headline News, Holloway served to introduce viewers to the frightening former prosecutor Nancy Grace. Not to mention the endless hours of programming by Bill O'Reilly of Fox, and Dan Abrams and Joe Scarborough of MSNBC.

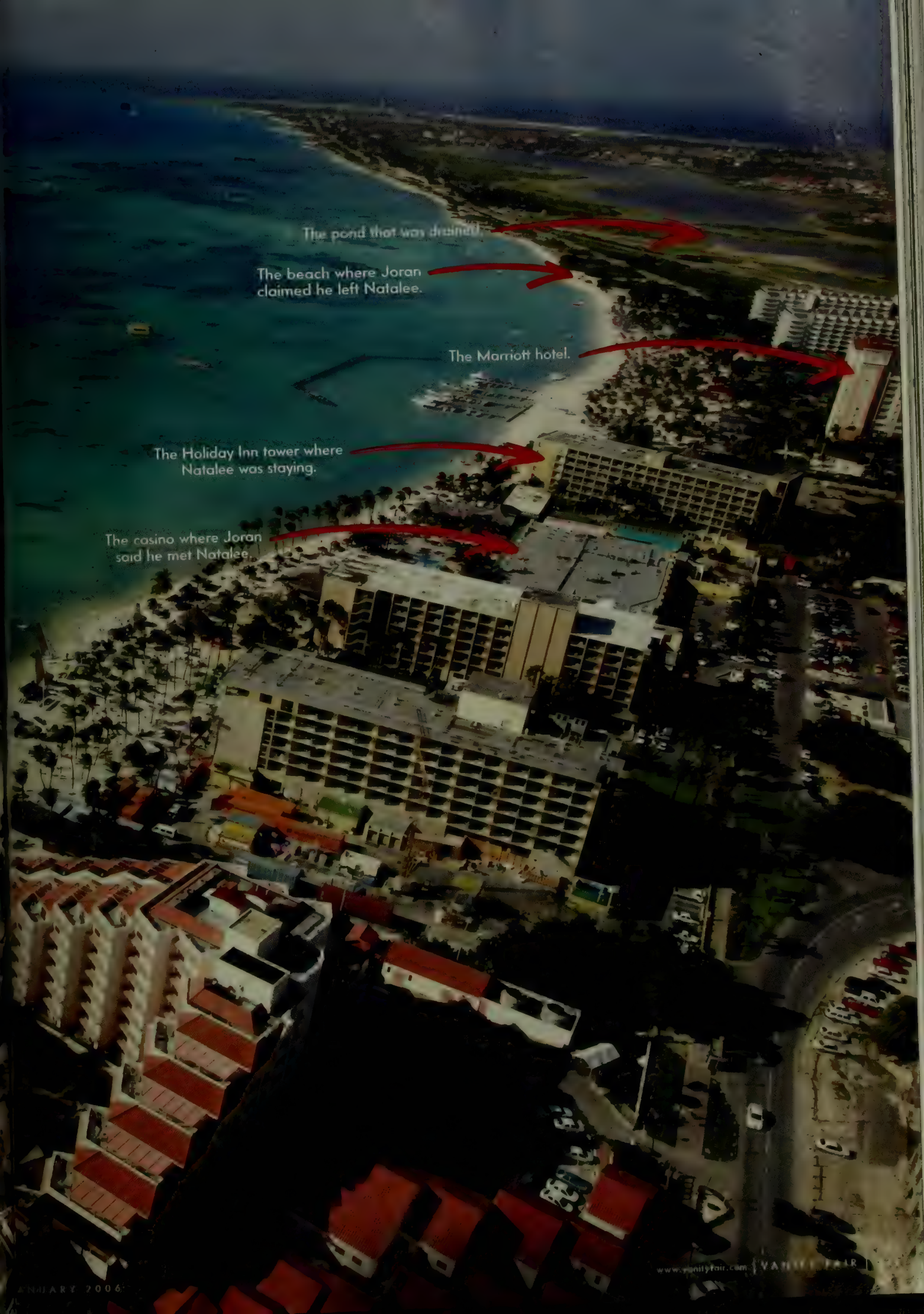
But not without flak. The coverage has been assailed from all sides, for crowding out real news and for de-emphasizing the searches for other missing persons, especially blacks, Latinos, men, and the poor. In August, Bob Costas bowed out of a stint to be the guest host on *Larry King Live* rather than pore over the case's details. On CNN, Anderson Cooper lambasted the coverage as overblown. The mainstream media have mostly demurred, sharpening the line between their definition of news and that of the justice CONTINUED ON PAGE 157

"I'm putting together another strike against Aruba. They should never have messed with me," says Beth Twitty.



FULL FATHOM FIVE

Aerial view of the [illegible]


The pond that was drained.
The beach where Joran claimed he left Natalee.
The Marriott hotel.
The Holiday Inn tower where Natalee was staying.
The casino where Joran said he met Natalee.



MILLER TIME

Judith Miller in Washington, D.C., March 2005. *Opposite*, the *New York Times* offices, on West 43rd Street, New York.

Unreliable

Jayson Blair brought down *The New York Times*'s top editors. Could Judy Miller bring down its publisher (and her longtime friend), Arthur Sulzberger Jr., who defended her as a media martyr when she s jailed for refusing to name a source in the Valerie Plame Wilson scandal? SETH MNOOKIN details Miller's stonewalling of colleagues, the newsroom's belief that it had a loose cannon in its midst, and the growing questions about Sulzberger's judgment



Sources

On Monday, October 3, a frightened and vulnerable Judith Miller walked into *The New York Times*'s cluttered Manhattan newsroom. It was the first time in three months she'd been inside the only professional home she'd known since 1977. Four days earlier, Miller had been released from Virginia's Alexandria Detention Center, where she'd been incarcerated after refusing to testify in front of a federal grand jury investigating whether government officials had leaked the identity of undercover C.I.A. operative Valerie Plame Wilson. After 85 days in jail, Miller, aware that she could end up spending more than another year behind bars, had negotiated a deal that allowed her to testify. ("I don't want to spend my life in here," she'd told a friend while in Virginia.) Miller's imprisonment, and her release, had made her a central figure in a scandal that was threatening to envelop the White House, as special prosecutor Patrick Fitzgerald homed in on Bush-administration officials who now seemed destined to be indicted for their role in the case.

Miller was not the first writer, or the first *Times* reporter, to have been jailed for refusing to share confidential information with government officials. In 1978, the *Times*'s Myron Farber was imprisoned for 40 days for his refusal to hand over notes in a murder trial. As recently as 2001, Vanessa Leggett, a former private investigator who was working on a book about the killing of a Houston socialite, stayed in jail for 168 days rather than turn over her notes to prosecutors. Unlike Miller, both Farber and Leggett were released from jail without having to reveal any confidential information.

In Farber's case, as in Miller's, the *Times* had waged a passionate crusade on its reporter's behalf, and for seemingly good reason: there is no greater sacrifice, and no greater test of the journalist's code of ethics, than going to jail for refusing to name a confidential source. Without reporters' ability to promise confidentiality to those willing to share information that their bosses—or the government—might not want published, journalism as we know it would grind to a halt. During Miller's imprisonment, the paper's editorial page—run by *Times* publisher Arthur Sulzberger Jr. and editorial-page editor Gail Collins—published piece after piece championing Miller as a highly principled American hero. "We stand with Ms. Miller and thank her for taking on that fight for the rest of us," read one typically crusading column.

In the *Times*'s third-floor newsroom, Miller was not given a hero's welcome. (She had been so wary of the reception she might receive that she'd asked a friend to escort her into the building.) The more than 100 reporters and editors who had gathered in the center of the room—traditionally the site of Pulitzer Prize celebrations—greeted Miller with tepid applause. Miller, always slim, had lost quite a bit of weight during her confinement and looked pale and frail under her trademark pageboy.

Bill Keller, the paper's executive editor, acknowledged the tension in the room. "I know that you and our readers still have a lot of questions about how this drama unfolded," Keller told the assembled staff in a drawl that was at once folksy and patrician. "Now that she's free, we intend to answer those questions to the best of our ability in a thoroughly reported piece in the pages of *The New York Times*, and soon. We owe it to our readers, and we owe it to you, our staff." Keller was right. *Times* employees, along with the rest of the country, were wondering what, exactly, Miller's relationship had been with I. Lewis "Scooter" Libby, the source she had seemingly gone to jail to protect, and whether she was the right reporter on whose behalf to wage a campaign. Most pressingly, they wondered what, exactly, had changed to allow Miller to testify after both Miller and the *Times* had so passionately and persistently argued that no amount of jail time would compel her to reveal her sources.

> "There was a perfect-storm aspect to this. Post-Howell, Arthur and Judy were both looking at resurrecting their reputations."

Keller had already set some of the n room's most trusted journalists on the Earlier that day, reporters David Bar and Adam Liptak and editor Jon Land had gone out to lunch at Virgil's, a T Square barbecue joint that Landman pecially fond of, to discuss putting tog a report on Miller and her saga. Barst highly respected reporter at the paper. Liptak, a former *Times* in-house cou and now the paper's national legal c spondent, had worked together on a lar project two and a half years earlier 14,000-word dissection of the Jayson fiasco. Landman, the paper's deputy aging editor, would oversee and edit story. Over lunch, Barstow, who had asked by Keller the previous Friday to on the project, said he was unsure would be appropriate for him to join team. He'd sat next to Miller in the pa investigative unit for several years and close to the controversial correspond (Indeed, Miller herself had asked Bar to work on the story.) Throughout lu Landman and Liptak tried to convince stow he could be an asset to the team wanted him on," says Liptak. "I wanted on because I just think he's so good. [Barstow] was right."

Back in the newsroom, Susan Edge the paper's metropolitan editor, asked porter Janny Scott if she could speak her. "She led me all the way across newsroom into her office," Scott, know one of the paper's better writers, rem bers. "And she had a look on her face ... I don't know. I was worried I had re screwed up on something. I mean, s very jolly normally." Once inside her of Edgerley closed the door and asked Sco join the team.

Barstow, meanwhile, was wrestling w the decision he had to make. Eventually asked Don Van Natta for his advice. Natta, another member of the paper's vestigative team, had recently returne New York from a posting in London. Natta had worked with Miller before— two had even shared a byline on a stor a 2001 series that eventually won a Pulit

ıew he had a very close relationship Judy," Van Natta says of Barstow. "And l to him immediately, 'Absolutely not. can't work on this.'"

ın Natta himself, however, had no conflicts. That night, he met his old d the Washington, D.C.–based *Times* mnist Maureen Dowd at the Royalton l for dinner. A group of Dowd's clos- llies from the paper were there, includ- TV reporter Bill Carter, book critic iko Kakutani, and managing editor Jill mson. At one point, Abramson took Natta, with whom she is very close, e. "Don, I need you for something," mson said. "I need you to work on the Miller story."

On that unseasonably warm day in early October, writing the *Times*'s own account of the Miller tale must have seemed like an unenviable assignment, but one that could be completwithout too much hassle. Keller had ady implicitly promised that the team ld get full access to all areas of the news- er. Miller herself had said just that afıoon that she would cooperate with the er's reporters, before hastily adding that might also write up her own account in ook.

But the process of shepherding the story print would be anything but smooth. It ıld be two full weeks and several blown dlines before the *Times*'s account of Mils story—and Miller's own dispatch deibing her grand-jury testimony—made it the pages of *The New York Times*. By n there was no longer any illusion that ller was being greeted with open arms or ıt the circumstances of her jailing and rese were anything but deeply troublesome the *Times*. The *Times* reporters working the story found that the editorial board d many of the paper's top executives eir refused to speak with them or were probited from doing so. Sulzberger himself id explicitly barred at least one executive m speaking about the case. (According people who have seen a transcript of e interview, when the reporters pressed lzberger on why he had refused to allow ıss Lewis, the former president and chief ecutive officer of the Times Company, to eak to them, Sulzberger replied with a ugh and this quip: "Because I don't know hat the fuck he's going to tell you." Lewis, cording to several newsroom sources, had en instrumental in crafting the paper's itial response in the Miller case. When ked to comment for this article, Sulzber- r wrote in an CONTINUED ON PAGE 164



FIT TO PRINT?

(1) Scooter Libby and wife leaving court, November 3, 2005. (2) *Times* executive editor Bill Keller (and Floyd Abrams, left) in Washington, D.C., July 2005. (3) Miller at the National Press Club two days after resigning from the *Times*, November 2005. (4) Miller in Morocco, 1985. (5) *Times* publisher Arthur Sulzberger Jr., Miller, and Robert Bennett, Washington, D.C., June 2005.

A Private-S



chool Affair

One of America's most prestigious boarding schools, St. Paul's, has been hit by scandal after scandal over the past few years: financial improprieties, the ouster of its highly paid rector, a hazing investigation, a drowning in its new, $24 million fitness center, and allegations of sexual abuse by revered teachers. ALEX SHOUMATOFF returns to the 2,000-acre Concord, New Hampshire, campus, to learn how hubris, stonewalling, and the information revolution divided—though never conquered—his alma mater



OLD SCHOOL

The idyllic campus of St. Paul's School, in Concord, New Hampshire, photographed on October 28, 2005.

PHOTOGRAPH BY VINCENT LAFORET

For the past 150 years St. Paul's School, the "exclusive" (as it is invariably called) boarding school in Concord, New Hampshire, has been the Eton of America's upper crust. Or perhaps it is its Hogwarts, as Harry Potter's fictional academy is called, providing the country with many of its most accomplished wizards—not just at making money, although that is what its graduates have tended to do, but in practically every endeavor. Its main constituency has traditionally been the conservative old Wasp families of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia—the plutocracy that has been running the country for generations. But this is changing. Since the first black student was admitted—in my class, which graduated in 1964—the school's admissions policy has been progressively more meritocratic. The "natural aristocracy," based on virtue and talent, to use Thomas Jefferson's distinction, has been displacing the "artificial aristocracy," based on wealth and birth. Every year there are fewer "legacies," fewer fourth- or fifth-generation Paulies, among the 533 students, who now come from 37 states and 21 countries.

Despite its reputation for being a breeder of staunch, old-line Republicans, St. Paul's has also turned out a distinguished roster of liberals, including the cartoonist Garry Trudeau and Senator John Kerry. Kerry was in the class of '62, two years ahead of me, and even then he seemed to be plotting his run for the presidency. When he finally got his chance, many of us alumni were hoping he would win, not only because we felt the Bush administration was such a disaster but also because St. Paul's has yet to produce a president, whereas Groton prepped F.D.R., Choate J.F.K., and Andover both Bushes. But Kerry was a terrible disappointment. He simply lacked the common touch—which is not something you acquire at St. Paul's.

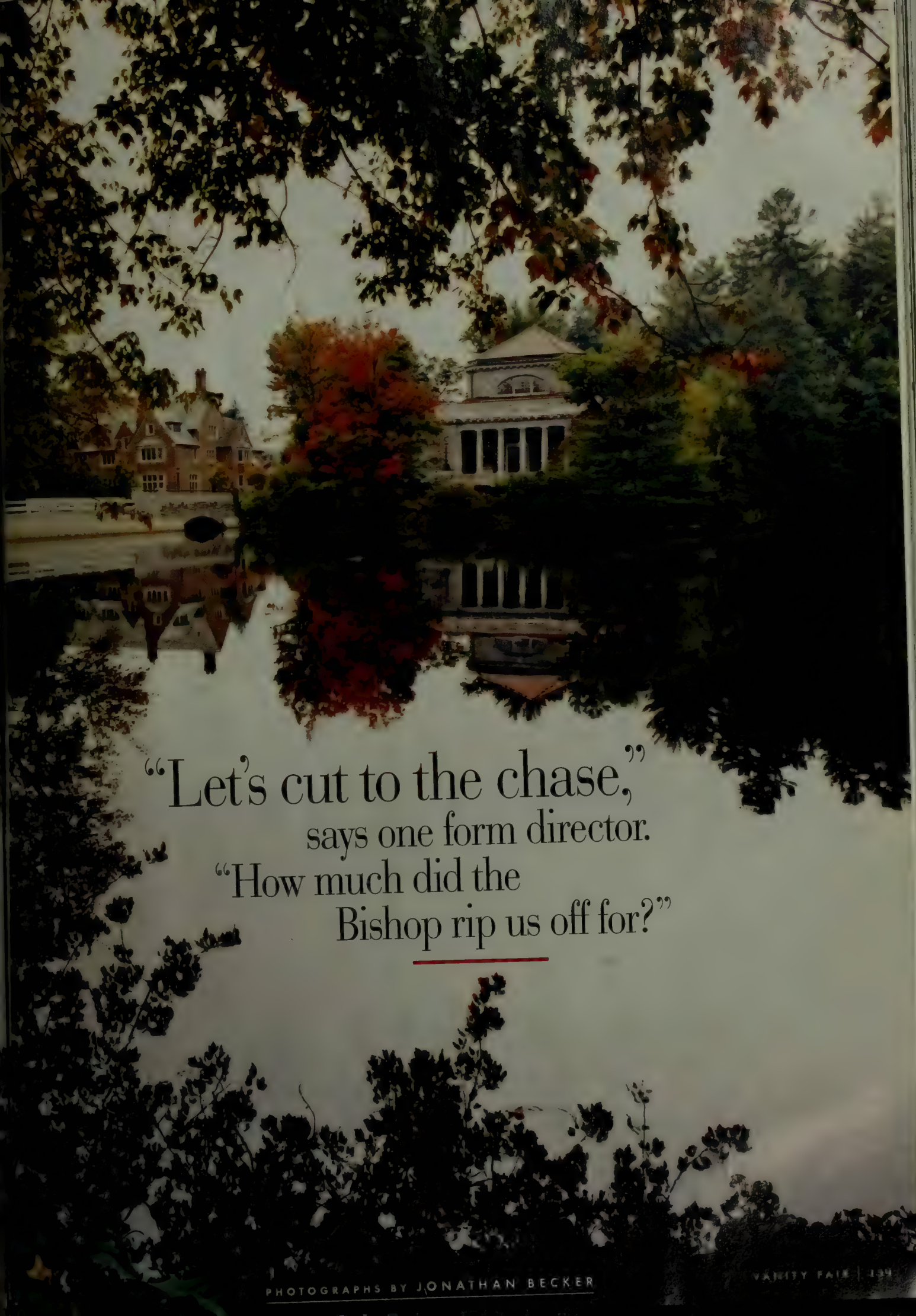
Last November, while Kerry was underperforming at the polls, a series of crises was rocking our alma mater. Elements of the trouble had been brewing for several years, but what busted the whole thing open was an article in the August 25, 2003, *Wall*





WASP NEST

The campus's Library Pond. *Left*, the names of past graduates on display in a hallway of the Upper School.

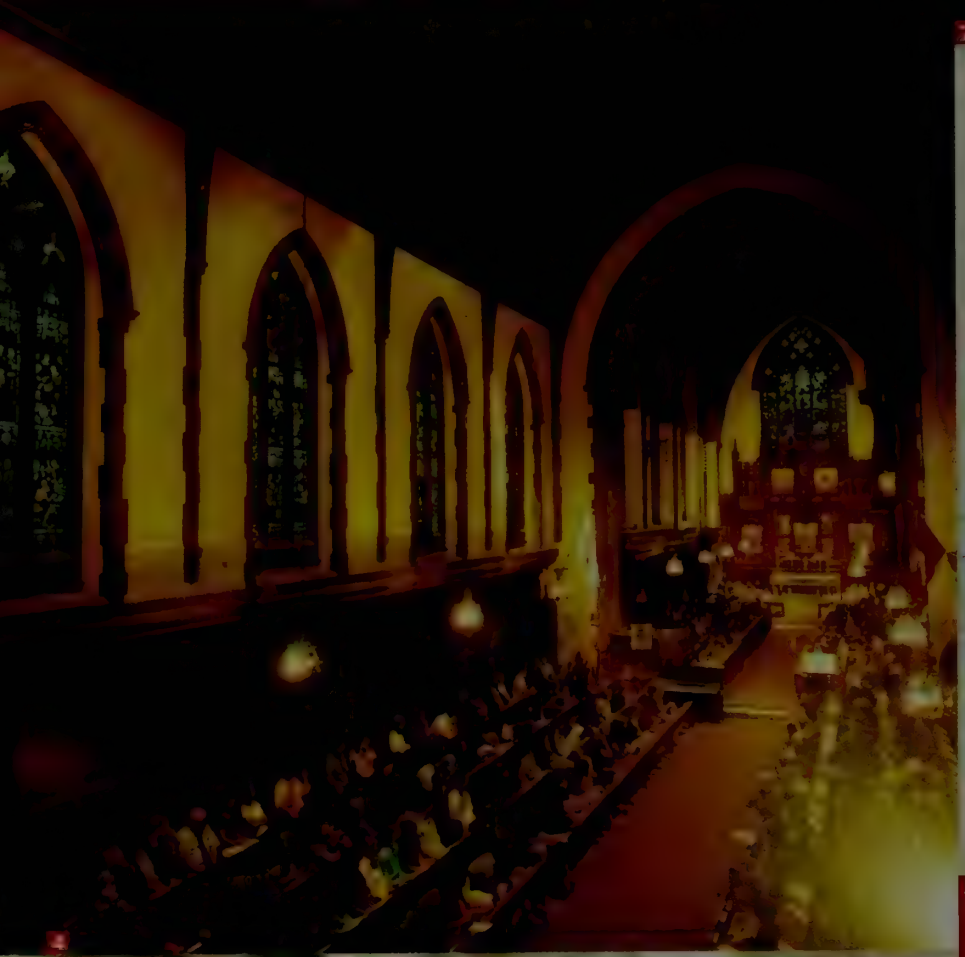


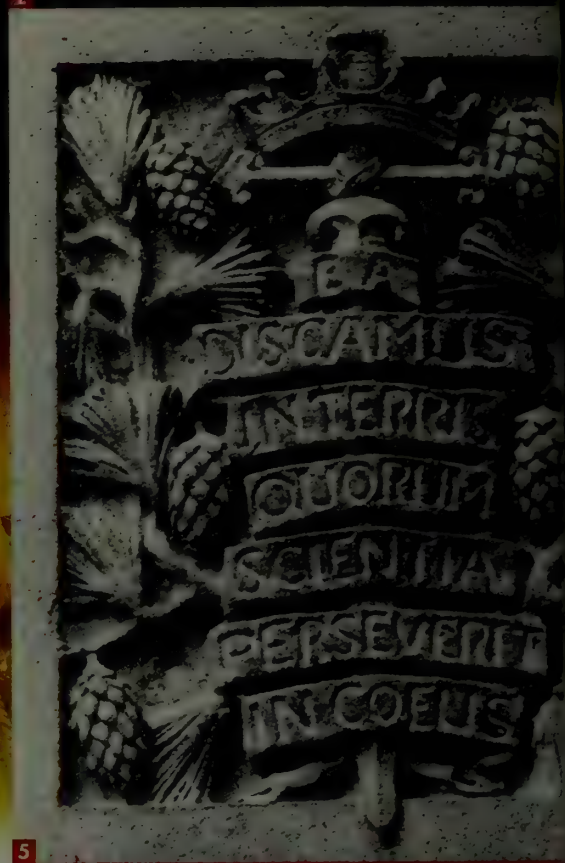
"Let's cut to the chase," says one form director. "How much did the Bishop rip us off for?"

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JONATHAN BECKER







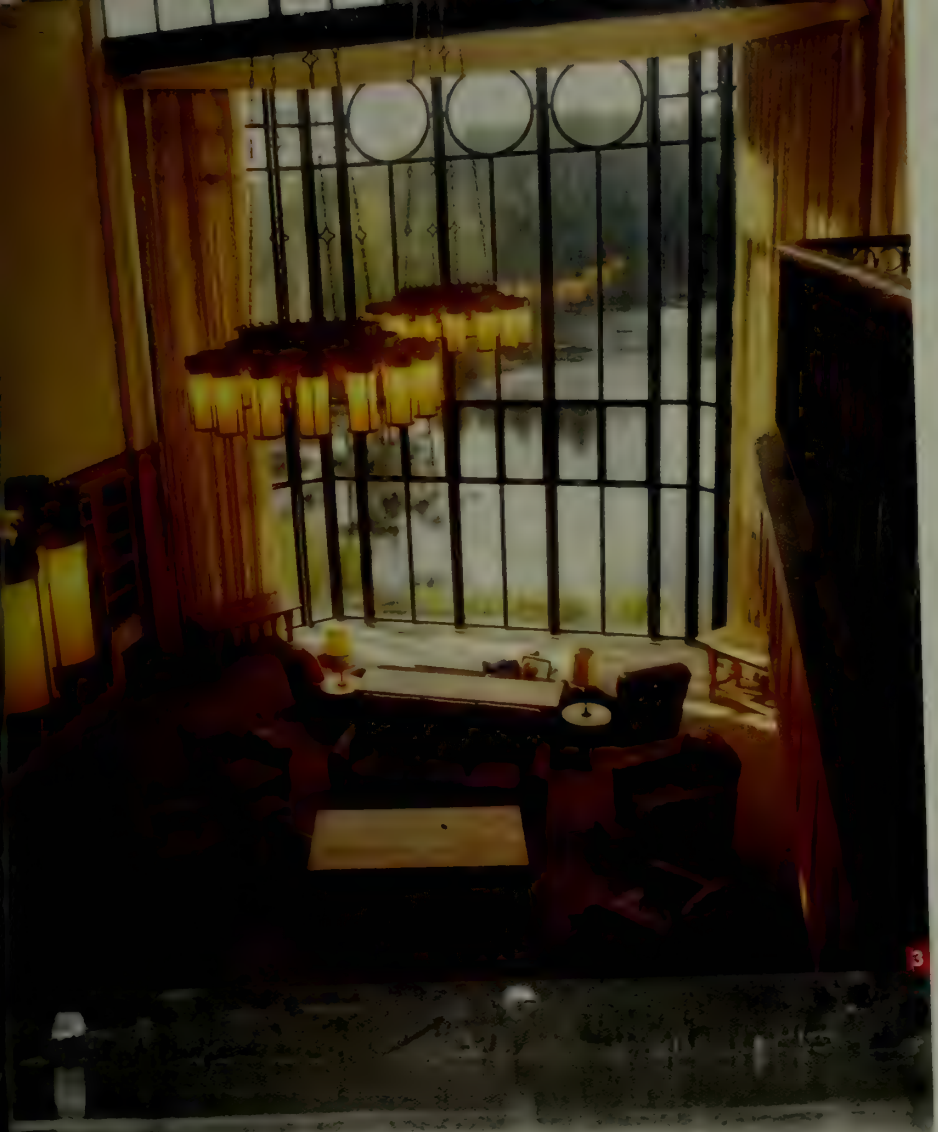


MONEYED CLASSES

(1) The St. Paul's soccer team of 1959, with third-for (freshman) John Kerry circled. (2) Students walking October 6, 2005. (3) The reading room of the Ohrst Library. (4) A service at the chapel. (5) The school's in Latin, taken from an epistle of St. Jerome: "Let u those things on earth, the knowledge of which continu heaven." (6) Crews on Long Pond, late 1800s. (7) The part of the school's new, $24 million fitness center. (8) A hockey game on Lower School Pond. (9) Bisho Craig Anderson at his induction as rector, 1997.











Street Journal which revealed that the rector, as the headmaster of this venerable Episcopalian hall of learning is called, was being paid $524,000 a year in salary, pension, bonuses, and perks that included having his daughters' tuition at the University of Chicago picked up by the school. Parents, students, and alumni were stunned, and a rumor went around that the amount was more than the president of Harvard is paid. (It's actually a little less, and some prep-school headmasters get even more.)

The rector, as his name implies, is supposed to be a pillar of rectitude, especially if, as Craig Anderson was, he is also a bishop of the Episcopal Church. But "the Bish," as he was fondly called by students, had been accused of using the rector's discretionary fund—which is supposed to be reserved for school expenses—to pay for personal ones, including his membership in a yacht club in Maine. ("It was not a fancy yacht club," Anderson says from Minnesota, where he and his wife now live. "The dues were minimal—$1,000 to $1,200 a year. In my contract, there were certain provisions for memberships in clubs. One year, this was used for the yacht club, but when this was brought to light and felt to be inappropriate, I repaid it fully.") On top of this, the trustees who were managing the school's $364 million endowment were accused of having "cozy relationships" with some of the companies they had it invested in, although an investigation found nothing illegal.

All of this prompted an investigation by the New Hampshire attorney general's office, which put the school's finances under review through 2008, even though the rector and vice-rector had cut their own salaries by 10 percent. It also prompted an audit by the I.R.S., which has yet to be concluded. Not one but two scathing articles about the school eventually appeared in *The New York Times*, the paper of record. Not good for the old image, especially when you are competing for top students against other well-endowed institutions such as New Hampshire's Phillips Exeter Academy, Connecticut's Choate Rosemary Hall, and Massachusetts's Groton School, Phillips Academy Andover, and Milton Academy, not to mention the excellent private day schools and public schools that are attracting a growing number of high-performing teenagers.

This embarrassing spot on the school tie was still painfully fresh when, a few days into the 2004–5 school year, 15 sixth-form (senior) girls were suspended for hazing some of the new girls. The worst thing that

happened was that some of the younger students were forced to simulate fellatio on bananas. Not such a big deal, compared with the 15-year-old girl at Milton Academy who performed oral sex on five members of her school's hockey team in succession a few months later. (Not such a big deal either, apparently, judging from a recent S.P.S. graduate's response: "The question is: Did they win?") Or compared with the student at Northfield Mount Hermon School, in Massachusetts, who had the word HOMO carved into his back by two jocks in 1999. Or with the freshman football player at McGill University, in Montreal, who was prodded in the rear with a broomstick during a hazing ceremony last August 27, prompting the school to cancel its entire 2005 football season. But the banana incident violated New Hampshire's hazing law and had to be reported to the police. Groton's trustees had gotten into hot water a few years earlier for trying to keep the lid on sexual-abuse allegations. So there was an investigation, and the papers got wind of it, and the school suffered a second public-relations disaster.

Then, on November 7, only five weeks after the school's monumental new, $24 million gym and fitness center opened, a boy in the fourth form (the 10th grade) drowned in its Olympic-size swimming pool. While this appeared to fall into the category of pure tragedy (although the parents have sued the school), it couldn't have happened at a worse moment. One couldn't help thinking that the Lord was not smiling on this devoutly Christian school, where attendance at chapel four times a week is still obligatory.

The fourth element of the St. Paul's calamity had been incubating for years: the allegations that, from the late 1940s through the early 90s, dozens of the school's masters (as the teachers were known until women joined the faculty, in 1972), including several revered ones, had sexually molested students. Perhaps this shouldn't have been surprising, given that molestation—or "inappropriate boundary-crossing by a teacher," as it was more delicately described by Dean of Faculty Candice Dale—is a problem in schools the world over. Some of the alumni of Selwyn House, a private all-boys day school in Montreal that has educated much of the city's Anglophone elite, for instance, have filed a class-action suit against the school for abuse they allegedly suffered from a teacher in the 70s and 80s. Both Andover and Exeter have also had sex-abuse incidents in the past 15 years.

My heart went out to the school. I had a great time there and learned so much that I entered Harvard as a sophomore. St. Paul's really gave me a leg up, as it did almost everyone who went there, including the ones who were kicked out or ran away and went on to have stellar careers. So it was distressing to see the treatment it was getting in the press. As one scandal followed another, none of the news articles that my classmates disseminated to one another in hundreds of mass e-mails conveyed what the school was actually like. Many of my media colleagues seemed to be taking relish in tearing down the reputation of one of the sanctums of American elitism. It was such a juicy target, how could you not go for the jugular? But anyone who has gone to St. Paul's knows what a magical, and surprisingly democratic, place it is.

My interest was piqued because I knew many of the players, including one of the most notorious of the accused masters, who is now living in disgrace in another state. At least I *thought* I knew him. (He had never come on to me.) I knew the new, interim rector, Bill Matthews, who had been an exemplary sixth-form supervisor in the Lower School when I was in the third form. And I knew the new head of the board of trustees, Jim Robbins, because we'd grown up together in Bedford, New York, in the 50s. Both of them had taken office after their predecessors resigned in June. We hadn't seen one another in years, but I remembered them as good men. I also knew one of the lifetime trustees who had been on the secretive, too powerful Executive Committee and had stepped down, and the investment adviser who had done the report on the school's governance for the state A.G.'s office. The New England prep-school world of 40 to 50 years ago is a small one.

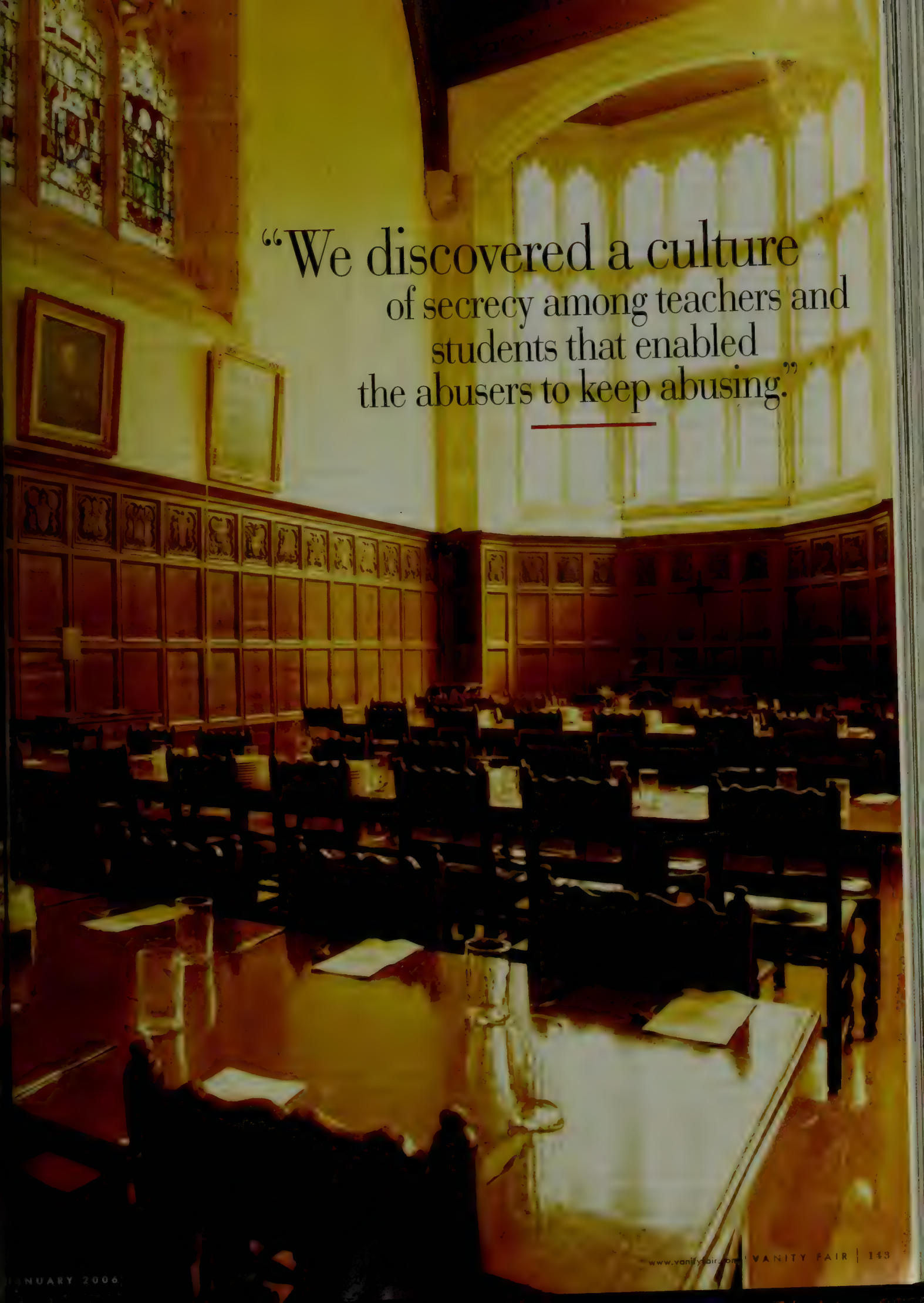
I had also written the history of two other private schools, attended by my five sons over the years—St. George's School of Montreal, and Rippowam Cisqua School, in Bedford, New York—so I knew that schools are fascinating microcosms. They act out what is happening in the society at large. As the parent of a former student told me, after I started writing about the crises and their repercussions, "Everything that happened at St. Paul's is symptomatic of what our society has become."

The St. Paul's campus spreads over more than 2,000 acres of deep woods, spotted with dark ponds, on the outskirts of the state capital. On the largest pond, Turkey, the crews of the rival rowing teams, the Halcyons and the Shattucks (every student belongs to one of these, whether or not he



A FINE MESS

The Gothic Upper Dining Room, with its high, vaulted ceiling, contributes to the sense of St. Paul's as America's Hogwarts. Photographed on October 6, 2005.


"We discovered a culture
of secrecy among teachers and
students that enabled
the abusers to keep abusing."

or she goes out for crew), race each spring. When they are good enough, usually every other year, the best oarsmen go to Henley-on-Thames, in England, to compete in the Princess Elizabeth Challenge Cup against the crews of Eton, Harrow, and other British public schools. The Halcyon jacket is maroon, the Shattuck cerulean blue, and the lapels of both are fringed with white. Straw boaters, white ducks, white oxfords, and white shirts with the Halcyon or Shattuck tie complete the after-the-race outfit. Hogwarts has Quidditch; St. Paul's has crew, hockey, and squash.

The central part of campus is bisected by a broad, straight road which becomes a ceremonial way on Anniversary Weekend each June, when the alumni parade down it, class by class. It is the gratitude and the generosity of its 7,441 living graduates that keep the school going. But, as a classmate of mine who hails from one of the nation's oldest families told me, "Those who give like the idea of their kids and grandkids going there, but this has been a problem since the late 80s, when the school turned into some kind of a hothouse that only the crème de la crème can get into anymore."

My six-day visit to the school in October coincides with one of those glorious little windows known as Indian summer, a combination of Gershwin's "Summertime" and Johnny Mercer's "Autumn Leaves." Each morning the ponds are swathed in mist. I watch students running across the bridge from the Coit Upper dormitory, where they have just had breakfast, to chapel. If they aren't inside by the time its Westminster chimes toll eight times, their names will be taken and they will get a "bag," which was called a demerit in my day. Back then, enough demerits put you on a work crew, which was run by a little man who was known to us as "the Toad." The Toad used to take some of the boys from the best families on a tour of whorehouses in the summer. As far as I know, no one who participated in these outings has ever complained. "The Toad was not a pedophile," says an alumnus who has made it his mission to expose abusers among the faculty. "At worst he was a voyeur-facilitator."

By nine o'clock the mist has burned off, to reveal massive white pines, flecked with the flaming oranges and reds of turned hardwoods, leaning out over the ponds. One golden, sun-flooded day follows another. The campus is as idyllic as I remember it. On my first day there, a Friday afternoon, the form directors—who get their classmates to come to reunions, and shake them down for checks—and the trustees have gathered for a "volunteer leadership weekend." I find everybody in the Schoolhouse, wearing the school tie—black with red and white diagonal stripes. It's a very bright, high-powered group, like a meeting of the Templars. Marvelous-looking old Wasps, including one who could be the twin of Ben Bradlee, mingle with other distinguished men of less obvious provenance. (Bradlee himself went to St. Mark's School, in Massachusetts.) There are a few African-Americans and Asian-Americans, and a few women, but it still seems like an old boys' club.

A lot of the people in the room are very pissed off. The class of '55, which had its 50th reunion in June, deliberately failed to meet its $2 million goal as a protest against the board and administration that allowed all these things to happen. But the treasurer of the class of '56's upcoming 50th tells me, "We have a couple of million at least in the bag already. We've got a good momentum going." And after the Bish was sent packing, donations shot up dramatically. It has turned out to be a banner fund-raising year. "Our return is higher than any endowment out there," reports the new treasurer of the board, Bob Lindsay ('73), who is a nephew of former New York mayor John Lindsay ('40) and is also head of the search committee that will choose the next rector. By all the metrics—the number of applications, the percentage of students accepted, the proportion who get into the Ivies, the amount of money being raised—the school is in vibrant health.

Jim Robbins, the new president of the board of trustees, is at the lectern, fielding questions like a White House press secretary during a hurricane. Robbins runs his own media company in Atlanta. "Are you going to tell who did what, when, or is that protected?" asks one form director, and another says, "Let's cut to the chase. How much did the Bishop rip us off for?"

Robbins says coolly that what is released will be what is best for the school, and that Anderson is repaying every penny of his questionable expenses. Robbins would be happy to discuss the exact sum, he says, but he doesn't want to publicize it lest it trigger another article in *The New York Times*. I have heard that the dubious expenditures add up to around $300,000. Peanuts by Enron standards, but it's enough to pay for more than eight full scholarships for a year. (Annual tuition at St. Paul's is $35,000, plus fees.)

Anderson later tells me he is constrained by the I.R.S. audit from saying how much he is paying back. He says the $300,000 figure is wrong but won't say whether the actual number is more or less.

Robbins and I have known each other since we were kids. In the summer of 1963, my father and I took him and another boy to climb a small mountain called Les Diablerets—the Little Devils—near Villars, Switzerland. We ran into trouble, as happen in the mountains. Robbins very brave and really pulled his oar in life-threatening situation, so I have faith he is capable of "righting the good ship Paul's," as he puts it.

But not everyone is convinced that housecleaning within the board has b thorough enough. One member of the of '69 would later complain in a mass e- "Much is being said lately by the b leadership about clearing the air and re ing trust. That's a difficult thing to acc plish when many are still on the board signed 'unanimous' declarations of sup for Anderson, and managed to heap pr on themselves at the same time. A b load of trust would return quickly, much air clear, if those board memb would demonstrate their sincerity by res ing. There's really no other way to 'cl break' with the past; those are honou who fall upon their swords."

Robbins apologizes to the form direc for the way all the trouble has made t jobs harder, and tells them, "The prob was that the board did not do due dilige in checking out Anderson before he hired. They fell in love with the candi and suspended disbelief, and that can't h pen again." He cites other problems: c centrated power in the Executive Com tee—the board's five-member administra body, which has since been shaken up expanded—and a lack of communicat among the rector, the board, and every else. Then he adds, "The school is phen enal, but this murmur—this noise at top—we need to establish a disconnect v it. The students' experience is unenc bered by whatever noise there has beer the top of the organization. But it's goin take a while to get out of this ditch."

There is a lot of talk about getting blood on the 23-member board, but ready seems to be somewhat diverse. In dition to classic Wasps such as Robbins Lindsay, there is an African-American ju who serves as the clerk and a Jewish N York investment banker who heads the dit committee. There are also Sabrina F and the Nigerian-born Dr. Olufunmil Falusi Olopade, as well as Trinka Taylo Dallas, originally from Midland and a d friend of the president's. And there is J Frist, a relative of Senate majority lea Bill Frist, who is under investigation dumping his stock in HCA Inc., a com ny his father helped found, a few days fore it tanked.

Lindsay tells the room that "the v that the trustees were enriching themsel is not true." This will be confirmed a days later by Harold Janeway, the investm banker who did the report on the scho

wment management for the A.G.'s of- "There was nothing that was a charge- offense or even close to it," Janeway According to the report, one trustee, ge Baker, had been managing the en- nent for more than 25 years, with very oversight. He had invested it in more 50 "instruments," many of them hedge s and private venture-capital firms, so noney was very difficult to track. "It 't so much what they were doing, but ay they were doing it," Janeway says. eached at his investment firm in New , Baker confirms that he ran the en- nent committee almost single-handedly the late 70s to 2005 and had "pretty h carte blanche" because "few trustees trained in the business." He adds, ose were simpler times." During this od, Baker says, he grew the endowment old and shielded it from the dot-com that clobbered many other schools. is a relief to know that the alleged fi- cial improprieties seem to have been lim- to Anderson. Even he didn't think he doing anything wrong—just getting what as entitled to in his contract. "The cur- climate, with Sarbanes-Oxley [the feder- egulations imposed on corporations in wake of Enron's collapse, in 2001] mi- ing to the nonprofit sector, has brought ools like S.P.S. under a lot of scrutiny, ch is probably good," he says. "But to e the past in terms of the new govern- t regulations, to suggest that people act- nappropriately, is insensitive. There is a new way of operating."

Wondering how the whole thing got started, I began to piece together the irre and rather sordid chain of events ended with Anderson's resignation and -rector Sharon Hennessy's indefinite sab- ical. Hennessy, whose salary also nearly bled in the eight years she was there whose perks included a membership at Canyon Ranch spa—which reportedly t between $20,000 and $30,000—and an ual trip to a pedagogical conference in nnes, was not charged with any wrong- ng, but after she left, the position of vice- tor was abolished.

The chain begins in the fall of 1974, when evered teacher named Lawrence Katzen- ch (whose uncle Nicholas had been dep- attorney general under President Ken- dy) allegedly dropped his trousers and posed his erect penis to a senior girl who s babysitting his newborn baby. "His wife s in the hospital," says the victim, who ked not to be named. "He said, 'Come , touch it,' and I ran out of the house and st kept running until I stopped somewhere the woods, shaking." Deeply traumatized r years, the woman was unable to tell any- e what had happened until her 25th reunion, in 2000, when she decided to finally get it off her chest.

Ursula Holloman ('75), now a screenwriter in L.A., describes the scene to me: "I was sitting on the lawn with [the victim] and a couple of other women in my class when she started to tell us what Mr. Katzenbach did to her. I was stunned. I took Modern Novel with Mr. Katzenbach, and he was one of the best teachers I had at S.P.S. So we started talking and we remembered that another teacher had a bad reputation as an abuser, and there he was on prominent display right there at Anniversary."

The teacher in question, who has never been charged with any crime, had worked at the school for decades. By 2000, he was retired but still involved with the school, and was one of its best-regarded masters. "We decided, Something has to be done about this, so, using the e-mail chain for our 25th, in the fall of 2000 we started our *pro tempore* task force on student molestations."

Alexis Johnson ('76), a native-rights lawyer in Flagstaff, Arizona, who says he had been propositioned by this teacher, joined the task force, which collected eight reports on the retired master and nine on Katzenbach. The former was accused of forcibly holding hands and of physical assault, but not of any sex acts or fondling of private parts. "His victims ranged from some who felt slimed to others who felt completely destroyed," Holloman says.

Eventually the group gathered allegations of abuse by 29 masters over a 50-year period, including 5 who were active in the early 60s, when I was there. "Many who are abused have had their boundaries violated already," Holloman adds. "Predators can smell a victim."

In the fall of 2000, a delegation from the task force, consisting of some of the alumni who had been abused and some who had not, presented the rector and the board with numerous signed, firsthand accounts of abuse—"just to give them an idea of what had been going on," Holloman says. "They said, 'This is ancient history. It could never happen now.' They were concerned with, basically, covering their butts. They asked if any of the teachers were still at the school, and we said, 'Yes.' And it all became about [the unnamed teacher]. The dead and long-departed teachers they didn't care about. They never asked for the list. They were not interested. He was the only one they had to protect themselves from." Anderson disputes this, saying, "I complimented the work of the task force.... I never said the incidents were ancient history. I said, 'We want to do everything in our power to ensure that this never happens again.' ... We were not interested in just [the one teacher]." (The school declined to answer a number of questions for this article.)

Even when the teacher cut his remaining ties with St. Paul's, no reason was given. The school's policy in such situations appeared to be absolute confidentiality, which deprived the victims of the closure they sought in all the other cases. "It was pretty similar to the Catholic Church," Holloman says. "All we got was lip service: 'We're formulating a new policy on this. It's under control.' We were accused by one trustee of plotting to sue the school, but we were just trying to bring this out into the light so people could talk, because we discovered a culture of secrecy among teachers and students that kept these things hidden and enabled the abusers to keep abusing—a whole repeating pattern." Katzenbach's victim adds, "The thing that became really appalling is that the administration knew it had been happening over a very long time."

As its 25th-reunion gift, the class of 1975 gave a sizable amount of money for boundary training for the faculty and other measures to enhance the security of the students. These have been implemented, according to Dean Dale. But boarding schools attract sexually conflicted adults. Over the years, at least one staff member suspected to be preying on students at St. Paul's was dismissed, but the administration didn't implement a zero-tolerance policy until the early 90s.

Frustrated by what he saw as stonewalling, Johnson says, "I started to wonder: If there is a lack of candor on the crucial issue of the children's safety, what else aren't they being candid about? So I started to look into the financial operation." At the same time, Eleanor Shannon, a wealthy parent from Hanover, New Hampshire, who co-chaired the Parents' Committee with her husband, David Salem, was also looking into it. The couple had been on the verge of giving a six-figure gift to the school when a fellow parent familiar with fund-raising efforts told Shannon at a squash match that she had better take a look at the school's finances, starting with the rector's salary.

Shannon's husband is the founding C.E.O. of a big investment fund for nonprofit organizations, and she believed that, as head of the Parents' Committee, she could be legally liable under New Hampshire law if there were any financial impropriety. Using the Internet, she pulled up St. Paul's statements, as well as those of Andover and Exeter and Deerfield Academy, in Massachusetts, and noticed some unusual expenses in St. Paul's $30-million-plus annual budget that Shannon says were not in those of the other schools—such as $932,118 for legal fees

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and $3,909,861 for "other." The school explained that there had been an error in filling out the forms but that the problem had been subsequently addressed. According to an alum familiar with the situation, "Shannon asked for more detailed stuff than what was on the 990 [the statement the school, as a nonprofit institution, was obligated to file], which she was entitled to do."

A 30-page exchange detailing her frustrated attempt to get answers to her questions was posted on an alumni Web site, and she soon resigned from the Parents' Committee. Then she really started digging. Another alumnus started an online chat forum that detailed all sorts of damaging revelations and allegations, which sped around the alumni and ultimately reached the media.

At that point, the momentum leading to the downfall of Anderson and Hennessy and the Executive Committee was unstoppable. As my old blue-blooded classmate reflected, "A school administration used to be able to handle the news. But now there are blogs and cell phones that spread rumors, and the school has to react. The ability to keep information private is gone, and that is really hard for the administration of a school. Something happened at St. Paul's one night at 11 o'clock, I don't remember what it was, but there was an accurate account of it in the Andover student newspaper the next morning. God, I'd hate to be a headmaster and have to wake up every morning wondering, What have the little fuckers done now?"

The faculty was also at odds with the rector and the board. Partly it was because the teachers were liberals, and the trustees were for the most part stodgy conservatives "who have not crossed the postmodern line into the world with the rest of us," as one faculty member put it. And partly it was a class issue: the trustees acted as if the teachers were underlings, when in fact it is the teachers who dedicate their lives and careers to fulfilling the school's mission.

The questions about the school's financial operations were brought to the attention of *The Wall Street Journal,* possibly by an ex-teacher, and a three-inch-thick dossier entitled "St. Paul's School: Legally Actionable Acts of Commission and Omission" was sent to the New Hampshire attorney general's office. Some of the claims cited in the dossier have the whiff of shadiness, but few Paulies seem eager to go into it. As another classmate told me, "There's probably more bad stuff to be uncovered, but nothing really salacious." People would prefer to let sleeping dogs lie—as long as they don't become rabid again.

Hoping to gain some insight into how these events fit into the flow of the school's history, and that of the country at large, I spent every minute I could at the fabulous Ohrstrom Library, sampling its enormous collection of books. Designed by Robert A. M. Stern and finished in 1991, the library is one of the masterpieces of late-20th-century educational architecture. I didn't have the slightest interest in the school's history when I was a student there, but, as I now discovered, it is quite fascinating.

The school was founded in 1856 by a Boston doctor named George Shattuck, who hoped to implement the beliefs of an early-19th-century Swiss pioneer in progressive education named Johann Heinrich Pestalozzi. Pestalozzi espoused the Rousseauian idea that society was irredeemably compromised but that children were a fount of natural goodness. The only hope for reforming society, therefore, was to begin with children and give them a "natural" education.

This meant removing the sons of the Gilded Age's ruling class from their corrupting environs and building a school for them in some pristine place where they could experience the sublime directly through their senses. Green fields and trees, streams and ponds, beautiful scenery, flowers and minerals, are "educators," Shattuck wrote. Nature was character-forming, and so was what Groton's legendary headmaster Endicott Peabody called "corrective salutary deprivation." So the boys had to take cold showers and live in spartan alcoves and were completely cut off from the outside world and the opposite sex.

In 1911, Dr. Samuel Drury became the fourth rector and ushered in the school's golden age—the days most people would like to bring back—which lasted until his death 27 years later. Dr. Drury was a feared and revered, larger-than-life headmaster in the mold of Peabody. When Gary W. Hill, president of the American Tobacco Company, visited his son at the school and lit up a Lucky Strike, Dr. Drury struck it out of his hand. Dr. Drury had been a missionary and had seen the misery that most of the world lives in; the main thing he tried to instill in his privileged charges was the notion of service. He was always reminding them, "From those to whom much is given, much is expected."

But already the campus was becoming quite grand. The chapel and the Gothic Upper Dining Room, with its high, vaulted ceiling, were positively Hogwartsian. Money was corrupting the mission, despite Dr. Drury's best efforts. "[The school] must not become a place of fashion, an exclusive retreat, where like-minded sons of like-minded parents disport themselves," he expostulated. "Our function is not to conform to the rich and prosperous world which surrounds us but, rather, through its children, to vert it." Nevertheless, St. Paul's was b ning to resemble the St. Midas's Sch "the most expensive and the most exc boys' preparatory in the world"—of F. Fitzgerald's 1922 short story "The mond As Big as the Ritz." Nelson W. A Jr. ('53), in his book, *Old Money: The M ogy of Wealth in America,* describes his at the school as "the St. Midas Ordeal." observer said of the recent scandals Paul's has always been a mélange of c and money, and money won out, be the church is dying."

In the 60s, the complexion of the s began to change. More scholarships awarded, and the first minority stu were admitted. A revolt of 162 sixth-for along with a teacher named Gerry St who later became a congressman, led relaxation of the dress code and the a sion of girls in the early 70s. The new ular rector, William Oates, espouse prevailing educational and developm thinking of the day, that schools shoul be repressive and that adolescents shou free to experiment and try out different tities. In the 80s an impressive perfor arts center was built, and the school be more artsy.

Thanks to Manchester Airport an improved interstate highway system school was no longer so remote and t away. And now that greed was good, felt the notion of service barely receive service. The school had an enormous ty to raise money and to scour the co and find the best and brightest kid keep up with rival prep schools, monu tal building projects were undertaken chitecture that will one day be seen as imperial, climax-of-the-consumer-cultu

By the mid-80s, however, the board getting alarmed that the students were of control and the faculty had too m leeway, so they brought in David Hicks headmaster of a day school in Dallas c St. Mark's, to tighten things up. Hicks, now lives in Montana, recalls, "One o mandates I was given was to improve quality of the school academically. No had gone to Harvard in five years, ex for legacies. I was also mandated t control of student behavior. The stud were polled and 80 percent of them they were using drugs. It was very vious to anyone who walked around school on Saturday night that man them were under the influence of s thing.... On my watch, some prospe parents from Philadelphia walked int student center and found a boy and a having intercourse on a couch. I exp them, which was not popular.

"The original parents of the Gilded

knew what it was like out there, want-eir children to be hardened and not ed, but by the time I got there, silly stic ideas encouraged them to think were something special, that the rules t apply to them, and that was not good. kids would have been better off in a meritocratic environment."

icks alienated the faculty by firing of its most prominent members as part program to streamline the curriculum, was so disliked by the students that the stmas tree in front of the Rectory was ed and a steaming turd was left on the step. When the faculty voted in favor no-confidence motion, Hicks left in the le of the year.

1996, he published an article in *The rican Scholar* called "The Strange Fate e American Boarding School." It in-es a thought-provoking passage: "Al-gh the old-monied families still exert a iderable influence and control over their maters, they often do so in ways that ct their own social and financial insecu-s.... To some extent, the selfishness of mounting social and financial anxi-among this class has caused the board-school to do what it has often been ac-d of doing, but now with more reason—ely, to serve private rather than public rests. This may seem to increase its ap-, but it also undermines its integrity and tributes to its destruction."

Hicks was suggesting that the moral slip-e at the school was related to the deca-ce of the old Wasp establishment. One certainly draw a parallel with what was pening to the country as it entered the of Enron, but it wasn't just the old mon-hat was greedy, and the extent to which old Wasp establishment is actually de-ing is also questionable.

The man who replaced Hicks couldn't have been more different. Bishop An-son was ready to deal—with the parents the board. Physically, he was the rector m central casting—an exceedingly hand-ne, square-jawed guy with a great smile o knew how to wear the miter and had a setful of the most splendid vestments in church. And he had a way with words. en after he came under fire, he couldn't ist closing a sharply worded letter to eanor Shannon with a grand ecclesiasti-l flourish: "In the sure and certain hope the Resurrection to eternal life, I wish u a blessed Eastertide."

"He was the most narcissistic man who er came to the school," a teacher told me. e nurses in the infirmary, which is right xt to the Rectory, used to watch him primp-g in the upstairs bathroom for a half-hour fore morning chapel. ("Yes, I did shower d shave every morning, but I hope this could be seen as good hygiene," Anderson says. "And when we realized [the nurses could see us], we pulled the shade.") A parent of a former student found the Bish "very glossy, like a used-car salesman." Anderson, 63, had started out in marketing at Procter & Gamble, and he had been an infantry officer in the army before entering the ministry. He had risen to be the bishop of South Dakota and then became the head of the General Theological Seminary, in New York City. There, he had performed expensive renovations on his residence, and that was one of the first things he did at St. Paul's after the school hired him away. "The Rectory was built in 1872," Anderson explains, and the renovation "was almost all structural, not cosmetic.... That's part of running an institution."

But Anderson's arrival coincided with the tanking of the dot-com boom, and money became harder to raise. In an effort to cut costs, the board let go longtime staff and adjusted benefits to the children of faculty. No one seemed to realize that implementing such measures when the rector and the vice-rector were still getting whopping salaries was bound to create resentment.

When the stories about the school's financial irregularities surfaced in the national press, the board rallied behind the Bishop. "I find it incredible that people who have affection for this school would go to these kinds of levels ... to tear down its leadership," Jim Robbins, who was by then on the Executive Committee, protested to *The Wall Street Journal.* But two years later, with the A.G.'s investigation concluded and the I.R.S. audit in progress, the board felt compelled to demonstrate that it was taking steps to rectify the situation, and just two weeks before graduation and Anniversary, it announced that the Bishop had resigned.

A man who was there for the alumni procession that weekend recalls, "We all thought, How ghastly and embarrassing, and surely he'd be gone by the time we got there. But we show up and there's a cocktail party in the afternoon and there is Craig Anderson front and center, representing the institution. I've been married to a Wasp family for 25 years, and I've seen the power of politeness and repression, but for stiff upper lip this really took the cake. A lot of kids were wearing a T-shirt that said, 'I heart the Bish.' So the general sense I got was that, whatever Anderson's peccadilloes were, the kids really loved him and were in a rebellious mood that he had been shown the door."

Dr. Shattuck's ideal of keeping out the outside world has long since been abandoned. The Internet, cell phones, and the rules allowing DVD players in the dorms made sure of that. But Jim Robbins's wish to shield the students from the "noise at the top" is coming true. One night I went to the school's $2 million observatory to look at a few stars and get some perspective on the antics of us foolish mortals. The observatory has six telescopes in four domes. One of the school's two astronomy teachers, Dr. Tom McCarthy, took me into the Lowell Dome. Untold Lowells have gone to St. Paul's over the decades. I asked McCarthy if the dome was named for Percival Lowell, the eccentric 19th-century astronomer who moved to Flagstaff, Arizona, and from his observatory there claimed to have seen water-filled canals on Mars. McCarthy said it was named for Lowell Swift Reeve ('69), who had died tragically in his youth.

McCarthy is clearly passionate about the sky, the kind of teacher who is so enthusiastic that he can change a student's life. "With these telescopes we can find supernovas and extraterrestrial planets. We can spot near-earth asteroids, the ones we fear could slam into us one day," he said.

Two students arrived. McCarthy was taking one of them down to Harvard in the morning to receive some kind of award. McCarthy trained the telescope on Alpha Andromedae, the brightest star in its constellation. It looked like a dazzling rhinestone. The instrument, I noticed, was called the St. Paul's Alumni Telescope. "Just what we could use," I said to him, and he laughed. I asked him what he thought about all the recent goings-on, and he said, "That's administration. The school is rock-solid as far as its mission goes."

I sat in on a Greek class for second-year students. You don't find Greek being taught at too many high schools anymore. The students, who included one African-American boy and two Asian-American girls, were extremely bright, as were all the students I talked to. And so polite and welcoming. When I asked how they liked the school, they invariably said it was awesome. And who wouldn't feel the same way? How many high schools have a harpsichord and a corps de ballet?

I jammed with a "frelk," a new category of student since my time who might be described as a latter-day hippie or freak. Frelks (the word is derived from "frolic") are really into the Grateful Dead. This frelk had a head on his shoulders. He was an excellent musician and had already recorded a CD. His plan was to move to New York and get into the music business.

I had lunch with Ike Perkins, the son of some filmmaking friends of mine and the great-nephew of Maxwell Perkins, the fabled editor of Ernest Hemingway, F. Scott Fitzgerald, and Thomas Wolfe. Scads of Perkinses have gone to St. Paul's. Since

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arriving at the school, Ike had met eight cousins with other surnames whom he never even knew he had, and he was having the time of his life. A fifth-generation Paulie who graduated last year told me that "there is a lot of fucking, but it's all safe." Apparently, most students are wise enough to choose condoms over diseases and unwanted pregnancies.

There are still "preps," like the one in my class who used to turn over your tie and snicker if the label wasn't Brooks Brothers. Most of the preps live in Simpson House. "The preppiest ones are not the old-line kids, many of whom are not preppy at all," a student told me, "but the wannabes who have new money."

Chapel, which I attended twice, had become a totally different experience. It had become fun, an opportunity for the kids to express themselves rather than have the word of God stuffed down their throats. Both times, a conga line of girls started bumping and grinding in the center aisle. Dr. Drury would have rolled over in his grave if he had witnessed this sacrilege. But the old hymns whose words I knew by heart, though I hadn't sung them in years, were being sung, as was the school anthem, an overt paean to capitalism taken from Psalm 122:

> O pray for the peace of Jerusalem;
> they shall prosper that love thee.
> Peace be within thy walls,
> and plenteousness within thy palaces.

I found myself whispering the wonderfully consoling words of the closing blessing as they were delivered by the new, interim rector, Bill Matthews: "O Lord, support us all the day long, until the shadows lengthen and the evening comes, and the busy world is hushed, and the fever of life is over, and our work is done."

After chapel, Matthews met me at his office in the Old Schoolhouse. I had not laid eyes on him in 44 years, since his days of supervising my form-mates and me, but he was just as I had imagined he would be: a sweet and unassuming 62-year-old with a grizzled crew cut, dressed in a tweed jacket and a tie that he must have worn a thousand times before. This is the standard uniform of the New England prep-school teacher, like that of the masters in my day, and in sharp contrast to the Bish's spiffy attire.

Matthews went to Bowdoin, where he majored in Latin, and returned to St. Paul's in 1966. Except for a sabbatical year in Paris, he has been there ever since. He taught Latin and Greek, coached hockey and baseball, and served as the director of college placement, the director of admissions, the vice-rector of students, the executive director of the alumni association, and, for the last five years, the director of development (in which capacity he staved off Eleanor Shannon's request for clarification on the school's finances with a letter saying: "It would be simpler if you just trusted us; we're not perfect, but I do think that we are a place of integrity, and that does have a fair amount to do with Craig Anderson and our Board as its leaders"). Two of Matthews's children attended St. Paul's. He is of the school. He understands the values, the joy, and the tremendous responsibility of nurturing vibrant young minds. He is not a guy who is out for himself.

Nevertheless, the school has enlisted Wickenden Associates, an executive-search company that has installed headmasters at more than 200 independent schools, to find a permanent rector to replace Matthews next fall. In October, the firm circulated an admirably frank 12-page job announcement that includes a section titled "Opportunities and Challenges Awaiting the Next Rector," warning prospective candidates that whoever gets hired will have to:

1. Lead the school with absolute integrity, humility, and transparency.
2. Make a concerted effort to rebuild bridges with disaffected alumni. . . .
3. Support the Board's continuing efforts to strengthen its own governance and communication practices. . . .
4. Counter the effects of negative publicity and restore the school's external reputation through a carefully considered communications and public relations plan.

In the meantime, Matthews's motto for the 2005–6 school year is "Do the right thing." "This is a school that has a soul," he told me, "and it always has."

I went for a walk in the woods, where I had spent so much time four decades ago. There hadn't been a course to teach me the names of the trees and birds back then, but there is one now. Some of the animals are even wired so that their movements can be radio-tracked. Sitting down, I soon attracted a half-dozen curious, nervously chirping chickadees.

I felt glad that the school had weathered its storm and that the kids had come through pretty much unscathed, although there are still plenty of issues that need to be addressed. The unifying thread among the various constituencies that are always doing a Darwinian dance in any school—the teachers, the students, the alumni, the trustees, the administration, the parents—is that all of them obviously care deeply about the place. And, in the words of John Buckston, a former vice-rector at St. Paul's, "Everybody is the hero of his own novel."

A number of alumni have characte
Anderson's regrettable tenure as a ca
"hubris"—the tragic flaw of overrea
that has brought down mythical kings
as Oedipus and money kings of tod
seems to be the big word of the mo
The other day, a commentator on CN
expounding on the "hubris" of the Re
can Party.

Hubris seems to have affected not ju
Bish but the board too. "They're an
gant, snotty bunch, and not very sn
one teacher told me. Their fatal error w
blow off donors, alumni, and teachers
care about the school and were tryi
raise important questions about its dire

Some stodgy old Paulies think the s
itself has a case of hubris. In their vi
was the extravagance of the new gym
brought about the drowning of a stu
in the swimming pool. The school ha
vived for almost 150 years without a
Now money is being raised for a n
million-dollar boathouse. Where is it
to end?

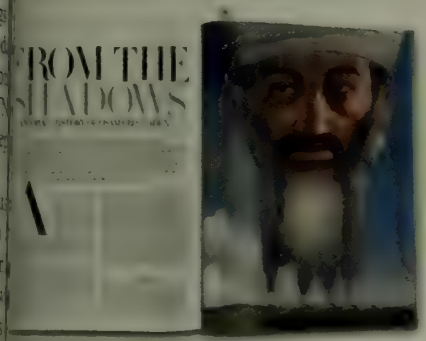
Instead of building a new boath
why not use the money to make an i
tory of all the products the school
and get the kids involved? It could
be a course. Maybe they would think
before ripping off three feet of toilet p
once they found out that a million ac
old-growth boreal forest in northern A
ta are being ground up every year to
the stuff.

Why not have the kids follow the m
trail—find out how the money coming
the school was made, and in exactly
sort of "instruments" the endowme
invested? Have them look into how
of the oblivious hyper-consumption ta
place not just here but across Ameri
made possible by the backbreaking l
of millions of Third World peasants.
many ecosystems are being degraded
destroyed by our way of life? Get the
to print their homework on both sid
the page, case their dorms for energy l
and take quick showers—and be grateful
the water's hot.

A course like that would produce s
responsible citizens, and it would save
school a lot of money. St. George's,
quirky little progressive school in M
treal that my three youngest sons att
got the whole student body involved
consumption-and-waste inventory o
physical plant, and has saved a bundl
a result. Once the St. Paul's inventor
done, the kids can go forth and get
whole country to do it. If the school c
get that going, and implement a little '
rective salutary deprivation," then it w
be a complete Utopia, and Drs. Shattuck
Drury would be proud of it once more

The chickadees cheered. □

sama bin Laden



TINUED FROM PAGE 116 dump trucks, equipment for digging trenches. When saw the brutality of the Russians bomb- the mujahideen positions, by the grace God, we dug a good number of huge nels and built in them some storage es.

***aifa Azzam,** the son of Abdullah Azzam:* one who wanted to know anything about hanistan connects with my father. [He Osama] met in the summer of 1984 in la. Their relationship was very strong. I very close to Osama. I still remember driving a Land Cruiser, desert color; ook us to his farm, 40 kilometers from la. We used to go there hunting.

ital project of Azzam and bin Laden's vices Office was Jihad *magazine, which organization started up in the fall of 4. A bimonthly, it was effectively the se organ of the Services Office, which uld morph, in part, into al-Qaeda.*

***dullah Anas,** one of the founders of the vices Office:* The main aim of Azzam to ld or to create the *Jihad* magazine is to orm the Arab world what is happening Afghanistan; informing them, help fund- , recruit people. [Eventually we printed] ,000 copies an issue. And most of them to the United States, because we had 52 nters in the United States. The main of- e was in Brooklyn, also Phoenix, Boston, icago, Tucson, Washington, D.C., Min- sota, and Washington State. Every year zzam used to go to United States. The ealthy of United States can help much ore than Muslims who are living in poor untries or under dictatorship.

*1991, **Basil Muhammad,** a Syrian journal- , published* The Arab Volunteers in Afghan- an, *in which he wrote that bin Laden had st ventured into Afghanistan in 1984. Bin aden told Muhammad:* I feel so guilty for tening to my friends and those that I love not come here [to Afghanistan] and stay me for reasons of safety, and I feel that is delay of four years requires [my own] artyrdom in the name of God.

***Jamal Ismail,** who was an editor of* Jihad *magazine:* Coming to Peshawar on a visit in 1984, I met Mr. Osama bin Laden, one of the main financiers of the Services Office. I knew from the beginning that he was not willing to drink any soft drinks from American companies—Pepsi, Coca-Cola, Sprite, 7-Up. He is trying to boycott all American products because he believes that without the Americans Israel cannot exist.

***Jamal Khalifa,** who joined his university friend bin Laden in Afghanistan:* When we decided to work in Afghanistan, early '85, he told me, "What if you marry my sister Shaikha?" I told him, "Osama, we are going to war. We are going to die, and you're asking me about marriage?" So he insisted and I told him, "O.K., look. If I came back and did not die, I will do it."

[Despite the fact that he was married to bin Laden's sister, Jamal Khalifa was angry about what he regarded as his friend's foolhardy plan to set up his own military operation in Afghanistan. In 1986, bin Laden established a base next to a Soviet military post at Jaji, in eastern Afghanistan. Khalifa knew that bin Laden had no military experience, and he was concerned that young Arabs under bin Laden's command were being sent on kamikaze missions against the Soviets.]

I decided to go myself [to Jaji] to see what's going on there. I stayed three days. I started to ask the people how it's going. They said every day, We have plenty of *shaheeds* [martyrs]—people dying. I said, "Why? They are not trained and they are very young. They don't have experience and they are facing the Soviets. It's not a joke."

So I sat down with Osama in his tent underground. I told him, "Everybody is against this idea. Why are you here? Don't you know that this is very dangerous?" He said, "We came to be in the front." I said, "No, we did not come to be in the front. We came to [act as supporters of the] Afghans." I told him, "Every drop of blood bleeds here in this place. God will ask you about it in the Hereafter. Everybody saying this is wrong, so Osama, please leave the place right now." Everybody was hearing our argument; our voices become hard. I was really very angry; this is our first time to be like this. I told him, "Look, you will leave the place or I will never see you again." He told me, "Do whatever you want." So I left.

Bin Laden's military ambitions and personality evolved in tandem. He became more assertive, to the point that he ignored the advice of many old friends about the folly of setting up his own military force. That decision also precipitated an irrevocable (but carefully concealed) split with his onetime mentor, Abdullah Azzam.

Hutaifa Azzam: You could say that bin Laden separated from my father in 1987. Bin Laden said that he wanted to make special camps for the Arabs only, where we can start our own jihad and we give the orders. We will gather all the Arabs in Afghanistan in one area in Jalalabad [in eastern Afghanistan]. My father was against that. He was shocked. So in 1987, Osama decided to separate and create special camps for the Arabs.

***Bin Laden,** demonstrating the zeal of a fanatic, told the Syrian journalist Basil Muhammad that he hoped his new base would draw heavy Soviet fire:* God willing, we want the Lion's Den [in Jaji] to be the first thing that the enemy faces. Its place as the first camp visible to the enemy means that they will focus their bombardments on us in an extreme manner.

From his base in Jaji, bin Laden fought a key military engagement with the Soviets during the spring of 1987. This was a critical turning point in his life, when he left behind his role as a donor and fund-raiser for the mujahideen and launched his career as a holy warrior.

***Essam Deraz,** an Egyptian writer and filmmaker, covered the battle of Jaji:* They picked the site at Jaji because it was on the front lines. In '87, it was a very important battle. The Arab group fought against Russian commandos. Not more than 50 or 60 young Arabs, 21, 22 [years old]. Most of them students at the universities. [Bin Laden] fought in this battle like a private. The Russian bombing went on for one week. It was clear now he'd be the leader. I was near him in the battle—many months—and he was really brave. That's why he got respect from Afghans and Arabs.

***Khalid Khawaja,** a former Pakistani air-force officer who fought alongside bin Laden:* I participated in the Jaji battle. I was introduced to [bin Laden]. First of all he's not a genius. He was 30 when I met him. He prayed a lot, always smiling. As a personality I never thought he would make a place in history—he is not charismatic. He is not very intelligent, but he is the most dedicated and self-sacrificing person, to a degree that is unparalleled.

***Khaled Batarfi,** who remained in touch with bin Laden's mother during the Soviet-Afghan war, noted her growing concerns about her son, especially after Osama supposedly suffered the effects of a Soviet gas attack:* The situation became worse when [Osama] went to jihad. In the beginning it wasn't for jihad, it was going there just to support, so that was starting to worry his mother, and then he decided to become a fighter, and his mother—oh, God, it went from bad to worse. And then she heard about the chemical gas Rus-

Osama bin Laden

sians used against mujahideen, and her son was affected. Since then, she was [watching] TV, waiting for bad news.

It was not an accident that bin Laden's split from Abdullah Azzam began around the time of his first meeting with the Egyptian jihadist Dr. Ayman al-Zawahiri, in 1986. For bin Laden, the slightly older, cerebral Zawahiri (a surgeon by training) must have presented an intriguing figure. Zawahiri had first joined a jihadist group at 15 and had recently served three years in Egypt's notorious prisons for his jihadist activities. For Zawahiri, bin Laden was on his way to becoming a genuine war hero, and his deep pockets were well known. In 1987, Zawahiri set up his own jihad group, which was soon supported by bin Laden.

On May 29, 1988, Salem, Osama's brother, crashed a plane in San Antonio, Texas, and died on impact. Although Salem did not see much of Osama, because Salem was running the family business and was far more fun-loving and Westernized than his austere younger half-brother, his death was a blow to Osama.

***Alia Ghanem,** Osama bin Laden's mother:* His older brother Salem was like a father to him after the death of their father, Muhammad. Salem's death saddened Osama a great deal.

A bin Laden relative: If Salem had still been around, no one would be writing books about Osama bin Laden. Salem had a volcanic temper and had no problem about rocking the boat. He would have personally flown to Sudan [where Osama lived in the mid-90s]. Salem would have grabbed Osama by the lapels and taken him back to Saudi Arabia.

II. Al-Qaeda

Three months after the death of Salem, bin Laden took what would turn out to be a momentous step: secretly founding his own jihadist group, al-Qaeda, in clear opposition to his mentor Abdullah Azzam. Azzam advocated a traditional, fundamentalist interpretation of the nature of jihad: the reclamation of once Muslim lands from non-Muslim rule in places such as Palestine, what was then the Soviet Union, and even southern Spain, which had been under Muslim rule five centuries earlier.

The predominantly Egyptian militants who surrounded bin Laden at the end of the 80s advocated something more radical: the violent overthrow of governments across the Muslim world they deemed "apostate," a concept of jihad that Azzam and many of his followers rejected, as they wanted no part in conflicts between Muslims. The split between Azzam and bin Laden may have even cost Azzam his life; he was assassinated by unknown assailants in November 1989, a year after the founding of al-Qaeda.

In some circles it has become fashionable to suggest that bin Laden has not been especially significant to the global jihadist movement, or that al-Qaeda has always been only a loose-knit collection of like-minded Islamist militant groups, or even that al-Qaeda was a fabrication of U.S. law enforcement. The fullest exposition of this point of view was made in 2004 in the BBC documentary *The Power of Nightmares,* written and produced by Adam Curtis, which argued that "beyond his small group bin Laden had no formal organization, until the Americans invented one for him."

Curtis asserts that al-Qaeda was "invented" during the Manhattan trial of four men accused in the bombings of two U.S. Embassies in Africa in 1998. The star witness was former bin Laden aide Jamal al-Fadl. Curtis says, "The picture al-Fadl drew for the Americans of bin Laden was of an all-powerful figure at the head of a large terrorist network that had an organized network of control. He also said that bin Laden had given this network a name, al-Qaeda.... But there was no organization. These were militants who mostly planned their own operations and looked to bin Laden for funding and assistance. He was not their commander. There is also no evidence that bin L used the term 'al-Qaeda' to refer to the of a group until after 11th September, he realized that this was the term the A icans had given it."

All of these assertions are nons There is overwhelming evidence th Qaeda was founded in 1988 by bin L and a group of a dozen or so other tants, and that the group would even become the global organization that i mented the 9/11 attacks. Below is a ment discovered by Bosnian authoritie 2002 raid on the offices of an Islamic ity. Extraordinarily, these are the four minutes of al-Qaeda, from a meeting took place over the course of one wee in August 1988.

Document labeled "Tareekh Osama [Os History]/54/127–127a": The brothers tioned attended the Sheikh [bin Lad house. Most of the discussion was a choosing an Advisory Council. The me was held for two days in a row and the visory Council [met] on Friday, with th lowing brothers. [A list of nine name lows, headed by those of Osama bin L and Abu Ubaidah Al Banjshiri, al-Qa military commander.]

The Sheikh decided to engage the C cil in making a change. The meeting st from sunset until two at night. And on urday morning, 8/20/1988, the afore tioned brothers came and started the n ing, and the military work was sugge to be divided in two parts, according t ration:

—Limited duration: They will go to S Camp [on the Afghan-Pakistani border], get trained and distributed on Afghan fr under supervision of the military coun

—Open[-ended] duration: They enter a ing camp and the best brothers of them chosen to enter Al-Qaeda Al Askariya Military Base).

Al-Qaeda is basically an organized Is ic faction; its goal will be to lift the wor God, to make His religion victorious.

Requirements to enter Al-Qaeda:

MORPHOLUTION

ON THE ROAD AHEAD, A PATH TO BE AVOIDED



Fifth-year New York mayor Mike Bloomberg...

...Fifth-year *America's Funniest Home Videos* host Tom Berge

mbers of open duration [meaning open-
l commitment].
tening and obedient,
od manners.
erred from a trusted side.
eying statutes and instructions of Al-
la.
pledge [to join al-Qaeda]:
ie pledge of God and his covenant is
me, to listen and obey the superiors,
are doing this work, in energy, early-
g, difficulty, and easiness, and for his
riority upon us, so that the word of
will be the highest, and His religion
rious.
ork of Al-Qaeda commenced on Sep-
er 10 1988, with a group of 15 brothers.

over 13 years after its founding,
eda launched the 9/11 attacks.

III. Bin Laden and Saddam Hussein

owing the 9/11 attacks, the American
lic became convinced that Saddam
sein and al-Qaeda were in league. By
ruary 2003, on the eve of hostilities in
, more than two-thirds of Americans
eved that Saddam was implicated in
, and a majority continue to believe
Saddam either contributed "substan-
" support to al-Qaeda or was behind
, despite the fact that there is no evi-
ce for those views.
t is hardly surprising that the American
lic believes that there was an al-Qaeda–
dam alliance, since Bush-administration
cials constantly touted that supposed
ance as a pressing reason to go to war
inst Iraq. In September 2002, Secretary
Defense Donald Rumsfeld said there was
lletproof" evidence of an Iraq–al-Qaeda
nection. In his January 2003 State of the
ion address, President Bush said, "Sad-
n Hussein aids and protects terrorists,
luding members of al-Qaeda." However,
historical record demonstrates that bin
den has, in fact, been a passionate oppo-
nt of Saddam Hussein for more than a
cade and a half—especially ever since
ddam invaded Kuwait, in 1990.

***ama bin Laden** in 1999:* A year before
ssein entered Kuwait, I said many times
my speeches at the mosques, warning
at Saddam will enter the Gulf. No one
lieved me. I distributed many tapes in
udi Arabia. It was after it happened that
y started believing me and believed my
alysis of the situation.

***aled Batarfi** recalls talking to bin Laden on
subject:* Last time I saw [Osama] was
90, six months before the Iraqi invasion of Kuwait. It was in Mecca, in a friend's house, where a group of intellectuals meet every Friday. And he came and talked about jihad in Afghanistan and told us then that he'd speak to us about Saddam. He said, "We should train our people, our young, and increase our army and prepare for the day when eventually we are attacked. This guy [Saddam] can never be trusted." He doesn't believe [Saddam is] a Muslim. So he never liked him or trusted him.

***Abu Jandal,** from an interview with* Al-Quds al-Arabi *newspaper, 2004:* [Bin Laden] called on the Saudi government to allow for the recruitment of youths in order to defeat the Iraqi invasion. His intentions were geared toward ending the Iraqi occupation of Kuwait and rescuing the Iraqi people from the domination of the Ba'th Party [Saddam Hussein's nationalist-socialist organization]. Sheikh Osama bin Laden was dreaming of this. He said he was ready to prepare more than 100,000 fighters in three months. He used to say: "I have more than 40,000 mujahideen in Saudi Arabia alone." These were trained in Afghanistan.

According to bin Laden, he proposed this to a senior official in the Saudi government. He told him, "We are ready to get the Iraqi forces out of Kuwait." But the state policy had already been decided and U.S. forces had to be called in to get the Iraqis out of Kuwait.

***Prince Turki,** former head of Saudi intelligence and current ambassador to the United States, told the* Arab News *in 2001:* [Bin Laden] believed that he was capable of preparing an army to challenge Saddam's forces. He opposed the Kingdom's decision to call friendly forces [500,000 U.S. military personnel]. By doing so, he disobeyed the ruler and violated the fatwa of senior Islamic scholars, who had endorsed the plan as an essential move to fight [Saddam's] aggression.

I saw radical changes in his personality as he changed from a calm, peaceful, and gentle man interested in helping Muslims into a person who believed that he would be able to amass and command an army to liberate Kuwait. It revealed his arrogance.

***Abdel Bari Atwan,** the Palestinian editor of* Al-Quds al-Arabi *newspaper, interviewed bin Laden in 1996:* The Palestine Liberation Organization used to be considered an atheist organization by Osama bin Laden because they sided with the Soviet Union. He considers [the late P.L.O. leader Yasser] Arafat a traitor. And a secularist. He hated his guts. He also didn't like Saddam Hussein. And he still considered Saddam Hussein as a man who is a secular, but he didn't actually insult Saddam Hussein the way he insulted Yasser Arafat. He didn't like him, and he told me he wanted to kick him out of Iraq, as he considered the Ba'th regime to be an atheist regime. He considered Saddam Hussein an atheist, and he hates an atheist.

***Hamid Mir,** bin Laden's Pakistani biographer, spoke to him in 1997:* He condemned Saddam Hussein in my interview. He gave such kind of abuses that it was very difficult for me to write, [calling Hussein a] socialist motherfucker. [He said], "The land of the Arab world, the land is like a mother, and Saddam Hussein is fucking his mother." He also explained that Saddam Hussein is against us, and he discourages Iraqi boys to come to Afghanistan.

In February 2003, on the eve of the Iraq war, bin Laden released an audiotape in which he said, "Needless to say, this crusade war is primarily targeted against the people of Islam. Regardless of the removal or the survival of the socialist [Ba'th] party or Saddam, Muslims in general and the Iraqis in particular must brace themselves for jihad." Bin Laden went on to observe that "socialists are infidels," implying that Saddam was an apostate from Islam, the gravest charge bin Laden could make against a fellow Muslim.

IV. Jihad

In the years after bin Laden left Afghanistan, after having helped to drive out the Russians, an armed fundamentalist movement, the Taliban, meaning "religious students," gradually took over the country. The Taliban emerged in Kandahar in 1994 under the leadership of an enigmatic, reclusive leader, the one-eyed Mullah Omar. The Taliban enjoyed quite a high degree of popularity and legitimacy in their earlier years as they brought order and a measure of peace to a country that had suffered through a decade and a half of civil war. The Taliban were, at least initially, also seen as incorruptible and little interested in assuming power for themselves.

During the early 1990s, bin Laden was based in Sudan. Coming under increasing pressure from the U.S. and Saudi governments, the Sudanese finally expelled him in 1996. Bin Laden chose to return to Afghanistan, the scene of his earlier battlefield exploits. The fact that the Taliban were consolidating their hold on Afghanistan just as bin Laden re-based himself there was a fortunate coincidence, which he would exploit masterfully. He entered into a powerful symbiotic relationship with Mullah Omar: al-Qaeda provided the Taliban with some much-needed cash and zealous Arab fighters, while the Taliban provided bin Laden with a sure refuge and carte blanche to build up al-Qaeda's training camps.

***Abdel Bari Atwan** met bin Laden in November 1996, six months after bin Laden had*

Osama bin Laden

settled in Afghanistan: I was taken with different people to Tora Bora, the mountain overlooking Jalalabad. There was snow at that time. It was very cold—freezing. And then to the favorite cave of Osama bin Laden. And actually it was a very simple cave, and he was waiting. Then we had dinner. Dinner was really awful. There were about 12 people in that cave. The dinner was rotten cheese, this Egyptian cheese. It's salty cheese—really very bad. And then there were potatoes soaked in cottonseed oil. And also there were about five or six fried eggs, and bread, which was really caked with sand. So I think this is their typical food. They eat very little. It's bin Laden who actually loves to live such a harsh life with his followers.

We didn't talk about his personal life. We never talked about his wives or something like that, because it is a taboo. He took me on a tourist tour in Tora Bora. We walked for about two hours together. We left the cave about eight o'clock in the morning. It was freezing. And so we went around, and the sun started and it was really beautiful, and he showed me the houses of some of his people, their mud-brick houses there above the snow. They were trying to have their own community, grow their foods, and they are marrying each other. It's like an oasis in Afghanistan. He was in perfect health. He never complained about how high it was in the mountains and it was freezing. He had dry mouth most of the time. I noted that he drinks a lot of water and tea.

He told me how he hated Americans, and he wanted to defeat them even in his agriculture project. So he was actually the happiest man on earth when he managed to produce a sunflower which is a record in its size, much bigger than the American sunflower. He said, "Even I defeated them in agriculture."

Abu Jandal: Sheikh Osama gave me a pistol and made me his personal bodyguard. The pistol had only two bullets, for me to kill Sheikh Osama with in case we were surrounded or he was about to fall into the enemy's hands, so that he would not be caught alive. I was the only member of his bodyguard who was given this authority, and I was to use this pistol. I took care to keep the two bullets in good condition and cleaned them every night, while telling myself, "These are Sheikh Osama's bullets. I pray to God not to let me use them."

On May 26, 1998, bin Laden held a press conference to announce that he had "formed with many other Islamic groups and organizations in the Islamic world a front called the International Islamic Front to do jihad against the Crusaders and Jews." Also present were the sons of Egyptian cleric Omar Abdel Rahman, "the Blind Sheikh," who is jailed in the United States on terrorism charges. At the press conference, Sheikh Rahman's sons distributed small cards containing their father's "will," which was in the form of a fatwa to attack civilian targets in the United States. The fatwa exhorts Rahman's Egyptian followers, several of whom are al-Qaeda leaders, such as Ayman al-Zawahiri, to "bring down [U.S.] airplanes, burn their corporations, sink their ships."

The significance of Sheikh Rahman's will to al-Qaeda has hitherto not received sufficient attention. This will/fatwa seems to be the first time that a Muslim cleric had given his religious sanction to attacks on U.S. aviation, shipping, and economic targets. It would turn out to be a ticking time bomb which exploded on October 12, 2000—when a suicide attack blew a hole the size of a small house in the U.S.S. Cole *in Yemen, killing 17 sailors—and again, with even greater ferocity, on 9/11.*

Sulayman Abu Ghaith, *al-Qaeda's spokesman, recalling 9/11:* I was sitting with the sheikh [bin Laden] in a room. Then I left to go to another room, where there was a TV set. The TV broadcasted the big event. The scene was showing an Egyptian family sitting in their living room—they exploded with joy. There was a subtitle that read, "In revenge for the children of Al Aksa [the Palestinians], Osama bin Laden executes an operation against America." So I went back to the sheikh, who was sitting in a room with 50 or 60 people. I tried to tell him about what I saw, but he made a gesture with his hands, meaning, "I know, I know."

Bin Laden *on a videotape that appeared as the U.S. bombing campaign against the Taliban began, on October 7, 2001. It was the first time he had been seen since 9/11:* There is America, hit by God in one of its softest spots. Its greatest buildings were destroyed, thank God for that. There is America, full of fear from its north to its south, from its west to its east. Thank God for that. What America tastes now is something insignificant compared to what we have tasted for scores of years. Our nation [the Islamic world] has tasted this humiliation and this degradation for more than 80 years.

Hamid Mir: [Bin Laden] watches TV—CNN, BBC. I have seen with my own eyes Osama bin Laden watching CNN. I'll tell you a very interesting thing. When I met him after 9/11, he said, "I was watching you on the Larry King show a few days ago, and you told Larry King that when Osama bin Laden talks on religion he is not convincing, but when he talks on politics he is much convincing, so today I will con you on some religious issues." So I "O.K., you watched the Larry King sh He said, "Yes, I am fighting a big wa I have to monitor the activities of my e through these TV channels."

I met three [of his] sons. Muham Ali, Saad, [who] is in Iran [now]. [Saad 16. I had a picture with Saad sitting his father, and a gun is lying in his lap I asked bin Laden, "He is a young boy. is he carrying a gun?" And he said this is his own decision. So I asked a tion to Saad: "Are you following the steps of your father?" And he answere confidently, "No. I am following the steps of my Prophet."

[Bin Laden] told me that "I becan ther of a girl after 9/11, and I gave he name of Safia." I said, "Why Safia?" he said, "I gave her the name of Safia, killed a Jew spy in the days of Holy Pr Muhammad, so that's why." I said, " is the age of your daughter?" He said, one month. She will kill enemies of I like Safia of the Prophet's time." So yo visualizing a one-month-old girl as S who should kill lots of Jews. This i mind-set.

V. Tora Bora

The question of whether the United S missed an opportunity to capture or ki Laden during the battle of Tora Bor eastern Afghanistan, in December 200 came an issue in the razor-close 2004 presidential campaign. During the Sep ber 30, 2004, presidential debate, the D ocratic contender, Senator John Kerry, "He escaped in the mountains of Tora B We had him surrounded." Writing in *New York Times* a little more than two w later, General Tommy Franks, a Bush porter and the overall commander o Tora Bora operation, wrote, "We don't k to this day whether Mr. bin Laden w Tora Bora." At a town-hall meeting in around the same time, Vice President ney said Kerry's critique of the Tora B campaign was "absolute garbage." Presi Bush himself weighed in on the questio bin Laden's Tora Bora presence, or thereof, at a campaign rally a week be the election, saying: "[It's part of Ker pattern of saying anything it takes to elected. Like when he charged that our itary failed to get Osama bin Laden at Bora, even though our top military c mander, General Tommy Franks, said, senator's understanding of events does square with reality,' and intelligence rep place bin Laden in any of several diffe countries at the time."

However, according to a widely repo

round briefing by Pentagon officials
l-December 2001, there was "reason-
ertainty" that bin Laden was indeed
ra Bora, a judgment based on inter-
d radio transmissions. General Franks
lf recounted in his autobiography,
ican Soldier, that in December 2001
iefed President Bush, saying, "Uncon-
d reports have it that Osama has been
in the White Mountains, Sir. The Tora
area." In June 2003, I met with sev-
enior U.S. counterterrorism officials,
explained, "We are confident that [bin
n] was at Tora Bora and disappeared
a small group." The following accounts
er establish that bin Laden was at Tora
.

Jaafar al-Kuwaiti, *an eyewitness, in an*
nt posted to al-Qaeda's main Web site in
: November 14, 2001. Mujahid Sheikh
na bin Laden and his special group ar-
to the area 9,000 feet above sea level in
Tora Bora mountains with its extreme
in and cold weather. We were with him.
position had more than 15 trenches to
ct the mujahideen from the insane Amer-
strikes that started five days before. The
ches were built by our hands and effort
by our brothers, the Afghan mujahideen.
n we witnessed the increase in flights of
. Predator drones] that did not leave the
night or day.
On December 9], at a late hour of the
t, we were awakened to the sound of
sive and terrorizing explosions very near
s. It was the place where the trench of
kh Osama bin Laden was. The night was
long and very worrisome [as we waited]
what the morning would bring [to] see
t this barbaric raid had done.
n the morning] we received the horrify-
news! The trench of Sheikh Osama had
destroyed; the trench where Sheikh used
ome out every day to check the muja-
en situation and follow the news of the
le. [But] God kept Osama bin Laden
, because he left the bunker only two
ts [before] to an area only 200 meters
y.

ellah Tabarak, *bin Laden's Moroccan*
guard: Following the U.S. bombing of
anistan, I left Kandahar in the compa-
f bin Laden, Ayman al-Zawahiri, and a
ber of guards. During the month of Ra-
lan in the same year, we entered Tora
a, where we stayed for 20 days. From
e Ayman al-Zawahiri fled, accompanied
Uthman, the son of Osama bin Laden.
erwards, bin Laden fled with his son
hammad, accompanied by Afghan
rds, while I fled with a group made up
nly of Yemenis and Saudis in the direc-
of Pakistan. We were arrested by the
istani authorities at a border checkpoint,
and they handed us over to the U.S. authorities, who deported us to the Guantánamo detention camp, in Cuba.

Osama bin Laden *on an audiotape that aired on Al Jazeera on February 11, 2003:* Now, I am going to tell you a part of that great battle [of Tora Bora] so that I [will] prove to you how cowardly [the Americans] are. We were only 300 fighters. We had already dug 100 trenches, spread out in a space that didn't exceed one square mile. On the morning of the 17th of Ramadan [December 3, 2001], very heavy bombing started, especially after the American leadership made sure that some of the leadership of al-Qaeda were in Tora Bora, including myself and the mujahid brother Dr. Ayman al-Zawahiri. The bombing became around the clock. Not a second would pass without a fighter plane passing over our heads day and night. American forces were bombing us by smart bombs that weigh thousands of pounds and bombs that penetrate caves.

[That was] in addition to the forces [of the Northern Alliance], whom they pushed to attack us for a continuous month. We fought back against all their attacks. And we defeated them every time. In spite of all that, American forces did not dare to go into our posts. What sign is more than that for their cowardice? With all its forces that were fighting against a small group of 300 mujahideen in the trenches, inside one square mile, in minus 10 degrees of temperature. The result of the battle was that we lost 6 percent of our force [18 men].

Abdel Bari Atwan, *who interviewed bin Laden at Tora Bora in 1996:* I wasn't surprised [that Osama was in Tora Bora in 2001]. I expected him to be there. I was in the Gulf region, and I met somebody from al-Qaeda, and he told me that Osama bin Laden was injured during the Tora Bora bombing, and he was operated on his left shoulder. And then when I saw his first videotape, immediately after Tora Bora, I said something is wrong with his left shoulder. His left shoulder was very stiff, and he couldn't move his left hand. And many people from al-Qaeda actually were extremely furious I said that [publicly], because they don't want him to be reported as injured.

Why did the U.S. military not seal off the Tora Bora region, instead relying only on a handful of Special Forces on the ground? Part of the answer is that the U.S. military was a victim of its own success. Scores of Special Forces calling in air strikes, in combination with thousands of Afghans on the ground, destroyed the Taliban army in a few weeks of fighting. However, this approach was a failure at Tora Bora, where large numbers of Americans on the ground were needed to throw up an effective cordon around al-Qaeda's leaders. Apologists for the U.S. military failure at Tora Bora will no doubt provide some compelling reasons why this was the case, including a lack of airlift capabilities from the former U.S. air base known as K2, in neighboring Uzbekistan. However, such explanations are hard to square with the fact that scores of journalists managed to find their way to Tora Bora, a battle covered on live television by the world's leading news organizations. Sadly, there were more American journalists on the ground at the battle of Tora Bora than there were U.S. soldiers. The battle was a missed opportunity to bring bin Laden to justice.

And where is he today? The short answer is that no one really knows. Most analysts believe that he is somewhere in Pakistan, possibly in the tribal areas along the border with Afghanistan. Almost all of the key al-Qaeda leaders who have been captured since 9/11 have been found in Pakistan. However, judging from his most recent videotape appearance, it seems unlikely that al-Qaeda's leader has spent four years cowering in a cave. On the tape he appears healthy, rested, well informed, and well dressed. Wherever he may be, the hunt for bin Laden, for now, has hit a brick wall.

VI. The Iraq War

As Michael Scheuer, who ran the C.I.A.'s bin Laden unit until 1999, has pointed out, if bin Laden believed in Christmas, the Iraq war would be his perfect present from Santa Claus. The 9/11 attacks and the subsequent war in Afghanistan severely damaged bin Laden's organization. Al-Qaeda, which means "the base" in English, lost its base and training camps in Afghanistan, while its leaders were on the run, captured, or dead. One year after the 9/11 attacks, al-Qaeda was still on life support. Today it's on steroids.

That's because the Iraq war has proved to be a tremendous boost to bin Laden and Islamist militants around the world. Not only has the United States deposed Saddam Hussein, whom bin Laden has loathed for years, but the jihadists in Iraq are costing America in blood and money. What bin Laden had hoped to achieve in Afghanistan in the post-9/11 period, which was to drag the United States into a protracted guerrilla war like the one he had fought against the Soviets, never happened. Instead, that protracted guerrilla war is now playing out in Iraq, in the heart of the Middle East.

The Iraq war has greatly expanded the pool of terrorists around the world and increased attacks. The year 2003 saw the highest incidence of significant terrorist acts

Osama bin Laden

(ones in which people were killed) in two decades, and the number tripled in 2004.

***Bin Laden** reveled in American reverses in Iraq in a "Message to the Iraqi People," on a tape released by Al Jazeera on October 18, 2003:* Thank you for your jihad, and may God help you. Be glad of the good news: America is mired in the swamps of the Tigris and Euphrates. Bush is easy prey. Here he is now in an embarrassing situation, and here is America today being ruined before the eyes of the whole world. O youth of Islam everywhere, especially in [Iraq's] neighboring countries, jihad is your duty and rightness is your path.

*The centerpiece of the Bush administration's brief for going to war in Iraq was **Secretary of State Colin Powell's** presentation to the U.N. Security Council on February 5, 2003. In it Powell tried to make the case for an emerging alliance between Saddam Hussein and al-Qaeda in the person of the Jordanian terrorist Abu Musab al-Zarqawi:* What I want to bring to your attention today is the potentially much more sinister nexus between Iraq and the al-Qaeda terrorist network, a nexus that combines classic terrorist organizations and modern methods of murder. Iraq today harbors a deadly terrorist network headed by Abu Musab al-Zarqawi, an associate and collaborator of Osama bin Laden and his al-Qaeda lieutenants.

***Sayf Adel,** al-Qaeda's military commander, describing how Zarqawi left Iran for Iraq in 2002 as the United States was gearing up for the invasion of Iraq:* Abu Musab [Zarqawi] and his Jordanian and Palestinian comrades opted to go to Iraq. Their skin color and Jordanian dialect would enable them to integrate into the Iraqi society easily. Our expectations of the situation indicated that the Americans would inevitably make a mistake and invade Iraq sooner or later. Such an invasion would aim at overthrowing the regime. Therefore, we should play an important role in the Resistance.

Contrary to what the Americans frequently reiterated, al-Qaeda did not have any relationship with Saddam Hussein or his regime. We had to draw up a plan to enter Iraq through the North, which was not under the control of [Saddam's] regime. We would then spread south to the areas of our fraternal Sunni brothers. The fraternal brothers of the Ansar al-Islam [a Kurdish jihadist group based in northern Iraq] expressed their willingness to offer assistance to help us achieve this goal. The goal was to go to Sunni areas in central Iraq and begin to prepare for confrontations to face the U.S. invasion and defeat the Americans.

*In early 2004, U.S. intelligence intercepted a letter from **Abu Musab al-Zarqawi** to bin Laden in which Zarqawi proposes a strategy for carrying forward the jihad. He suggests unleashing a civil war between Sunnis and Shia, something bin Laden historically rejected because he hoped to restore a unified caliphate, and also because senior al-Qaeda leaders are living under some form of arrest in largely Shia Iran:* You [Osama bin Laden and Ayman al-Zawahiri], gracious brothers, are the leaders, guides, and symbolic figures of jihad and battle. We do not see ourselves as fit to challenge you, and we have never striven to achieve glory for ourselves. All that we hope is that we will be the spearhead, the enabling vanguard, and the bridge on which the [Islamic] nation crosses over to the victory that is promised and the tomorrow to which we aspire. This is our vision. If you are convinced of the idea of fighting the sects of apostasy [the Shia], we will be your readied soldiers, working under your banner, complying with your orders, and indeed swearing fealty to you publicly and in the news media. If things appear otherwise to you, we are brothers, and the disagreement will not spoil [our] friendship. Awaiting your response, may God preserve you.

***Hutaifa Azzam** has known both bin Laden and Zarqawi for more than 15 years:* [Zarqawi had] no relations with Osama until he left to Iraq. His relation with Osama started one year [ago, in 2004], through the Internet.

*An unlikely supporter of this view is **Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld,** who told a meeting at the Council on Foreign Relations in New York on October 4, 2004:* In the case of al-Qaeda, most—my impression is, most of the senior people have actually sworn an oath to Osama bin Laden, and even, to my knowledge, even as of this late date, I don't believe Zarqawi, the principal leader of the network in Iraq, has sworn an oath.

*Thirteen days later, **Zarqawi** issued an online statement in the name of his Tawhid group, pledging allegiance to bin Laden. Zarqawi adopted a new name for his group: al-Qaeda in Iraq. And so, nearly two years after Bush officials had first argued that Zarqawi was part of al-Qaeda, the Jordanian terrorist finally got around to swearing allegiance to bin Laden:* [Let it be known that] al-Tawhid pledges both its leaders and its soldiers to the mujahid commander, Sheikh Osama bin Laden (in word and in deed) and to jihad for the sake of God until there is no more discord [among the ranks of Islam] and all of the religion turns toward God.

By God, O sheikh of the mujahideen, if you bid us plunge into the ocean, we would follow you. If you ordered it so, we would obey. If you forbade us something, we would by your wishes. For what a fine comm you are to the armies of Islam, again inveterate infidels and apostates!

Zarqawi's total commitment to al-Qaeda was proved this past November when su bombers dispatched by him attacked thr hotels frequented by Americans in Amm killing 57 people, most of them Jordani A fourth bomber, a woman, who failed detonate the explosives strapped to her a who was later apprehended, turned out the sister of Zarqawi's senior aide Muba Atrous al-Rishawi, who had been killed Iraq in 2004 by American forces.

VII. Bin Laden's Legac

***Bin Laden** has increasingly positioned h as the elder statesman of jihad, the big-p guy who directs overall political strategy. new role was amply demonstrated by Laden videotape that aired on Al Jazeer other TV networks on October 29, 2004 days before the U.S. presidential election Halloween parody of an Oval Office ad bin Laden spoke directly to the America ple from behind a desk, dressed forma gold robes, without a gun at his side—a sight. For the first time he made an une cal public admission of his own involvem the 9/11 plot, and he responded directly Bush administration's frequent claim th Qaeda is attacking the United States be of its freedoms rather than its foreign po* You the American people, I talk to yo day about the best way to avoid another trophe and about war, its reasons and its sequences. And in that regard, I say t that security is an important pillar of hu life, and that free people do not compro their security. Contrary to what Bush and claims, that we hate [your] freedom. why did we not attack Sweden? I wo about you. Although we are [now in fourth year after 9/11, Bush is still exerc confusion and misleading you and not t you the true reason [why you are bein tacked]. Therefore, the motivations are there for what happened to be repeate

We agreed with the leader of the [hijackers], Mohammed Atta, to perfor the attacks within 20 minutes, before I and his administration were aware of was going on.

Your security is not in the hands of ry or Bush or al-Qaeda. Your security your own hands. Any nation that does attack us will not be attacked.

***Abdel Bari Atwan,** who interviewed bin La in 1996:* There will be different evaluatio Osama bin Laden. Some people will co er him a heroic phenomenon, a mighty David who challenged the might of

h. Other people will say he was disastrous. ptember 11 managed to actually drag the nericans into the region and occupy Iraq. I believe Osama bin Laden is the one who ually opened the American eyes to their stake to support rotten, corrupt dictator- ps [in the Arab world]. Before, they were opy to deal with these rotten dictatorships. ey were happy to keep the region as it is. t after September 11 the Americans awak- ed to the fact that they are siding with se regimes which create huge frustration d radicalism and are actually fueling Is- mic fundamentalism against the West.

oman Benotman, *who fought alongside al-ueda in Afghanistan in the early 90s:* Bin den now is driven by his tactics, not strat- y—the tactics have taken over the strategy. s always about just kill, shoot, destroy, mb, in Afghanistan, in Iraq; now it's in merica, in Europe. You can't talk to these eople. It's killing, shooting, sacrificing. My int of view is bin Laden himself and his oup will achieve nothing. They will fail to achieve what they are asking for, and bin Laden, his credibility, it's decreasing, not increasing. What has been increasing is this kind of new tactic—the suicide attacks.

Jamal Ismail: If bin Laden is killed, there is no charismatic personality to be like him among jihadi leaders. Ayman al-Zawahiri is an intellectual, and he has many opponents, before and after he joined al-Qaeda. His leadership is challenged by other jihadis from Egypt, but no one can challenge bin Laden's leadership, even if he differs with him on some issues. I believe all the jihadi organizations respect bin Laden more than any other leader.

Rahimullah Yusufzai, *one of Pakistan's leading journalists, interviewed bin Laden twice in the late 1990s:* Bin Laden sees himself as a man who would sacrifice his life for his beliefs. He would like to go down fighting; he would like to become a martyr. He won't surrender. I believe that he will be a much more popular man for many Muslims once he becomes a martyr, because Mr. bin Laden as a dead man would be even more potent than when he is alive.

Abu Jandal, *bin Laden's former bodyguard:* In the case of his death, I think he will be a symbol for all those who follow him, especially in the case of his assassination. He will be an idol for all those who believe in his ideas. He will be a great inspiration for them to follow in his footsteps. His death will be a great force for stirring up everybody's emotions and enthusiasm to follow him on the path of martyrdom.

In case of his arrest, the situation might be a bit different. It might lead to a strong psychological defeat for the group's members and many Muslims.

Khalid Khawaja, *who fought with bin Laden in Afghanistan:* He will never be captured. He's not Saddam Hussein. He's Osama. Osama loves death. Bin Laden has played his role. Osama has woken up the sleeping bin Ladens. □

Naomi Watts



ONTINUED FROM PAGE 120 in all things, as ell as Philippa Boyens, their writing part- er, and Jan Blenkin, Jackson's producer. "I an't remember where we had dinner, but it as some fancy place in London and Peter as probably wearing his shorts," Watts re- alls. "They are the sweetest, most humble eople—incredibly bright, very literary—and r two hours we talked about everything ut the movie." Sometime during hour three, Vatts agreed to do the film even though the cript had yet to be written.

Jackson's film, which also stars Adrien rody and Jack Black, will be the third *King ong* to hit theaters. The first, in 1933, starred ay Wray, whose name will forever be asso- iated with her high-pitched shriek in the icture, which was actually dubbed by an- ther actress, Julie Haydon. In 1976, 26- ear-old Jessica Lange starred alongside Jeff ridges in a campy remake.

The 1933 version of *King Kong* has haunt- d Jackson since he saw it for the first time, 1970, when he was nine. "It swept me into an exotic world which was both extraordinary and thrilling," the director says. "I fell in love with Fay Wray and wept when Kong died. It was the first piece of cinematic escapism I'd ever encountered, and it created a seismic shift in my consciousness. *Kong* is the reason I became a filmmaker. I've been trying to recapture the impact of that first experience my entire life."

Before the film went into production, Jackson and Watts made a special trip to New York to meet Wray, who was then 96 years old and still on top of her game. (She died on August 8, 2004.) "Peter was having his emotional moment with her and saying how much he loved her and what a great actress she was," Watts remembers. "When he introduced me he said, 'This is the new Ann Darrow,' and she was like, '*You're* not Ann Darrow. *I* am.' But at the end of the night, we drove her home and said good-bye and she whispered in my ear, 'You'll make a great Ann Darrow.' Tears welled up in my eyes and I thought, O.K., good. I've been given the blessing. I have permission to do this."

Jackson's three-hour, $207 million *King Kong* mostly adheres to the original, 1933 story, by Merian C. Cooper and Edgar Wallace, but it contains some modern character developments. Watts isn't just the blonde girl screaming in the monkey's palm. "Naomi has the ability to draw an audience into the interior life of the characters she plays," Jackson says, "and yet she manages to conceal more than she reveals, so you're always wanting more. I think audiences are going to be surprised." Watts's Darrow is a tough, resourceful, down-on-her-luck vaudevillian who's lured by a flimflam man named Carl Denham (Black) to board a ship bound for a remote island to star in a movie written by her favorite playwright, Jack Driscoll (Brody). On the island, chaos and danger erupt, setting off a chain of events that ends in tragedy at the Empire State Building.

No adventure film nowadays would be complete without a C.G.I. (computer-generated imagery) creature, and *King Kong* is no exception. But all that cutting-edge technology can take a toll on flesh-and-blood actors, who often find themselves faking emotions while interacting with blue screens, which are replaced with images in post-production. "I was nervous entering into this blue-screen world, something I always swore I would never do," Watts says. "The imagination works to a point, and you stretch it and stretch it, and there is a point where you can't do it anymore."

To preserve the emotional element, Jackson recruited the Australian actor Andy Serkis—who was so convincing as the C.G.I.-enhanced character Gollum in the *Lord of the Rings* trilogy—to play Kong. "You have to have some sense of reality," Watts says. "In walks Andy Serkis and it's not just a pair of eyes but a soul."

With its exotic settings, rendered in Jackson's trademark sweeping cinematic style, and its strangely gripping love triangle, involving Watts, Brody, and the big ape, *King Kong* is already inviting comparisons to James Cameron's *Titanic*, which shattered box-office records and took home 11 Oscars. But before

Naomi Watts

Naomi ascended to her current perch atop the Hollywood food chain, she was at the bottom scrounging for leftovers.

At a point when most of the homecoming queens who break their piggy banks and catch the bus for Hollywood to become "stars" have long since packed up and crawled back home, Naomi hung in there and then hung in some more. "My mother is a survivor," she says. "That is what she instilled in us, and that is what I've been living on. That survival mechanism has been driving me."

Watts was born in Shoreham, in Kent, England. When she was just four and her brother, Ben, was five and a half, their parents divorced. When she was seven, her father, Peter, a sound engineer for Pink Floyd, died suddenly. "I try not to talk about it too much," she says. "It's upsetting and very personal." At the time of his death, Watts's parents were considering a reconciliation. "I don't have a huge amount of memory of him," Watts says. "That's the most upsetting thing—I feel robbed of the experiences that I was entitled to."

Money was very tight and the family struggled. Her mother, Myfanwy—friends call her Miv—was an actress and a true rock 'n' roll bohemian. "She loved the whole music world," Watts recalls. "There were loads of eccentric geniuses around. My mom was an incredible creative influence on me. It was the people we were being introduced to, it was the way the house was decorated—spending six hours in the car just to go to a certain flea market and get there at a certain time to get the right pieces to decorate the fireplace."

When Watts was 14, her mother moved the family to Australia in an attempt to start a new life. It was there that Naomi blossomed. During drama classes at school, Watts found her passion, only to see it vanish when she went to Japan at age 19 on a modeling contract she was told could earn her a quick $20,000. "I was too short," says Watts, who is five-foot-five. "I didn't have the beautiful look that fashion required. I had a pretty face that could be lit well."

Watts's time in Japan turned into the darkest period in her life, and it ended with her vowing never to work in front of a camera again. At 20, she got a job as an assistant fashion editor at Australia's *Follow Me* magazine. She was about to take another, more profitable job in fashion when a friend begged her to sign up for a weekend acting workshop. Reluctantly, Naomi obliged, and she never looked back. She quit her job and began pursuing acting full-time, landing a part as a boarding-school teenager in the 1991 film *Flirting,* alongside Thandie Newton and Nicole Kidman. "Naomi actually dated my sister's first major boyfriend prior to my sister," Kidman remembers. "Then we met at some casting call, but I knew of Naomi because she was always the pretty one. I would see her at the Oaks, a pub [in Sydney], and look across and she was just gorgeous." On the set, Kidman and Watts became friends.

Although Watts spent her formative years in England, she has a distinctly Aussie sensibility. She is quick to smile, very down to earth, and not afraid to drink her beer straight out of the bottle.

After a handful of successes in Australia, Watts mustered the confidence to try her luck in Hollywood. There, she was told again and again that she was on the verge of being "the next big thing."

Although Kidman had become Mrs. Tom Cruise, she and Watts remained close. The relationship was strengthened by their mutual friend Rebecca Rigg, who is married to the Australian actor Simon Baker (*The Ring Two*). In the 90s, when all three were living in Los Angeles, it must have been difficult for Watts to see her two best friends succeeding so completely—Kidman working regularly and married to the biggest movie star in the world and Rigg happy at home with a husband and kids. "Naomi just doesn't have that bitter thing or that angry thing," Rigg says. "Her questioning is deep and philosophical. It's never angry. It's never, Why not me?"

Through it all, Watts managed to keep her situation in perspective. And after watching her friend Nicole go through a sudden and very public divorce, she knew how hard a star's life can be. "Nothing is as perfect as it seems," Watts says, "and you can look at one 'perfect' life and want for that, but it's just not how it is."

"We always say to Rebecca that she is the successful one because she has the successful marriage with the three kids," Kidman says. "Becca's the backbone, Naomi's the extrovert, and I'm the screwup. I'm the quieter one, the one that's sort of straighter, but I can be led astray. Naomi is the most gregarious. She's the one that will dance on tables. I always say that all of this comes and goes and in the end you want to be old women and you want to look each other in the eyes and say, 'I know you. We've stayed friends. I've seen so many things happen and I love you.' That's what I search for in friendships, and that's the common thread through all of us. There's an honesty. We age together, we watch each other become wiser and stronger, and we see each other's frailties and prop each other up and support each other."

Rigg agrees, adding, "Whenever we get together for any length of time, we always end up having a big fight, but it's always Nicole and me. Naomi's not a fighter. She's a pacifist. It was always up to Naomi to bring us back together. She's such a peacemaker at any cost. Nicole nailed it when we had yet another big argument and she s 'We are like the three sisters in Chekhov.' always going to be difficult and fraught v tension and, you know, by turns absolu rewarding and hilarious."

Those friendships surely helped dur the years leading up to the releas *Mulholland Dr.*, which Watts remember the second-darkest time in her life. She l labored through more than 15 little-s films—*Tank Girl, Persons Unknown, Stra Planet, Never Date an Actress*—to no appar effect. Finally, she gave up on film and, Ann Darrow, took a chance on an unus project with a maverick director. Origin filmed by David Lynch as a TV pilot, *M holland Dr.* sat on the shelf for about t years, until Studio Canal Plus and Fren producers Alain Sarde and Pierre Edelm stepped in and financed further shooting turn it into a feature. By then, Watts was

"I had gotten to a place where I truly lieved everything I was called: 'not sexy,' ' funny,' 'too intense,' 'desperate,'" Watts sa "All those labels they gave me, I took th because there wasn't a trace of my true left." The last blow came from her agent the time, who, Watts recalls, said, "'Wha happened? I keep talking with casting dir tors. *I* know you are a good actress, *th* know you are, but you are freaking the out.' I just sat there and sobbed and sobb my heart out." But then she summoned l considerable reserves of grit and creativi and—together with Scott Coffey, a writ director and fellow actor—created a charac based on her travails as a struggling actre The resulting short, *Ellie Parker,* became audience favorite at 2001's Sundance Fil Festival. (Watts and Coffey later expanded into a full-length version that was released theaters in November 2005.)

Four months later, in May 2002, Nao found herself walking the red carpet up the Grand Palais at the Cannes Film Fes val—arguably one of the most glamoro destinations on the planet—where *Mu holland Dr.* was shown in competition as feature film. "There is a song I always u for emotional stuff, 'Morning Has Broke by Cat Stevens. My mum played it at n dad's funeral," Watts says. "We were ju about to arrive [at the Palais] and that so comes on—they are playing it over the lou speaker. This is going to sound really corn but, going back to the father thing, I swe he's been looking after me every step of th way."

That night, Watts finally became the ne big thing. She received glowing reviews, ar suddenly every agent was clamoring to sig her. Talent heavyweight CAA won out. quick succession, Watts starred in *The Ri* and its sequel (the two films have grosse more than $400 million worldwide), as we

Divorce, with Hudson; *21 Grams,* with
nd Benicio Del Toro; *Ned Kelly,* with
; *I ♡ Huckabees,* with Jude Law; *We*
Live Here Anymore, with Mark Ruf-
d Laura Dern; *The Assassination of*
d Nixon, with Penn; *Stay,* with Ewan
egor; and now *King Kong.*
heard she is just magnificent in *King*
' Kidman says, "and I think it is going
a whole different life for her in terms
rything she has ever wanted. And I
she is more than ready for it." Watts
ly feels ready, although she's bracing
f for the change. "The struggle is right
within me. It's not something I've for-
. I know how to deal with it," she says.
his stuff"—the global rollout, the raised
tations, the impossibility of privacy—
"is still unknown to me. I'm less familiar with it, and it's kind of frightening."

Rebecca Rigg isn't too worried. "I'm excited for her," she says. "You don't hammer away at it for 20 years without hoping there is something along these lines at the end. I mean, it's a dream and it's a game. You can't take it all too seriously. They hate your success and they hate your *lack* of success and, you know, it's a tough one."

If anybody can handle the excitement, along with the toughness, Watts can. As she tells me about her life, I notice a recurring pattern of sevens. She was 7 when her father died, 14 when she moved to Australia, 21 when she landed her first significant movie role (in *Flirting*), and 28 when she suffered her crisis of confidence—only to emerge triumphant four years later with the release of *Mulholland Dr.* At 35 she had her career on track, but her relationship with Heath Ledger was collapsing. Now, at 37, she is two years into her latest seven-year stretch—about to become a household name and in love with a man who has her friends wondering whether they'll be bridesmaids in the near future.

For so long, she says, there was always something that needed fixing: "If it wasn't career, it was relationships." But now this gifted actress who banked everything on her talent is finally in the clear, with a reported $6 million asking price. "I feel like I am entering into a stage where this whole journey of struggle had perfect meaning," she says. "It's all in the process of taking care of itself." □

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uba Mystery



INUED FROM PAGE 130 shows, which hesitate to traffic in rumor and specu-
n.

ow did we come to a moment when a e missing teenager draws as much sion coverage as the war in Iraq? Mat- Felling, of the Center for Media and ic Affairs, a Washington think tank, s the Missing White Women boomlet o the JonBenét Ramsey case of 1996, me have, but to a set of murders three later. In 1999 three women—Carole , her daughter, and a family friend— found gruesomely murdered in Yo- te National Park. In the wake of the gs, Sund's parents established a foun- n in Modesto, California, to publicize light of missing persons and offer re- s for information leading to the arrest olent criminals.

ne foundation might have faded into urity but for the disappearance in May of former Washington intern Chandra The case initially attracted scant media ion outside of Levy's hometown, which ened to be Modesto. Brought into the the Sund/Carrington foundation mo- d a team of publicists who invented a kind of grassroots effort: the missing- n campaign. Whereas JonBenét Ram- parents zealously avoided the press, Chandra Levy's family, with the help of the Sund/Carrington publicists, appeared for regular press conferences in their driveway, furnished quotes with an eye toward media deadlines, and even doled out bits of home movies so that cable producers would always have new footage to air. Levy's murder was never solved—even though her body was found a year later—but the press coverage succeeded in entangling Congressman Gary Condit, and made the case headline news for much of 2001.

By then cable producers had discovered that Missing White Women were ratings gold. The phenomenon is "now an established genre of news, much the way that the O. J. Simpson case enshrined the celebrity murder case as a whole genre," says Felling. "I don't think that's likely to change anytime soon." Today the reigning princess remains Natalee Holloway. For that, cable television can thank Beth Twitty, who has proved willing to do almost anything to find her daughter.

One afternoon I reach Beth on her cell phone. "I'm in Columbus, Ohio, on a secret mission," she says. "I'm putting together another strike against Aruba. I tell you, Bryan, those people down there, they'll never know what hit them. They should never have messed with me."

Beth must be very tired; one can only imagine the stress she is under. Back in Mountain Brook, the Twitty home, a modest brick split-level in Birmingham's most fashionable suburb, has been turned into a war room. Neat stacks of mail line the dining-room floor, most of it unsolicited letters of sympathy. The mail is sorted each morning in a friend's basement; every sender receives a response card Beth has drafted. One of her friends, Carol Standifer, walks me through the operation, our discussion interrupted only by the incessant ringing of the kitchen phone. A machine answers, allowing the caller's message to echo through the house.

By and by Beth walks in, dressed in faded blue jeans, and takes a seat on the living-room floor. "Somebody said it's time to start cleaning it all up," she says, glancing into the dining room, "but I said, 'No, I don't think so. Not yet.'" She has lost count of how many interviews she has given—it's in the hundreds—and she has repeated the same things so many times her answers have an artificial quality. Until all this, the Twittys had led an unremarkable suburban life. Raised in Arkansas, Beth married a State Farm employee named Dave Holloway and, after a move to Jackson, Mississippi, was divorced in 1993. She raised Natalee and her brother, Matt, as a single mother until marrying Jug Twitty in 2000 and moving to Mountain Brook, where she is a special-education teacher in an elementary school. Beth became part of Jug's social group of hunting buddies and their wives, and today the Twittys' support network consists of seven couples who call themselves "the Fabulous Seven." Most have been to Aruba multiple times. All spend their off-hours sorting mail and returning calls.

According to her mother, Natalee was a typical American teenager, more driven than most, maybe, a fixture on Mountain Brook High's dance team who, Beth insists, never drank, never had a boyfriend, and never had sex. She is emphatic about this. Left unsaid is the assumption that this gave Natalee little experience in the kind of tequila-fueled revelry for which Aruba is famous. "Natalee was very smart, but," Beth acknowledges, "very naïve."

Still, Beth had no doubts about letting her daughter go on the Aruba trip. It was something of a tradition at Mountain Brook High School, and Jug's son, George, had been several years earlier. On Thursday, May 26, Beth dropped Natalee at a friend's house at four A.M. for the flight to Aruba. She

Aruba Mystery

promised to pick her up at the airport the following Monday night. It was the last time she saw her daughter.

When the Twittys' private jet arrived in Aruba that first night, it was dark. The group piled into two vans driven by workers from Aruba's general-aviation office, a ramshackle trailer at the back of the airport. The vans wound their way through the quiet streets of the capital, Oranjestad, and made for the island's northwestern corner, where dozens of resorts sprawl along the white-sand beach.

While its main business is tourism—72 percent of visitors are American—Aruba is not a typical Third World Caribbean island. Eighteen miles off the coast of Venezuela, Aruba has a multi-racial population of 70,000. Its infrastructure is well developed, its streets are clean, and the culture has been thoroughly Americanized since Standard Oil built what was then one of the world's largest refineries, at the island's southeastern tip, in 1924. There are McDonald's, Pizza Huts, Taco Bells, and a Hooters. While palm trees have been planted in the tourist areas, the climate is arid, and pencil-like cacti line the inland roads.

At the Holiday Inn, Beth and Jug found another of the senior-trip escorts, a teacher named Paul Lilly, waiting with the only American official Lilly had found, a Drug Enforcement Administration agent. They had no news of Natalee's whereabouts. From all indications, she had never returned to her hotel the night before; her passport and luggage lay where she had placed them in preparation for the return flight to Alabama. She had last been seen, around midnight, at a bar and grill called Carlos 'n Charlie's. Some of her fellow students had noticed her talking with a tall Dutch teenager, and were under the impression she had left with him. The day before, Jug's nephew Thomas had played poker with the young man at the Holiday Inn's casino and thought his name was Joran something.

Beth took a hotel employee aside and described him. "She knew exactly who he was: Joran van der Sloot," Beth remembers. "And then she said—these were her exact words—'He tends to prey upon young female tourists.'"

Within minutes everyone headed to Carlos 'n Charlie's. Inside, the men fanned out and began asking questions. Beth showed around a photo of Natalee, but no one recognized her. Frustrated, the Americans returned to the Holiday Inn to regroup.

By now they had been joined by Charles Croes, a wealthy Aruban who owned a cellular-phone rental company on the island. According to Croes, who was summoned to meet Beth in a darkened gas-station parking lot, Natalee had made a cell-phone call to an American number, and Beth was curious to know to whom. It turned out to have been an accidental call to a friend.

They decided to split up. The Twittys' friends wandered the beach behind the hotel, showing Natalee's photo to anyone they encountered. Beth and Jug headed upstairs; they wanted to see what Joran van der Sloot looked like, and the casino manager offered to find a video of his poker game the day before. When he did, Beth memorized everything about him: the close-cropped hair, the pimply face, the sloe eyes. Croes, meanwhile, drove north up the beach road and, just below the lighthouse, found a group of teenagers drinking cheap wine. They knew Joran, and two volunteered to lead Croes to his home, in the nearby town of Noord. Five minutes later Croes was at the modest ranch-style house, down an unpaved alley and behind a chest-high wall. One of the airport workers, sitting beside him, telephoned the Holiday Inn.

It was time to bring in the Aruban police. The main group of Twitty-family members and friends, now numbering a dozen, met Croes at the police station in Noord. Two uniformed officers agreed to accompany them to the van der Sloot residence. At the house, Beth waited in the van while the officers sounded the patrol car's siren. Across the neighborhood, lights blinked on. There was no movement inside the van der Sloot home. The officers sounded the siren once more. Staring blearily, people began emerging into their yards. After a few minutes, a man in his early 50s came outside. This was Paulus van der Sloot, Joran's father.

Beth watched as the officers spoke to him. She saw van der Sloot take a cellular phone from his front pocket and make a call. He then told police Joran was out gambling, at the Wyndham resort's casino. Van der Sloot climbed into the police car, and the group headed back into the night. At the Wyndham, just down from the Holiday Inn, the group again fanned out in search of Joran. Beth walked behind Paulus, watching him closely. There was no sign of his son. Van der Sloot flipped out his phone and made another call. When he hung up, he said, "He's at home now."

The group returned to the van der Sloot home. Joran and a friend, a young Surinamese man named Deepak Kalpoe, were waiting in the driveway. The two policemen took the two of them aside. Jug Twitty and his two friends stood by as Joran answered questions. At first he denied any knowledge of Natalee, insisting he didn't even know the name. Twitty began to grow impatient. "Don't say you don't know who she is," Jug said. "We have eyewitnesses who saw you both in the car."

"Just tell us where she is," one of [illegible] abama men snapped.

"Don't be so rude," Paulus van de[r] responded. "This is not America. Yo[u] act like that."

Sensing the increasing tension, Cr[oes] cided to try to mediate. "So I went [to] the father and the police and I said[,] O.K. if I talk to him?'" he says. "[T]licemen said,] 'Sure, we're not even [sure] of this yet. She can't be considered [missing] for 48 hours.'"

Looking Joran in the eyes, Croes l[owered] his voice. "You know you're in a w[orld of] shit if you don't tell the truth here," h[e] said.

"I am telling the truth," Joran said.

"Why don't you tell me what happ[ened]," Croes said.

Joran considered this for a momen[t] began talking. He said he had met N[atalee] in the Holiday Inn's casino Sunday [at] noon. In the early evening she asked [him] join her later at Carlos 'n Charlie's. H[e] clined, saying it would be dead on a S[unday]. A little before 11 he headed home w[ith] father, who had picked him up at a M[c]ald's. At home, Joran said, he had s[econd] thoughts. He called Deepak Kalpoe[,] drove over with his younger brother, [to] to get him.

"So I snuck out of my house and[d] over to see her," he said. "She came[to] me huge. Dancing suggestively. Like a [stripper]. did belly shots on her, on the bar. [E]ally she said,] 'Could you take me h[ome]. So we left." When they piled into D[eepak] Kalpoe's silver Nissan, Joran said, N[atalee] seemed nonplussed to find the two K[alpoe] brothers, who are black, sitting in the [back].

"What are these guys, your slaves?" supposedly asked Joran. By all accounts[,] alee was very drunk.

"What happened then?" Croes aske[d].

"We took her back to the Holiday I[nn]. the front door. When she got out of th[e car] she stumbled and fell. I went to hel[p] but she got up and walked on throug[h] lobby." It was the last time, Joran ins[isted] that he had seen Natalee.

"O.K.," Croes said. "Is that the trut[h]?"

"Yes."

"That's the truth? Look, Joran, you [have] to be truthful with me. You need to te[ll] everything. Where'd you go?"

Croes could see Joran's mind wor[k]. Finally, he said, "We didn't go di[rectly] to the Holiday Inn. She wanted us to [ride] around. The girl was crazy. She wa[s] crazy." According to Croes, Joran said [Natalee] lee then told him three things as they [drove] north past the Holiday Inn: that her r[oom]er was "like Hitler," that she was a v[irgin] and that she was a lesbian. She be[gged] him to take her to a beach where she heard she could see sharks, but Joran

hat was a local myth. She told him she ed to have sex.

Did you have sex with her?" Croes d.

Yeah," Joran said. "She gave me a blow ."

Where'd that happen?"

In the backseat of the car."

So where'd you take her?"

I took her to the lighthouse. For a while. didn't get out."

According to Croes, Joran said that Dee- was increasingly uncomfortable at the house, fearful that Natalee would "make ess" in the car, presumably by vomiting. es could feel Joran opening up; he ap- red to be on the verge of an admission. n, from the driveway, the voice of one of Alabama men rose: "Well, you Aruban holes better get your act together, and y!" (Jug Twitty, while acknowledging his up's impatience, denies the word "ass- e" was used.)

Joran's head turned. "That's it," Paulus d. "This is no good." The decision was de that the entire group would return the Holiday Inn, where Joran promised would point out a security guard who d helped Natalee. Once there, however, he s unable to do so. The atmosphere again w heated, as Jug Twitty demanded to know at happened to his stepdaughter. "Don't them anything," Deepak Kalpoe told Jo- n. "You don't have to tell them anything." By now it was almost five o'clock in the rning. The policemen told Beth to wait at r hotel. A detective would come by and her at eight. Detective Dennis Jacobs ar- ed at 8:15, took down Natalee's descrip- n, and led Beth to the police station. Beth in the lobby for three hours until Jacobs oke to her again. She rose, eager to pour t everything she had learned. Suddenly, Ja- bs said, "We won't be needing you." Beth od there, stunned, uncertain what to do. ter a moment she walked outside, where e ran into the first of the hundreds of evision crews she would soon encounter. hat was the moment," she says today, "that ealized we were in serious trouble."

Relations between the desperate Twittys and the Aruban police had gotten off an atrocious start and never recovered. hen Beth and Jug returned to the police tion the next morning, they found Officer cobs's behavior cavalier in the extreme. Vait, I haven't had my Frosted Flakes, and haven't shaved yet," he said as they were out to give him their statement. What the ittys didn't yet understand was that miss- g tourists are hardly unusual in Aruba. rely a week goes by without an Ameri- n failing to return to his or her cruise ip, or deciding to stay a little longer in radise. Almost all turn up within days. When a tourist goes missing, the last thing the police expect is a murder.

The Twittys, in turn, struck the Aruban police as rude, arrogant, and demanding. "I didn't really know who I was dealing with; I thought it was just a regular American family," recalls Dompig, an F.B.I.-trained veteran who worked as a police officer for 10 years in the Netherlands. When he promised to mobilize every available resource to find Natalee, "Beth was wonderful, really understanding," Dompig says. "She asked us to do everything possible, as any mother would. But Jug and the other guys, they started saying they didn't trust us, because we're not capable, and they've been here 48 hours! You know, 'What kind of show are you running here?' These are the words they used to try and scare me. They were trying to intimidate me."

In those tumultuous first days, Beth's most valuable allies were Julia Renfro, the 37-year-old American-born editor of an English-language daily, *Aruba Today,* and one of her reporters, Angela Munzenhofer, a tough-talking American whose family runs one of the island's popular restaurants. When Beth walked into the paper's office the day after she arrived, Renfro, a statuesque blonde, stopped the presses to run a front-page photograph of Natalee. Renfro and Munzenhofer both have children, and they identified with Beth's desperation; the three women became inseparable. The first flyers posted around the island carried two numbers people could call with tips: Renfro's and Munzenhofer's cell phones. "At the beginning, I was the one Beth trusted," says Munzenhofer. "She called me her angel. We were with them day and night. We weren't reporters. We were family. Beth told us that."

Wednesday morning, as Beth gave her statement to police, Renfro and Munzenhofer met in the Holiday Inn's lobby to organize the first search teams. After a series of radio announcements, a hundred tourists showed up, along with a smattering of Arubans and policemen. Jan van der Straaten, the crusty Dutch police superintendent who would end up working the case, was not happy. "Van der Straaten walks up and tells me, 'You can't do this,'" Renfro recalls. "I said, 'Yes I can. I'm going to find this girl.' He told me she wasn't even considered 'missing' for 48 hours. In fact, he told me just to go to Ladies' Night at Carlos 'n Charlie's that night, that she would probably show up there. Anyway, he talked to the group. And his message was, he asked us not to cause any traffic problems. I just wanted to fall out of my pants I was so mad."

At dusk the searchers returned to their hotel rooms, having found no sign of Natalee. Then, early the next evening, Munzenhofer took an urgent call from a source, who said Natalee was staying in a downtown house with certain unnamed "friends" who wanted to "protect" her. But, the source went on, her friends had agreed to turn her over to the family for $4,000—a quasi-ransom. Renfro relayed the message to Beth, and within an hour everyone had met at the Buccaneer, the restaurant Munzenhofer's family owns. Jug had a thousand dollars, and the Munzenhofers volunteered to donate the other $3,000 from the cash register.

By now more of "the Fabulous Seven" had arrived. Eight men were in the group, and Munzenhofer's husband took them to scout the downtown house where Natalee was supposed to be. It turned out to be what Arubans call a *choller* house—a crack house. When the men returned, everyone headed downtown to stake it out. "We were scared—scared to death," Renfro recalls. "We didn't know these people, how dangerous they were, whether they had guns and knives. So we called the cops. It took them 45 minutes to come a quarter-mile. They went in and looked around." Natalee wasn't there. The group spent the rest of the evening searching the neighborhood, and by midnight Renfro realized she had missed all her deadlines. "The print guys—I don't know what happened—they decided to print the previous day's paper again," she remembers.

At 10 o'clock the next morning and every morning for the next two weeks Renfro and Munzenhofer organized search parties. They traipsed through cactus-strewn vacant lots and windswept beaches from the Holiday Inn, north past the Marriott, all the way to the lighthouse at the island's northwestern tip. One morning Munzenhofer took Jug Twitty to the island's Dutch military base to request help from the Dutch Marines, who joined the search with helicopters and four-wheel-drive vehicles. Another day the justice minister gave all Aruban government employees the day off to join the search. But no one returned with anything other than sunburn.

The first American cable crew—MSNBC—arrived on Friday, following the first correspondent to the island, from the syndicated show *A Current Affair.* That night Renfro was working late when she received a call from a source—a former policeman—who had just heard on police radio that an American girl matching Natalee's description had been seen stepping into a Kia sedan outside an ATM in Oranjestad. Immediately the newspaper office emptied; at least 10 cars, packed with staffers and Alabamans, fanned out across the downtown area, looking for the car. When it was sighted, Renfro used cell phones to orchestrate a covert pursuit. A half-dozen cars followed the Kia for 15 minutes until it parked outside a house just blocks from the news-

paper office. Renfro could just make out a man and two women, one of them blonde, inside the car.

They watched the car for 15 minutes before one of Renfro's friends, a volunteer named Carlos, took the initiative, walked to the car, and exchanged words with the driver, who was puffing on a marijuana cigarette. "Carlos came back and said, 'I don't think it's her; she was too happy,'" Renfro recalls. "We said, 'Come on! She's on drugs! Of course she's happy.' [He said,] 'No, she's too heavy.' [We said,] 'Maybe she gained weight!' [He said,] 'But there's a baby in the car.'"

As they discussed what to do, the Kia drove off. The *Aruba Today* caravan followed it to another house, where the three of them remained in the car. Forty minutes went by. Police were called. Finally, another volunteer, named O.J., pulled his Bronco in front of the car. When he got out, the driver emerged with what appeared to be a baseball bat and took a swing at O.J., who dived into his car and drove off. One of the women ran inside the house with the infant, but the Kia continued on, eventually stopping at a convenience store.

Soon the police appeared and took the driver and the other girl into custody. By the time the patrol car reached a nearby police station, a crowd of 100 onlookers, including camera crews from *A Current Affair* and MSNBC, were waiting. Renfro's spirits rose when, listening to the police radio, she heard an officer say he was "98 percent" sure the blonde girl was Natalee.

Beth and Jug were called. One of the Alabamans emerged from the crowd, gave Renfro a bear hug, and shoved $10,000 in reward money at her. Renfro declined it. In minutes the Twittys appeared and entered the station. When they returned outside, their faces were impassive. The girl turned out to be an American woman on extended vacation. "It was the saddest moment of my life," Renfro says.

Two days later the first arrests were made.

When the police first questioned Joran and the Kalpoe brothers, they told of dropping Natalee off at the Holiday Inn. They mentioned seeing a security guard approach her, so that Sunday the police detained two local men who were former hotel security guards. Beth, who had focused on Joran and the Kalpoes from the outset, angrily told the police they were arresting the wrong men. The deputy chief, Gerold Dompig, insists today that police considered the three teenagers suspects from the outset; in fact, he hints that the boys' phones were tapped as part of a surveillance as early as that first weekend.

When Beth began giving television interviews the following week, she suggested that the police were protecting the van der Sloots because they were a prominent family. They are hardly that. Paulus has been a minor official in the Aruban justice department; he has trained to be a judge, but isn't one yet. Joran was a high-school soccer star and an honor student; he was planning to attend Saint Leo University, near Tampa, Florida, in the fall. By Wednesday, June 8, hints of a cover-up had grown so widespread that the Aruban prime minister, Nelson Oduber, released a statement denying it.

Dutch criminal investigations differ from American ones in small but important ways. By and large, Dutch detectives do not speak to journalists, on or off the record. In the Holloway case, this created an information vacuum that not only irritated an already suspicious American press but also led to rumor and speculation on the justice shows. Moreover, plea bargaining does not exist under the Dutch system. Whereas an American detective might arrest all three teenagers and cut a deal with one to squeal on the others, this isn't an option in Aruba.

Aruban investigations tend to move at what can seem a leisurely pace. "First, we investigate around [suspects]. We try to establish the facts, look at their backgrounds," says Dompig. "We want to keep them on the outside, where we can watch them, listen to their calls, see what they're sayin each other. If we have to pick them up can't look at them, other than in a cell.

But the pressure to make an arrest–arrest—was overwhelming. "The pres was so . . . so . . . just, you could feel it daily basis: 'What is the press saying to What is Beth saying today?'" says Dom "The Aruban government is very im conscious. America is basically our bread butter. The government, well, everyone wa our case. They wanted the case solved as as possible. And then you had the Aru Hotel [and Tourism] Association, which very powerful group, that started putting sure. 'Guys. what about the tourism! The in the hotels!' Imagine how a law-enforcem team functions with all this. Imagine that sure! We got calls all the way up to the W House! They called the prime minister!'

Reluctantly, Dompig gave the go-ah for the arrest of Joran and the Kalpoe br ers on Thursday, June 9. Joran emer from his house with a blue-and-green t el wrapped around his head. After ini questioning, he was taken into custody. day, Dompig says pressure from the Twit the media, and his own government for police to prematurely make the arrest. " yes, yes," he says. "Under normal circu stances, we would have taken much m time to monitor them. We would have much more evidence had we waited."

Dompig expected the arrests would ple the Twittys. They didn't. Beth and Jug w intent on keeping the pressure on. "It like nothing could satisfy them—nothin Dompig gripes. "Basically, Jug wanted to come over and beat a confession out these boys. We couldn't do that. These g are hardheaded, especially Joran. We coul get a confession."

Under questioning, however, Joran change his story. Instead of leaving Nata at the Holiday Inn, he now said, the Kalp had dropped him and Natalee off at t beach beside the Marriott, a half-mile no of the Holiday Inn; the area is a lovers' la of sorts. He said Natalee was so drunk s

MORPHOLUTION

ON THE ROAD AHEAD, A PATH TO BE AVOIDED



Karl Rove: is this guy falling? . . .

. . . Chicken Little: is the sky fallin

drifting in and out of consciousness. Jo- aid he left her at the beach and walked e. During weeks of questioning, the Kal- backed up his new story.

s the Twittys' desperation grew, *On the Record,* Greta Van Susteren's show, be- e the preferred outlet for their frustra- . Beth's nightly appearances, however, ted tension among her new friends. erything changed when Greta came," Angela Munzenhofer. "All you heard n say] was Greta, Greta, Greta."

The way Beth talked to us, the local s, was totally different—you know: 'We're ng so much help,' how wonderful every- was being, how helpful," says another *a Today* reporter, Dilma Arends, "but ight, on television, we would hear a to- different person, how no one was help- her at all."

She was saying a lot of this on Fox, on ta, and most of the island doesn't get ," says Julia Renfro. "But I got DVDs to me from friends in the States, and I her there. She was totally different."

That's how she is," says Arends. "She's o-faced woman."

We tried to avoid going on those shows," Renfro.

Because they wanted lies," says Mun- hofer.

Theories," explains Arends. "'What is take? What is your take?' We're reporters. re not going to talk about theories."

he tensions came to a head in the wake of ppearance Renfro made on the Van Sus- n show. "Nobody knows this, but the fam- vere the ones determining who goes on shows," she says. "It was all them." That t, when Van Susteren asked about Joran, fro described the teenager as an excellent lent with a good reputation and "an idol he younger kids" at school. The next day fro was in the Marriott lobby, holding her y daughter, when she saw Beth and Jug. When she went to give Beth a hug, "Jug cked me, verbally and physically," Renfro lls. "He pushed me! I'm holding a sleep- baby. He just starts screaming and yelling. rds you can't print. 'Fuck you! Get the away from my wife! I never want to see again.' I was just so stunned. I had put my rt and soul into finding their girl." Af- ard, a Fox producer explained that the tys were furious over her comments on Van Susteren show. Renfro was so shak- she filed a complaint with the police inst Jug Twitty. (Jug acknowledges los- his temper and cursing at Renfro, but ies pushing her.)

Renfro attempted a reconciliation with h, going as far as suggesting that the tys were trying to "protect" her from lo- criticism by pushing her away. "Beth said, at's the blondest thing I've ever heard,'" says Renfro, a blonde. "After that, I just said, 'I can't deal with this person anymore.'" Beth says she doesn't recall any pushing incident. Of Renfro, Beth says only, "She's a witch."

Both Charles Croes and Angela Munzenhofer say they broke with the Twittys after angry confrontations with Jug. They, and many other Arubans, have since turned on the family, and viciously. The *Aruba Today* staff, once the Twittys' most fervent supporters, has morphed into the unofficial clearinghouse for everything anti-Twitty.

"We met Beth that first day, and Beth was like glue to us for about a month," Munzenhofer says. "But then we just had to let her go, because I did not agree with what she was saying. She was lying. She got caught in too many lies. I understand it. She's a grieving mother. I'm not against Beth. But, come on, her girl's not a virgin. The girl's an alcoholic. She was drinking.... I have personally talked to people who say Natalee bought drugs. I've seen the photo of that girl chugging from a bottle of 151 [rum].... Beth, I told her, you have to look at different answers. Drug dealers. Taxi drivers. Ex-boyfriends. But she looked at one place only: Joran."

It's true that some of Beth's stories don't hold up. Before I went to Aruba, she told me that the Kalpoe family had been embroiled in the odd death of a former maid, and that Mrs. Kalpoe had been detained; it turned out the case had involved another family. She also told me that a person on the island had fathered an illegitimate child with a friend's wife, and that the friend had committed suicide. That, too, does not appear to be true.

"People understand what Beth is going through; they do," Julia Renfro told me. "But it's no excuse for misconstruing all the facts. She's hurt a lot of people down here. A lot of people."

By the end of June, with both Joran and the Kalpoe brothers in custody for three weeks, it appeared the case was nearing a climax. Rumors flew that charges were imminent. On Friday, July 1, the government spokesman Ruben Trapenberg said they could come as early as Monday. On Sunday, police were seen walking with Joran on the beach north of the Marriott as he guided them through what he said happened that night. Expectations were soaring Monday morning when a clerk stepped outside the courthouse in Oranjestad and read an announcement to American reporters and cameramen. A gasp shot through the crowd when she came to the point: Not only were none of the three teenagers being charged, the two brothers were being released, indicating that the judge had found insufficient evidence to justify their further detention. Joran was ordered held without charges another 60 days.

The Twittys were outraged. Beth tearfully denounced the judge's decision as a travesty, terming the Kalpoe brothers "criminals." She called on the nations of the world to reject any efforts they might make to flee the country. All over television, the cable hosts piled on, endlessly castigating the Aruban justice system. For many Arubans, this was the last straw. The next afternoon a former government minister named John Merryweather helped organize a demonstration in front of the courthouse to protest the media's depiction of Aruba.

One of the Kalpoes' attorneys, meanwhile, attacked Beth's statements as "prejudicial, inflammatory, libelous, and totally outrageous." Caught off guard, Beth went back before the cameras at the end of the week and apologized "to the Aruban people and to the Aruban authorities if I or my family have offended you in any way."

But the damage was done. "That woman needs help," an angry John Merryweather told me as we sat on his terrace. "This is just a concerted attack on Aruba. A terrorist attack. Why blame the whole island, a whole country, for something that is out of our control? She attacks our justice system? What about yours? JonBenét. Was that ever solved? Michael Jackson—he gets off. O.J. That's American justice, and the woman is criticizing us?"

By mid-July, with Joran still languishing in the San Nicolas jail, undergoing daily questioning by Aruban, Dutch, and F.B.I. officials, a motley crowd of television producers, search teams, private eyes, and beach bums each determined to solve the case. One was Arthur Wood, a retired Secret Service agent who lives outside Ocala, Florida, and who spent his evenings glued to the Holloway coverage. In mid-June, Wood e-mailed some thoughts to Jossy Mansur, managing editor of the Aruban newspaper *El Diario,* who had latched onto the Twitty bandwagon as part of his own feud with the Aruban government. Eager to develop leads, Mansur invited Wood to Aruba, and put him on his payroll.

Wood began chatting up photographers, stringers, and reporters. The most intriguing lead, he decided, was a rumor that one of the Kalpoe brothers had confessed to killing Natalee—sort of—to a fellow prisoner while in the Aruban jail. The prisoner had heard that a relative's gardener, named Cumpa, had seen Joran and the Kalpoes burying Natalee's body in a vacant lot near the Marriott. When the Kalpoe brother was told the story, he supposedly went ashen and flipped over the dominoes they were playing with. Wood spent most of July tracking the elusive Cumpa. There were stories that he had

fled to Venezuela, that he had disappeared, that he might have been killed.

The Mansur "investigative team," including Wood, Eduardo Mansur, and other Mansur employees and family friends, began holding nightly strategy sessions at the team's de facto headquarters: Hooters. One night they were inside poring over rumors when a Mansur cousin's teenage son suddenly blurted out, "I know Cumpa! He's my uncle's gardener!"

The boy hopped in Eduardo Mansur's truck and led Wood to a large seaside home owned by Jossy Mansur's cousin Eric Mansur, a wealthy importer. Wood found Cumpa, whose name turned out to be Carlos, in the yard. "He tells me that on that night, May 30, he couldn't sleep," Wood recalls. "It was 2:30 and it was so hot—he didn't have air-conditioning—he said, 'I got up, I told my wife I'm going to my boss's house,'" which was air-conditioned.

According to Carlos, while driving to Eric Mansur's home a little before three that morning, he took a shortcut, a dirt road through a vacant lot beside the Marriott. To his surprise, he found a car blocking the road. Beside the car were two large mounds of dirt. When he peered into the car, Carlos said, he recognized Joran and the Kalpoes. He said they covered their faces. He then drove on.

Carlos reluctantly climbed into Wood's truck and allowed himself to be driven to police headquarters. He disappeared inside for four hours.

Three days later, a crowd of reporters gathered in the vacant lot by the Marriott to watch the police begin draining a pond near where the gardener, as he came to be known, claimed he had seen Joran and the Kalpoes digging. The effort quickly degenerated into farce. The first pumper truck, reportedly supplied by the Mansur family, bogged down and died. Then reporters, trying to get a better view of the pond, twice broke a water main. When the pond was empty, police found nothing at the bottom but trash. Gerold Dompig ended up discounting everything the gardener had said. "The gardener['s story]," he says, "was a concoction."

The pond episode, however, gave Beth the cover she needed to begin a simultaneous excavation at a landfill behind the airport. The family had hired its own private investigator, an Atlanta man named T. J. Ward, who like Art Wood was soon a staple of the nightly talk shows; in fact, the two became rivals and began sniping at each other. Wood had been sent to interview a homeless man named Poom Poom, who was hounding police with a tale of seeing a woman's body in the landfill. Beth wasn't sure whether to believe the story until T. J. Ward announced Poom Poom had passed a lie-detector test. "T.J. looked me in the face and said, 'Beth, he's telling the truth,'" Beth says. "That's what sent all the people to the dump!" It took weeks for the search teams to decide there was no body there, though a team of Texas volunteers briefly renewed the search in late October.

The gardener and Poom Poom episodes were followed by the jogger—a story made the rounds in August that a late-night jogger had seen Joran and the Kalpoes digging near the same spot the gardener had identified. Police made a public appeal for the man to contact them, and he eventually did. Unfortunately, "the jogger had some problems," Art Wood says, sighing. "He was a convicted sex offender. Apparently he was a murderer or rapist or something." Gerold Dompig confirms this story. He says neither the jogger nor his story panned out in any way.

Every day in July and August seemed to bring a new dead end. One time a park ranger found on a beach a piece of duct tape attached to several human hairs; a test suggested the DNA from the hair wasn't Natalee's. Another day hundreds of tourists gathered behind the Marriott to watch volunteers drag out a barrel that had been seen in the ocean. It was empty. Nothing was too outlandish to investigate. The Dutch military brought in three F-16s that flew over the island using infra-red photography in an effort to identify a grave. They, too, came up with nothing.

Throughout the summerlong circus, the Twittys remained at the Holiday Inn and later at the Wyndham, whose owners gave them use of the hotel's Presidential Suite. During the day they emerged to pass out prayer cards and photos of Natalee, and at night they sat for interviews. One afternoon Beth was walking through Noord, handing out prayer cards with Greta Van Susteren, when she realized she was near the van der Sloot home. She walked to the gate, thinking she would leave a card. That's when she saw a pair of legs—it was Paulus—in the bushes. She called for him to come out. As he did, his wife, Anita, appeared at the front door, and the couple invited Beth inside for what became a tense 90-minute meeting.

In the first half-hour, Beth listened as Joran's parents lavished praise on their son, though they eventually admitted they had been having trouble with him. According to Beth, the van der Sloots acknowledged that Joran had been seeing a psychiatrist. "Anita told me that," Beth says. "She was saying they were beginning to have trouble with Joran [for a] defiant attitude. The father acknowledged they could not control him. He would sneak out, go gambling, in the predawn hours. They had no control over him."

At one point, Beth decided to press. "I told Paulus van der Sloot that he wa sponsible for Aruba being trapped in until he came forward, I told him, his try would continue to be trapped in pu al hell," she recalls. Paulus, while insisti could remember almost nothing of the Natalee disappeared, began to sweat fusely. "These beads of sweat were r down from his head onto the kitchen t Beth remembers. "Beginning in the la minutes, Anita had to get up and go kitchen towel. The sweat was pooling o table. She had to pat him down." (Th der Sloots' attorney didn't return phone for comment.)

On August 8, Beth forced a similar frontation on Deepak Kalpoe, who working at a downtown Internet café entered with an Alabama friend an MSNBC film crew. "I walked up t counter and I just stood there for abo minutes and stared at him," she says. did nothing. That head went right d All I saw was his white scalp. Then I b speaking with Deepak. I began questi him. 'Were you a participant or did help her?' I was very graphic.

"And I think it just shocked him. I even say what I said. He told me his ney advised him not to talk. I told hir peatedly to hold his head up and loo me. I kept offering [him the choice $250,000 reward or life in prison. He he didn't need the money. Deepak fi looked up at the very end, and said, media hasn't seen this side of you.'" replied, "I've been saving it for you, pak." Afterward, Kalpoe filed a comp with the police over the incident.

By mid-August, as Beth continued her sade, communication between the police the family had broken down entirely. characterizes this as evidence of the ong cover-up; Gerold Dompig says his men got tired of being yelled at. Still, Beth slo forward, meeting with Nelson Oduber Aruban prime minister, on August 20 much as it irked the police, her campaig peared to work when, on Friday, Augus the Kalpoes were suddenly re-arrested.

No explanation was given, leading t other spasm of speculation on cable and Internet blogs dedicated to the case. told me the brothers had been re-arreste cause the gardener had crippled their a In fact, Dompig says, this was not the The police decided to take a risk—a large as it turned out.

"Once we got a statement from Joran [Natalee] passed out several times whil was sexually fondling her, we thought we something," Dompig says. Under Dutch this could be viewed as sex without con anyone who enabled the crime coul judged an accessory. "We tried Deepak Satish with that point; someone passed

back of your car, you're an accessory," pig says. "We were doing this to apply ure. We felt Satish was the weakest link. anted to squeeze Satish. Deepak wants otect Satish. But when we put that pres- on, it didn't work. Deepak is too strong."

ne gambit blew up in Dompig's face. Then the very same people who want- s to solve the case—the family and the ia—worked against us," he says. "There all this criticism that we should never released the [Kalpoes] in the first place. rtunately, the judge, you know, he heard and he didn't agree with us. So we lost Kalpoes. When [they are] walking, Joran's er says, 'Well, what about my client?' n that started rolling, that was the be- ing of the end."

n Wednesday, August 31, the judge or- d Joran released; the next day the broth- were released as well. "It was all about ricane Katrina," Beth charges. Her anger fresh today as it was that day. "All the eras were gone to New Orleans," she . "So it was time to let the boys go under curtain of Hurricane Katrina. Right there. re's your corruption and collusion."

Maybe. But a more likely explanation for judge's decision is that the police had body, no evidence of murder or any oth- rime. They had kept Joran in jail for rly three months, and he hadn't cracked. some evidence, the judge said, or let the go.

Freed, Joran traveled with his father to Netherlands, where he enrolled in college was briefly accosted by a producer work- for *A Current Affair,* to whom he repeated h of the story he had told Charles Croes is driveway months before. The Kalpoes rned to their jobs. The Twittys retreated to bama for several weeks, but Beth returned Aruba at Halloween as a new group of rchers began using sonar to hunt for the y off the northern beaches, only to quit espair, citing a lack of cooperation from Aruban authorities.

Since Joran's release, the only real news he investigation has come from, of all es, the *Dr. Phil* show, which sent a team nvestigators to Aruba. There, in a taped rview, a California lie-detector specialist ned Jamie Skeeters seemed to get Dee- Kalpoe to admit to having had sex with alee. The tape is being examined by ch authorities, but Gerold Dompig, for , finds it inconclusive.

"I'm skeptical," he says. "It seems like a hoax."

an effort to sort fact from fiction. Dom- g agreed to discuss the case in detail for first time. Surprisingly little is known of Natalee spent her time on Aruba, he . At least initially, Dompig says, Beth asked investigators to refrain from debrief- ing the Alabama students. Not for weeks did the F.B.I. begin to interview them, and even now, Dompig says, police have not seen these statements. They have, however, taken statements from hotel managers.

"This group of students was a very—I don't want to demonize them—but the group really went far, very far, in terms of having a good time," Dompig says. "Wild party- ing, a lot of drinking, lots of room switch- ing every night. We know the Holiday Inn told them they weren't welcome next year. Natalee, we know, she drank all day every day. We have statements she started every morning with cocktails—so much drinking that Natalee didn't show up for breakfast two mornings."

Despite reports to the contrary, Dompig feels certain Natalee didn't meet Joran un- til her final day on Aruba, Sunday. He con- firms that there have been numerous re- ports that she may have been involved with other young men on the island. "We have taken two statements, from Julia Renfro and a Holiday Inn worker, that Beth told them she had gotten a call from her daughter, and that she was in love with a tall, blue- eyed Dutch teenager. So [Beth] had contact with her daughter. But she denies it. The question is why. If [the Twittys] don't level with us, how can they talk about a conspir- acy? We need to know the truth. Joran did not have blue eyes. So who was this boy?" Beth denies making any such statements, or even having talked with Natalee while she was in Aruba.

The Twittys have accused Joran of chang- ing his story more than 20 times. Dom- pig says that, while Joran has indeed made small changes in some of his more than 20 statements, he has given just three versions of what happened. The first, discarded in early June, ended with Natalee dropped off at the Holiday Inn. The second had Joran leaving her at the beach by the Marriott. In a third, given to police in August, Joran claimed Deepak had actually dropped him off near his home and disappeared with Na- talee in his car.

"This latest story [came] when he saw the other guys, the Kalpoes, were kind of finger- pointing in his direction, and he wanted to screw them also, by saying he was dropped off," Dompig says. "But that story doesn't check out at all. He just wanted to screw Deepak. They had great arguments about this in front of the judge. Because their sto- ries didn't match. This girl, she was from Alabama, she's not going to stay in the car with two black kids. We believe the second story, that they were dropped off by the Marriott. But then the time line [Joran has given] starts to get into trouble."

Aruban detectives have repeatedly inter- viewed witnesses in an effort to establish that time line. It's been widely reported, for in- stance, that Joran returned to his home that morning around four. In fact, Dompig says, "nobody knows what time he got home." Nor is it clear how he got there. "He says he walked," Dompig continues, a distance of about two miles. "That is very unlikely."

The tennis shoes Joran wore that night have never been found, which police find suspicious. Another missing item involves a break-in that night at one of the low-slung fisherman's huts that line the beach north of the Marriott. Reported taken were a ma- chete and perhaps a lobster trap. The police do not have a single witness who claims to have seen Joran that morning.

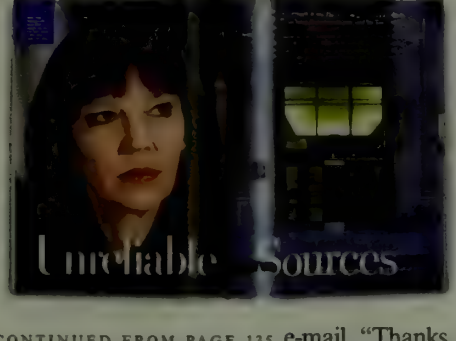
Moreover, Dompig says, this summer F.B.I. profilers completed a detailed psy- chological evaluation. "He struck us, and the F.B.I., as a guy who can make you believe he's God's gift to mothers-in-law," Dompig says. "But if you look at his actions, he's anything but. The F.B.I. profiled him as a person who never has been corrected by his parents. He's the boss of what happens in that house. He's the boss in the family. He is allowed to do anything.... If a person like that is in a position where a person says, 'No,' well, that person may change completely. Maybe he blew a fuse when she wouldn't have sex with him, and something happened."

Leaving aside Dompig's explanations and excuses, and ignoring some of the Twit- tys' behavior toward Arubans, one can't help but share Beth's outrage that the principal suspects in her daughter's disappearance are free. Yet, absent a body or any physical evi- dence, the situation is unlikely to change anytime soon. It's entirely possible, in fact, that the mystery may never be solved.

What do I think? I think Natalee died on the beach that night a couple of hun- dred yards north of the Marriott. Maybe she denied Joran sex and he strangled or drowned her in a fit of rage. Maybe it was alcohol poisoning. Maybe, as some have speculated, she was slipped a tablet of Ec- stasy or some other drug, and she died from a lethal cocktail.

If her body had been buried on Aruba, it probably would have been found by now. If it had been dumped into the surf, it would have ended up back on the beach the fol- lowing morning. But 200 yards offshore is a sandbar. It's a romantic rendezvous. Cou- ples sometimes go there to make love, and the fishermen watch from their boats. On the other side of that sandbar the current shifts, running west. Anything placed in the water on the far side of the sandbar will drift away from the island, toward Panama. If Natalee was deposited there, her body is gone forever. □

New York Times



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 135 e-mail, "Thanks, but I think I'll pass.") Miller herself refused at various times to talk to either Adam Liptak or Janny Scott and complained about Don Van Natta's reportorial techniques.

Now, several months after Miller's release, few of the complicated questions raised by her case have been answered to anyone's satisfaction. Should journalists' conversations with their sources be given protected status, similar to those between doctors and patients or attorneys and clients? Did Judy Miller's ultimate decision to testify represent a victory for journalists, or did it inexorably damage the future ability of journalists to withstand the pressure of prosecutors?

Pressing as these questions are, within the *Times* itself they are taking a backseat to concerns about the paper's direction and the leadership of Sulzberger, who, in addition to being publisher, serves as the Times Company's chairman. Just two years earlier, the *Times*'s reputation had survived—barely, some would say—one of its worst public humiliations ever, when Jayson Blair hoodwinked the paper with a series of fabrications that led to the dismissal of its two top editors and a shaken public trust. In the years since then, the business side of the paper seemed to be floundering. Since June 2002 the *Times*'s publicly traded stock has been on a steady decline, from a high of $52.79 to a November 2005 low of $27.23. Even before Miller went to jail, employees on the editorial and business sides alike were questioning many of the Times Company's business decisions, including its aggressive staffing of the Paris-based *International Herald Tribune;* its $410 million purchase of About.com, a collection of Internet guides; and its much delayed building of a new headquarters (all of which were occurring in the period before the *Times* announced a round of layoffs in May). With the Judith Miller imbroglio—which, according to the *Times,* cost the paper millions of dollars in legal bills alone—added to the mix, concern about Sulzberger, after bubbling just below the surface for years, began to boil over. What, exactly, was going on? And what did it mean for the future of the paper itself?

Bill Keller's ascension into the *Times*'s executive editor's drab third-floor offices on July 30, 2003, was less than typical. Keller rose to what is arguably the most esteemed (and important) job in American journalism thanks to the very public and very messy meltdown of the newspaper under his predecessor and rival, Howell Raines.

In May 2003, less than two years into Raines's tenure, Jayson Blair had exploded like a suicide bomber in the *Times*'s newsroom. Before Raines or Sulzberger realized what was happening, the *Times* had erupted into an astonishing six-week period of open revolt, one which ended only with Sulzberger's firing of Raines and his installation of Keller. It was Raines who lost his job, but within the *Times* the most persistent questions were being asked about Sulzberger. Why was it that, despite more than a year's worth of increasingly anxious warnings, Sulzberger had seemingly remained oblivious to the damage the blindingly imperious Raines was inflicting on the newsroom? Through the course of the crisis, Sulzberger—who'd long been plagued by questions about his maturity and judgment—was mocked for what many of his staff saw as his glibness and insouciance.

Upon taking over, Keller worked to soothe an institution that was suffering from what many staffers described as a kind of collective post-traumatic-stress disorder. Reporters weren't speaking with editors, factions had developed within the paper, and a pervasive sense of unease and distrust marked many interactions.

After surveying the landscape, Keller recognized that dealing with Judith Miller would be one of his first challenges. Miller had been controversial for as long as she'd been wielding a notebook. She was relentless, indefatigable, ultra-competitive, and extremely well connected. (She dated Steve Rattner, one of Sulzberger's best friends when the three of them worked at the *Times*'s Washington bureau, and had even, for a time, shared a vacation home with Sulzberger.) She had a reputation for sleeping with her sources (in the 1980s, she both lived with then congressman Les Aspin and quoted him in her dispatches); for bigfooting her way onto other people's beats; for raining down torrents of abuse on clerks, travel agents, and drivers; and for cutting down her colleagues. She had her defenders on staff, those editors and reporters who marveled at her determined pursuit of a story, her deep sourcing, her tirelessness, and her work ethic. "She's incredibly focused," says a colleague. "I see a lot of people who come in and spend most of their day playing internal politics and reading [the journalism blog] Romenesko and gossiping, and I look at her and I see someone who is single-mindedly focused on her work, sometimes to her own detriment. She s very little time making friendships."

Miller had been covering threats t tional security—one of the biggest, mo portant beats on the paper—since b Raines's installation, in September 200 was working under investigative editor St Engelberg, and was, according to *Times* ers and editors familiar with her work time, supervised very closely. For a it seemed as if the *Times* had finall upon a formula that made Miller's sha bows worth the trouble. She was recog as one of the lead journalists on a pr that had, in 2001, dissected the "g terrorism network and the threats it p and won the *Times* one of its seven Pulitzers. Her work on the Pulitzer pr made her even more appealing to Ra an editor with a taste for flashy exp and prizewinning packages.

Soon after she won the Pulitzer, hov Miller's safety net began to dissolve. Engelberg, increasingly frustrated by wh saw as Howell Raines's desire to ram s tional stories into the paper, quit. It was ing this time, according to a *Times* s that Miller referred to herself as "Miss Amok" because, as she said, she coul whatever I want." *Times* editors beg complain that Raines refused to allow stantial editing of Miller's work. Th sult was a series of credulous stories a weapons of mass destruction in Iraq helped, in the eyes of many, to justif administration's spin on the war.

Over time, the contempt and frustr directed toward Miller began to indicate of perspective. For example, although shared her byline with Michael Gordon now infamous September 8, 2002, front dispatch about Saddam Hussein's atten purchase of aluminum tubes thought intended for use in centrifuges to enrich um, it was Miller who was usually blam what some considered the piece's eviden gullibility, or even willful shilling on beh the administration. In fact, it had been don who brought in the aluminum-tub pect of that story. (Gordon eventually several corrective follow-ups on the issu

By the spring of 2003, when it bec clear to most of the country that i unlikely there were any W.M.D. to be f in Iraq, journalists around the cou began writing increasingly critical re on the government's claims. But the *T* didn't reverse course, at least not right Instead of looking for ways to shore u paper's W.M.D. coverage, Raines was s gling desperately to save both his job an reputation.

This was the situation Bill Keller f as he took over. He knew that the pa pre-war reporting and Miller's embed

a team of soldiers sent to hunt for .D. in Iraq would only draw more crit- as time went on. (Keller declined to ment for this article.) He also believed he had to try to mop up the blood on floor before he attempted to do any housecleaning. He decided to put off icly examining the *Times*'s weapons re- ng for as long as he could; in the mean- . he'd assign some of the best journal- e had to re-examine the W.M.D. issue. way, the paper could solve the problem good reporting. Finally, he told Mil- at she was not allowed to cover W.M.D. ational security. This, he thought, would ast minimize the damage Miller could oing forward.

e was wrong. While *Times* editors re- edly batted down Miller's story ideas, er continued to report on national se- ty, continued to meet with her sources e White House and in the intelligence munity. (Miller has said that she was permitted to report on weapons issues that she was assigned stories related ational security.) And now, two years lat- he Judith Miller problem had grown big- than ever.

y Tuesday, October 4, David Barstow had told Jon Landman that, because is friendship with Miller, he'd be un- to work on the team. That left Adam tak, Janny Scott, and Don Van Natta. dman was hoping to get at least a pro- onal story explaining Miller's role in leak case into the paper by the week- , for the Sunday, October 9, edition. He ided he needed at least one more re- ter, and he asked another of the paper's tors to approach Clifford Levy.

Levy is what newshounds call a "doc" —he has a remarkable ability to pore ough thousands of pages of complicated uments. Initially, the work he was as- ed to on the Miller project was relative- ontained. "[Landman] wanted me to go ough all the editorials that the paper had tten on the Miller case and write a sec- on what the paper's editorial views had n over those many months," Levy says.

By Wednesday, October 5, it appeared y would be needed for more than sim- that—he'd help write the story, and would help sort through the incredible amounts information coming in. ("As soon as it ame clear we were doing this, everyone ted to call in with their own Judy horror y," one of the reporters said.) Liptak, former *Times* lawyer, would focus on the st Amendment and legal issues raised he case. Scott would report on the activ- inside the *Times* building—on Sulzberger, example, and on the paper's editorial rd. And Van Natta would concentrate Miller and her Washington-based lawyer, Bob Bennett, in addition to helping Liptak with legal issues. (Van Natta had been one of the *Times*'s lead reporters on the Monica Lewinsky case, in which Bennett defended President Clinton.)

Miller, it soon became clear, was not going to be an easy source to deal with. She initially refused to speak with Liptak because, she said, his story about her release from jail implied that she hadn't gotten a better deal from the prosecutor than the one that was available to her before she was imprisoned. She refused to speak with Scott because, she told friends, Scott had not bothered to write to her when she was in jail. (She also told people that she knew Scott was "judging" her.) At various points she wouldn't speak with Van Natta either. On Tuesday afternoon, Van Natta approached Miller in the *Times*'s newsroom. Miller immediately gave Van Natta a hug. "I'm so glad you're involved in this," Miller said. "Well, I'd really like to talk to you, now, if you have time," Van Natta replied. "I can't do it now," Miller answered. "I'm running off to go meet with Barbara Walters."

"That was pretty amazing to me. I'm a colleague of hers, I'm trying to get an interview, and she doesn't have time for that, but she has time for Barbara Walters. And that night she did another one with Lou Dobbs." The next day, Van Natta ran into Miller again, in Bennett's Washington office; at that point, Miller told Van Natta she couldn't speak with him because Libby had given her permission to talk only to the grand jury. That's odd, Van Natta told her. On Monday in the newsroom, she had told the whole world Libby was her source.

"We knew it was not going to be easy dealing with Judy," Van Natta said. "At that point her stance was basically not to cooperate with us at all, and the things she was saying were just so preposterous. Sometime during that week I began to think to myself, I get it. She's saving it all for a book." (Miller did eventually agree to speak with the reporters on the record and to this day insists she was fully cooperative.)

By Friday night, October 7, Landman and his crew were at their wit's end. They stayed up most of the night trying to write a piece that would at least explain Miller's role in the leak case, but without any of the details of her grand-jury testimony, they couldn't come up with much.

"There was no logical reason why she couldn't tell us her testimony," Liptak says. "To hear her tell it, she was afraid she may be called as a witness at Libby's trial. I guess the thinking is that she's given one version under oath, and if she says or writes something that's at odds with that, she's potentially a perjury target. The answer to that dilemma, of course, is to always be consistent and truthful." Despite having little to work with, by early Saturday morning, the team had cobbled together a story they hoped to get into Sunday's edition.

"I printed it out at three in the morning and I read it in the cab home," says Liptak. "And I just said, 'This thing sucks and don't want my name on it.' It didn't begin to answer any of the larger questions about what was really going on here. If this was the answer to the promise we'd made to our readers about coming clean, it was just inadequate."

Early on Saturday morning, Landman, Levy, Liptak, and Van Natta reconvened in Landman's office. They all agreed the piece couldn't run. Miller was scheduled to testify once again in front of the grand jury in the coming week, and maybe, the team thought, she'd be more cooperative after that.

Meanwhile, the *Times* newsroom began to percolate with rumors. Had Sulzberger personally killed the story? Was the piece ever going to run? "There was this enormous pressure, both from within the paper and from the outside world, to get this thing in," says one of the reporters. "And then when it didn't appear, I got these e-mails saying, 'Just tell me the truth. Has it been killed?' There were so many conspiracies, about Arthur protecting her, or whatever. It was insane."

The pressure only increased over the next week. Miller kept avoiding having on-the-record conversations with Van Natta; at one point, she complained to Keller about Van Natta's line of questioning, and Van Natta felt she was trying to have him removed from the story. (Miller did something similar in my case. After I approached her for this story, she complained to the editor of this magazine and raised questions about my allegiances. She also wrote to me in an e-mail, "Seth, I read what you wrote about me in your book. You never bothered to check any of your alleged facts about me. I have absolutely no intention of talking to you." Three weeks later, after the story had been written and edited, she sent another e-mail that read, "When you are finished with your research, and want my input before you write, send me a list of questions." I sent Miller questions on two occasions, to which she never replied. Outside of noting that Miller's pre-war W.M.D. reporting was faulty—which Miller herself now acknowledges—there are barely any mentions of Miller in *Hard News,* my book about Howell Raines and the *Times*. What's more, while writing it, I tried to reach her numerous times for comment. She never responded.)

Miller was also delaying handing in a first-person account of her grand-jury testimony. Part of the problem was that her lawyers were dead set against her writing

anything that characterized her testimony. David Barstow, meanwhile, was trying to convince his colleague that, having gone to jail to protect the public's right to know, and now having testified, she owed it to her readers to give an account of her testimony in the pages of the *Times*. That week, both Keller and Miller asked Barstow if he would help shepherd Miller's story into the paper. On Wednesday night, as Miller returned from Washington after her second time testifying in front of the grand jury, Barstow met her at Penn Station.

Miller was exhausted. She eventually rejected her lawyers' advice, and worked with Barstow throughout Thursday and Friday to get her story into the paper. Even so, the two stories weren't completed until the deadline for the *Times*'s bulldog edition (a Sunday paper that's released late on Saturday) had already passed.

When Judy Miller was subpoenaed in August 2004, her decision not to testify was viewed through a charged, politicized prism. People both inside and outside the *Times* were arguing that Miller, instead of refusing on principle to name a source for a story she had never even written, was engaged in something far more nefarious. She was protecting her allies within the administration. Or maybe she was even the initial source of the leaked information. At the very least, the thinking went, she was trying to salvage a reputation sullied by several years' worth of criticism over her war reporting.

But at the highest level of the *Times*, Miller was not being viewed with any skepticism or wariness; instead she was seen as a possible martyr. Sulzberger had struggled to prove he was the right man for the job since the day he took over from his father, Arthur "Punch" Sulzberger, in 1992. More than three decades before the Miller saga, in 1971, Punch Sulzberger had fought one of the defining battles of his career, when the *Times* argued before the Supreme Court for the right to publish the Pentagon Papers, a secret history of the Vietnam War leaked to the paper by Daniel Ellsberg. Now it seemed that Arthur Sulzberger Jr. was looking for his own Pentagon Papers case.

"There was a perfect-storm aspect to all of this," says a *Times* journalist intimately familiar with the details of the Miller case. "Post-Howell, Arthur and Judy were both looking at resurrecting their reputations. And Arthur was so oblivious he didn't care about the repercussions." A business-side employee is even more frank. "Arthur's very well intentioned. But there's something approaching panic about the way he deals with things. There have been a lot of very messy problems in not a lot of years. We could all see this was not the right fight to pick. But he was so determined to push ahead."

This past summer, when Judith Miller was jailed, the *Times*'s editorial page immediately took up her cause. Repeatedly, it bragged of Miller's steely resolve. "It should be clear after 41 days in a Virginia jail that Ms. Miller is not going to change her mind," an August 15 editorial read. "If she is not willing to testify after 41 days, then she is not willing to testify." For his part, Sulzberger said that he wouldn't go to a single Bar Mitzvah without talking of Miller's plight. As editorial after editorial appeared in print, people in the *Times*'s newsroom began to get more and more anxious. Are we sure, many asked, this is the right fight for us? (Gail Collins, the *Times*'s editorial-page editor, would not talk to the reporting team about the paper's editorial policy. When asked to comment for this article, Collins wrote to me in an e-mail, "We actually don't talk about the editorials in general. The theory is that they should speak for themselves.")

The collective anxiety surrounding the *Times*'s support of Miller seemed prescient after Miller struck the deal that she said allowed her to testify. When the leak case began, the F.B.I. circulated blanket waivers to White House employees that would give reporters permission to break any promises of confidentiality. Initially, Miller said she felt that the blanket waivers were, by their nature, coercive, and that communications she had had with her source indicated to her that he didn't really want her to break her promise of anonymity. George Freeman, the *Times*'s in-house counsel, and Floyd Abrams, the First Amendment lawyer who had argued for the *Times*'s right to publish the Pentagon Papers, in 1971, agreed.

Once he joined the case, Bob Bennett increasingly agitated to strike a deal. ("I don't want to represent a principle," Bennett told Miller upon taking her case. "I want to represent Judy Miller.") As Miller spent more and more time in jail, Bennett began to argue that Fitzgerald would likely convene a new grand jury after October 28, when the term of the initial one ended. That meant that Miller, instead of serving just under four months in jail, could have ended up spending almost two years behind bars. At the same time, Miller's husband, *New York Review of Books* founder Jason Epstein, was urging his wife to give up the fight.

Other lawyers involved felt Bennett's efforts to strike a deal with a source once Miller was already in jail would have potentially disastrous results. "I thought then Fitzgerald would not move to keep her longer," said one lawyer involved in the "And I thought it would be horribly d ing to [Miller's] reputation if she left cutting what seemed like a very simila to what she had been offered at the ou Bennett, who didn't respond to reque comment, prevailed, and eventually re out to Libby and had him clarify wh had communicated through his lawyer earlier: that Miller was free to testify. A of the deal, Fitzgerald also promised that the grand jury would limit its que to Scooter Libby and the Wilson case

"When Judy took that deal, I w crushed," said one colleague. "Her arg that waivers are by definition coerciv the right one. If anything, it's more co to go back to a source when you're and say, 'Are you sure you really want rot away in here protecting you?'"

Even Myron Farber, the *Times* rep who had been jailed almost three de earlier, expressed dismay. "I just can't ine doing it," he told *Editor & Publish* am just against the notion of waivers. I was in jail, the thought of accepting never crossed my mind."

On Sunday, October 16, more than weeks after her release, the *Times* lished its 6,000-word dispatch on Mi case, accompanied by the Barstow-g account of Miller's grand-jury testimony two stories highlighted the degree to v Miller was seen as a renegade reporter included details of her unusual sourci rangements, murky security clearances Miller's apparent misleading of her ed

Before the *Times* report was even lished, Bill Keller, perhaps rememberin disastrous "town hall" meeting that had convened in the wake of the *Times*'s r on the Jayson Blair affair, decamped previously scheduled tour through *Time* reaus in the Far East. While he was newsroom frustrations over Miller mou Finally, Keller decided to send out a m which arrived in in-boxes on Friday, Oc 21. "I wish we had dealt with the contr sy over our coverage of WMD as soon became executive editor," Keller wrote Asia. He also addressed the Miller saga this case I missed what should have significant alarm bells. Until Fitzgerald after her, I didn't know that Judy had one of the reporters on the receiving e the anti-Wilson whisper campaign. I sh have wondered why I was learning this the special counsel, a year after the fac If I had known the details of Judy's e glement with Libby, I'd have been careful in how the paper articulated it fense, and perhaps more willing than I been to support efforts aimed at expl compromises."

he next day, *Times* columnist Maureen d entered the fray, calling Miller a man of mass destruction" who gravi- toward powerful men. Dowd accused r of stenography, of lacking credibili- f being outrageous and frantic. If Mil- ere to return to the *Times,* Dowd wrote, institution most in danger would be newspaper in your hands." Finally, unday, October 23, *Times* public edi- Byron Calame wrote a harshly critical mn about Miller in which he conclud- "The problems facing her inside and ide the newsroom will make it difficult er to return to the paper as a reporter." he *Times,* suddenly, seemed to be en- d in a lynching of a reporter it had just t months defending. Keller was criti- d for using the loaded word "entangle- t" when "conversations" would have suf- d. Gadflies like the *New York Post* and Imus delighted in amping up the con- between Dowd and Miller. (PUNCHIN' : A CATFIGHT BREAKS OUT AT PAPER OF CKAGE," screamed the *New York Post* day after Dowd's column ran.) Sulz- ger, meanwhile, seemed to scramble nake his voice heard. "Bill spoke for newsroom but I concur with his po- n," he said in a *Wall Street Journal* ar- published Monday, October 24. "In regard, some of Bill's 'culpas' were my pas' too."

Miller, to the surprise of no one who knew her, dug in her heels and prepared for ght. Instead of taking several months off, he initially indicated she'd do, she began nake noises about returning to the *Times* nediately. One source says she called nds and advisers to tell them that had ler or Sulzberger ever asked to see her es, she would have shared them without problem. She demanded she be given ce to write an op-ed column refuting the rges against her. She had all-day meet- s with lawyers and private conferences n Sulzberger.

Meanwhile, she continued to be defiant- isible in Manhattan and Sag Harbor, on g Island, where she and Epstein live. Mil- sightings began to take on the currency potting Leo and Giselle canoodling with ir new partners. One day she was seen king through Times Square, the *Post's* ge Six" reported. On another, she was n having breakfast at Balthazar with umnist Andrea Peyser, said the gossip b site Gawker. She was out "giggling at bar" at a party thrown by Knopf editor in ef Sonny Mehta and Viacom executive n Freston and his wife, Kathy, accord- to *Women's Wear Daily. The New York erver* ran thousands of words on her ial engagements, describing dinner with ancier Felix Rohatyn and Council on Foreign Relations chairman Pete Peterson, coffee with Simon & Schuster editor Alice Mayhew, and support from the likes of novelist E. L. Doctorow and *Daily News* owner Mort Zuckerman.

Finally, on Wednesday, November 9, Miller and the *Times* severed their ties. In another staffwide e-mail, Keller announced that Miller had resigned from the paper, effective immediately. At the end of his memo, he included a personal letter he'd written to Miller in which he apologized for his use of the word "entanglement"—it was not meant, Keller wrote, "to suggest an improper relationship." Keller also acknowledged that there remained some disagreement as to whether Miller had ever misled her editors at the paper. The next day, the *Times* printed Miller's 735-word letter to the editor, in which she defended her reporting, hyped her Web site, and wrote that she was resigning because, "over the last few months, I have become the news, something a *New York Times* reporter never wants to be."

Miller, however, certainly isn't behaving like someone who doesn't want to be making news. Her Web site (which prominently features a demure headshot on every single page) contains self-justifying posts and cherry-picked, laudatory articles; her sundry responses to various *Times* critics take up more than 3,000 words on their own. The day after resigning from the *Times,* she spent an hour on Larry King's CNN show, throwing darts at Dowd ("I just want to talk about the serious attacks and criticisms," Miller said when first asked about her former colleague) and hinting that she might end up as a columnist one day.

But it'll be harder than that for Miller to turn the page. One of the biggest legacies of this year's saga will not be the interpersonal soap operas caused by Miller's spectacular flameout, but the fact that prosecutors have been shown, once and for all, that jail does work as a way to break reporters' wills. After all, even the indomitable Judy Miller cracked. Miller, undoubtedly realizing that this point will be contentious for years to come, continues to insist that the deal she got with Libby was substantially different than what she was offered before she went to jail. "I wanted a personal, written letter from Scooter Libby saying, Judy, I want you to testify. And I wanted the right to question him about whether or not that letter was really voluntary," Miller told King. But Libby wrote in his letter that he was only re-stating what he had said a year earlier—that he had voluntarily waived his rights to confidentiality. And the conversation Miller eventually had with Libby was not an intimate discussion between a reporter and her source but a jailhouse conference call with several lawyers in attendance. As we now know, Miller's testimony was extremely damaging to Libby. Denying that he was the source of Wilson's identity, Libby told Fitzgerald he had actually heard that information from reporters. Miller was the final nail in Libby's coffin, and on October 28 he was indicted for obstruction of justice, perjury, and making false statements. (As ABC News's Jake Tapper pointed out, the *Times,* by openly questioning Miller's credibility in print, has handed Libby's defense a potential gold mine.)

It will likely prove just as difficult for *The New York Times* to move forward. The *Times*'s top editors seem to have escaped most of the criticism that drowned Howell Raines in 2003 (although observers in the newsroom have noted that it was managing editor Jill Abramson, in her role as Washington-bureau chief, who was responsible for editing some of Miller's W.M.D. dispatches). Sulzberger has not been so lucky. For the second time in less than three years, he's being accused by his employees of being dangerously out of touch. Why, with a newsroom already so divided about Miller's behavior, did he need to wage such a public campaign on her behalf? "I feel it's as inevitable that Arthur's going to go as I felt it was that Howell was going to go," says an editor at the paper. That's probably an overstatement. Sulzberger's position can be threatened only by members of his family, who control the Times Company's Class B voting stock. But since Miller got out of jail, there's a mantra that's been repeated in the *Times*'s newsroom: If Judy is the new Jayson, then Arthur is the new Howell.

The same night Miller chatted with Larry King, Sulzberger appeared on Charlie Rose's PBS show. The hour-long interview was seen as something between a wash and a disaster by more than a dozen reporters, editors, and business-side employees I spoke with. Outside critics were even harsher. "Sulzberger's jabber," *Slate*'s Jack Shafer wrote of the performance, "differs not one whit from the standard bullshit—'Move along folks, there's nothing here to see'—issued by every politician and corporate leader who finds himself trapped in the media's crosshairs. When a news subject relies on such transparent talking points as 'it's time to move on,' reporters know the story is only beginning."

"We all know *The New York Times* is what it is today because it's a family-owned operation," said a journalist who has spent decades working at the *Times*. "But when these things keep happening, it makes a lot of people wonder what it's going to take for some real changes to happen in the way this place is run." □

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Page 26: See credits for cover.
Page 34: Seth Mnookin styled by Jennifer Hitzges for Jed Root.
Page 49: Amanda Hearst's Tse sweater from Tse, Costa Mesa, Calif., or call 800-801-8873; for **Hunter Boots** boots, go to hunterboots.com.
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Page 81: For **Olivia Wilde's Gucci** dress, call 800-234-8224, or go to gucci.com; **Tiffany & Co.**



diamond necklace from Tiffany & Co. stores nationwide, or call 800-526-0649; Daniela Paudice for Thomas Treuhaft.
Page 85: Kirstie Alley styled by Emma Trask for Partos; dress by **Alexander McQueen,** from the Paper Bag Princess, L.A., or call 310-385-9036; boa from The Way We Wore, L.A., or call 323-937-0878.
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Pages 122–23: Ralph Lauren swimsuit from se Ralph Lauren stores, or go to polo.com; **David Yurman** bracelets from David Yurman, N.Y.C., Atlanta, Las Vegas, Houston, Bal Harbour, Fla., Manhasset, N.Y., and Costa Mesa, Calif., or cal DYURMAN, or go to davidyurman.com.



Page 125: Mikhail Baryshnikov's Valentino and pants from Valentino, N.Y.C., or call 212-772-
Page 170: Catherine Deneuve's Lanvin tren coat from Barneys New York, N.Y.C., Chicago, L.A., or call 212-826-8900; **Christian Loubout** shoes from Christian Louboutin, N.Y.C., or call 396-1884; for vintage **Bulgari** earrings and bra call 800-BULGARI; Sissy Vian for Filomeno.

BEAUTY AND GROOMING

Cover: Naomi Watts's hair styled with **Kérastase Paris** Creme Elasto Curl and Emulsion Nutri-Instant; Sebastien Richard for Jed Root. Makeup by **Clarins;** on her body, Moisture Rich Body Lotion; on her face, True Radiance Foundation in Pale Ivory, and Loose Powder in Translucent; on her e Eye Liner Pencil in Black, and Wonder Volume Mascara in Wonder Black; on her cheeks, Multi in Tender Raspberry; on her lips, Le Rouge Lipst Emotion 130; Lee Pycroft for Premier.



Page 26: See credits for cover.
Page 34: Seth Mnookin's grooming by Sarah Potempa for the Wall Group.
Page 49: Didier Malige for Frédéric Fekkai Be Aaron DeMey for Streeters.
Pages 72–76: Lulu Guinness's hair styled wit **Bumble and Bumble** Does It All Styling Spray; Perrine Rougemont for Blunt. Makeup by **Given**



on her eyes, Magic Ko Liner Pencil in Black, a Parad'Eyes Volume, Le and Curl Mascara in D in Black; on her lips, Essential Lipstick in Sho Red; Mel Arter for Givenchy/CLM.
Page 81: Olivia Wild hair styled with **Redken** In the Loop 02 Curl Boo and Lush Whip 04 Styling Cream; Thomas

meier for Redken/See Management. Makeup
cts by **Face Stockholm** and **Bobbi Brown;**
r face, Bobbi Brown Creamy Concealer in
ain; on her eyes, Face Stockholm Eye Dust in
and Reality, and Mascara in Black; on her
s, Eye Dust in Reality; on her lips, Bobbi
Lip Tint S.P.F. 15 in Cherry Tint; Donna Fumoso
rd Artists.

85: Kirstie Alley's hair by David Cox for
n/celestineagency.com; her hair styled with
on In the Loop 02 Curl Booster and Workforce
exible Volumizing Spray. Makeup by Jake Bailey
loartists.com.

93: Melinda Misura for Kako Represents.

94–95: Women's hair styled with **Bumble**
Bumble Surf Spray and Defrizz, and **Tigi Bed**
d Curls Rock and Dumb Blonde. Men's hair
with Bumble and Bumble Surf Spray, Defrizz,
Styling Wax, and **Kiehl's** Silk Groom.

102–3: Women's hair styled with **L'Oréal**
ssionnel Textureline Curling Iron Fix, and
reline Liss Control; Louise Moon for L'Oréal
ssionnel/The Wall Group. Makeup products
ila; on their faces, Perfecting Concealer in
ie J, and Sheer Color Tinted Moisturizer
15 in Tone; on their eyes, Smudge Pots in Kitten;
eir cheeks, Cheek Colour in Heat; on
lips, Lip Pencil in No. 12, and Lip Color in
na; Jo Strettell for Stila/cloutieragency.com.
's hair styled with **Kérastase Paris** Nacre
-Sculpt and Vinyle Nutri-Sculpt; on their
, Stila Sheer Pressed Powder in Fair; Natalia
chi for the Wall Group.

106: Steve Carell's hair styled with **Redken**
Men Get Groomed Finishing Cream; Diana
nidtke for Redken/celestineagency.com.

108–9: Losi for the Wall Group.

110–11: Sarah Potempa for the Wall Group.



Pages 118–23: Naomi Watts's hair styled with **John Frieda** Frizz-Ease Hair Serum, and Sheer Blonde Crystal Clear Hair Spray; Serge Normant for Serge Normant at John Frieda Salon. Makeup products by **Stila;** on her face, cting Foundation in D, and Sheer Pressed der in Light; on her eyes, Eye Shadow in nlight, and Fiber Optics Mascara in Black; on cheeks, Cheek Color in Belle; on her lips, Lip e in Peach; Jeanine Lobell for Magnet.

Page 125: Mikhail Baryshnikov's hair styled with **Kiehl's** Creative Cream Wax; his face moisturized with Kiehl's Soothing, Nourishing Face Cream for Men; on his face, **Lancôme** Matte Finish in Beige; Hallie Bowman for the Wall Group.



Page 170: Catherine Deneuve's hair styled with **L'Oréal** Tecni-art Pli Heat Activated Styling Spray; Madeleine Cofano for Corps et Âmes. Makeup products by **MAC;** on her face, Studio Fix in NW15; on her eyes, Eye Pencil in Ebony, and Zoom Lash Mascara in Zoomblack; on her cheeks, Powder Blush in Blushbaby; on her lips, Lustre Glass in Sinnamon; Emmanuel Sammartino for Marie France Thavonekham.

Where to find beauty products:

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Lancôme, major department stores nationwide, or go to lancome.com.

L'Oréal, drugstores nationwide.

L'Oréal Professionnel, specialty salons and hair-supply stores nationwide.

MAC, MAC stores and department stores nationwide, or go to maccosmetics.com.

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Stila, Sephora stores nationwide, or go to sephora.com.

Tigi Bed Head, specialty stores and drugstores nationwide, or go to tigihaircare.com or drugstore.com.

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Pages 72–76: Interiors styled by Jane Alexander for Era Management.

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Pages 98–99: Produced on location by Anne Donnellon for Portfolio One.

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Pages 102–3: Jamie Dean for Partos; Norman Stewart for Zenobia Agency.

Page 106: Production by Ruth Levy; Walter Barnett for opusreps.com; Gabe Bartalos for Atlantic West Effects.

Pages 110–11: Casting by ML McCarthy for Urban Productions.

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CATHERINE DENEUVE

It has been nearly 50 years since Catherine Deneuve made her film debut, in *Les Collégiennes*. Today the Parisian beauty, currently starring in *Palais Royal!*, reigns as the grande dame of French cinema. A former Chanel model and now a MAC icon, she reveals her green thumb, an early love of Hermès, and a strong aversion to insects

What is your greatest fear?
The war.

What is the trait you most deplore in yourself?
Having too many things on my mind at the same time.

What is the trait you most deplore in others?
Inconsistency.

What is your greatest extravagance?
Spending all my money when I was 17 years old to buy an Hermès Kelly bag.

What do you consider the most overrated virtue?
Beauty.

What do you dislike most about your appearance?
My left ear.

Which words or phrases do you most overuse?
Je ne finis pas mes phrases. [I do not finish my sentences.]

What or who is the greatest love of your life?
Nature.

Which talent would you most like to have?
The gift of a scientific mind.

What is your current state of mind?
Restless.

If you could change one thing about yourself, what would it be?
My future.

If you could change one thing about your family, what would it be?
Nothing.

What do you consider your greatest achievement?
A wild garden.

If you were to die and come back as a person or thing, what do you think it would be?
A lime tree.

What is your most treasured possession?
Lucidity.

What is your favorite occupation?
Playing in the garden.

What is your most marked characteristic?
Impassivity.

What is the quality you most like in a man?
Fantasy and talent.

What do you most value in your friends?
Uniqueness.

Who are your favorite writers?
Rainer Maria Rilke.

Who is your favorite hero of fiction?
Mandrake the Magician.

What is it that you most dislike?
Insects.

How would you like to die?
In my sleep or standing.

What is your motto?
"À coeur vaillant, rien d'impossible." [With a valiant heart, nothing is impossible.]

Which historical figure do you most identify with?
George Sand.

Which living person do you most admire?
Aung San Suu Kyi.

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAOLO ROVERSI

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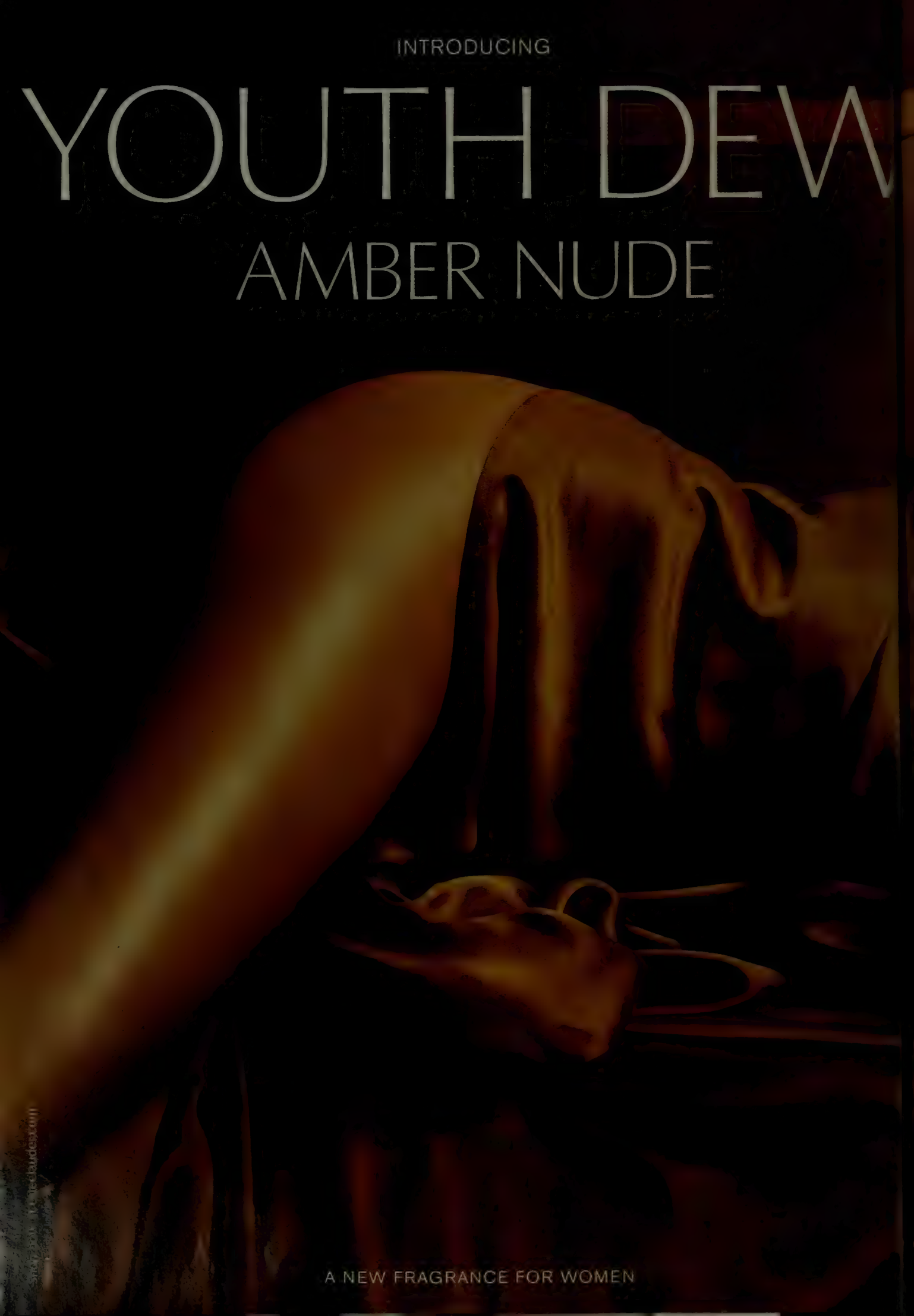


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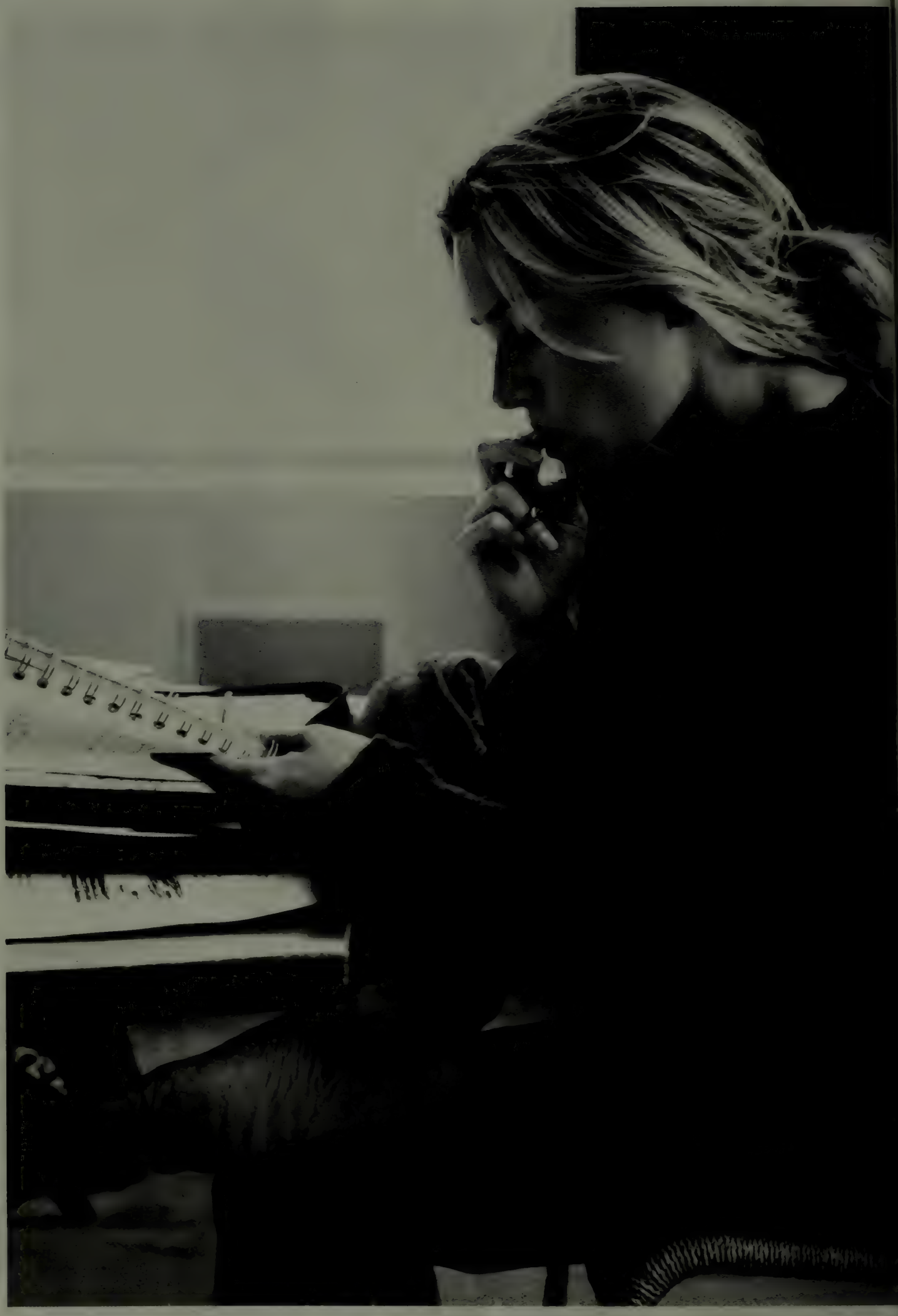
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My name Kate Winslet

childhood ambition To act

fondest memory Camping as a child in Cornwall U.K

soundtrack Rufus Wainwright "Poses"

retreat Any beach. Anywhere!

wildest dream A cure for breast cancer

proudest moment Giving birth to my children

biggest challenge My job.

alarm clock My son.

perfect day Sunday lunch with all the family in England

first job A Kids' cereal commercial

indulgence Chocolate

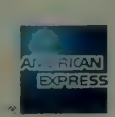
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favorite movie Waiting for Guffman

inspiration My parents

My life Is my family

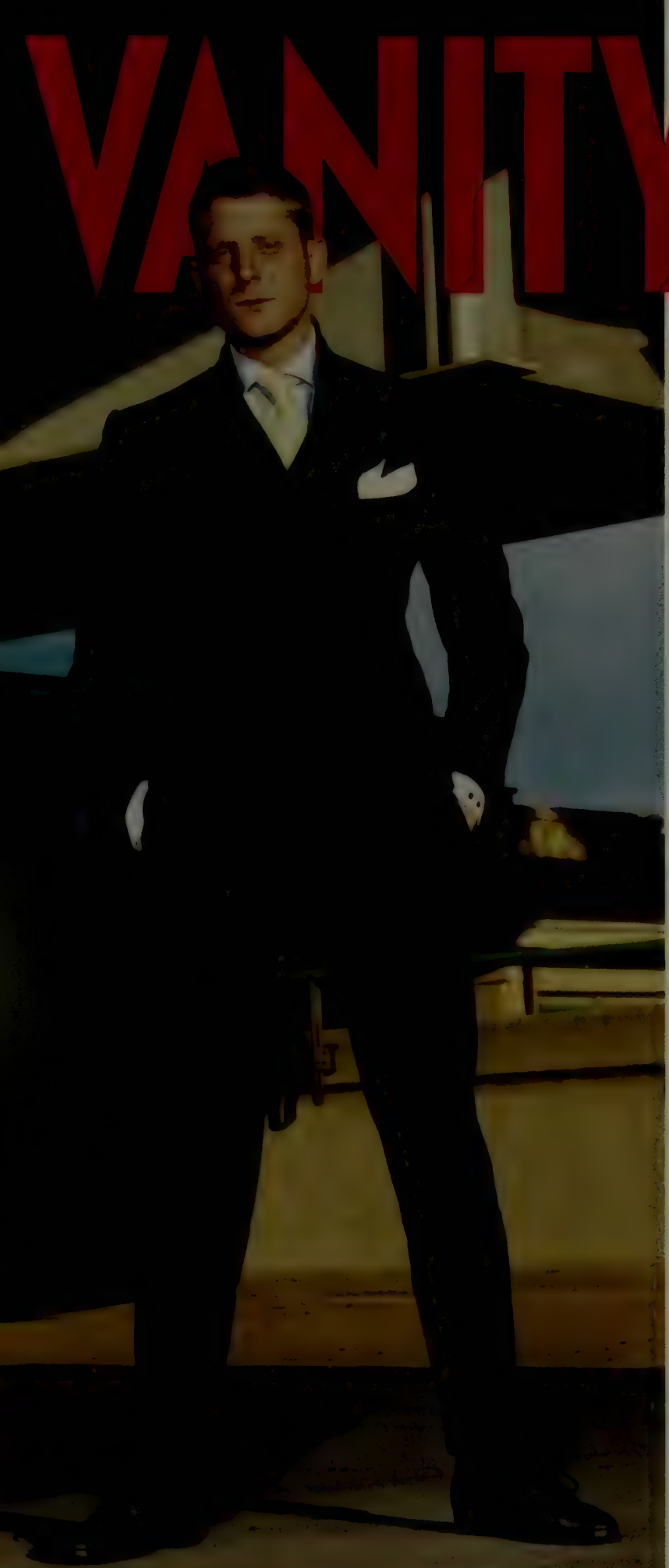
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• V.F. FORUM: JOIN THE CHATTERING CLASS (CLICK, C

FEATURES

120 CONFESSIONS OF A TEENAGE MOVIE QUEEN At 19, Lindsay Lohan has lived through enough drama for a month of *E! True Hollywood Story*s, from the war between her parents to her hospital flameout. The ingenue of Robert Altman's forthcoming *A Prairie Home Companion* unloads to Evgenia Peretz. Photographs by Mario Testino.

128 MR. FITZ GOES TO WASHINGTON The special prosecutor scarifying the White House has put away al-Qaeda terrorists and indicted Conrad Black. Is anyon beyond his reach? David Margolick profiles U.S. Attorney Patrick J. Fitzgerald—bachelor, brainiac, legal juggernaut.

132 DRIVEN BY DYNASTY The adored grandson of the la Fiat patriarch Gianni Agnelli, Lapo Elkann was racing to save the family business. Those plans—like his red-carp romance—hit a wall when he was rescued from an overdose in the apartment of a transsexual prostitute. Mark Seal reports from Turin.

140 KARENNA'S WORLD Karenna Gore Schiff's faith in the democratic process was battered in 2000 when her father lost in overtime to George W. Bush. But, she tells Laura Jacobs, she reconnected with the ideals o growing up Gore by writing her first book, about women who fought for justice. Photograph by Gasper Tringale.

144 GAWK OF THE TOWN Norman Jean Roy and Jim Windolf spotlight the gossips' gossips at Gawker Media, whose Web sites are guilty must-clicks.

146 EVERYMAN'S CASTLE As the London glitterati converge for the centennial of Everyman's Library, David Campbell, who revived the imprint, talks to David Jenkins about turning classics into best-sellers, and his no-less-daring transformation of a Scottish Highlands fixer-upper into a Palladian jewel. Photographs by Christopher Simon Sykes.

150 DON IMUS'S LAST STAND? A 40-year radio veteran with close to three million die-hard fans, Don Imus looks if he's been to hell and back. He has. Spending a week wi the merciless shock jock, Buzz Bissinger discovers what makes him tick—and explode. Photographs by Mark Selig

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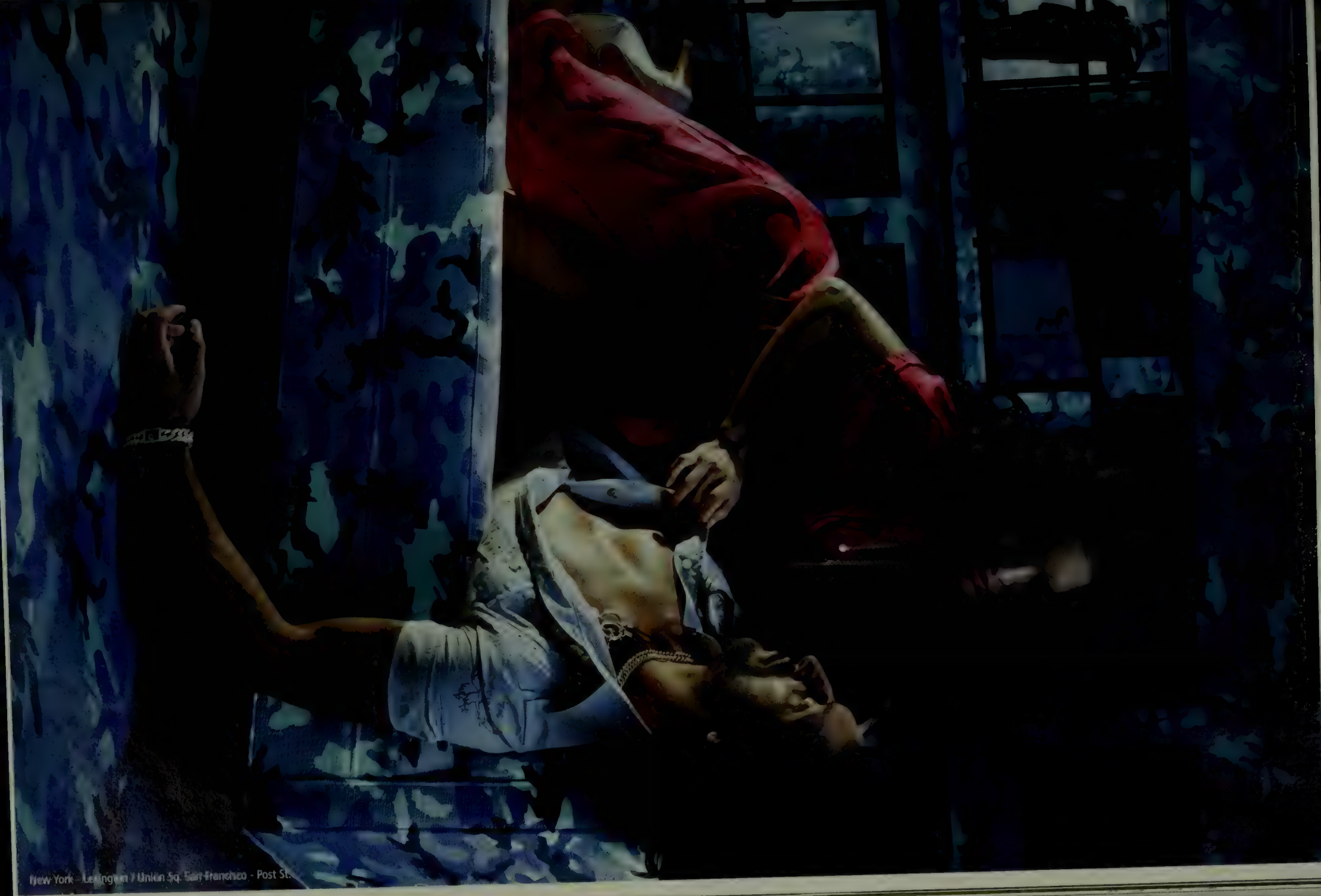
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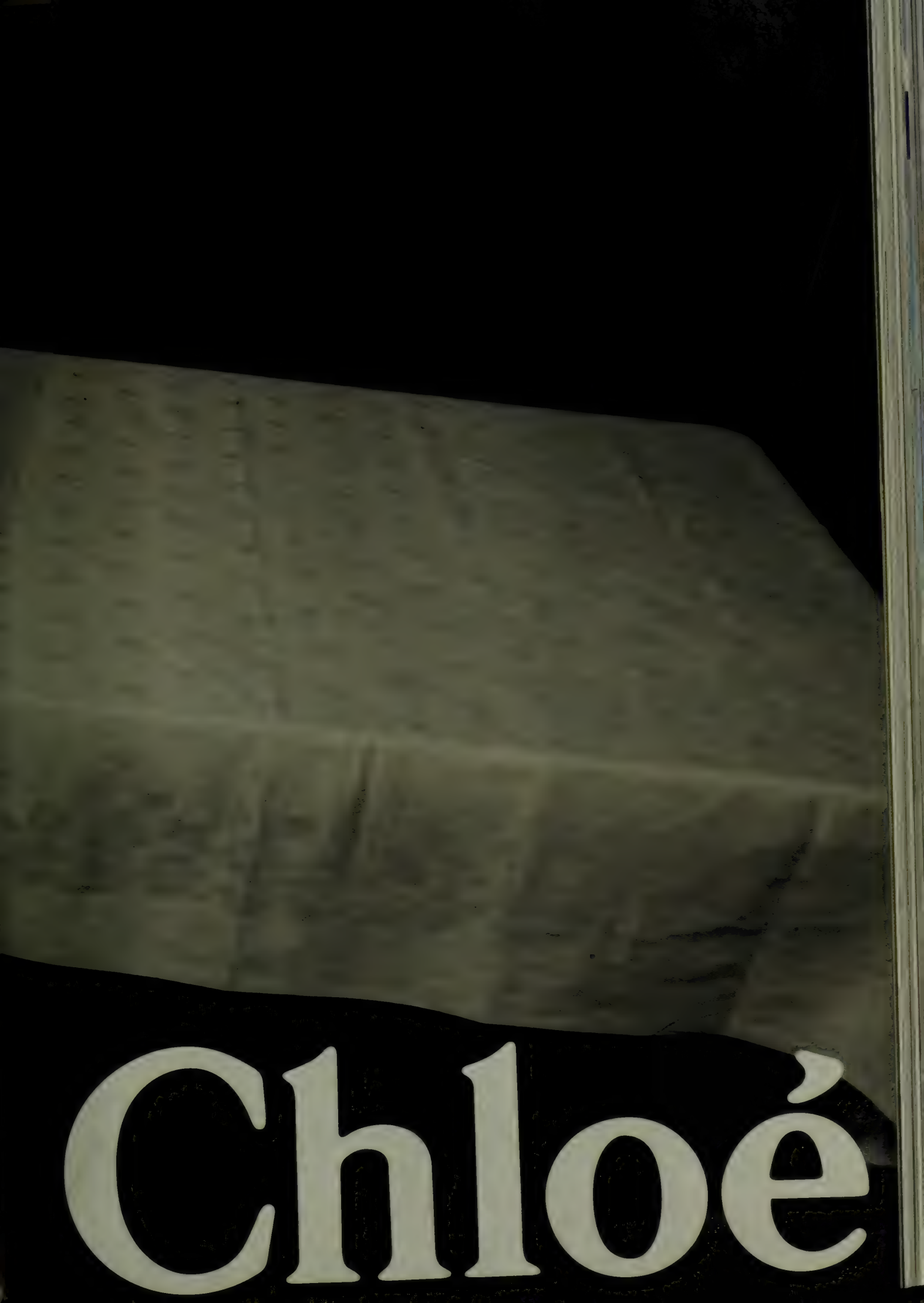
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73 28 DAYS IN THE LIFE OF THE CULTURE Shall we dance? Punch Hutton on Paris debutantes. Lisa Robinson Hot Tracks. Victoria Mather returns to Brown's Hotel; A. M. Homes on the musical *Grey Gardens;* Edward Helmore picks Magic Numbers. My Stuff: Rachel Roy; Hot Looks; Emily Poenisch finds bliss at Heathrow.

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If You Have Nothing to Hide ...



The C.E.O. administration, as the George Bush White House liked to call itself when it came into office in 2000—before it became the "Mission Accomplished" administration in 2003—has become the semantic administration. Or, if you're actually a student of language, the *anti*-semantic administration. Like the Clinton White House before it, the Bush crew has imprisoned the English tongue. What is, or is not, torture? What is, or is not, extraordinary rendition (in layman's terms, the "outsourcing of torture")? Does the C.I.A., or does it not, operate foreign torture prisons? What is, or is not, global warming? The complete brilliance of the Bush administration is that the president has further clouded discourse (perhaps inadvertently) by devising a game plan altogether new in American politics—the One Damned Thing After Another Doctrine. In its simplest terms it is this: Screw up as many things in as many areas as possible, and in as little time as possible, and pray that neither the press nor the public will ever be able to keep up with all of it, or even some of it.

In line with the administration's attempt to remake America into everything we have long deplored came the charges late last year that U.S. troops had fired massive quantities of white phosphorus shells during a battle against the Iraqi Resistance in Fallujah in November 2004. The apparently reckless use of the chemical in a civilian area—in Fallujah it burned bodies, including those of women and children, caramelizing their flesh down to the bone, according to *The Independent*—is evocative of Saddam's gassing of the Kurds 16 years earlier. In typical fashion, the Pentagon at first denied the reports, calling them "widespread myths." Since then photographs and videos of victims, and interviews with U.S. soldiers who fought in Fallujah—and whose nickname for white phosphorous is "Willy Pete"—have told another story.

Vice President Dick Cheney, reportedly in the West Wing's doghouse for not delivering the speedy, slam-bam-thank-you-ma'am Iraq conquest he promised the president, is getting some unwanted ink in the foreign press, where they are beginning to refer to him in most unflattering terms. "War criminal" is one such epithet. Which may account for his weight gain. It may also account for his pre-Christmas surprise visit to the troops in Iraq and Afghanistan. Goodness only knows the cheer the vice president's tour brought to the weary soldiers who were there, so many miles from home during the holidays.

Cheney, on the other hand, had no such Yuletide melancholy. After enduring Iraq for nine hours, he eventually flew back to the U.S., comfortable in the knowledge that only a short jaunt from his "undisclosed location" in the capital was the $2.6 million waterfront house he just bought. It sits on nine acres on the Eastern Shore of Chesapeake Bay. And it's a stone's throw from the home of his low Iraq-war architect Secretary of fense Donald Rumsfeld. One of the things the vice president attended like many a new homeowner, was s ty. Although planes over New York now follow pretty much the same fl paths that they did before Septembe the vice president used the influenc his office to have the area around his new weekend home decla a "no-fly zone." Even when he's not there.

The president may have re-discovered Iraq in his flurry of stu speeches in December, but by year's end he most certai seemed to have lost interest in New Orleans. It appears t through ineptitude or neglect, or a combination of both, we gradually losing a great American city. The president proposed marking $3.1 billion to rebuild the levees that surround New leans. But those levees would be strong enough to withstand a Category 3 hurricane—not the Category 4 storm that broke levees in the first place. More than three months after Hurric Katrina swamped New Orleans, just 10 percent of the city's bu are operating and fewer than 1 percent of the city's public sch are open. It can fairly be argued that Baghdad is in better sh than the Gulf Coast. It's certainly getting more attention fr Washington.

The White House, meanwhile, is resisting congressional quests for access to files that record how Bush and his chie staff, Andy Card, responded when they first got word of the tential devastation of Katrina. The special House committee in tigating that response then downgraded the request, asking only Card's communications. And that was rejected as well.

The administration's own desire for privacy is in complete cont to its position that in its crusade for freedom abroad it must minish everyone else's freedoms at home. The USA Patriot Act strong sword in this battle. Outright spying on Americans is an er. Richard Nixon similarly used the apparatus of the U.S. gov ment to eavesdrop on Americans who held views about the V nam War antithetical to his own. The president's interest in the fairs of others is a trait fraught with pitfalls. Indeed, it brings mind the obituary of a well-regarded English lawyer named Pat "Paddy" Pakenham which appeared in the *Telegraph* last Ju During a drug trial in which Pakenham had clashed often wit testy judge, a bag of marijuana was produced in evidence. *Brin to me,* the judge ordered. Whereupon he opened the bag and p ceeded to place the contents in his mouth. Chewing it, the judge nounced that it was indeed cannabis. *And where was the substa found?* he asked. Pakenham turned to the learned magistrate said, "In the defendant's anus, my Lord." —GRAYDON CAR

ON THE COVER Lindsay Lohan wears a bikini by Michael Kors. Hair products by L'Oréal Professionnel. Makeup products by Lancôme. Hair by Recine. Makeup by Gucci Westman. Manicure by Lisa Jachno. Props styled by Thomas Thurnauer. Styled by Andrew Richardson. Photographed exclusively for *V.F.* by Mario Testino in Malibu, California, on September 21, 2005. For details, see credits page.


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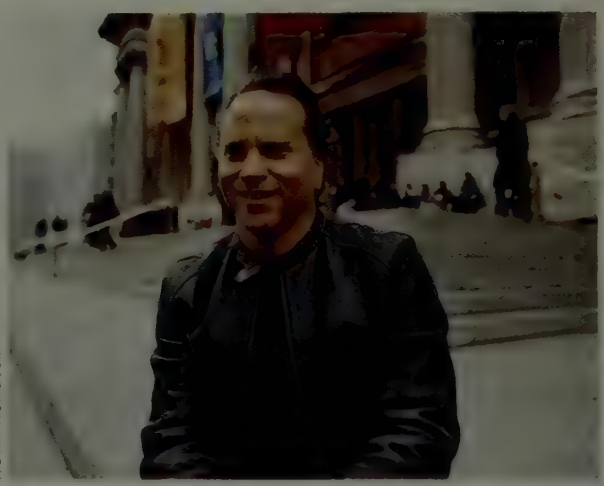
CONTRIBUTORS

Evgenia Peretz



After weeks of trying and failing to set up an interview with Lindsay Lohan, contributing editor Evgenia Peretz assumed the teenage star must be a flaky prima donna. "Moments into the interview—once it was finally nailed down—all my frustration disappeared," Peretz says. "She's just so winning. I felt like I was back in high school, making a new, really funny friend."

Peretz was also impressed with how well Lohan has coped with her crazy fa situation. "Most young people, having gone through the hideous family drama she been through—in public, no less—would be total basket cases. Though she has certainly bouts of weakness, she now seems to be channeling the dark stuff in productive wa

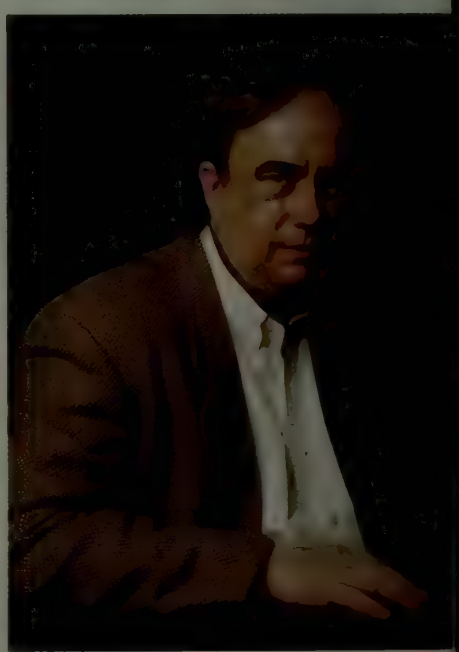


NOAH HENDLER

Buzz Bissinger

When you interact with D Imus, contributing editor Buzz Bissinger discovered you will invariably be dissected mercilessly on th radio. And, try as you might, there is no sure wa to please him. "If I descrit him in the story as Jesus," says Bissinger, "he'd say, 'Why not Muhammad?'" Gaining access to the private Imus was a challen but "once I got in," Bissinger says, "he was very open and gracious. I think he sort of took pity on me." Despite Imus's unpredictable, gruff personality, Bissinger thorough enjoyed this assignment. "I had a lot more fun following him around than I did Michael Bloomberg," whom Bissinger profiled for *V.F.* in December 2003. Bissinger's most recent book, the *New York Times* best-seller *Three Nights in August,* comes out in paperback this spring from Houghton Mifflin.

James Wolcott



Contributing editor James Wolcott argues that filmmaker Michael Moore—regardless of what one thinks of his politics—should be high-fived for single-handedly resuscitating a moribund genre: the documentary. "I think now that Michael Moore has pushed open the door," Wolcott says, "we are going to see a flood of more and more documentaries." Leading the wave is *Why We Fight,* a new film about 9/11 that Wolcott discusses in "Through a Lens, Darkly," on page 88. "I think these films are going to be much more on everyone's radar than they used to be. We have learned that there are new ways to thread a narrative." Wolcott recently wrote the foreword for *Beene by Beene,* by Geoffrey Beene (Vendome).

CONTINUED ON PAGE 62



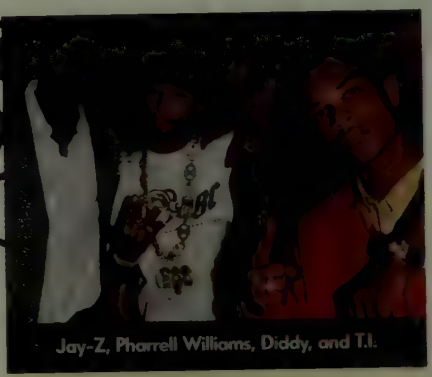
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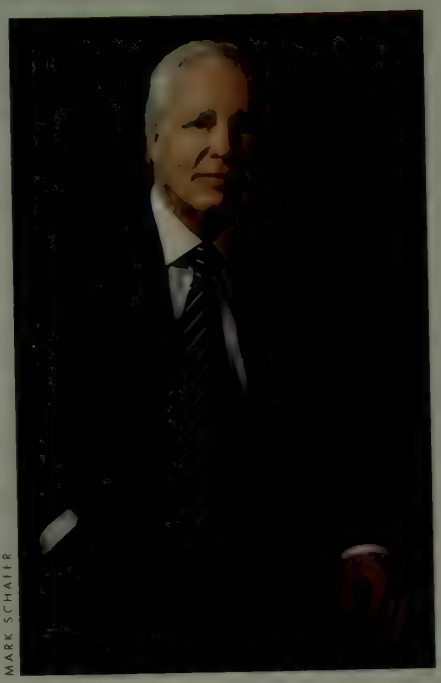
On September 13, 2005, Rocawear and *Vanity Fair* co-hosted a VIP Fashion Week party at Frederick's in Manhattan. An insider crowd, including Beyoncé Knowles, Diddy, Pharrell Williams, Antonio "L.A." Reid, Tommy Mottola, Mark Seliger, DJ AM, and Michelle Williams, turned out to celebrate in style with the evening's guest of honor, Shawn "Jay-Z" Carter. Guests enjoyed cocktails and hors d'oeuvres, music videos by Def Jam artists, and tracks spun by deejay Mark Ronson.



Beyoncé Knowles and Lisa Robinson.

CONTRIBUTORS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60



MARK SCHAFER

Mark Seal

In tracing the scandal surrounding Lapo Elkann, dashing grandson of Fiat visionary Gianni Agnelli, contributing editor Mark Seal became fascinated with Turin, Italy, t backdrop for Elkann's descent into drugs and the company of transsexual prostitute "The two sides of this cold, gray, foggy company town—that was the most interesti thing to me," says Seal. "There was such a dichotomy, one side being so upscale, urb and historic, the other a totally different city." Elkann brought a flashy style to his task of rejuvenating the once dominant automobile brand: "He was an outrageously public person and he was doing an amazi job." Seal is currently collaborating with Daniel Snyder, the owner of the Washingt Redskins, on Snyder's autobiography.



Michael Wolff

For this month's column, contributing editor Michael Wolff strays from his usual culture chaffing to focus on the release of the Wachowski brothers' new film, *V for Vendetta,* but a movie review it is not. Wolff sees the picture as not only a media story but also a social and political one that may change the way Americans think. "For the last several years we've been told to think that our way of life is imperiled. *V* mocks that idea, mocks it in a way that makes you feel just a little sheepish about ever thinking that way," he says. "Movies like *Syriana* and *Good Night, and Good Luck* are just dramatizing way liberals would like to think they think—they're a yawn." Wolff recently finis a screenplay for Columbia Pictures, which will be directed by Nora Eph



ANGEL MORALES

Gasper Tringale

When *Vanity Fair* began preparin name Mark Felt as Watergate's Dee Throat in the July issue, contribu photographer Gasper Tringale w among the first to be let in on th secret. "It was a real caper," reca Tringale. "There was a secret code word for the shoot, and I had to t below the radar with no assistant. By the time I got there, I was afrai to slam the car door too loudly." Tringale, whose photographs regul appear in *V.F.*, captures Karenna Gore Schiff at her N.Y.C. home fo "Karenna's World," page 140. "She was full of intelligence and grace. As with Mark you're dropping into the universe that is another person's life and then out again. It' fascinating." During the shoot, Tringale says, Gore Schiff "couldn't have been nicer to


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UP, UP, AND AWAY
In 2004, evangelical Christians from around the world gathered in the holy city for a "Day of Prayer for the Peace of Jerusalem."

CAUGHT UP IN THE RAPTURE

What would Jesus think?; Robert Redford champions PBS; revealing contributions; a princely pair; and authentic consequences

As one of the secular humanists destined to die a gory death in the forthcoming Armageddon, I was prompted by Craig Unger's insightful article "American Rapture" [December] to dust off my Sunday-school-era Bible and reread the book of Revelation. I was amused to (re)discover that the description of the End of Days does indeed read like a lurid treatment for a forthcoming Mel Gibson religious epic—or a post-Sacramento Schwarzenegger comeback vehicle. But before Tim LaHaye and his fellow born-again types work themselves any further into their pre-Rapturous psychosis, perhaps they should be reminded that, like all sequels in this age of media overload, the Second Coming is probably best avoided. It's bound to pale in comparison with the original—which didn't exactly end well for the main protagonist, either.

MICHAEL HERRMANN
Perth, Australia

I HAVE THIS HORRIBLE FEELING that if Jesus were to come back as predicted in the Scriptures he would be shocked by those who preach so fervently and hysterically in his name today. Worse, he'd probably be reviled and ignored as an impostor by today's fundamentalist "Christians." If I have interpreted information about this great prophet correctly, from what I have read in the New Testament, he would not destroy the "nonbelievers," would love gays, would put an end to an unprovoked war, and would make certain the poor and sick were fed, clothed, and respected.

If, however, "the Rapture" should happen as the Bible-thumpers predict, then I would prefer to vanish in a cloud of fire and dust or burn eternally. Who would want to go to a heaven filled with those people?

CLAUDE M. GRUENER
Austin, Texas

THE ARTICLE "American Rapture" was a clear attack on evangelical Christians. The printing of it, along with the Editor's Letter ["Have Some Compassion, Please!," by Graydon Carter] proclaiming it the "definitive story on Rapture mania," has taken Christian-bashing to a new low.

The entire point of the story, by Craig Unger's own admission, is to enlighten the secular world about the dangerous things of Evangelicals. As evidence, he asserts that Evangelicals are part of a right-wing conspiracy attempting to bring on Armageddon in order to prove we are right about our beliefs—beliefs, Unger writes, that were "once dismissed as . . . delusional." What's delusional? Evangelical Christians know that no human effort can bring on Armageddon!

Furthermore, Unger accuses us of being "almost completely" uninformed about the world we live in, of being racist toward Arabs and dismissive of secular humanists, of wanting war, and of blindly following our preachers' teachings. To him, we are one mindless cult of hateful, right-wing fanatics.

The truth is that Evangelicals represent a truly diverse cross section of America


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Doreen Salerno of Adrienne Vittadini, author Alexandra Stoddard, and Holly Donlon of *Vanity Fair*.

FASHIONABLY BOOKISH

Adrienne Vittadini at The Gardens of the Palm Beaches was the site of an exclusive literary event co-hosted by *Vanity Fair* on October 18, 2005. The special evening featured a preview of the Adrienne Vittadini Holiday Collection, as well as a conversation with Alexandra Stoddard, the esteemed author of *Time Alive*. Guests enjoyed champagne and hors d'oeuvres and received a signed copy of *Time Alive* as a gift with purchase.

The only certain belief we share is faith in Jesus Christ, our Lord. Unger's message about Christians is not just a false one but also a very harmful one.

ANITA JONES
Baldwinsville, New York

PROTECTING PBS

JAMES WOLCOTT suggests that PBS has stopped taking risks in its programming choices ["Kill PBS? Over My Dead Volvo!," December]. I don't buy that.

I spent 14 years trying to bring Tony Hillerman's American Indian–themed mystery novels to the screen. It took the Public Broadcasting Service to make it happen: since 2002, PBS has aired adaptations of three Hillerman novels. I'm proud to serve as one of the executive producers of this series.

PBS's documentaries are just as fearless. People who are having trouble finding the truth these days should look at shows such as *Frontline, Wide Angle,* and *P.O.V.* Each one brings a diversity of views and new perspectives to television.

ROBERT REDFORD
Sundance, Utah

JAMES WOLCOTT paints a highly distorted picture of PBS. During the month his column appeared, PBS aired *Rx for Survival: A Global Health Challenge,* on the worldwide public-health crisis, *Frontline* investigated dwindling abortion rights, and *Now* examined the exploitation of the immigrant workers rebuilding New Orleans.

What did PBS's commercial alternatives air? Discovery Channel viewers saw *Sharkbite!: Surviving Great Whites.* A&E carried *Inside the Playboy Mansion.* The History Channel aired *UFOs and the White House.*

As our programming demonstrates, PBS's mission is to serve—not sell. Citizens understand this. A recent Roper Public Affairs & Media poll ranked PBS as the nation's most trusted institution, above even courts of law.

Mr. Wolcott believes PBS's opponents should "let it wilt on the vine." I believe he should drink more deeply from the source before casting such value aside.

PAT MITCHELL
President and C.E.O.
Public Broadcasting Service
Alexandria, Virginia

HASTERT'S MONEY TRAIL

"AN INCONVENIENT PATRIOT" (September), by David Rose, contains references to Speaker J. Dennis Hastert which could suggest that accusations in a wiretap concerning unaccounted-for contributions were credible and possibly true; those references were themselves unfounded. Unlike many public officials, Speaker Hastert retains information on the identity and residence of contributors, including those contributing less than $200. Those records indicate that there was no basis for suggesting that there were numerous unaccounted-for contributions, much less hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of them. The facts are: the data regarding contributions of less than $200 provide the identity of the donors of Speaker Hastert's un-itemized contributions, confirming that none were of questionable origin or legality. In fact, less than $9,200 (not $500,000, or even tens of thousands of dollars) was donated in October 2000, and only five contributors (whose donations amounted to less than $1,000 total) were from somewhere other than Illinois.

RANDY EVANS
Counsel to Speaker J. Dennis Hastert
Atlanta, Georgia

DAVID ROSE REPLIES: My article did not suggest that the alleged contents of F.B.I. wiretaps in which Turkish targets spoke of donations to Mr. Hastert's campaign were credible or true. Indeed, it stated that their claims may have been "hollow boasts." The point is that the contents have been described by the former F.B.I. translator Sibel Edmonds to congressional investigators, but only under conditions of strict secrecy, and as long as the government persists in smothering her case beneath the state-secrets privilege, there is no possibility of testing the veracity of any of her allegations, the reported Hastert wiretaps included.

LOVE, OFFICIALLY

AT LAST! A wonderful, positive article on Charles and Camilla ["Charles and Camilla, Together at Last," by Bob Colacello, December]!

Thank you, *Vanity Fair;* this couple deserved no less.

JANET BEECH
Alta Loma, California

BOB COLACELLO writes: "Charles was removed from the Civil List in 1993." The Prince has never been on the Civil List. As the Duke of Cornwall, he agreed in 1993 to pay taxes on the income from the Duchy of Cornwall estates.

THOMAS CAMPBELL
New York, New York

THE *60 MINUTES* TAKEDOWN

AS A FELLOW LIBERAL, I advise Mary Mapes to take a long, hard look in the mirror before casting stones in the name of a



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free press ["*60 Minutes* Is Going Down!," December]. Mapes has done what the Bush administration she so heavily criticizes does best: shirk responsibility while gathering information from select sources sympathetic to an already drawn conclusion.

Mapes chose as her No. 1 source Bill Burkett, an unreliable, anti-Bush, anti–National Guard former cattle rancher, then had the audacity to fault the subsequent CBS investigative panel for its "rigid, legalistic ideas of how reporting should work. . . . Dick Thornburgh [the panel's lead investigator] would have found Mark Felt an inadequate source." To compare her cattle rancher to Woodward and Bernstein's loyal F.B.I. man is shocking enough, but to forget that Felt was only one of a huge number of reliable sources is unethical journalism.

LAUREN WISSOT
Brooklyn, New York

IF GEORGE W. BUSH'S Air National Guard documents were forgeries, they were forged not by a Bush enemy but by a Republican trickster who set up CBS, and, by implication, the Kerry campaign.

Proportional fonts and superscript were not unknown in the early 1970s. My 1972 typing teacher got us to type subscrip and superscript, rather badly, by holdin the roller between lines, but some typewrit ers could do subscript and superscript per fectly. I don't know why this should soun amazing, considering that man had alread been to the moon by then. So the Bush doc uments may well be genuine.

But let's suppose the documents are forg eries, done on a modern computer. Are w to believe that the forger was meticulou about dates, addresses, and multi-digi numbers, but not about what machine h used? Old electric typewriters are not har to find; they're hard to get rid of. Curren

POSTSCRIPT



FATAL BEAUTY
More than seven years after Suzanne Jovin's murder, the search for her killer continues.

On December 4, 1998, Suzanne Jovin, a Yale senior, was stabbed 17 times and left to die on the side of the road in New Haven's wealthy East Rock neighborhood. Police have theorized she was driven to the scene of the crime—two miles from Phelps Gate, Yale's main entrance, where she was last seen by a classmate—and killed by someone she knew. Who was this someone? We wish we could tell you. Contributing editor Suzanna Andrews investigated the mystery behind Suzanne's death, for the August 1999 issue ("Murder Most Yale"). At the time, the leading suspect in this highly publicized murder was James Van de Velde, Suzanne's 38-year-old senior-thesis adviser and a popular political-science lecturer.

More than seven years later, the New Haven police are no closer to identifying Suzanne's killer, despite a number of new developments in the case. In 2001, police announced that blood scraped from under Suzanne's fingernails had finally been tested. It was from a man, but the DNA did not match Van de Velde's or that of anyone else from whom samples had been taken. In 2004, it was revealed that fingerprints of two people were on a bottle of Fresca found at the murder scene: Suzanne's and a partial print from a man the police could not identify.

All along, Van de Velde has vehemently proclaimed his innocence. And although the police have made no move to charge him, they have also refused to officially clear him of suspicion. Since 1999, Van de Velde has been living outside Washington, D.C., and working as a counter-intelligence analyst, first for the Pentagon and now for the State Department. In his ongoing fight to clear his name, he has sued New Haven police-department officials and Yale employees for publicly identifying him as a suspect. That suit is still pending.

Suzanne would have turned 29 at the end of January. The hunt for her killer continues.

Dana Giacchetto—the high-flying Hollywood money manager who by night partied with "Leo" (DiCaprio) and by day invested the earnings not only of pal Leo but also of Cameron Diaz, Ben Affleck, and a veritable Who's Who of young Hollywood—landed with a thud just three weeks after special correspondent Maureen Orth chronicled his doings, in the April 2000 issue ("Leveraging the Stars"). Giacchetto was arrested on charges o securities fraud for misappropriating more than $9 million of his clients' money—including $80,000 at the Chateau Marmont and $55,000 in restaurant bills. He was also sued civilly by the Secu rities and Exchange Commission for illegally diverting $20 millio from the accounts of his lesser-known clients into the account of his A-list "best buddies."

It was, perhaps, time for him to pause, take stock, and reflect But nine days after the charges were filed, Giacchetto's bail wa revoked when he was arrested at the Newark airport after an unau thorized trip to Las Vegas. He was carrying $4,000 in cash, about $44,000 in first-class airline tickets, and a doctored passport. Giac chetto pleaded guilty to one count of securities fraud in 2000. At his sentencing hearing, he threw himself on the mercy of the court, sobbing, "I was living in a world of fantasy." Unimpressed, the judge sentenced him to almost five years in jail.

To settle his civil case with the S.E.C., Giacchetto agreed to return more than $14 million of the stolen funds and pay a $100,000 fine, and promised never to work in the securities business again. Meanwhile, Robert Geltzer, the bankruptcy trustee of Giacchetto's financial firm, the Cassandra Group, has set about suing a stunning group of celebrities to get back some of the diverted money. DiCaprio's manager, Rick Yorn, has had to cough up the most—$610,000. Diaz, Affleck, Matt Damon, Ben Stiller, Tobey Maguire, Courteney Cox Arquette, Alanis Morrisette, and Mike Ovitz have returned smaller amounts. Altogether, Geltzer has initiated about 100 of these "adversary proceedings" and about 65 of them have been resolved.

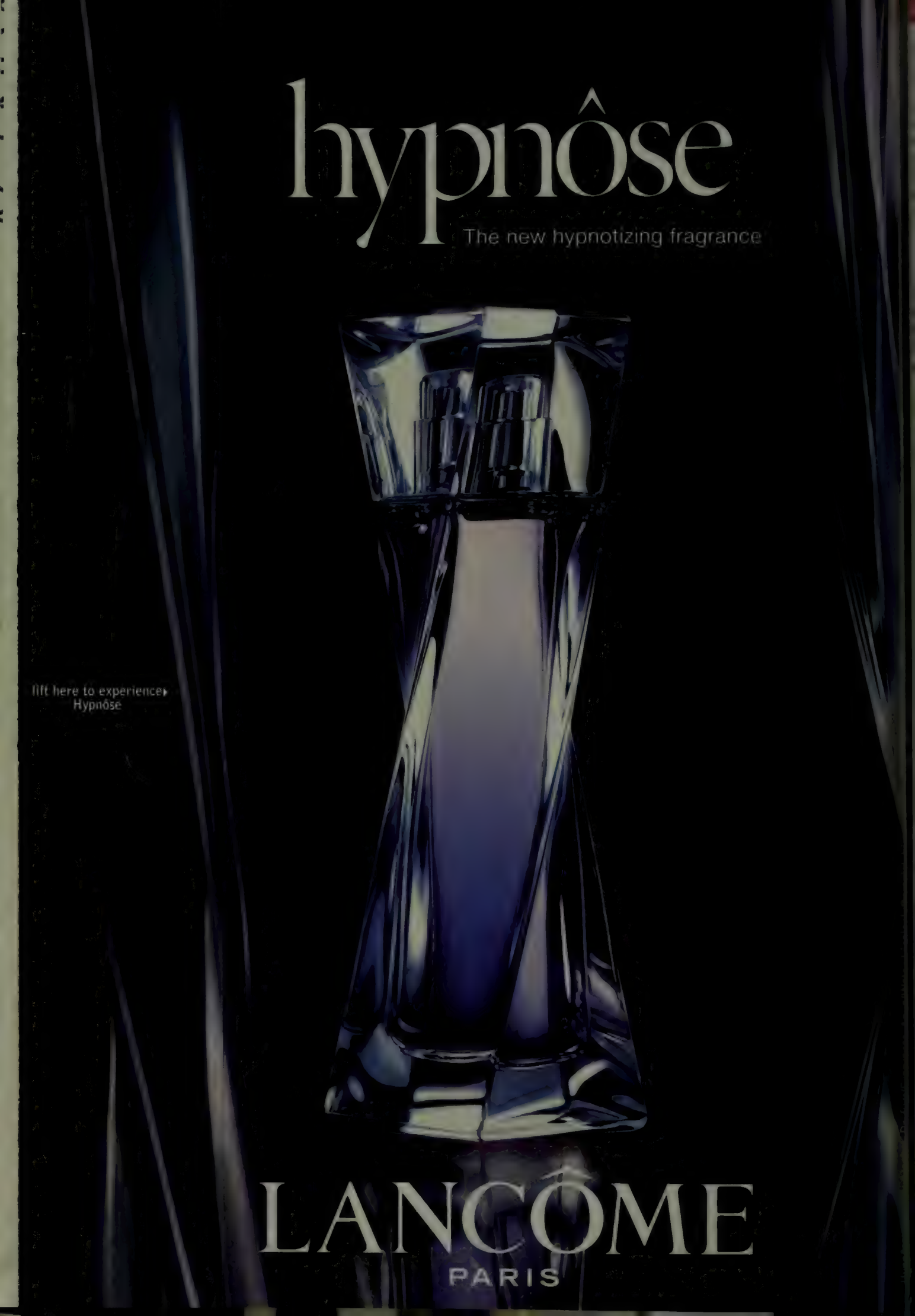
Giacchetto was released from prison in 2003. Part of his deal with the government is that 25 percent of his gross earnings from now on will eventually be distributed to victims of the fraud until their losses are paid off. After a stint working as a paralegal for his defense attorney, Giacchetto launched a new capitalist venture in high-end canned foods. His company, Taste, is for those with discerning palates and gourmet can openers.

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PONZI POSSE
Leonardo DiCaprio and Dana Giacchetto at a benefit in Los Angeles, 1999.


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office-supply catalogues offer pages of replacement ribbons, so the machines must still be around. But if the forger was too lazy to find a typewriter, he could have made the documents more credible on his computer by using old-fashioned styles and quaint fonts.

If there was a forger, he wanted the forgeries exposed. And that's the real story—one well worth publishing.

JANET SWANBORN
Calumet City, Illinois

CORRECTIONS: On page 326 of the December issue ("Reconstructing Woody," by Peter Biskind), we misidentified the wine company Orson Welles shilled for. He acted in commercials for Paul Masson. On page 336 ("Charles and Camilla, Together at Last," by Bob Colacello), the implied duration of Camilla Parker Bowles's first marriage was incorrect. She was still married in 1976. On page 124 of the January issue ("Baryshnikov at the Summit," by Laura Jacobs), we neglected to credit Jochen Schweizer, the stunt coordinator for the photo shoot.

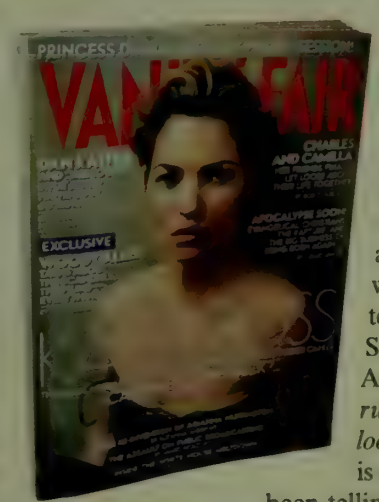
Letters to the editor should be sent electronically with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number to letters@vf.com. Letters to the editor will also be accepted via fax at 212-286-4324. All requests for back issues should be sent to subscriptions@vf.com. All other queries should be sent to vfmail@vf.com. The magazine reserves the right to edit submissions, which may be published or otherwise used in any medium. All submissions become the property of *Vanity Fair*.

MORE FROM THE *V.F.* MAILBAG

"Why do you insist on using '-gate' for every single scandal or pseudo-scandal? . . . Watergate happened in the early 70s. Please, I implore you, stop." So pleads Wendy Elaine Harlow, of Indianapolis. Watch this space for further Harlowgate developments.

Here's what some readers had to say about *V.F.*'s running stories on Prince Charles and his new life with Camilla, Duchess of Cornwall, and on Princess Diana in the same issue: "Poor decision"; "Was it really necessary?"; "Shame on you"; and "JUST LET THEM BE!" Correction: strike the phrase "some readers" and substitute "Isabelle Micallef, of Los Angeles." Those observations, we now realize, all come from one, dismayed letter writer.

"Oh, dear, Kate Moss is even more boring than Paris Hilton," writes A. T. Osgood, of Delray Beach, Florida ("The Beautiful and the Damned," by Vicky Ward, December). Yes, we're back to the Great Covers Debate. Some readers (note: in this instance, retain the phrase "some readers"—do not substitute "Isabelle Micallef, of Los Angeles") found our cover girl uncoverworthy. Moss, claims Kalia Mussetter, of Sebastopol, California, is "the world's least interesting person." But is she? "Ms. Ward refers to Ms. Moss as brilliant," observes Vanessa Carmichael, of Los Angeles. "Brilliant? Because she can put an interesting outfit together without the help of a stylist? I was named best-dressed in high school—that doesn't make me a candidate for NASA." Fortunately, Ann Hoover, of Santa Monica, California, can advise us on the delicate art of choosing covers for a sensitive readership: "Let me spell some of it out for you. We will disdain any covers and stories on Jessica Simpson, Ashlee Simpson, Britney Spears, Pamela Anderson, et al., although we'll admit it's a fine line for you to walk because, strangely, we did enjoy your Lindsay Lohan feature a while back. And, O.K., I personally find the Olsen twins interesting." (You've probably noticed our current cover. Quick service!)



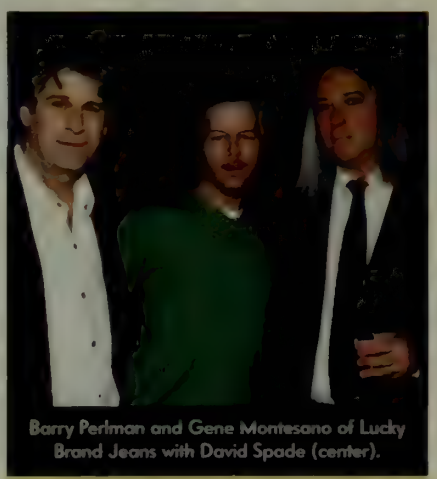
The one-woman—or one-feng-shui-master, anyway—campaign to persuade Graydon Carter to change his Editor's Letter photo (see "More from the *V.F.* Mailbag," December) continues. "Since you are born in the Gold Ox year and your monthly sign is a goat, that would explain the 'Hangover Man' and possibly the aversion to riding togs," writes feng shui master China Rose, from Silverlake, California. And therefore? "*Don't rule out the barnyard look altogether.*" Which is what some of us have been telling Graydon for years. Now maybe he'll listen.

Finally, our favorite opening sentence this month: "I live in the state of Iowa and in the Kate Moss spread she is wearing a pair of Dior underwear."

Exactly.

ENTER THE *VANITY FAIR* "MAKING A SCENE" SWEEPSTAKES

[illegible] turn in the spotlight? See the "Making a Scene" special advertising section presented by Porsche Cayman in this issue for details [illegible] "Making a Scene" Sweepstakes. One winner and a guest will win a whirlwind getaway to Los Angeles to attend *Vanity Fair*'s exclusive "Amped" event, during the week of the Academy Awards. It's a trip that's fit for a star. Log on to VanityFair.com and click on "Vanity Fair Access" to enter today.



Barry Perlman and Gene Montesano of Lucky Brand Jeans with David Spade (center).

BLACK TIE & BLUE JEANS GALA

On Friday, November 11, the Lucky Brand Foundation hosted its ninth annual Black Tie & Blue Jeans Gala at the Regent Beverly Wilshire Hotel in Beverly Hills. Approximately 600 guests from the entertainment, fashion, and publishing industries enjoyed performances by blues singer Jonny Lang and the legendary duo of Loggins and Messina. The event, hosted by David Spade, raised approximately $700,000 for the Children's Health Fund, which will build two mobile medical units to serve the needs of families hit by Hurricane Katrina.

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VANITY FAIR

28 Days in the Life of the Culture
February 2006



Making Their Debut

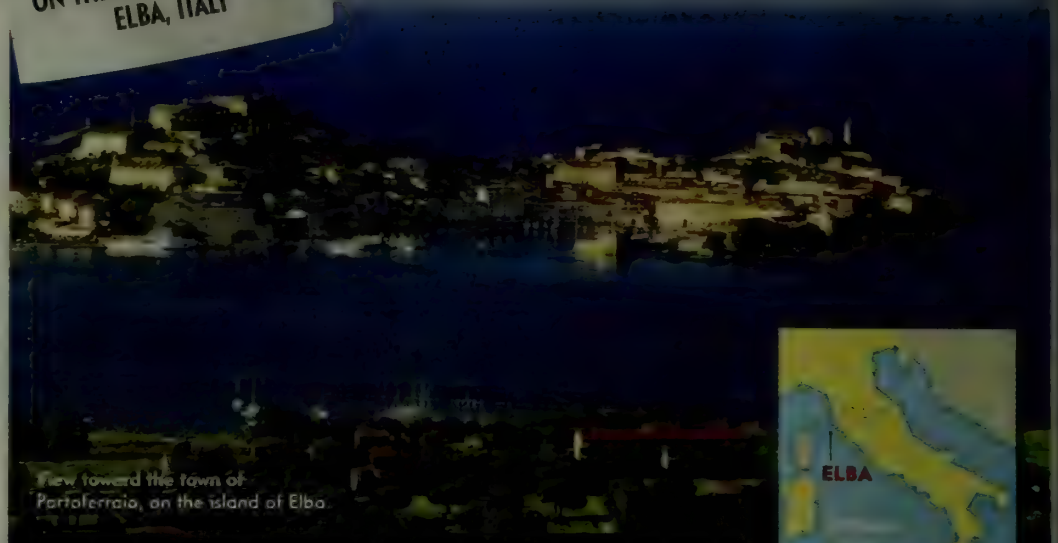
International debutantes Salima Mangalji, Yuki Mori, Nadine Ghosn, Camille de Dampierre, Michaela Raikes, and Quitterie de Rivoyre, photographed at the Hôtel de Crillon, in Paris, November 25, 2005. For more, turn to page 82.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JONATHAN BECKER


FEND

NEW YORK ASPEN BAL HARBOUR BEVERLY HILLS SOUTH COAST PLAZA HOUSTON AMERICANA MANHASSET SHORT HILLS LAS VEGAS
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LEAKING THE SECRET ON THE LATEST HOT SPOT, ELBA, ITALY



View toward the town of Portoferraio, on the island of Elba.

Swim, tan, and shop. Napoleon's favored vacation spot, Elba, part of the Tuscan Archipelago, in the Tyrrhenian Sea, is emerging as the destination resort for travelers from around the world. While Europeans have long ferried to the fish-shaped island for its soft white-sand beaches, private rocky enclaves, quaint boutiques, and amazing gelato, the rest of us are only just now getting in on the secret.

REEL MUSIC

■ On February 8, nominees **Franz Ferdinand** and **the White Stripes** rock the house at the 48th annual **Grammy Awards,** at L.A.'s Staples Center.

■ ***Curious George*** (Universal Pictures) opens February 10. The cast includes the voices of **Will Ferrell, Dick Van Dyke, Eugene Levy, David Cross, Joan Plowright,** and **Drew Barrymore. Jack Johnson** performs his original songs.

APRÈS-SKI

Aspen, the winter-wonderland restaurant and bar in New York City, looks and feels like a ski lodge. There's a bar with Lucite deer heads, a fireplace, a private Gonzo dining room—in honor of **Hunter S. Thompson**—and a menu packed with dishes such as bison sliders with chipotle ketchup, brook-trout tacos, and pomegranate-and-rosemary baby lamb chops. It's the best of après-ski—without having to unbuckle your boots.



The bar at Aspen, in New York City.

FEB

THE CULTURAL DIVIDE



FAT TUESDAY

Rebuild the spirit. Efforts won't be complete without the bourbon, beads, and music. Head down to New Orleans for Mardi Gras (2/24–28).

BRIT PICKS

No one does satire better than the English. First came ***The Chap,*** the magazine for modern gentlemen who prefer ancient rituals of courtesy and dress and shudder at such things as fast-food corporations and the information superhighway. And now there's ***Rubbish,*** the irreverent new fashion annual that targets style-supplement addicts looking for a less serious approach to designers and their sartorial subjects.



ART OPENINGS

■ **"Goya's Last Works"** begins at New York's Frick Collection. It's the first American exhibition to concentrate exclusively on the final phase of the artist's career. Oil paintings, lithographs, and tiny paintings on ivory make up the 50-piece show (2/22–5/14).



■ A retrospective of pop icon **David Hockney's** portraiture, from photographs to watercolors, debuts at the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston (2/26–5/14).



■ The Art Institute of Chicago opens **"Girodet: Romantic Rebel,"** an exhibition featuring more than 100 French Revolution–inspired works by Anne-Louis Girodet de Roussy-Trioson (2/11–4/30).

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ve in tall glass over ice



drink responsibly.
1.5 oz. per serving.



Rhett Miller

HOT TRACKS

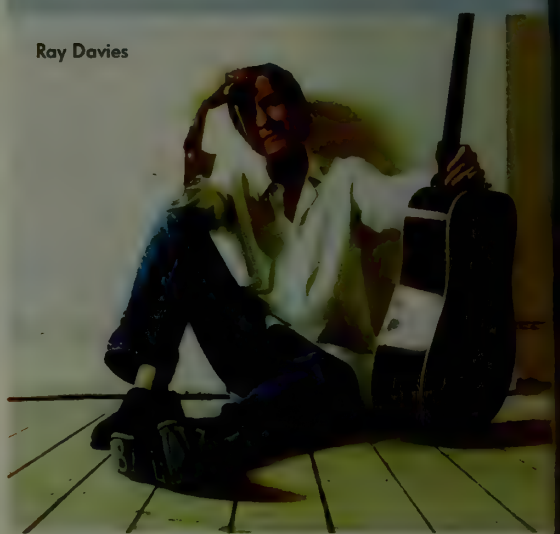
LISA ROBINSON

For an industry that's in a snit over diminishing sales, the music business doesn't make it easy to listen to music. If you can manage to pry open the CD package, listen on your computer without getting attacked by faulty protection schemes, or avoid *arrest* for illegal copying, downloading, or whatnot, here are some new offerings that I courageously listened to on pre-release discs bristling with encryptions, warnings, and threats. Enjoy.

Rhett Miller, the romantic front man for rock band Old 97's, releases his second solo CD, *The Believer,* a George Drakoulias–produced, melodic gem. Manchester fave **Elbow's** *Leaders of the Free World* is hypnotic and bittersweet. **Jessi Colter's** *Out of the Ashes* is the first new solo album in 20 years from the wife of the late Waylon Jennings. The uniquely talented **Beth Orton's** *Comfort of Strangers* has 14 welcome new tunes recorded in two weeks in New York City with producer Jim O'Rourke. *Soul of a Man* is from veteran rocker **Eric Burdon,** who devotes his phenomenal voice to blues classics in a tribute to the music of New Orleans.

There's probably no living songwriter more British than Kinks leader **Ray Davies**—the dance halls and vaudeville palaces of Blackpool, the Waterloo Bridge at sunset, and all that. But an extended stay in pre-Katrina New Orleans (while recovering from gunshot wounds suffered during a mugging) shaped the material for the first solo album of Davies's distinguished 40-year career. *Other People's Lives* contains songs that express a deep appreciation for America's economic problems as well as all the poignant character studies, sophistication, and wit that we expect from one of rock's most literate and insightful songwriters. After all, who else can write a song titled "Is There Life After Breakfast?" He's still not like anybody else.

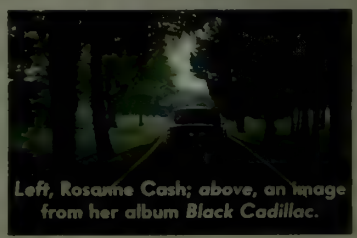
Ray Davies



With that city still on everyone's mind, the remastered, repackaged *Dr. John Plays Mac Rebennack: The Legendary Sessions, Volume 2* is a definitive take on the region's piano style and the quintessential **Dr. John** collection. *Straight to Hell* is **Hank Williams III's** ode to broken hearts, drinking, and outlaw ways. **Willie Nelson's** *You Don't Know Me: The Songs of Cindy Walker* presents songs written by one member of the Country Music Hall of Fame, sung by another. **Elvis Costello's** *My Flame Burns Blue* is a live concert recorded with famed 52-piece jazz orchestra Metropole Orkest in The Hague, and includes a bonus disc with a suite from *Il Sogno,* Costello's first full-length orchestral work. **Willie Nile's** much-anticipated, heartfelt, and uncompromising *Streets of New York* was three years in the making. Worth noting: re-releases from **Warren Zevon** and **Nina Simone,** and coming to a Starbucks near you is *Timeless,* a collaboration between bossa nova maven **Sergio Mendes** and hip-hop and R&B stars will.i.am, Q-Tip, John Legend, Jill Scott, and others.



With a big Hollywood movie, numerous TV specials, a Broadway musical, several new box sets of old material, and a still-to-be-released album recorded with producer Rick Rubin, there's been a lot of hubbub lately about the late Johnny Cash. One who stayed out of the public commotion was his oldest child, singer-songwriter **Rosanne Cash,** but now she breaks her silence with the powerful *Black Cadillac.* The album is dedicated to her father; her mother, Vivian Liberto Cash Distin; and her stepmother, June Carter Cash—all of whom died during the period from 2003 to 2005– and the 12 beautiful songs are, according to Cash, about anger, defiance, grief, gratitude, acceptance, denial, loss of faith, and renewal of faith.



Left, Rosanne Cash; *above,* an image from her album *Black Cadillac.*

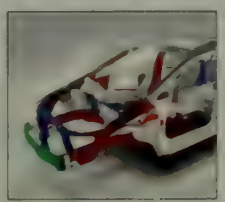
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POSH PALACE Exterior of Brown's Hotel, in London.

UPSIDE BROWN

THE CLASSIC HOTEL RE-INVENTS ITSELF

When I was a girl, my mother told me that there was only one hotel in London where a lady could respectably stay on her own: Brown's. The Ritz was too ritzy, the Savoy too racy, and you never knew whom you might meet in Claridge's. Brown's, on the other hand, on Albemarle Street, was above reproach. **Queen Victoria** had been to Brown's; **Rudyard Kipling** wrote *The Jungle Book* there; **Roosevelts Theodore, Franklin,** and **Eleanor** were all guests. Brown's, in short, was cloaked in a pall of respectability, and, as such, it didn't register on my Richter scale of exciting places to see and be seen.

Fast-forward to 2006. Dear old Brown's, once so chintzy, so English, has been bought by **Sir Rocco Forte,** who, with the help of his sister, **the Honorable Olga Polizzi,** has renovated the place and whisked the brown right out of it. Its classicism remains, but the calm, contemporary design—pale greens, grays, and creams, **Bill Amberg** leather in the bar, a dash of silver—makes Brown's, which used to smell of old soup, 2006-sexy. Photographs by **Terence Donovan** line the bar, which throbs with rum cocktails; big, cool suites have iPod docking stations and plasma flat-screen TVs, and mobile phones are presented to guests after they check in. And then there's the Grill at Brown's, with its comforting wood paneling, where the order of the day is everything English. It's a fantastic power-lunching spot that's affordable; it's magic in a London that's gone crazily expensive. —VICTORIA MATHER

Garden of Ediths

A MAYSLES FILM MAKES ITS STAGE DEBUT

"Would you bring my little radio? . . . I have got to have some professional music," says **Edith Bouvier Beale** in the 1976 cult-classic documentary *Grey Gardens.* And now she will, as Pulitzer Prize–winning playwright **Doug Wright,** composer **Scott Frankel,** lyricist **Michael Korie,** and director **Michael Greif** have transformed the Maysles brothers' film into a musical, opening this month at New York's Playwrights Horizons, and starring **Mary Louise Wilson** as Edith Bouvier Beale—the sister of **Jackie O's** father, **"Black Jack" Bouvier**—and **Christine Ebersole** as her aspiring-actress daughter, **Little Edie.** In the 1970s the Maysles brothers shot 60 hours of film of the two women living as recluses at Grey Gardens, their mansion in East Hampton, in squalid conditions, with innumerable cats, piles of trash, and, for a time, no running water. "Maybe Big Edie was a narcissist who needed an audience or maybe she provided a safe haven for a daughter who was unable to cope with the real world," suggests Frankel. "Either way, it's a complex family romance," says Wright. Notified of the musical by **Albert Maysles** before her death, in 2002, Little Edie reportedly said, "It's perfect. My whole life is a musical." —A. M. HOMES



GLORY DAYS "Little Edie" Beale in East Hampton in the late 1930s.



HOME ALONE Edith Bouvier Beale, filmmaking brothers David and Albert Maysles, and Edie Beale in the Beales' bedroom at Grey Gardens, their mansion in East Hampton, New York, in the 1970s.

MAKING MAGIC

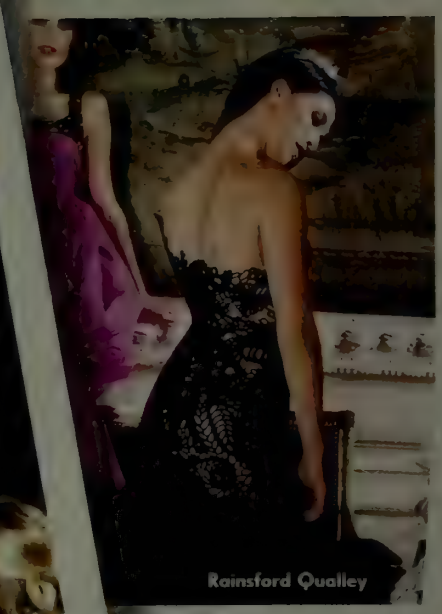
In the forests of British musical opportunity, **the Magic Numbers** are easy to spot: they're like woodland creatures, untroubled and gregarious—not at all like the tense, skinny rockers who have lately been making noises. Formed from two sets of siblings, the Trinidad-born, New York–raised Stodarts and the London-reared Gannons, the band—inspired by 60s harmony groups like **the Mamas and the Papas** and **the Lovin' Spoonful**—has a flair for making a corny pop melody fresh again and for sounding optimistically brokenhearted. Hirsute singer and songwriter **Romeo Stodart** says the effect is deliberate: "I love songs that have a happy-sad element to them. . . . You can't really pinpoint what you're feeling, because you're feeling both emotions." The Magic Numbers next appear at New Zealand and Australia's Big Day Out festival, beginning January 20. —EDWARD HELMORE

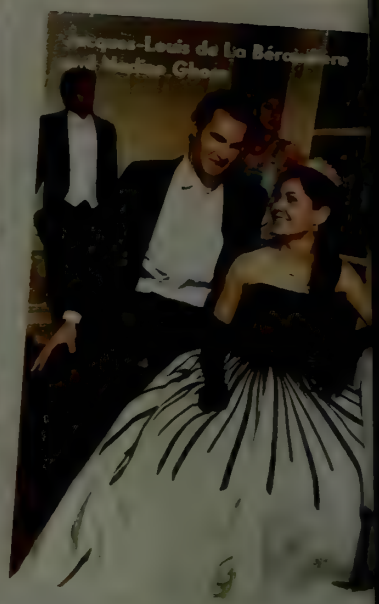
STEPPING OUT Romeo Stodart, Angela Gannon, Michele Stodart, and Sean Gannon in Los Angeles, November 2, 2005.




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Antoine de Tavernost with Theodora Warre


Rainsford Qualley

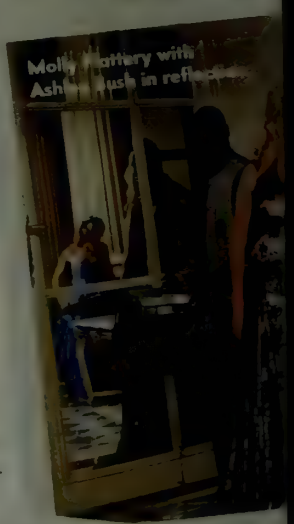


Having a Ball

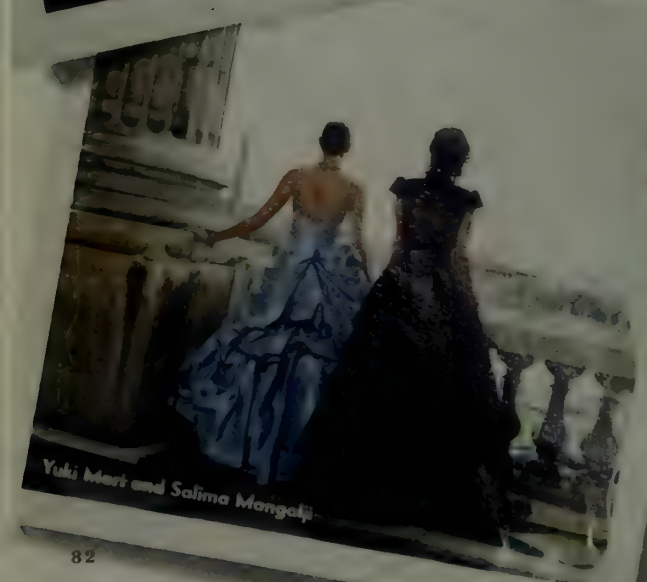
THE JUNIOR JET SET TAKES A BOW

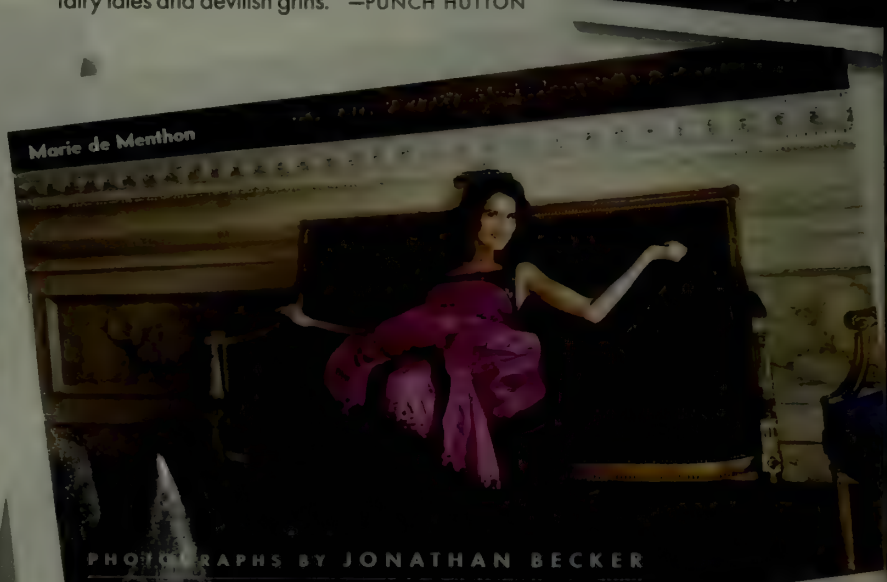
Once upon a time, the 18-year-old daughters of the United Kingdom's aristocracy were presented in the grandest fashion to Her Majesty the Queen in a ceremony that would officially herald the commencement of the season's most lavish balls. Today, **Le Bal Crillon des Débutantes,** hosted in Paris each November, carries on the tradition, but with a decidedly international twist. Last year, 23 debutantes, representing 10 countries, curtsied to society—while making sure not to trip over their haute couture floor-length gowns. Americans **Ashley Bush,** the niece of **President George W., Steve McQueen's** granddaughter **Molly Flattery,** and **Rainsford Qualley,** actress **Andie MacDowell's** daughter, waltzed the night away with, among others, **Sofia Barclay,** granddaughter of **Sir David Barclay; Yasmin Kerr,** daughter of Simple Minds singer **Jim Kerr** and the Pretenders' **Chrissie Hynde;** Japan's **Yuki Mori,** fashion designer **Hanae Mori's** granddaughter; picture-perfect **Bianca Brandolini d'Adda,** from Italy; and **Maria Juncadella-Hohenlohe,** whose family helped establish Spain's Marbella Island. Without question, though, it was the handpicked escorts—dressed in tails, bursting with charm and impeccable manners—who seemed to have the most fun. It was an enchanted evening full of fairy tales and devilish grins. —PUNCH HUTTON


Bianca Brandolini d'Adda

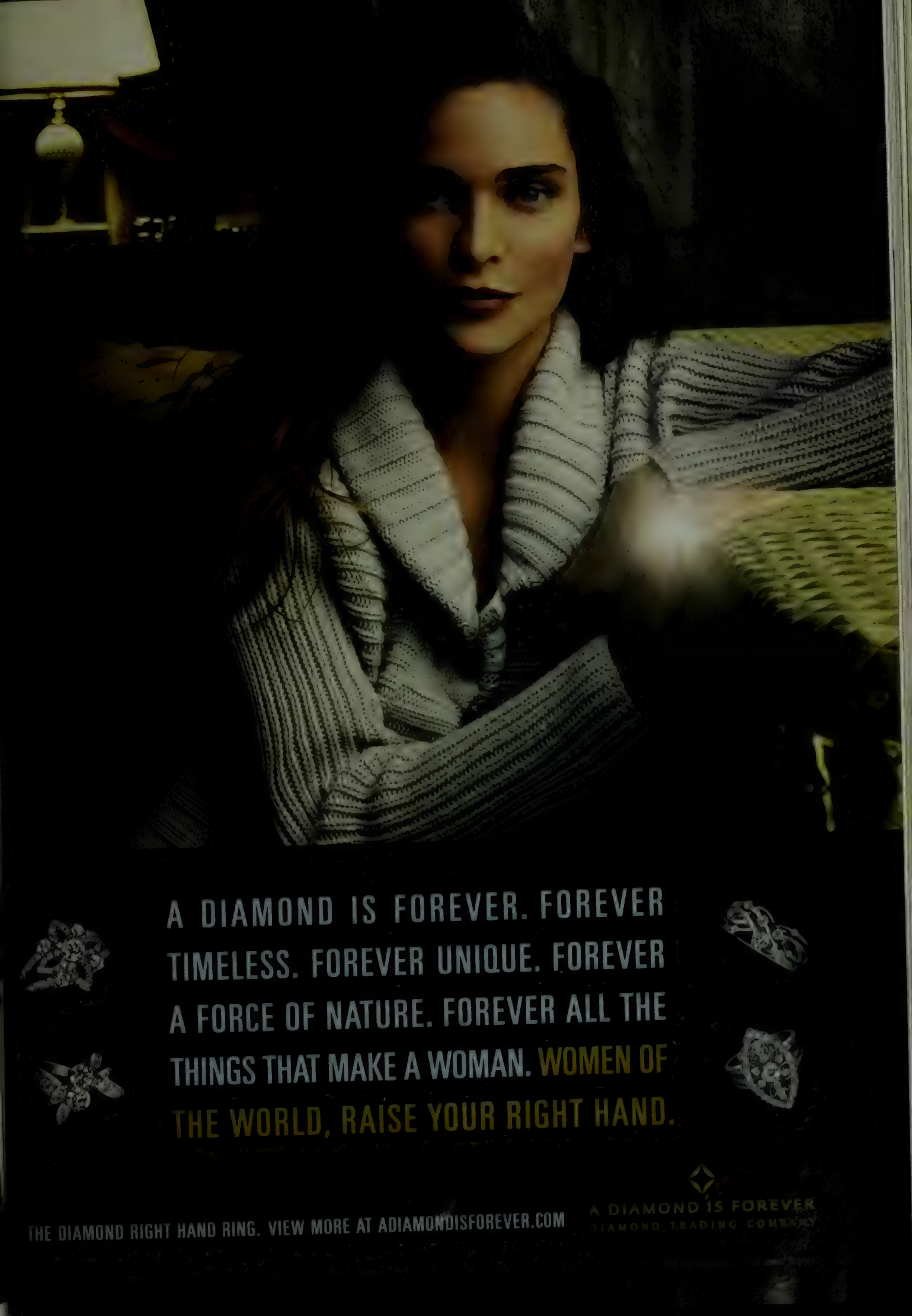


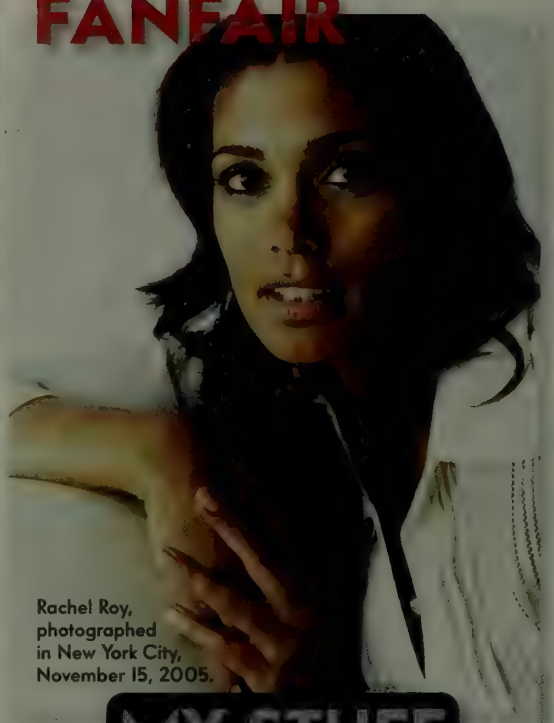

Felipe Olaechea, Sebastian Dor… Antoine de Tavernost, and Chris… Juncadella-Hohenlohe.


Yuki Mori and Salima Mangalji


Marie de Menthon

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JONATHAN BECKER


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Rachel Roy, photographed in New York City, November 15, 2005.

MY STUFF

RACHEL ROY

Clothing designer **Rachel Roy's** eponymous spring collection of chic and sophisticated pieces draws inspiration from the sexy silhouettes and tailored styles favored by glamorous film stars such as **Ava Gardner** and **Katharine Hepburn** in the 1930s and 40s. The wife of hip-hop mogul **Damon Dash,** Roy, 31, is a fixture on the L.A. and New York social circuits and is a rising star in the design world.

BEAUTY PRODUCTS

Lipstick **Nars Lip Gloss, Babe**
Mascara **YSL False Lash Effect**
Moisturizer **Sonya Dakar Hydrasoft Cream**
Shampoo **Korres Laurel and Echinacea**
Hair product **Nivea Creme, for holding styles.**
Perfume/cologne **Royal Bain de Caron**
Toothpaste **Tom's of Maine, in Spearmint**
Nail-polish color **Chanel Vamp**

ELECTRONICS

Cell phone **Motorola V65, with rhinestones**
Stereo **Bang & Olufsen** Computer **Mac G5 laptop**
Television **DreamVision Plasma flat-screen**

HOME

Sheets **Bellora or Rachel Ashwell**
China **Mixed-and-matched vintage florals**
Car **Maybach 62, with divider for privacy.**
Where do you live? **Tribeca, N.Y.C.**

CLOTHES

Jeans **Old Levi's**
Underwear **Beija Brazil Sol G-strings**
Sneakers **Pro-Keds CEOs**
Watch **Tiret** T-shirt **Old Hanes**
Day bag **Fendi Spy Bag**
Evening bag **Chloé Jewel Clutch**

FAVORITE DESIGNER

Shoes **Azzedine Alaïa**
Clothing **Nicolas Ghesquière and Giambattista Valli**

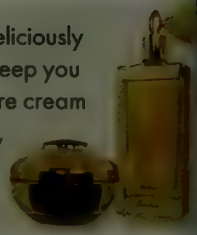
NECESSARY EXTRAVAGANCE

Fresh flowers in every room—even the closet.



HOT LOOKS

Take a chance on romance by letting **Chanel's** deliciously intoxicating Chance Eau de Parfum and Silky Body Oil sweep you off your feet. . . . **Guerlain's** Orchidée Impériale skin-care cream contains orchid extract for powerful anti-aging protection, and Rose Barbare, one in a trio of new Guerlain fragrances, draws its notes from attar of roses.





LOUNGING AROUND
The Poolside Lounge and the Bumble and Bumble salon at Heathrow Airport

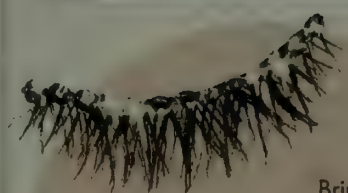
Virgin Comfort

HEATHROW'S PLUSH PAMPERING OASIS

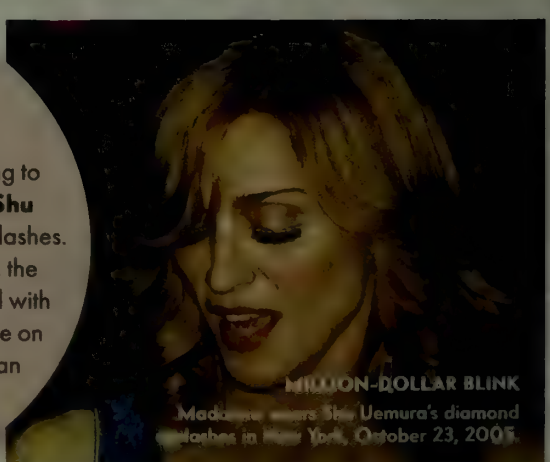
With its sassy vibe and cool comfort, **Virgin Atlantic Airways** has set a standard that's tough to beat. And now, chairman **Sir Richard Branson** is sweetening the deal for Upper Class passengers and Flying Club Gold members, with the **Clubhouse,** at London's Heathrow Airport. Occupying more than 8,000 square feet, this multimillion-dollar space stands like the mother ship of the Virgin Atlantic brand, housing amenities to mollify even the most persnickety of travelers. Created in conjunction with the London architecture firm Softroom, the Clubhouse—all sexy curves and luxury touches—features wireless technology, a 46-foot bar, a concierge, a restaurant, lounges, and the Gallery, a restful enclave for smokers pondering the puffless flight ahead. But the true centerpiece is the **Cowshed Spa,** which offers a pool, saunas, steam rooms, a St. Tropez tanning booth, and such treatments as facials, wet shaves, and massages. And then there's the **Bumble and Bumble** salon, providing simple cuts or full-on dos. And best of all? Every Clubhouse service, from gimlet to shoeshine, is free. Now there's a virgin experience.

—EMILY POENISCH





Bring bling to the next level with **Shu Uemura's** $10,000 diamond eyelashes. Created especially for Madonna, the custom-made mink lashes, adorned with one carat of flawless diamonds, are on limited sale exclusively at Neiman Marcus. —JESSICA FLINT



MILLION-DOLLAR BLINK
Madonna wears Shu Uemura's diamond eyelashes in New York, October 23, 2005.

PHOTOGRAPHS: [illegible]

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PLANETARIUM

MICHAEL LUTIN



Billie Joe Armstrong

AQUARIUS JAN. 20–FEB. 18

Don't you just love it when well-meaning do-gooders who have no idea of the turmoil you've been going through tell you that this is a moment to be patient, compassionate, forgiving, and spiritually correct? While a lunation in your 12th house sometimes signals that it's time to withdraw for a few weeks to your meditation chamber (or just take to your bed), the configuration can also make it very hard to act holy and accepting. In fact, you'd much rather stand in the middle of the street and scream.



Daniel Craig

PISCES FEB. 19–MARCH 20

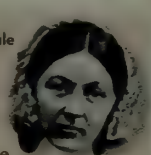
This is a strange phase for you. You are trying hard to be present for those who need you, but the frustration you feel when they exclude you and leave you floundering all alone has you itching to give up and go someplace where you don't owe anybody anything and aren't burdened with heavy obligations. With Ceres in your 11th house now, seek advice from those who will give it to you straight. At least you may find out why you can't run away yet.



Danica Patrick

ARIES MARCH 21–APRIL 19

How many times have you told yourself that you're too good for the job you've got, or sworn that you're ready to throw in the towel and go find yourself? Transitions from a tight regime to complete independence are difficult to realize, mainly because most Arians simply can't bring themselves to chuck responsibilities and amble off into the sunset wearing a sarong and strumming a ukulele. Unless your job somehow supports your growing need to be creative, though, that transition may be coming soon. Or you can just have a baby. That's creative, too.



Florence Nightingale

TAURUS APRIL 20–MAY 20

You have every right to feel anger and to confront whichever insensitive goons you suspect have been giving you the runaround or causing you grief. But you need to be able to use your head and express frustration appropriately, in ways that will advance your cause, not create more enmity or alienation. The fixed cross of Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn in your solar angular houses can release enormous reserves of energy, which when channeled into your career could produce miracles. Flailing about in blind rages only gives you excess stomach acid.



Anderson Cooper

GEMINI MAY 21–JUNE 21

The self-fulfilling prophecy is a real phenomenon, one that shows just how powerful your mind is. If you convince yourself you are going to get financially screwed, you won't be satisfied until it actually happens and all your fears and suspicions are confirmed. Right now, with Mars transiting your 12th house during a lunation and part of you sure that you are headed for extinction, it won't be easy to stay focused on the light. There are too many forces outside your control, so follow your passion but don't try to beat the system. The system knows all your tricks.



Angela Merkel

CANCER JUNE 22–JULY 22

If you're feeling out of tune with the cosmic design, try to remember that the universe is supposed to present you with only situations and challenges that you can handle. Right now, you're dealing with 7th-house relationships, both personal and business-related, with people who seem to want to nurture you but who also send mixed messages about how close they will allow you to get. It's hard to know when to go in for the clinch and when to back off and let loved ones or adversaries take the lead—never your favorite course of action.



George Soros

LEO JULY 23–AUG. 22

When Saturn goes retrograde through your sign, as it will be doing until spring, it is hard to focus on anything but yourself. Even if you feel as if you can't spare a drop of energy for anybody or anything, you have to muster your strength, stay on the treadmill (literally and figuratively), and, most important, devote yourself to work with all the tender loving commitment of a mother toward a little baby. That won't be easy if you're holed up in the bathroom worrying about wrinkles and searching for a single strand of gray.



Stella McCartney

VIRGO AUG. 23–SEPT. 22

Virgos have the most complicated personal lives. When they are not frozen into balls of emotional ice, they throw themselves into romance or parenting with such abandon that they are a hundred times more vulnerable to deception than any Pisces staggering down the alley at midnight. With the sun and moon in your 5th house, Saturn in your 12th, and Uranus in your 7th, this much seems certain: the ice is melting fast, and you won't be returning to the freezer anytime soon.



Ashanti

LIBRA SEPT. 23–OCT. 23

How can you make your nest comfortable enough for a long winter's nap and still leave open the option to come and go as you please without answering for your whereabouts to Papa or Mama? Whatever pressures you are under can easily be channeled into creative or emotional expression, but, with Ceres in your solar 4th house and Saturn in your 11th, the real trick will be to shore up your personal security while maintaining your freedom. It looks as if some more Libra-style manipulation is in order. You should be used to it by now.



Matthew McConaughey

SCORPIO OCT. 24–NOV. 21

You know you are on the brink of a breakthrough that would justify all your years of effort and struggle. You're not there yet, however, and with Saturn still retrograde a million things could go wrong to divert you from your path of creative flowering and/or world domination. If you keep your mind clear now and avoid too many detours into the forbidden zones you love to hang around in, once Saturn goes direct in the spring you'll be proud of how you were able to behave like an angel and avoid being brought down by all the evil temptations you so adore.



Jimi Hendrix

SAGITTARIUS NOV. 22–DEC. 21

Now that Chiron is gone from your 2nd house and Saturn has left your 8th, you should be climbing slowly out of debt and once again building a little equity. That's not to say that you don't have 280 things going on. The fixed cross in cadent houses has you running in circles and working like a fiend while trying to stay healthy enough to cope with it all. You're lucky, though. No matter how much you misbehave or fret about what is to become of you, Jupiter in your solar 12th house protects you from all harm. You just have to believe.



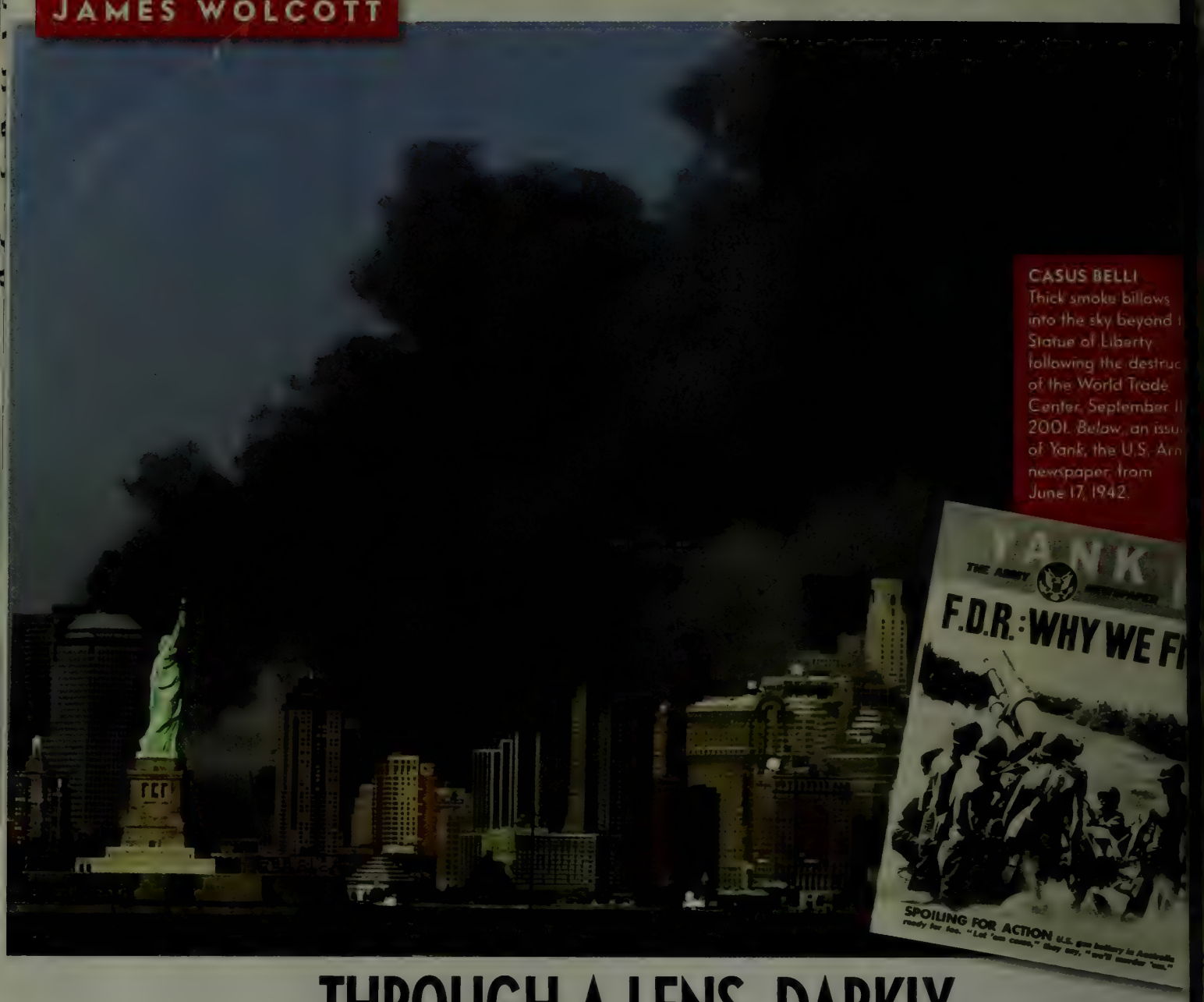
Mary Pierce

CAPRICORN DEC. 22–JAN. 19

If you were the effusive type, you'd be jumping up and down, clapping your hands, and screeching with joy over Chiron's long-awaited exit from your sign. Since you're a Capricorn, just bow your head in a decorous manner and thank heaven. With Venus in retrograde, you still probably aren't quite ready for prime time or polite society, but the new moon's conjunction with Ceres will certainly restore some of your old obsessive maternal zeal. Since that impulse has no "Off" button, go easy. Breast-feeding other adults is not sanctioned everywhere.


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JAMES WOLCOTT



CASUS BELLI Thick smoke billows into the sky beyond the Statue of Liberty following the destruction of the World Trade Center, September 11, 2001. *Below,* an issue of *Yank,* the U.S. Army newspaper, from June 17, 1942.

THROUGH A LENS, DARKLY

By taking the gloves off the documentary, Michael Moore opened the door for such gut-punching movies as *Why We Fight*–which exposes the military-industrial complex's reign of fear and post-9/11 coup d'état–and *The Unrecovered,* a piercing of the veil that enshrouds the World Trade Center attack

Every documentarian with integrity to spare should enshrine a Buddha statue of Michael Moore in the editing room, next to the coffee machine. It doesn't matter whether the filmmaker is a fan of Moore's or considers him a meatball sandwich–homage should be paid. Without Moore's brazen effrontery, documentaries might still be poor cousins camped on the stoop, ringing the buzzer and being ignored. He's elevated everybody's visibility and expanded the playing field, making it possible for movies as disparate in tone and subject as *Super Size Me, Control Room, Bush's Brain,* and *Grizzly Man* to attract audiences that otherwise might have stayed home and let their hair go gray. It's not that interesting, provocative docs weren't being made before Moore shambled onto the scene with *Roger & Me* (1989), holding the microphone like an ice-cream cone as he bird-dogged the chairman of General Motors, Roger Smith. It's that they didn't seem to matter. After the glory run of *Gimme Shelter, The Sorrow and the Pity, Harlan County U.S.A.,* and Frederick Wiseman (*High School, Hospital*) in the late 60s and the 70s, the documentary genre receded into a prolonged malaise, a diminished status. Like the literary novella or repertory theater, the documentary form seemed a cultural holdover, unplugged from anything urgent. Going to a documentary felt like an educational chore—a force-feeding for our own good. As Pauline Kael wrote in *Deeper into Movies,* "Many of us grow to hate documentaries in school, because the use of movies to teach us something seems a cheat—a pill disguised as candy—and documentaries always seem to be about something we're not interested in."

We might be still digesting our yawns had *Roger & Me* been a fluke, a novelty item. (For the record, Kael detested it, ac-


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cusing Moore of cinematic chicanery.) But the ballistic impact of *Bowling for Columbine* and *Fahrenheit 9/11* served notice that there was a method to Moore's madcap approach, a larger ambition. Moore's movies made news not only because he had a Colonel Tom Parker knack for larger-than-life promotion ("Call it first-person polemic, or expressionist bulletin board, or theatricalized Op-Ed piece" is how film essayist Geoffrey O'Brien described Moore's brassy approach), but also because each succeeding film drilled deeper into the corporate-political-media dementia we take for granted. He matured beyond the gadfly antics of *Roger & Me,* ascending the slopes of Lower Slobovia and elevating his gunsights to mount a multi-track attack on institutional power, propaganda, and the destruction of civic bonds in this new Hobbesian landscape. More important, Moore found his signature theme.

Fear.

Fear is the animating force in *Bowling for Columbine* and *Fahrenheit 9/11,* the juice that powers the political grid. Both films analyze and illustrate how fear is fed into our diet of news and entertainment, climate-controlled, manipulated for political advantage, fermented into paranoia, and vented through small- and large-scale lashings of violence. The shooting spree in the high-school cafeteria and the bombing of distant palm-treed villages are products of the same manufactured pathology. Fear has militarized the American mind, set up occupation, made the country literally and figuratively gun-crazy. We've become prisoners of our fortress mentality, some of us passive receptors for scare talk and terror alerts, others trying to tunnel their way out to the truth. This fortress mentality keeping us passive and squirrelly is outlined and demarcated in the new documentary *Why We Fight,* while the unclassifiable *The Unrecovered* (which deploys documentary footage) digs underground.

Why We Fight, directed by Eugene Jarecki, who previously put America's mumbling Metternich in the dock in *The Trials of Henry Kissinger* (based on the indictment drawn up by *Vanity Fair*'s Christopher Hitchens), takes its title from the series of propaganda shorts directed by Hollywood's top populist filmmaker, Frank Capra (*Meet John Doe, Mr. Deeds Goes to Town,* etc.), to mobilize homeland support during World War II. Punctuated with shots of grinning, jaw-jutting G.I.'s, Capra's *Why We Fight* offered an armory of assertions: We fight for peace, democracy, and "the most expensive luxury known to man," liberty. The question posed by Jarecki's *Why We Fight* is why we *keep* fighting. The U.S. is the planet's sole remaining superpower, unrivaled in military reach and might, and yet our leaders have us leaping at every mouse. For more than a half-century, America's been a muscle-bound, world-straddling fraidy-cat. After victory in Europe and the surrender of the Japanese in 1945, the U.S.A. stood tall, proud, and handsome. "We were the only unwrecked major power," observes Gore Vidal in *Why We Fight.* Unlike Russia, Europe, Japan, and China, our cities hadn't been bombed or incinerated, our countryside turned into refugee camps and mass graves; our farms and booming factories were untouched, our sense of national identity fortified. The collective exhalation of relief and jubilation following Fascism's defeat didn't last. The late 40s and the 50s saw the emergence of the national-security state under President Truman, the Cold War, the feverish excesses of the McCarthy era, and the hip-fusion of military and business interests to produce bigger, costlier, and more destructive weapons. The country was kept on permanent war footing and in a constant state of jitters.

The key scripture in *Why We Fight* is President Eisenhower's prophetic warning in his 1961 farewell address about the menace of what he termed the "military-industrial complex." As the former supreme Allied commander in Europe, Eisenhower knew better than anyone how pet military programs metastasized into expensive pork projects for weapons that didn't work, bases that weren't needed, planes that were outmoded before their wheels left the runway. The procurement process became such a self-perpetuating byzantine bureaucratic maze that even Ike had to scratch his bald head in baffled frustration. (He was once heard to lament, "God help this country when somebody sits at this desk who doesn't know as much about the military as I do.") Whenever popular support for military bulking-up flagged, a fear injection was administered with a jab. To justify the spiraling extravagance of the defense budget, politicians and defense lobbyists exploited Americans' sense of anxiety and vulnerability—from J.F.K.'s "missile gap" to Ronald Reagan's "Star Wars" initiative to Bush's "Axis of Evil." Similarly, America always found an excuse to meddle elsewhere, regardless of whose trousers occupied the chair in the Oval Office. As Wilfrid Sheed mused in an essay about Eisenhower, "Kennedy supporters . . . blamed Ike for bequeathing them the Bay of Pigs, just as LBJ's people would blame Jack for Vietnam, and so on. Sometimes it gets hard to remember in whose administration what things happened. Who subverted Iran? Guatemala? Chile? Who sent troops where? The continuum of post-war policy flows serenely through the presidencies." Carrying corpses downstream.



THE GOOD FIGHT On January 1, 1944, Major Hugh Stewart consults Colonel Frank Capra about his film *Tunisian Victory,* which depicts the Anglo-American military triumph in North Africa. Auxiliary Daphne Hudson looks on.

The U.S. is the planet's sole remaining superpower, unrivaled in military reach and might, and yet our leaders have us leaping at every mouse.

With a chronological arc stretching from W.W. II to the present, *Why We Fight* may sound like an audio-visual survey course. It is, and it isn't. The historical backdrop provides the overture to its inflection point, its pivotal spike: September 11, 2001. It is a day that refuses to lie flat in the pages of history. Like *Fahrenheit 9/11, Why We Fight* attempts to part the billowing clouds of a waking nightmare to trace and fathom the jagged line that led from the Twin Towers to the toppled statue of Saddam Hussein. How the hell did we get from here to there? How did a campaign to avenge 9/11 and overthrow the Taliban detour into the way-Off-Broadway production of "Shock and Awe"? *Why We Fight*'s answer is no Cracker Jack–box surprise: American foreign policy was commandeered by a scrum of neoconservative ideologues who had been biding their



e Barbra Streisand in *Funny Girl* (1968), one of our favorite Academy Award® winning performances, on February 16th.

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12:00 am *Cactus Flower*

thursday, FEBRUARY 2
8:00 pm *Father Goose*
10:00 pm *Operation Petticoat*
12:15 am *Sabrina* ('54)

friday, FEBRUARY 3
8:00 pm *The Bridge on the River Kwai*
11:00 pm *Sunset Blvd.*
1:00 am *The Caddy*

saturday, FEBRUARY 4
8:00 pm *Sands of Iwo Jima*
10:00 pm *The Westerner*
12:00 am *The Pride of the Yankees*

sunday, FEBRUARY 5
8:00 pm *Sunrise*
10:00 pm *She Done Him Wrong*
11:15 pm *The Cowboy and the Lady*



monday, FEBRUARY 6
8:00 pm *The Producers* ('68)
9:30 pm *The Front*
11:15 pm *Zelig*

tuesday, FEBRUARY 7
8:00 pm *Flying Tigers*
10:00 pm *Wake Island*
11:30 pm *Stand by for Action*

wednesday, FEBRUARY 8
8:00 pm *Cleopatra* ('63)
12:15 am *My Fair Lady*
3:15 am *Funny Face*

thursday, FEBRUARY 9
8:00 pm *The Big Country*
11:00 pm *The Boys from Brazil*
1:15 am *North by Northwest*

friday, FEBRUARY 10
8:00 pm *Heaven Can Wait* ('78)
10:00 pm *2001: A Space Odyssey*
12:45 am *Dr. Strangelove*

saturday, FEBRUARY 11
8:00 pm *The Graduate*
10:00 pm *Kramer vs. Kramer*
12:00 am *The Big Chill*

sunday, FEBRUARY 12
8:00 pm *Out of Africa*
11:00 pm *The Bridges of Madison County*
1:30 am *Quiz Show*

monday, FEBRUARY 13
8:00 pm *The Awful Truth*
10:00 pm *Sorry, Wrong Number*
11:45 pm *12 Angry Men*

tuesday, FEBRUARY 14
8:00 pm *Benji*
9:30 pm *The Sea Hawk*
12:00 am *The Devil and Miss Jones*

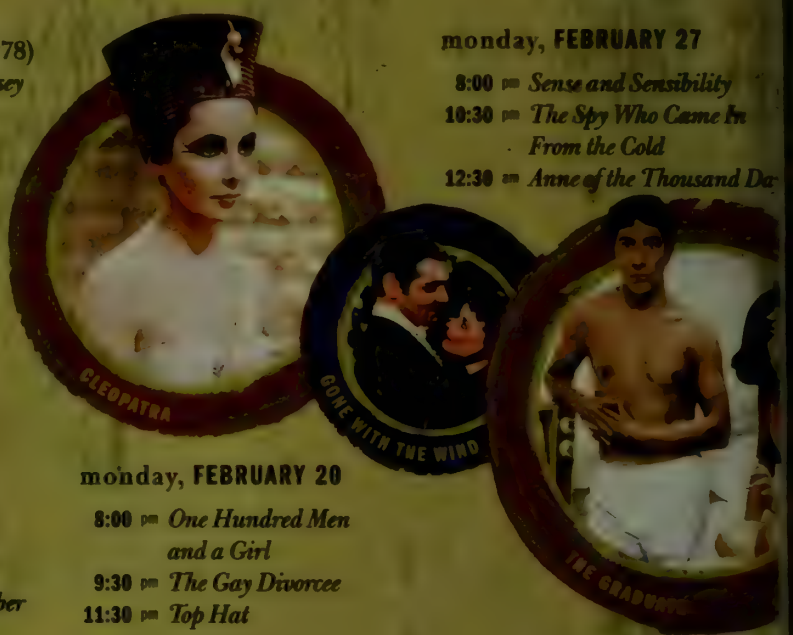
wednesday, FEBRUARY 15
8:00 pm *Pillow Talk*
10:00 pm *That Touch of Mink*
12:00 am *Born Yesterday* ('50)

thursday, FEBRUARY 16
8:00 pm *Sahara* ('43)
10:00 pm *The Lives of a Bengal Lancer*
12:00 am *Here Comes the Groom*

friday, FEBRUARY 17
8:00 pm *The Quiet Man*
10:15 pm *She Wore a Yellow Ribbon*
12:00 am *The Long Voyage Home*

saturday, FEBRUARY 18
8:00 pm *Who Framed Roger Rabbit*
10:00 pm *Guys and Dolls*
1:00 am *Cimarron* ('60)

sunday, FEBRUARY 19
8:00 pm *A Place in the Sun*
10:15 pm *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*
12:15 am *Absence of Malice*



monday, FEBRUARY 20
8:00 pm *One Hundred Men and a Girl*
9:30 pm *The Gay Divorcee*
11:30 pm *Top Hat*

tuesday, FEBRUARY 21
8:00 pm *Fried Green Tomatoes*
10:15 pm *Coal Miner's Daughter*
12:30 am *Nashville*

wednesday, FEBRUARY 22
8:00 pm *The Professionals*
10:00 pm *Airport*
12:30 am *Bye Bye Birdie*

thursday, FEBRUARY 23
8:00 pm *Imitation of Life* ('34)
10:00 pm *The Facts of Life*
12:00 am *A Guy Named Joe*

friday, FEBRUARY 24
8:00 pm *The Karate Kid*
10:15 pm *Same Time, Next Year*
12:30 am *A Song to Remember*

saturday, FEBRUARY 25
8:00 pm *Awakenings*
10:15 pm *Sleepless in Seattle*
12:00 am *The Birdcage*

sunday, FEBRUARY 26
8:00 pm *Dark Command*
9:45 pm *T-Men*
11:30 pm *The Court Martial of Billy Mitchell*

monday, FEBRUARY 27
8:00 pm *Sense and Sensibility*
10:30 pm *The Spy Who Came In From the Cold*
12:30 am *Anne of the Thousand Da*

tuesday, FEBRUARY 28
8:00 pm *The Conversation*
10:00 pm *American Graffiti*
12:00 am *The Buddy Holly Story*

wednesday, MARCH 1
8:00 pm *The Bridges at Toko-Ri*
10:00 pm *From Here to Eternity*
12:00 am *So Proudly We Hail!*

thursday, MARCH 2
8:00 pm *The Lost Weekend*
10:00 pm *Love Story*
12:00 am *Paper Moon*

friday, MARCH 3
8:00 pm *In Harm's Way*
11:00 pm *The Alamo* ('60)
2:30 am *The Big Sky*

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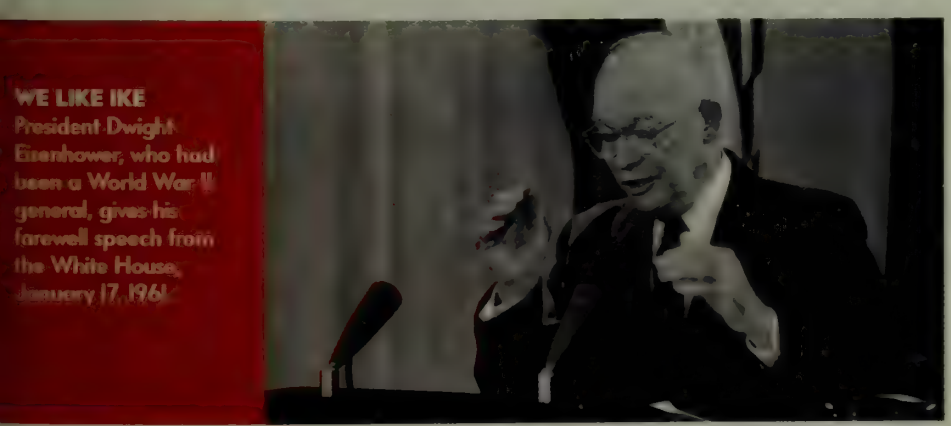
time under President Clinton and slid into positions of power at the behest of Cheney and Rumsfeld after Bush's election in 2000. It was a slow-motion coup d'état. The neocon hawks were now able to implement what they had been propounding in print for years: transformational change to clear out the deadwood of despotic regimes and convert former adversaries into American franchises. Imperialists without apology, the neocons made it imperative that the United States fill the void left by the fall of the Soviet Union and shape the future in our Mount Rushmore image. The U.S. had not only the right but the duty to intervene whenever a potential foe popped his head out of the hole. "What's the big fuss about pre-emption?" American Enterprise Institute resident fellow Richard Perle asks in *Why We Fight,* as if addressing a nursery-school class of the none-too-bright.

From her office at the Department of Defense, retired lieutenant colonel Karen Kwiatkowski (who sounds like the dentist's wife in *Waiting for Guffman*) witnessed with dismay the neocon body snatching of foreign policy, which she and other observers in the film attribute to the corpulent influence of think tanks. (Think tanks: the fencing academies of neoconservatives, who like to fancy themselves the intellectual-warrior caste.) Very little foreign policy is made by the foreign-policy establishment, notes Joseph Cirincione of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. Like so much in American life, it has been outsourced, privatized, prostituted. A harmonic convergence has been achieved within the military-industrial complex that outdoes Eisenhower's worst premonitions: think-tankers, lobbyists, former military officers, and politicians spin through the revolving door between the public and private sectors to serve on the boards or in the executive suites of corporations that do business with the Pentagon. When Halliburton's former chief Dick Cheney swore the oath of office as vice president in 2001, it was the consummation of these incestuous relations. "[We] elected a government contractor as vice president," says Charles Lewis, of the Center for Public Integrity.

The role of the neocons and their host bodies in crafting Bush policy is no brow-splitting thunderbolt to anyone who's read James Mann's *Rise of the Vulcans* and Vidal's *Dreaming War* or watched Robert Greenwald's *Uncovered: The War on Iraq* and Adam Curtis's *The Power of Nightmares.* What's valuable about *Why We Fight* is seeing Perle, Ken Adelman, arms-control director under President Reagan (he who sunnily predicted that the invasion of Iraq would be a "cakewalk"), and *The Weekly Standard*'s editor, William Kristol, on-screen pickled in the juices of their own insider status and papal infallibility, devoid of any guilt or contrition over the bloody mess they helped unleash in Iraq. It would take a horse doctor to pry even a modest admission of error out of these guys. To see the beguiling smirk on Kristol's face as he faux-modestly soft-pedals the influence of PNAC (the neoconservative think tank Project for the New American Century), to hear Perle attest to the integrity of Dick Cheney with the fervency of one Borgia sticking up for another ("If I am sure of anything, I'm sure of this: Vice President Cheney had nothing to do with the award of any contract to Halliburton"), is to register the presence of a new species of bird of prey, one that preens not just its feathers but its claws.

As a counterpoint to such righteous certitude unfazed by the facts, *Why We Fight* tracks the journey of a retired New York City cop named Wilton Sekzer, whose elevated train into work each day made a screeching turn that yanked the Manhattan skyline and the Twin Towers into vista view. On that bright, pellucid September morning in 2001, when the blue sky seemed like a magnifying lens, Sekzer looks out the window after the train rounds the curve, and sees that one of the towers is pouring smoke. His son Jason works at the World Trade Center, and Sekzer realizes that if his son is still inside he's a goner. He was. In the grief and anger of the following days, Sekzer phones NBC to beg them to stop showing the footage of the towers' collapse: "How many times are you going to show those goddamn towers coming down? . . . Please stop. You're ripping my heart out." He couldn't watch, and he couldn't not watch, as the networks broadcast the towers tumbling again and again as if their collapse were playing on a continuous loop. Protests from enough viewers finally shamed the networks into ceasing nonstop flogging of the towers footage, which had the effect of reducing al-Qaeda's feat of mass murder to video wallpaper.

What's strange is that, after the initial orgy of endless replay, 9/11 footage has entered the realm of taboo. Apart from documentaries such as National Geographic's *Inside 9/11* and the French filmmakers Gedeon and Jules Naudet's *9/11* (which captured amazing footage from inside the north tower minutes before its collapse), so much of what happened that day before thousands of cameras and millions of viewers has been sanitized for our protection, filed away in the video vault, flushed down the memory hole. It's as if a crack that opened in the collective psyche had to be closed, its hallucinatory contents repressed. When TV runs a library clip of the towers falling, it's usually a high-altitude telephoto shot that confers grandeur from afar. The collapse looks stately, self-contained, silently majestic—shrouded in inevitability. The casualties are too distant even to register as dots. The climactic fall appears self-actuating, as if the buildings had wearied of their own existence and detonated themselves. (TV seldom shows footage of the airliners striking the towers, which set everything into motion.) Understandably, no one wants to be accused of exploiting 9/11 carnage and deaths for ghoulish effect. Even the provocateur Michael Moore cut to black in *Fahrenheit 9/11* once he reached the fateful day, letting the sounds of sirens, cries, and chaos fill the auditoriums of our imagination. To pacify critics of his forthcoming 9/11 film, as yet untitled, director Oliver Stone took pre-emptive action by assuring survivors' families that he wouldn't re-create the towers' falling. Everything connected to the Ground Zero memorial has



WE LIKE IKE President Dwight Eisenhower, who had been a World War II general, gives his farewell speech from the White House, January 17, 1961.

The key scripture in *Why We Fight* is Eisenhower's prophetic warning about the menace of what he termed the "military-industrial complex."



EYES ON THE PRIZE Eugene Jarecki, the director of *Why We Fight*, and film subject Wilton Sekzer before the film won best documentary at the Sundance Film Festival in Park City, Utah, January 29, 2005

How did a campaign to avenge 9/11 and overthrow the Taliban detour into the way-Off-Broadway production of "Shock and Awe"?

been conducted on tender tiptoe. The events of 9/11 inflicted the most visible trauma in mankind's history, and yet a veil has been dropped over it, as if Americans must hug the official findings of the 9/11 commission and keep their mitts off Pandora's box.

People don't vanish, Jim. It's a molecular impossibility.

—Grissom (William Petersen), addressing a missing person's case on *CSI.*

Roger Copeland's *The Unrecovered* peels off the protective lid to let out dark thoughts and speculations. Copeland might be labeled an accidental *auteur.* A professor of theater and dance at Oberlin College in Ohio and the author of a bold expedition into the work and times of choreographer Merce Cunningham (*Merce Cunningham: The Modernizing of Modern Dance*), Copeland became obsessed by the conspiracy theories and counter-narratives that spidered out of 9/11 (emerging in documentaries such as *The Great Deception*) and got busy on a fictional treatment. He managed to wrangle a few grants and, using Oberlin locations and talent, was able to shoot the movie for a dinky $50,000. There's nothing minimalist about the results. The title, *The Unrecovered,* refers to the bodies that were never recovered at Ground Zero, lives that were seemingly zapped out of existence in an apocalyptic flash and endure only as ghosts of memory. No wonder Halloween looms over *The Unrecovered*'s sub-lunar realm. The whole movie is a haunting, incorporating actual footage of bodies falling from the W.T.C. towers like stricken birds to spook us to a higher recognition of what true shock and awe looks like. The survivors left behind coping with loss and grappling with dead air include a teenage girl who has lost her father; a survivalist who views 9/11 as a scorched page out of the Book of Revelation, vindicating evidence that end-time is near; and a postmodern musician who suffers from insomnia, nodding in and out of consciousness to the rhythm of the white pulse on his Apple computer screen. All three are sifting through the debris of that day and diagramming its trajectories in the hopes of discovering or confirming a hidden pattern, a buried message, an encoded transmission. A personal reply that will enable each to find a separate peace.

It's a highbrow scavenger hunt, with Copeland himself orchestrating the search party. Drawing from folk myth, pop culture (*Fight Club,* whose pre-cognitive vision of 9/11 furnishes the movie's climax), talk-show discussions, chaos theory, media studies, musicology (much ado about the composer Karlheinz Stockhausen, who was vilified after being misleadingly quoted as proclaiming 9/11 "the greatest work of art in the whole cosmos"), numerology, and literary conceits (such as the concept of "information sickness," drawn from Ted Mooney's 1981 novel, *Easy Travel to Other Planets*), Copeland's safari into the collective unconscious seeks to decipher the signs and symbols of the falling towers and find the links in the broken chain of evidence, a unifying theory. Skeptics and detractors might dismiss *The Unrecovered* as an arty-farty academic exercise, and any film dedicated to the memory of Susan Sontag risks being called pretentious. The gutsy thing about this brainy movie is that it doesn't care about the risk. It has the courage of its own detective zeal. Articulate and quirkily analytical, *The Unrecovered* suggests a cross between a Spalding Gray monologue and the digital scrapbooks of late-period Jean-Luc Godard (where Godard seems to be making movies in his pajamas, rummaging through the remains of the 20th century). For a word guy, Copeland knows how to tease the maximum meaning out of images and juxtapose them to achieve magic realism. He turns the instructional video of a flight attendant demonstrating safety procedures into a ribbon of grief, and gets tone poems o . of a backyard swing, construction cranes, the temic authority of a hotel-room TV, skein of branches against a winter sky.

It might seem that *Why We Fight* and *The Unrecovered* occupy separate compartments. One is factual, linear, emphatic; the other is ruminative, Cubistic, evocative. As different as Edward R. Murrow and Edgar Allan Poe. But they share a sadness, an unresolved ache. Closure eludes them both. The searchers in *The Unrecovered* end in various stages of resignation, their souls emptied out. Stewing with a desire for justice and payback Sekzer—*Why We Fight*'s Everyman figure—petitions the military to honor his son's memory by stenciling his name on one of the bombs earmarked for Iraq. When his wish is granted and a 2,000-pound guided munition bearing his son's name ("In loving memory of Jason Sekzer") is dropped hitting God knows what and killing God knows whom, Sekzer is grateful—only to be dumbfounded when Bush admits at a press conference that there was no evidence Saddam Hussein had a hand in 9/11. "I almost jumped out of the chair. 'I don't know where people got the idea that I connected Iraq to 9/11.' What, is he nuts, or what? What'd the hell we go in there for? We're getting back for 9/11. Well, if he [Hussein] didn't have anything to do with 9/11, why're we going in there?" Why, indeed.

And with those questions we come full vicious circle, still confounded at how the grief and fury of 9/11 propelled us into the jaws of Iraq with the job left unfinished in Afghanistan. Afghanistan's stealth disintegration is the subject of investigative reporter Michele Mitchell's in-production documentary, *The Good War,* which stations itself at the bloody intersection where warlords, contractors, and mercenaries do business with death, and the trickle of similar documentaries about the War on Terror promises to grow torrential. When George Bush was re-elected, in 2004, some pundits gleefully interpreted it as a repudiation of *Fahrenheit 9/11,* proof that Michael Moore and everything he bulkily represents had been rejected by "real Americans." Now a majority of those polled agree with Moore's stance about the Iraq war and accept his accusation that we were deliberately misled. They've come around. In a time of deception, documentaries like Moore's and Jarecki's are dangerous weapons, packing the conviction and firepower of Bob Dylan's "Masters of War," a protest song that—sadly—never goes out of date. □


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MICHAEL WOLFF

R for Revolution

V for Vendetta, by the *Matrix*-making Wachowski brothers, is full of special effects and *Star Wars* echoes. It also marks the return of the movie as cultural sabotage—remember *Dr. Strangelove, If. . . ., A Clockwork Orange*?—this time upending the narrative that the White House has used to justify the Iraq war



BEAUTY AND THE BEA
Hugo Weaving as V a
Natalie Portman as
protégée, Evey Hammond,
a still from *V for Vende*

The stakes in Iraq, beyond winning or losing, democracy or its antithesis, and the new, Shiite—as opposed to the old, Sunni—hegemony, involve an estimation about Western political ecology. At what point—what number dead—does the Iraq quagmire become, the way Vietnam did, the main theme of popular culture?

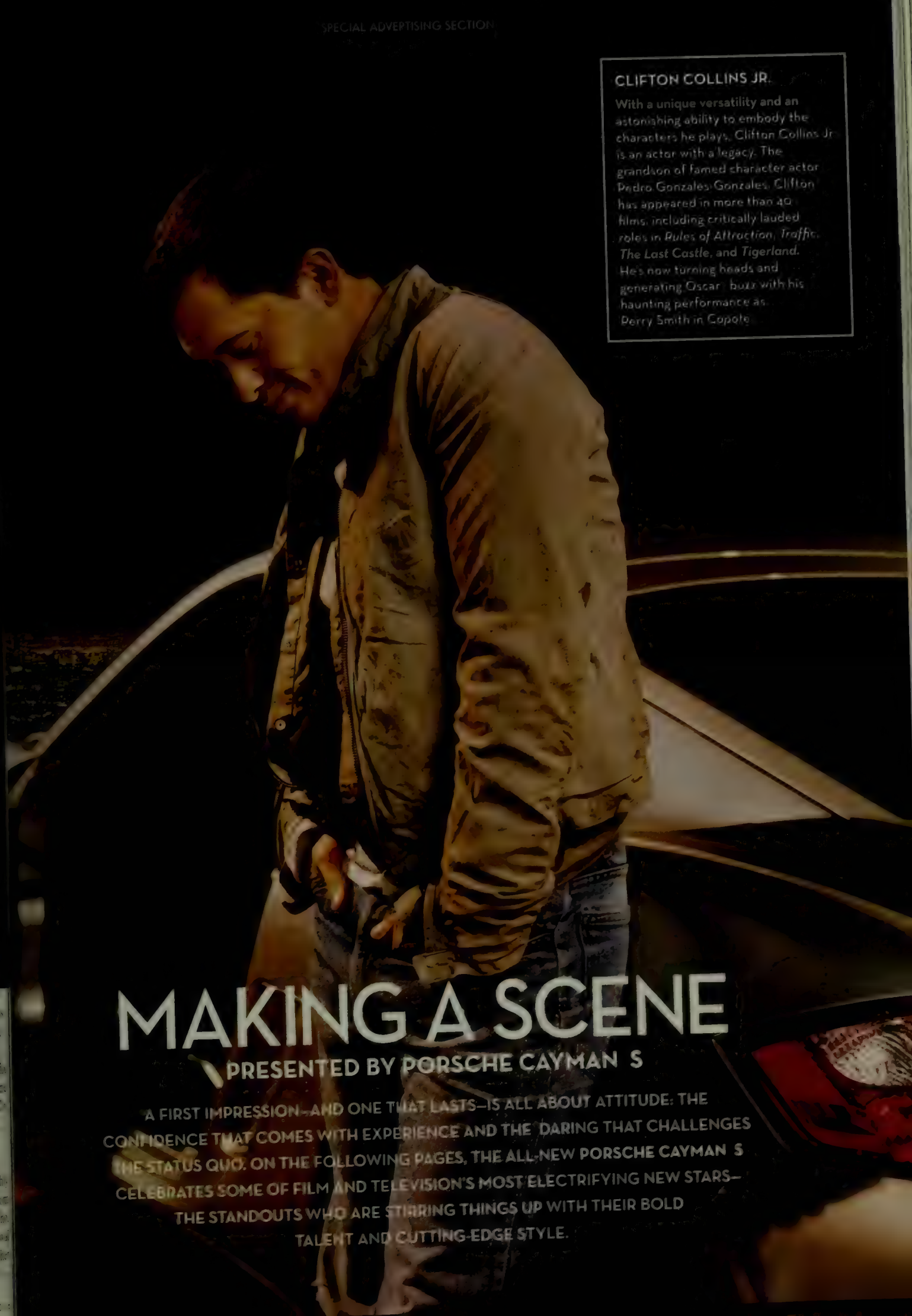
Everybody understands—you really see this in the growing nervousness among Republicans, even in Bush's anxiety-driven repetition of the word "victory"—that war is binary: you get away with it up to a point, and then you risk something extraordinary. It would be the greatest of ironies: the modern conservative movement—that long and neurotic reaction to the dear, dead 60s decade, born itself of Vietnam—spawns a war which, in turn, provokes another timely and incendiary turn of the *Zeitgeist* screw.

It's all about reversals. "Every action will create an equal and opposing reaction," intones the quasi-superhero known as V in *V for Vendetta*, the spectacular and exhilarating upcoming movie by the Wachowski brothers, who wrote and directed the *Matrix* movies. Here's the punch line of the film: some of the world's most famous towers are blown up—by the good guys.

Perhaps we really are on our way back—movies as cultural sabotage.

I've just told my teenage son (the Netflix representative in our house) to order me up a nostalgist's cinema gift basket: *Dr. Strangelove, The Battle of Algiers, If. . . ., A Clockwork Orange* . . .

There's John Murtha, the staunchly military-minded congressman from a *Deer Hunter*–ish Pennsylvania, who, all of a sudden, has called for withdrawal from Iraq; there's Cindy Sheehan, mother of a dead soldier, CONTINUED ON PAGE 103



CLIFTON COLLINS JR.

With a unique versatility and an astonishing ability to embody the characters he plays, Clifton Collins Jr. is an actor with a legacy. The grandson of famed character actor Pedro Gonzales-Gonzales, Clifton has appeared in more than 40 films, including critically lauded roles in *Rules of Attraction*, *Traffic*, *The Last Castle*, and *Tigerland*. He's now turning heads and generating Oscar buzz with his haunting performance as Perry Smith in *Capote*.

MAKING A SCENE

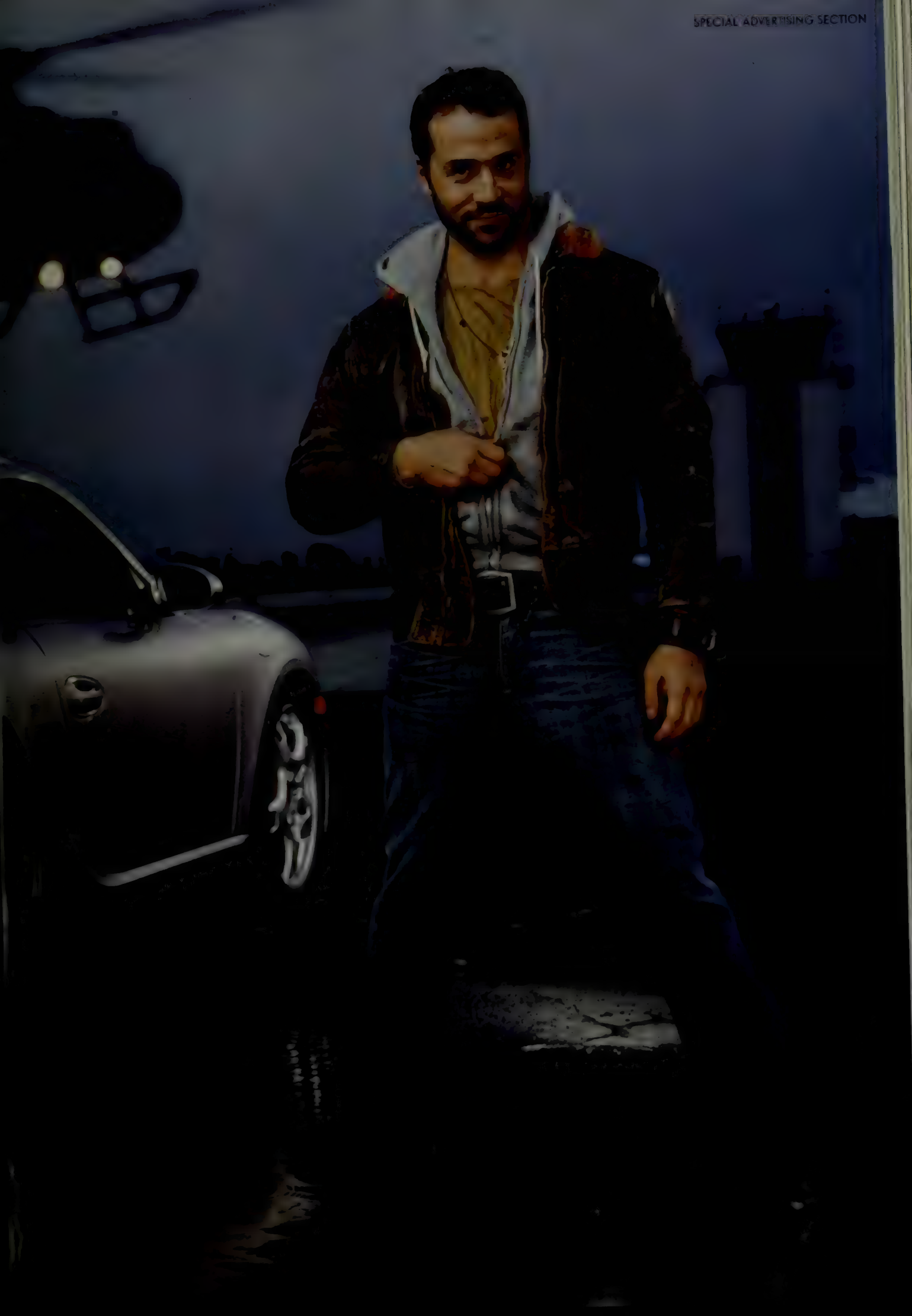
PRESENTED BY PORSCHE CAYMAN S

A FIRST IMPRESSION—AND ONE THAT LASTS—IS ALL ABOUT ATTITUDE: THE CONFIDENCE THAT COMES WITH EXPERIENCE AND THE DARING THAT CHALLENGES THE STATUS QUO. ON THE FOLLOWING PAGES, THE ALL-NEW PORSCHE CAYMAN S CELEBRATES SOME OF FILM AND TELEVISION'S MOST ELECTRIFYING NEW STARS—THE STANDOUTS WHO ARE STIRRING THINGS UP WITH THEIR BOLD TALENT AND CUTTING-EDGE STYLE.



JEREMY PIVEN

As slick, fast talking agent Ari Gold on HBO's critically acclaimed series *Entourage*, Golden Globe and Emmy® nominee Jeremy Piven plays a man who lives life on his own terms. He's also made his mark in memorable roles for the big screen—*Old School*, *Black Hawk Down*, *Lucky 13*, and *For the Money*—and off Broadway in Neil LaBute's hit *Fat Pig*. By playing controversial characters with incomparable style, this classically trained actor is one maverick who proves that he's got talent and bravado to spare.





DANIEL DAE KIM

From television to film, Daniel Dae Kim has certainly made an impression. On ABC's Emmy®-winning series *Lost*, he's taken the small screen by storm with his portrayal of Jin, the mysterious Korean castaway with a past. Prior to becoming a member of TV's hottest ensemble drama, he's had recurring roles on such hits as *24* and *ER*. And, with turns in films including *The Cave*, *Crash*, *Spider-Man 2* and the highly anticipated *Onion Sketch Movie*, this is one player who's built to last.





JEREMY RENNER

Behind Jeremy Renner's mischievous smile, charismatic demeanor, and self-assured swagger on the silver screen lurks the spirit of a scoundrel—and a con man, a serial killer, and an outlaw. After garnering an Independent Spirit Award nomination for his breakout turn as the titular character in *Dahmer*, Jeremy took on dark, thoughtful roles in such independent films as *12 and Holding* and *A Little Trip to Heaven*. Currently, he stars in *North Country* and will soon be seen in *The Assassination of Jesse James by the Coward Robert Ford*.

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ONTINUED FROM PAGE 96 parked so stubornly on the president's vacation-house wn; there's Joe Wilson, Valerie Plame's usband, with his showboating and insouance. These are the improvised and slightly eccentric early voices of the reversal, of ie opposing narrative. And now the Wanowskis.

Hollywood, for all its dogged and well-nanced liberalism, is, most often, a tepid olitical force. Its political dramas are well-eaning, earnest, labored, educational, deoid of metaphor, more about Hollywood's irtue than about the other guy's mendacy. George Clooney's much-praised *Good Night, and Good Luck* is a good-works movie—it hits the nail on the head with a big hud—not a subversive one.

Clooney is Hollywood's stand-up fellow f the moment (Steven Spielberg, with his *Munich,* is trying to claim the title, too), whereas real mockery, something truly unnerving, something over the top, is a ob probably better left to weirdos like the Wachowskis.

I kind of wonder, actually, if he Wachowskis exist. They could be made up. They could really be . . . Thomas Pynchon (sometimes said to have been made up by J. D. Salinger). Indeed, *V* might also be an homage on the part of he brothers (whose *Matrix* series is a set of bows to a potpourri of 60s philosophers—Michel Foucault, Jacques Lacan, Jean Baudrillard) to the V. of Pynchon's famous 60s novel about elusive identity.

Or, possibly, the brothers are making themselves up as made-up people. As it was for Stanley Kubrick, the director of *Dr. Strangelove* and *A Clockwork Orange,* elusiveness is their cover. Their eccentricities mean, necessarily, they work outside he leveling effects of celebrity (given the popularity of the *Matrix* movies, they might otherwise have lived an *Us Weekly* lifestyle). They're never going to be joking around with Letterman.

Larry Wachowski, the older of the brothers, left his high-school sweetheart and wife of nine years to become—as is noted in the trivia section of the Internet Movie Database (IMDb), suspiciously absent an official photo of either brother—the slave of a dominatrix. The publicists at Warner Bros. will allow only, uncomfortably, that Larry lives an alternative lifestyle. The comic-book-loving Wachowskis give no on-the-record interviews (well, one, that I can find, to the L.A. *Times*—but we can never know, truly, what it was they who gave it, can we?), make no appearances, do not participate in Hollywood life, and, in fact, have not even formally directed their new movie. That chore was handled by James McTeigue or McTiegue (there are conflicting spellings for his name, IMDb reports), who himself may not exist, or who, as an assistant director on *The Matrix,* exists as part of the Wachowskis' secret brotherhood—anyway, he too has no IMDb picture.

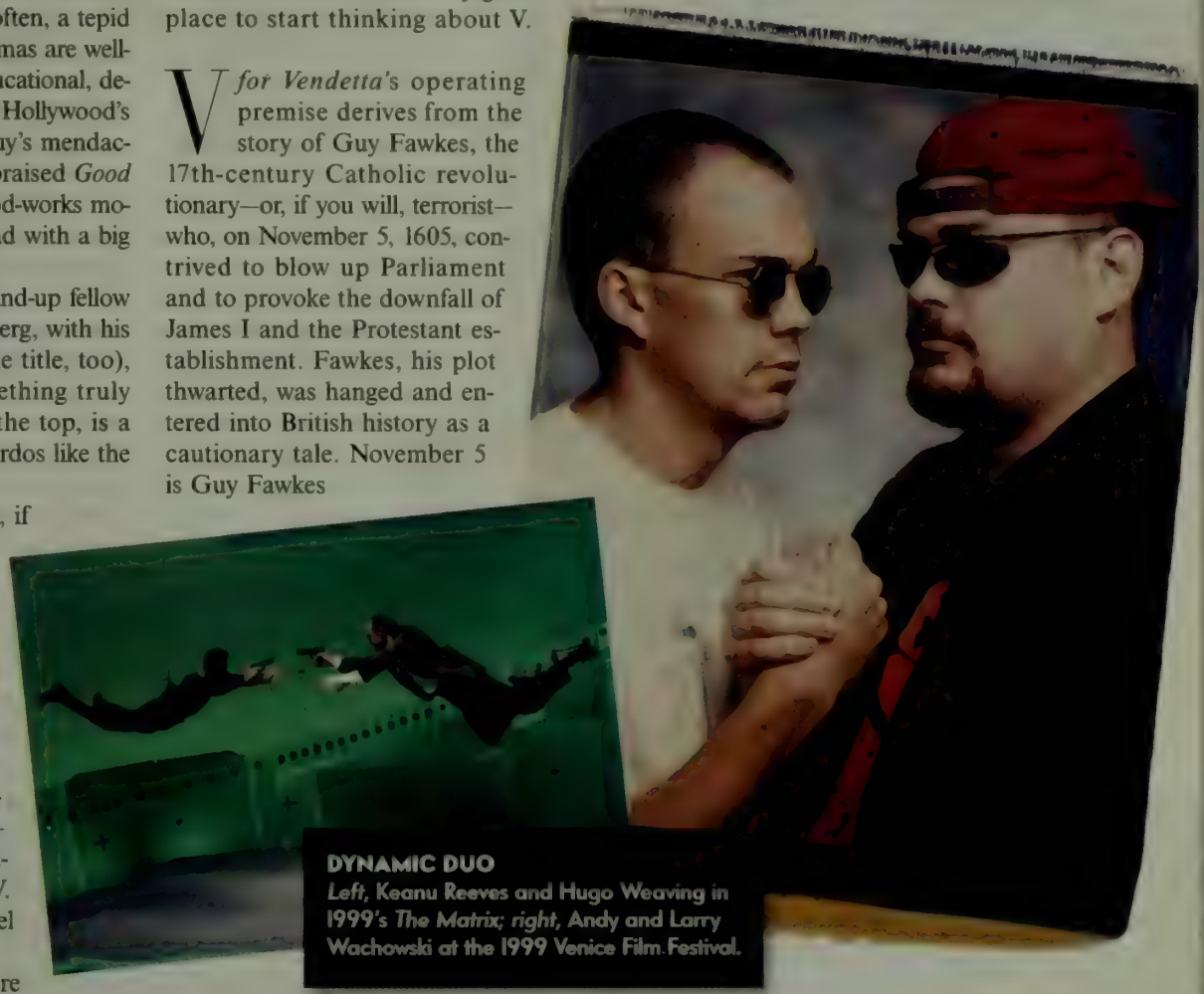
Such facelessness is a very good place to start thinking about V.

V for Vendetta's operating premise derives from the story of Guy Fawkes, the 17th-century Catholic revolutionary—or, if you will, terrorist—who, on November 5, 1605, contrived to blow up Parliament and to provoke the downfall of James I and the Protestant establishment. Fawkes, his plot thwarted, was hanged and entered into British history as a cautionary tale. November 5 is Guy Fawkes Day, celebrated with bonfires and meant to commemorate the strength of both Parliament and Protestantism. *Remember, remember the fifth of November, / the gunpowder treason and plot. / I know of no reason why the gunpowder treason / should ever be forgot,* goes the English schoolboy ditty. But what has come to be celebrated (when November 5 is, in fact, remembered) is the opposite idea: Fawkes gets credit for bravado and cheekiness, for going up against impossible odds.

In the Wachowskis' movie, Fawkes is transformed, at some uncertain point in the near future, into a man in a Guy Fawkes mask—a physically maimed and emotionally wounded aesthete with superhero qualities: he does nice knifework, wears a cape, and has some facility with taking a bullet.

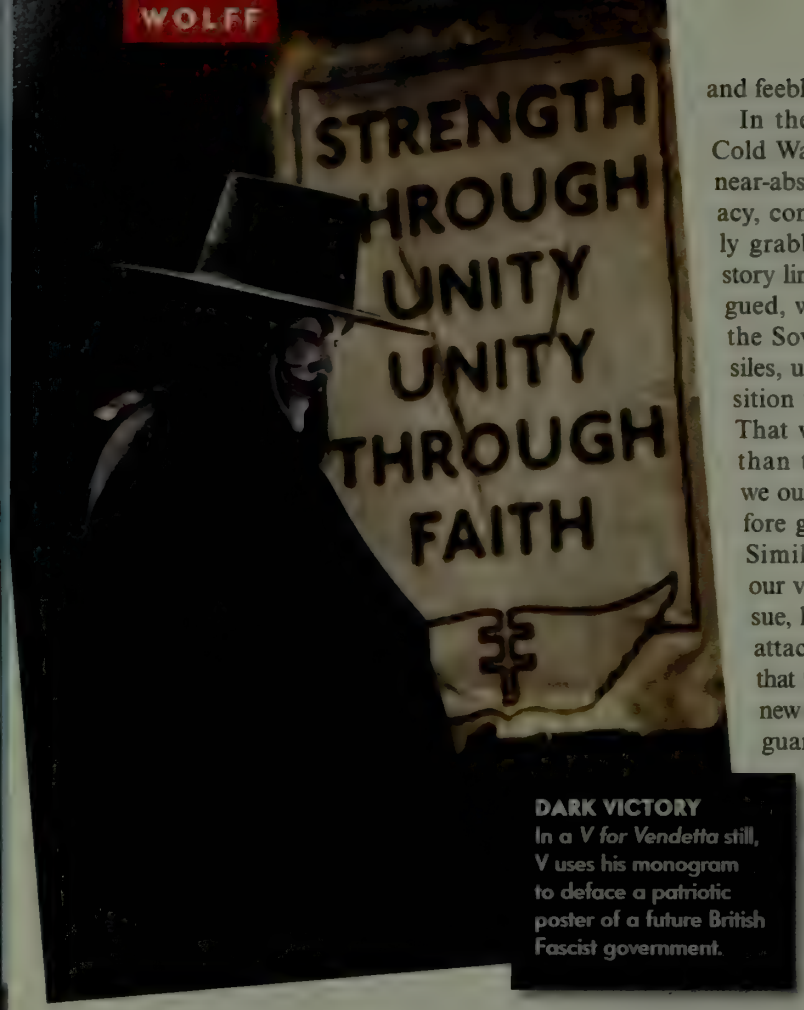
He lives—in a superhero's de rigueur fabulous, secret lair—in a totalitarian world. A world in deep shit. A world needing to be saved. Indeed, highly art-directed superhero sets, with their shadowy cities and exaggerated villains and menacing architecture—all precursors to the inevitable video game—turn out to be a great place to stage a political drama, perfectly made for all sorts of Orwellian-ness.

In *V* there's the Rush Limbaugh character, Lewis Prothero, "arch-conservative host" of the national news show, with his vast pill supply. There's John Hurt as the creepy chancellor—"with his gleaming boots of polished leather and his garrison of goons." There's a Dr. Mengele subplot, plus any number of other sadists and predators—sexual and otherwise. The comic-book world of the superhero is, finally,



DYNAMIC DUO
Left, Keanu Reeves and Hugo Weaving in 1999's *The Matrix; right,* Andy and Larry Wachowski at the 1999 Venice Film Festival.

V for Vendetta is really about a suicide bomber. V is the bomber. The suicide bomber is the hero.



DARK VICTORY
In a *V for Vendetta* still, V uses his monogram to deface a patriotic poster of a future British Fascist government.

At what point . . . does the Iraq quagmire become, the way Vietnam did, the main theme of popular culture?

joined with its real-life equivalents. And, of course, you have a world teetering on the brink—apocalypse being the animating anxiety of the superhero genre.

Apocalypse is, too, less than coincidentally, the fortifying principle of the Bush administration, fear of it—"when, not if"—being the leitmotif and political mantra since 9/11. It's the greatest of all rhetorical devices, and the simplest—well suited to religion, politics, and comic books.

Mass destruction is the super-narrative that belittles all the other, more equivocal ones. "The world is going to end unless we take control" versus "The world is, all things considered, with a bit of luck and finesse, most likely going to be O.K." Which story has more commercial appeal?

Once the end-of-the-world story gets told, once someone finds the pretext and summons the shamelessness to tell it, everybody else's story is diminished: hence, the Democrats, finding themselves on the short end of the 9/11 narrative, lamely and feebly vote for war in Iraq.

In the first decade of the Cold War, when the U.S. had near-absolute nuclear supremacy, conservatives audaciously grabbed and reversed the story line. Our world, they argued, would likely end when the Soviets got nuclear missiles, unless we were in a position to double-nuke them. That was more compelling than the alternative view: we ought to wait and see before going off half cocked. Similarly, the 9/11 story: our very existence was at issue, hence massive counterattack. The contrary view, that 9/11 was a complicated, new kind of vandalism, best guarded against by better law-enforcement management ("Billions have been distributed with virtually no risk assessment, and little planning. Nor has the federal government set preparedness standards to help state and local governments use the money wisely," declared the leaders of the 9/11 commission in December), got no narrative traction.

But the narrative is always in play.

The Cold War story line—bomb shelters, the very idea of using nuclear weapons, the best and the brightest, Robert McNamara's brilliantined hair—got turned upside down in the 1960s, became laughable, even. The apocalypse, or the specter of the apocalypse, was stolen back. In Kubrick's 1964 movie, *Dr. Strangelove*—produced after a decade of massive nuclear buildup—the petty and perverse and comical men in government are the agents of annihilation. Soon after, Vietnam turned into a literal apocalypse. *Hey, hey, L.B.J., how many kids did you kill today?* A real apocalypse was occurring because of the fear of a *hypothetical* apocalypse—that became the story line. *We* were the bad guys. In *The Battle of Algiers* (1965), the West is overthrown. Only a radical reaction would do.

It's the towers of Parliament that ar blown up in *V for Vendetta* (for goo measure, the Old Bailey is blown u too). "Blowing up a building," says V, ou superhero, "can change the world."

At the point in the future when *V fo Vendetta* takes place—20 years after th U.S.A. has started "its war"—the Ulcere Sphincter of Asserica has already implod ed and sunk into mayhem and chaos. A "America's war grew worse and worse an eventually came to London," Englan avoids chaos—"Immigrants. Muslims. Ho mosexuals"—by submitting to totalitari an rule.

You-know-who, with his goose-steppin minions, is back, commingled with weapons-of-mass-destruction subplot a burning-of-the-Reichstag-like scenari which involves using those weapons o England itself.

Then again, this is a comic-book movi with incredibly expensive special effects Nobody wants you to cluck or whinge There's no need to take this seriously. This is pop culture, not liberalism. Still . . .

Beyond the masked superhero (played by Hugo Weaving), Natalie Portman is the star of *V for Vendetta*. She's the dialectical tour de force. The Wachowskis, directly descended from the George Lucas school of epic-special-effects mythmaking (nothing if not fetishistic), have pointedly chosen as their damsel in distress Queen Amidala.

But not only. Because in *V for Vendetta* Portman eerily, campily, perhaps heretically manages to combine her role as preadolescent fantasy and comic-book superhero royalty from a galaxy far, far away with the stage role that made her famous: the most notable and authentic political character of the 20th century, Anne Frank.

Portman is the porcelain doll, the *Star Wars* figurine, the stick-figure girl, with cartoon bubbles over her head—"Help! Help!" "Save me!" And, in the same movie, she's the girl whose head is shaved, who's curled in a fetal position on the floor of a jail cell.

All a little disturbing, but . . . well . . . yes . . . kind of sexy too.

How much is a successful pop political product created by design as opposed to the grace of great timing?

The original *V for Vendetta*, by Alan Moore and David Lloyd, is a cult graphic novel from the 80s. Its real, and rather turgid, point is about Thatcherism. The Wachowskis first wrote the screenplay for *V* in the mid-90s, long before Iraq and George Bush. Then 9/11 came, throwing the very viability of *V for Vendetta* into

doubt. Last summer's bombing of the London Underground was another complication for *V*, whose penultimate scene involves a major cache of explosives in a London subway station. Indeed, the movie was supposed to open with thematic resonance on November 5, but was then, skittishly, delayed.

And yet here we are: *V for Vendetta*, with its jujitsu of 9/11 iconography, will open at the end of March, by which point, if the current count continues, almost 2,500 Americans, put in harm's way by a trumped-up tale of imminent apocalypse, will have died in Iraq.

Vietnam may be useful not just as a cultural standard but as a mathematical measure as well: in 1967, as the anti-war movement took off in earnest, the death rate in Vietnam was near 2 percent of total troop deployment. We're only a little shy of 2 percent in Iraq now. What's more, the kill count in Iraq, which not long ago averaged two soldiers a day, recently reached three a day—a 50 percent increase—and is now on its way to four. Doubling the dead. It's a devastating algebra.

A good indication that we measure war only by its numbers—that it's bottom-line-driven—is the fact that the Bush people are out volubly insisting that the war has other, less quantifiable virtues.

Still, the Wachowskis walk a tricky line—which is part of the drama here. Obviously the marketing people at Warner Bros., looking at their movie and weighing public opinion and the general mood of the moment, have asked: Can we get away with it? This, oddly, mirrors the discussion undoubtedly taking place in the Bush White House: How much more war can we get away with? But it may not be, between the Bush administration and the Wachowskis, either/or.

The more complicated and compounding calculation may be that the more war the Bush people believe they can get away with—the recent analysis in the White House is that it can get away with quite a bit more war if it can make the case (that old chestnut of a case) that victory is at the end of the tunnel—the more the Wachowskis, and other pop-culture subversives (you know they're on their way), can get away with, too.

They make each other possible.

V's aphoristic message, flashed in neon, is: "People shouldn't fear their governments; governments should fear their people."

Now, that is arguably exactly what is happening in Iraq, as well as in Israel and Palestine and Chechnya. It is, if not an outright rationale for terrorism, a change in the context. Indeed, *V for Vendetta* is really about a . . . suicide bomber. V, the self-appointed Karmic adjudicator, is the bomber. The suicide bomber is the hero. The superhero is the suicide bomber.

We're back, in other words, to the elemental modern political issue: Violence—what's it good for? Or: whose violence is it, anyway? Or, more basically: how come the most violent sons of bitches are always the ones saying how shocked, *shocked*, they are about violence? Huh?

I was 15 when, in 1968, I saw the movie *If*. . . . It was at the Plaza Theatre, then on East 58th Street, in Manhattan. I believe I may have cut school to see it. Malcolm McDowell (also the star of *A Clockwork Orange*—another 60s-era movie that takes on the modern Tartufferie about violence) and his band of unhappy and ironical school-mates rise up against their sadistic boarding-school masters (you really can't do better than England for representing sanctimony, self-satisfaction, and sadomasochism) and . . . shoot them . . . shoot them dead. Bang bang. Joyously.

Similarly, Parliament explodes. Joyously.

Queen Amidala–Anne Frank pulls the switch.

It smacks the stuffed shirts silly. □





MARSHAL LAW An American Airlines j Miami International Ai after the shooting déat passenger Rigoberto A (*inset, with his wife,* An Buechner) by air marsh December 7, 2005.

IN PLANE SIGHT

In the wake of the Miami airport shooting in December, the Federal Air Marshal Service is under harsher scrutiny than ever. Are "sky cops" making flying safer–or can any terrorist spot an air marshal from 20 rows away? And some critics say the program has serious leadership problems, which is contributing to its agents' dangerously low morale

BY RICHARD GOODING

When a disturbed Home Depot paint salesman snapped aboard an American Airlines jet at Miami International Airport in early December, two casually dressed men leapt from their seats and into the fray. In those frenzied moments before Rigoberto Alpizar was shot and killed, he may, in his confused state, never have realized that the men pointing guns at him, ordering him to get down and stop moving, were undercover federal air marshals.

The air marshals, by design, are a shadowy force, and until this incident they had been an increasingly neglected one. With the urgency in the wake of 9/11 long past, efforts to expand their ranks were shelved as too costly; they've been plagued by management problems and poor morale; and within Homeland Security, their agency is treated as a stepchild.

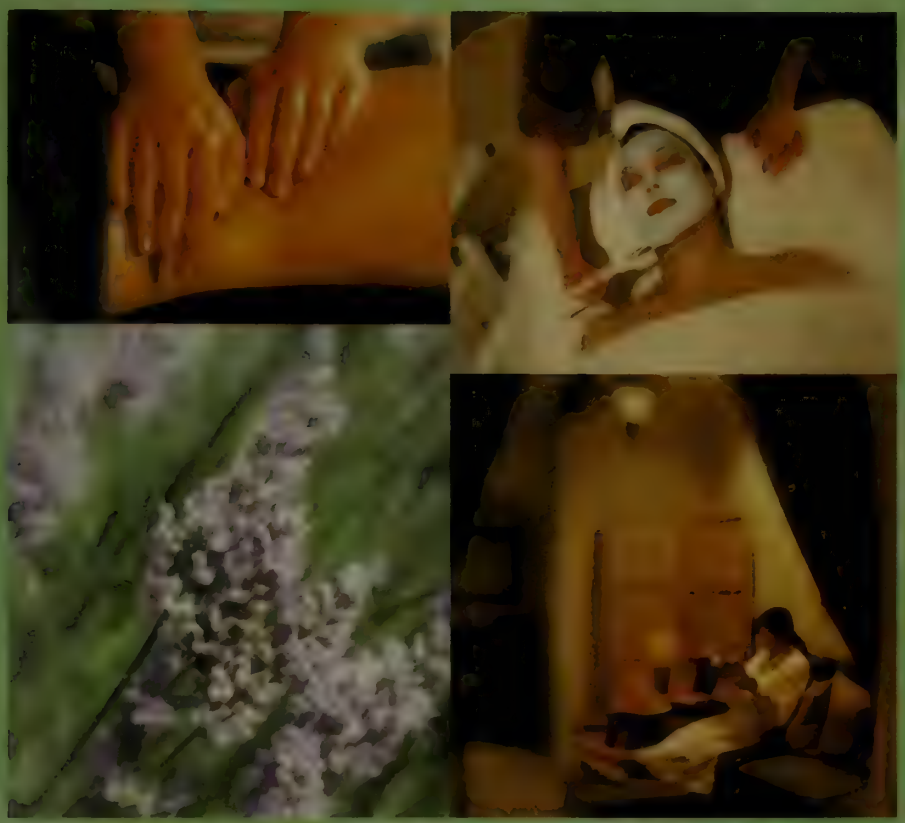
And the shooting of Rigoberto Alpizar, justified or not, did nothing to answer very real questions about how air marshals would perform face-to-face with the deadly threat they're trained to thwart. A real terrorist, after all, would never *claim* he had a bomb. He'd just use it.

On a heavy travel day last year, I roamed Newark Liberty International Airport and watched for the many ways an air marshal's most valuable asset—anonymity—can be compromised:

- These plainclothes members of the Federal Air Marshal Service (FAMS) are not allowed to use most e-ticket kiosks, instead having to go to the ticket counter and show their conspicuously large badges.
- Because they're armed with a handgun, air marshals bypass metal detectors by going up the exit lane at the security checkpoint, in full view of passengers waiting on the entrance lines.
- Marshals have to present their IDs a third time at the gate counter.
- At least one marshal in a team (there are two to a team, sometimes more than one team per flight) boards even before first-class and "passengers with small children or those needing assistance"—to meet the pilot and crew and inspect the plane. This could take place in the presence of airplane cleaners and food vendors.
- By the time everyone else boards, the marshals are already in their seats.

At Newark that day, I sat near enough to one counter to lip-read a man say, "I'm an air marshal," as he pulled out his wallet and displayed his ID. He was in his mid-30s (as are about 60 percent of marshals; only 4 percent are women), with moderately short hair; he was wearing light khakis and a short black coat and

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arrying only a small over-the-shoulder bag. He boarded a minute before everyone else.

One air marshal I spoke to, on the condition that his identity not be revealed (with top-secret clearances, air marshals are forbidden to talk to the press), expressed anxiety about his cover being blown. Putting himself into the mind of a hijacker, he laid out this scenario:

"I get on a plane, let's say an L.A.-to-J.F.K. flight, six hours, and I already know where [the marshals] are sitting. I know what they look like. I watched them in the airport—they got paraded by the passengers.... Eventually, one of them has got to go to the bathroom, right? So the partner goes into the bathroom, and I come up on the guy—one good, swift punch into the carotid artery will render him unconscious. Then I take his gun and wait for his partner to get out of the lav and shoot him. Now I've got two weapons."

He added, "When that plane's up in the air, we can't even hear people walking up the aisles, because of the ambient noise. We're sitting ducks."

Said another marshal, "I'm not saying that none of us could successfully handle the situation, because there's a *chance* [the terrorists] could make a mistake. But if they trained properly and were prepared, they could—I have no doubt in my mind—overtake air marshals and take their guns. I have no doubt I could put a team together and do it myself."

A pilot for a major airline said the question that needs to be asked is: "Are we safer with or without them?"

The history of air marshals offers no clear-cut lesson.

Since the world's first hijacking, in 1931, there have reportedly been some 1,000 attempts worldwide. Sky cops are known to have successfully stopped only a handful.

The Israelis did it most famously in 1970, when officers on an El Al flight thwarted part of the spectacular Dawson's Field plot by Palestinian terrorists to seize four jetliners.

In July 2000, security forces on a Royal Jordanian flight shot and killed a man brandishing a gun and a hand grenade. The grenade blew, injuring 15 passengers, but the plane landed safely.

But the presence of air marshals has contributed to two mass tragedies. In 1985 a security officer aboard EgyptAir Flight 648 exchanged gunfire with Arab terrorists. After bullets pierced the fuselage, the plane was forced down in Malta, where a commando raid led to the death of 57 passengers. A year later, a firefight between guards and grenade-wielding terrorists erupted aboard an Iraqi Airways jet. Sixty-two people were killed.

Hijacking was not always viewed in the U.S. as misguided. Eastern Europeans fleeing Communism in the late 40s and anti-Castro Cubans escaping the island in the late 50s were for all intents and purposes applauded. But after the Bay of Pigs invasion, in 1961, the direction of most Cuban hijackings—and Washington's attitude—shifted, as a mixed bag of homesick refugees and militants defied the U.S. travel ban by seizing planes and demanding, "Take me to Havana!"

President Kennedy put the first armed guards in American skies that year, and Congress made hijacking a death-penalty crime. In 1968 the first formal "sky marshal" program was created as part of the Federal Aviation Administration (F.A.A.). The next year there were 33 domestic hijackings, making it the worst year ever.

In 1985, Congress reconstituted and expanded the force, though increased overall security measures (and a 1973 U.S.-Cuba extradition treaty) had made air piracy rare in the U.S. Not so overseas: the next six years were the deadliest ever in air terrorism—until 9/11—with more than 1,200 people killed in politically motivated incidents, including the Libyan bombing of Pan Am Flight 103 over Lockerbie, Scotland, in December 1988, with 270 lives lost.

AT NEWARK, I SAT NEAR ENOUGH TO ONE COUNTER TO LIP-READ A MAN SAY, "I'M AN AIR MARSHAL," AS HE PULLED OUT HIS WALLET AND DISPLAYED HIS ID.

Prior to 9/11, the last hijacking in the U.S. was in 1991, and the ranks of marshals dropped precipitously through the decade. On 9/11, the U.S. had a mere 33 air marshals—not one of them on domestic duty.

Once in every decade since its inception, the U.S. air-marshals program has had to start over nearly from scratch, and always in response to yesterday's threats. In 1985 it was the horror of TWA Flight 847, when Hezbollah Shiites tortured and killed U.S. Navy diver Robert Stethem before dumping his body onto a tarmac in Beirut. In the 90s, it was reacting to Lockerbie and bombs abroad. In 2001, suicide hijackings at home.

Six days after 9/11, the F.A.A. began to plan again for a breakneck beefing up of the service. (FAMS, now part of the Department of Homeland Security, has been bumped from one bureaucracy to another within that monolith twice in the last three years.) By the following July, it was to be at full strength, with a force of as many as 4,000. (The actual figure is classified; some media reports say it's less than that.)

In those unsettling months, over 200,000 Americans flooded the government with job applications. The air marshals I've talked to say they were responding to that urge we all had then of wanting to do something—something when little more than shop-and-spend was being offered by our nation's leaders.

Yet even as more Americans than ever are flying—by 2004 domestic-airline passenger levels topped the pre-9/11 record—confidence in FAMS, with an annual budget of about $680 million, has slipped. Before the Miami shooting, the agency almost invariably attracted negative headlines: THE AIR MARSHALS' MESS; AIR MARSHAL LOSES BADGE, ID, GUN LICENSE IN BAR; MARSHAL INDICTED IN ROAD RAGE INCIDENT; AIR MARSHALS DODGE "SUIT NAZIS."

For three years, no issue drew more ink and heat than the agency's absurdly formal dress code, which made child's play out of spotting marshals in our midst.

Even after Congress directed FAMS, a year ago, to ensure that "no procedure, guideline, rule, regulation, or other policy shall expose the identity of an air marshal," the agency's field offices were still churning out stern memos. "Every FAM assigned to this office," said a Miami memo in December 2004, "is expected to have with them and wear, at a minimum, a sports coat. Not 'a coat'—a sports coat. . . . Buttoned shirts with collars and neatly pressed slacks with leather shoes are also a part of the minimum standard."

The situation boiled over on Thanksgiving Day 2004 when the FAMS director, Thomas Quinn, went to Ronald Reagan Washington National Airport to laud his troops for working the holiday, and several air marshals instead found themselves disciplined for their too casual attire.

At the time, agency spokesman David Adams defended the code to me, arguing that if a marshal was disguised like Al Pacino in *Serpico* "you're going to have a 'Let's roll!' phenomenon, because no one's going to believe him." (It was Todd Beamer, aboard United Flight 93 on 9/11, who yelled, "Let's roll!," urging his fellow passengers to take on the hijackers moments before the plane crashed near Shanksville, Pennsylvania.)

But last summer, the new Homeland

Security secretary, Michael Chertoff, intervened and Quinn finally relaxed the code, dropping the sport-coat edict and for the first time allowing air marshals to grow mustaches and beards. Before then, the Hawaiian shirt worn by one of the marshals in the Alpizar confrontation would have earned him desk duty.

Thomas Quinn has labeled air marshals who've complained to the press about policies as "a small number of disgruntled individuals who are total amateurs." At least one marshal caught talking to a reporter was fired.

Yet the marshals I was able to interview say the agency does have a morale problem. Many on the force are in their mid-30s, with years of prior experience, often as undercover agents with a good deal of on-the-job autonomy, and they've chafed in the more controlled environment of FAMS. "It doesn't help when they treat us like kindergartners," one marshal told me. "Guys are getting really pissed off."

Several aviation-security experts who keep a close watch on the agency agree that all's not well there. One, who asked that his name not be used because he has known Quinn for years, told me FAMS has "some good people, no doubt about it. But at the very top there are problems. The leadership, in my opinion, is outdated."

The "malcontent" put-down is "a typical Tom Quinn response," he said. "That's not how you manage people—everybody that has a problem is not a malcontent."

According to the former Homeland Security inspector general, Clark Kent Ervin, that posture of disparaging critics permeates the whole department. As the agency's internal watchdog, he turned out a series of tough reports—only to be effectively dismissed by the White House after just a year on the job.

"The attitude I got at the department time and again," Ervin told me, "was 'We don't want to hear bad news.... Either ignore the problem or deny it exists, or minimize it, or ridicule it, or claim it has already been fixed and our reports are old news.'"

When I asked Adams about Ervin's August 2004 report criticizing the FAMS background-checking process (he cited 753 documented instances, including marshals' lying, losing their guns, drinking, using drugs, and sleeping on duty), the spokesman, as if on cue, called it inaccurate, outdated, "grandstanding," and "one big package of sensationalism."

The 59-year-old Quinn, who bears a resemblance to Clint Eastwood, is a 20-year veteran of the Secret Service, whose career included heading up Senator Ted Kennedy's protection detail when he ran for president, in 1980.

But his more recent past reveals a twist worthy of a new scene in Michael Moore's *Fahrenheit 9/11:* the man in charge of one of America's key countermeasures to attacks carried out largely by Saudi nationals worked for Saudi Arabian royalty before taking the FAMS job, in January 2002.

THE MARSHALS I WAS ABLE TO INTERVIEW SAY THE AGENCY DOES HAVE A MORALE PROBLEM. SEVERAL AVIATION-SECURITY EXPERTS AGREE: ALL'S NOT WELL THERE.



TERROR ON THE TARMAC A Hezbollah hijacker barks demands from the cockpit of TWA Flight 847 in Beirut on June 19, 1985. One passenger—a U.S. Navy diver—was tortured and killed.

His FAMS biography doesn't mention it, recording only that three years after retiring from the Secret Service, in 1989, he started his own security-and-investigation firm in New York, with clients ranging "from corporations to the United States and allied governments." But Adams confirmed it to me. "He worked for the Saudis," he said. "Did security for them . . . one of the princes."

(Through Adams, *V.F.* twice requested an interview with Quinn, who rarely talks to the press. Both times he declined.)

Quinn took a slew of Secret Service buddies with little experience in aviation security with him to the air marshals, according to one knowledgeable source.

There was more to it than the appeal of working for a former colleague. Under a little-known legal loophole, Secret Service retirees were once allowed to take a new federal job and collect both their salary and their full pension. Congress put an end to the "double dip" loophole in 1984, but grandfathered in those already on the job, so the perk remained in effect as late as 2004 for anyone retiring after 20 years of service.

As of March 2003, according to government figures, 81 former Secret Service agents (Adams included) had been hired by FAMS, many in supervisory positions.

Quinn is now making $162,100; one expert estimates his Secret Service pension to be around $60,000. Together that's more than a Supreme Court justice earns. (The average air-marshal salary is about $72,000, but pay can top $80,000—generally more than the compensation for other federal law enforcement agents.)

"It's totally legal, and there's nothing wrong with it," said Adams. "We retired, and because of the law, there was an opportunity for us to serve the government in another agency." He added, "We feel we are here to mentor the troops and to make them the future leaders" of the service. "We're not going to be here forever."

At least some air marshals aren't inclined to wait. A public (but unauthorized) Internet forum is full of postings by anonymous marshals calling for Quinn's ouster and blasting the Secret Service *Men in Black* mentality for the agency's ills.

A former head of security at the F.A.A., Billie Vincent, agreed, saying that the agency "is a blooming, flaming mess at the moment, and it's due solely to the leadership." He told me the first step forward "is to fire Tom Quinn."

In Herndon, Virginia, a few miles east of Washington Dulles International Airport, workers inside a nondescript building that doesn't bear the FAMS nameplate communicate with the agency's sky cops, analyze their airport-surveillance reports, and schedule their flights. Air marshals ride shotgun on a little bit of everything but focus on "targeted critical flights"—fuel-heavy planes like the ones used on 9/11, those on certain overseas routes, and a wide range of flights into Washington and New York.

According to some estimates, air mar-



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shals fly on as many as half of those critical flights. For the some 30,000 flights a day, Quinn has put the figure at "more than 5 percent"; some experts believe it's less.

Air marshals' schedules are prepared 28 days in advance (they fly 5 days a week; a workday can run 10 hours or longer, depending on delays), but the service claims to be able to make last-minute changes based on "actionable information" from its Intelligence Branch. Just how much actionable intelligence is ever produced in Washington, however, is debatable.

John MacGaffin, a 31-year C.I.A. veteran who became that agency's number-two clandestine-operations officer and later a senior adviser to the F.B.I., told the 9/11 commission that, owing to the inability to infiltrate al-Qaeda within the U.S., even two years after 9/11, domestic intelligence was still alarmingly scarce.

In an interview, MacGaffin, now an independent security consultant, said the ideal type of intelligence is a specific tip from a recruited source in the innermost councils of al-Qaeda: "Tomorrow. Flight 337. Five guys with beards and Iranian passports with the following numbers are gonna . . . " The other extreme, he said, goes like this: "Something bad's going to happen someday, someplace." But the former scenario almost never happens, he said, and in the latter, the tip is "of no use at all. . . . You say, 'Oh, shit,' and go back to sleep."

It's all the rest of the intelligence that causes headaches. "It's somebody the F.B.I. caught on a drug sting—true story—in England or in Europe," recalled MacGaffin, "who, not wanting to go to jail, said, 'I know something really important,'" that "some Iranians, or some Middle Easterners, are doing something on a flight from Boston to San Francisco to Manila tomorrow or the next day, or maybe it's Boston–Chicago–Malaysia."

That warning sent officials scrambling. "I know [the information] is wacko," MacGaffin said, "but just what if it's true? So you pass it on. Intelligence, like shit, runs downhill."

Larry Johnson, ex–C.I.A. analyst, former deputy director of the State Department's counterterrorism office, and now managing director of BERG Associates L.L.C., an international business-consulting firm, said, "The odds that you're ever going to get any kind of useful, actionable intelligence, I think, are between slim and none."

So far, American air marshals have never had to prove themselves against any real hijackers or terrorists.

There were no marshals aboard American Airlines Flight 63 from Paris to Miami in December 2001 when Richard Reid tried to ignite his "shoe bomb"; he was subdued by flight attendants and passengers. And of some 40 arrests made by air marshals since 9/11, none had any link to terrorism.

Far from it. One was an Illinois businessman who was busted on a federal assault charge for hassling a flight attendant after he stood up during a United Airlines flight and pointed out which passengers he thought were marshals. (He faced six months in prison but got off with a year's probation.) A Pittsburgh woman was carried off a Northwest Airlines flight after talking about the plane blowing up, and attempting to choke an air marshal who tried to calm her. In court, she blamed booze: "My memory is not that clear of that day." (Facing 20 years, she got eight months.)

Wise guys, abusive drunks, air-ragers: air marshals are trained to stay out of the fray if at all possible; it might be a ruse—terrorists trying to smoke out the marshals as a prelude to an attack. If Rigoberto Alpizar hadn't allegedly uttered the word "bomb," he might have been allowed to run off the plane unharmed.

The only other time marshals are known to have even drawn a weapon was in August 2002, when two agents went all out in restraining an unruly passenger on a Delta flight to Philadelphia. For the last 30 or 40 minutes of the flight, one held the entire coach section at gunpoint. "A little bit of Rambo in the air," one terrified passenger remarked.

"IF THE TERRORISTS TRAINED PROPERLY, THEY COULD—I HAVE NO DOUBT IN MY MIND—OVERTAKE AIR MARSHALS AND TAKE THEIR GUNS," ONE MARSHAL TOLD ME.

But for most of an air marshal's time—hundreds of flights, thousands of hours in the air—nothing happens. As George Novak, a former F.A.A. attorney who once taught legal courses for air marshals and now works as a consultant on airline safety, put it, an air marshal's daily grind is lonelier "than a beat cop's," and "not as glamorous, not as exciting. . . . You don't get any accolades for being a deterrent."

"One of the most courageous things I know of," Cathal "Irish" Flynn, who oversaw the F.A.A.'s air-marshal program from 1993 to 2000, told me, "is that the president, the secretary of transportation, and the administrator of the F.A.A. put the planes back in the air three days after 9/11.

"How the hell could they know [it was safe]? Because I bet that the F.B.I. and the C.I.A. were being wishy-washy as hell. . . . They put the planes back. And people flew."

But the threat to air travel remains, despite all the post-9/11 security measures—from reinforced (but not impregnable) cockpit doors and tighter (yet anything but foolproof) passenger and baggage screening to air marshals and some armed pilots. Spending billions more to try to close the significant gaps that remain—most egregiously, the inability to consistently spot plastic explosives in carry-on luggage—won't necessarily eliminate it.

There are wild cards working against a terrorist. There could be more air marshals on a plane than he can identify. And there could be one or more of the hundreds of federal law-enforcement officers—F.B.I., Secret Service, drug agents, or even a state taxicab investigator—who are permitted to fly armed on government business every day. Plus, there is the remarkable phenomenon, born of Todd Beamer, of the post-9/11 vigilance of passengers.

But, said Flynn's predecessor, General O. K. Steele, "anybody who wants to create a sensational thing" is still going to go after a jetliner, if for no other reason than the dramatic difference between "falling out of the air at 35,000 feet . . . and, say, a train wreck."

And provocative new targets—such as the Airbus A380, with its 800-passenger capacity—are always in the wings.

Steele, 73, who until recently did consulting work on aviation security, also argued that airlines are an attractive target because they at least attempt to fly on precise schedules. "That plane that was late on 9/11," he said, referring to United Flight 93. "Remember, it was delayed about 40 minutes. That's what probably saved Washington."

Predictability works in the terrorists' favor, he said. The air marshals' challenge is to be as unpredictable as possible.

"The deterrent," said Steele, "is that your adversary never knows when he may have to contend with this. . . . He's going to have to increase the number of people he may need to take over that airplane, and thereby increase our chances of picking up at least one or two of those guys beforehand—before they get on."

That, he said, should be the ultimate goal: to nab terrorists on the ground—not to have to fight them in the air. □



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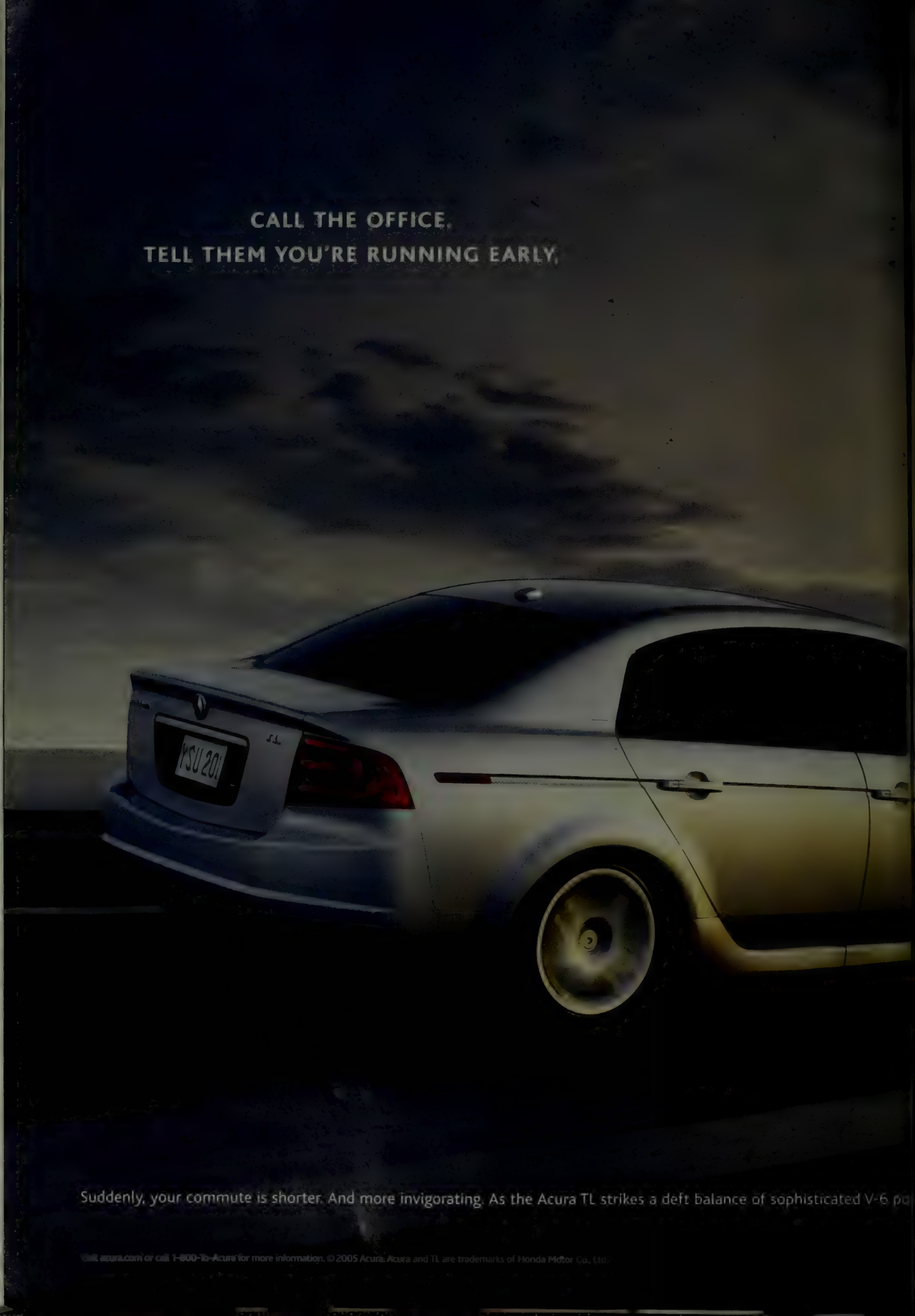
VANITIES



PAULA PATTON

AGE AND OCCUPATION: 30, actress. **PROVENANCE:** Los Angeles. **FROM MR. SMITH TO WASHINGTON:** Patton, whose first role was alongside Will Smith in *Hitch*, is set to star opposite Denzel Washington in Tony Scott's thriller *Déjà Vu*. **OUTKASTING:** After Patton auditioned for the female lead in *Idlewild*, the upcoming Prohibition-era musical starring OutKast's Big Boi and André 3000, director Bryan Barber asked her to come back . . . in a 1930s diva gown. "I came back, and I'm waiting at the Chateau Marmont, in the lobby, and I thought, I must look like a hooker. The looks I got, you wouldn't believe." **SECOND ACT:** Patton, who went to Berkeley before transferring to U.S.C.'s film school, was five years out of college and working middling TV jobs (including a stint as a P.A. on *The Howie Mandel Show*) when she decided on a career change: "I had nothing to lose—I'm at home watching Oprah, you know? So I started secretly taking [one-on-one] acting lessons. I didn't want to learn if I was terrible in a class." —KRISTA SMITH

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Fantasy Football: My Team

By Holly Brubach



First, the coaching staff. Offensive coordinator: Ed Harris, in *Radio.* Defensive coordinator: Gene Hackman, in *The Replacements.* Head coach and G.M.: me.

The starting lineup: Tom Brady, quarterback. Sterling Sharpe and Wayne Chrebet, wide receivers. Tiki Barber and Marcus Allen, running backs. Bruce Matthews, center. Antonio Gates, tight end. John Lynch, safety. Deion Sanders, Ronde Barber, and Johnny Robinson, defensive backs. Howie Long and Jack Youngblood, defensive ends . . .

I know what you're thinking. You're thinking: Wait a minute—this is a team consisting entirely of the hottest guys who have ever played pro football.

So?

At first, they balked at the uniforms. It took a while to convince them that the ecru-and-black combination, with the numbers edged in dark red and the names written in a tasteful shadow script, was more elegant than what they were accustomed to, but now they wouldn't wear anything else.

My team is meeting the '72 Miami Dolphins in the Super Bowl, which for the first time in history is being played in Paris. Roland Garros has been transformed into a football stadium, necessitating the removal of the bleachers on one side, but that turns out not to be a problem, since the only spectators are my invited guests. These include: my college roommate, my upstairs neighbors, the guys at the gym, and the bartender at Buster's. The Dolphins have no cheering section.

The kickoff. My team runs the ball back for a touchdown. But all hopes of a rout vanish when, three minutes into the first quarter, Bob Griese puts us on notice by firing a pass to Larry Csonka, who easily scores. At the half, it's 21–10, Dolphins.

Our defense has some holes that need plugging, and our blitz isn't working too well. Gene and I make some adjustments. Finally, in the third quarter, we get some traction. Sharpe's first touchdown in 12 years brings the fans, all nine of them, to their feet. Miami puts seven more points on the board. But another long drive and we narrow the gap to four. Then, after sending the Dolphins back down the field, we pull off a spectacular interception, and now we're 30 yards from the goal, with the clock at 1:10. Ed and I confer on the next play. He's advocating a draw, but I think we should go deep. We go deep. Brady is in the pocket; he looks right, he looks left, he finds Gates in the end zone. Touchdown! Gates does a dance, part hula, part Walking Like an Egyptian—very entertaining. The fans go wild. Our kicker, David Beckham, who prefers to play without his jersey, makes the extra point. Yes!

In the end, my team wins, 31–28, and our triumph is commemorated with a confetti-strewn victory parade down the Champs-Élysées, with French fans cheering wildly (*"Le Bol Super, c'est superbe!"*) and holding charming hand-lettered signs (WELCOME, U.S.A. and NOW WE COMPLETELY UNDERSTAND WHAT IT IS THAT'S SO COMPELLING ABOUT AMERICAN FOOTBALL). Then the after-party gets under way, with a dinner at Lucas Carton. I have done the *placement,* and I am seated between Brady and Gates, who flirt with me shamelessly. Tom insists that I'm the most attractive head coach he's ever had, and in a quiet moment, he leans in and confides that after a while a man gets tired of supermodels and longs for a woman with brains and a sense of humor. The sommelier keeps the champagne coming.

During dessert, I table-hop. We close the restaurant—it is after three A.M.—and stroll back along the moonlit streets to the Place Vendôme, where the entire team has been billeted at the Ritz. Tom insists that I end this perfect evening in his suite to review the films; Antonio proposes that I join him for a nightcap and, pressing his body against mine, says he wants to run some patterns. I'd be lying if I said I didn't hear the call of duty in these invitations. In the end, however, I extricate myself and gracefully decline, because I want to get home to George Clooney, who calls me "babe" and adores every little thing about me.

But first, I walk to the middle of the Pont des Arts and sit on one of those little benches and watch the twinkling reflections of the city's lights in the Seine and think how great it is to be alive. Pretty soon, the sun comes up, and it's time to head for the airport. But not before swinging by Cartier to get fitted for my Super Bowl ring.

I know what you're thinking. You're thinking: It's not fair that one woman has all the luck, gets all the guys, and then gets upgraded to first class on Air France. So get your own team.

ILLUSTRATION BY ROSS MacDONALD

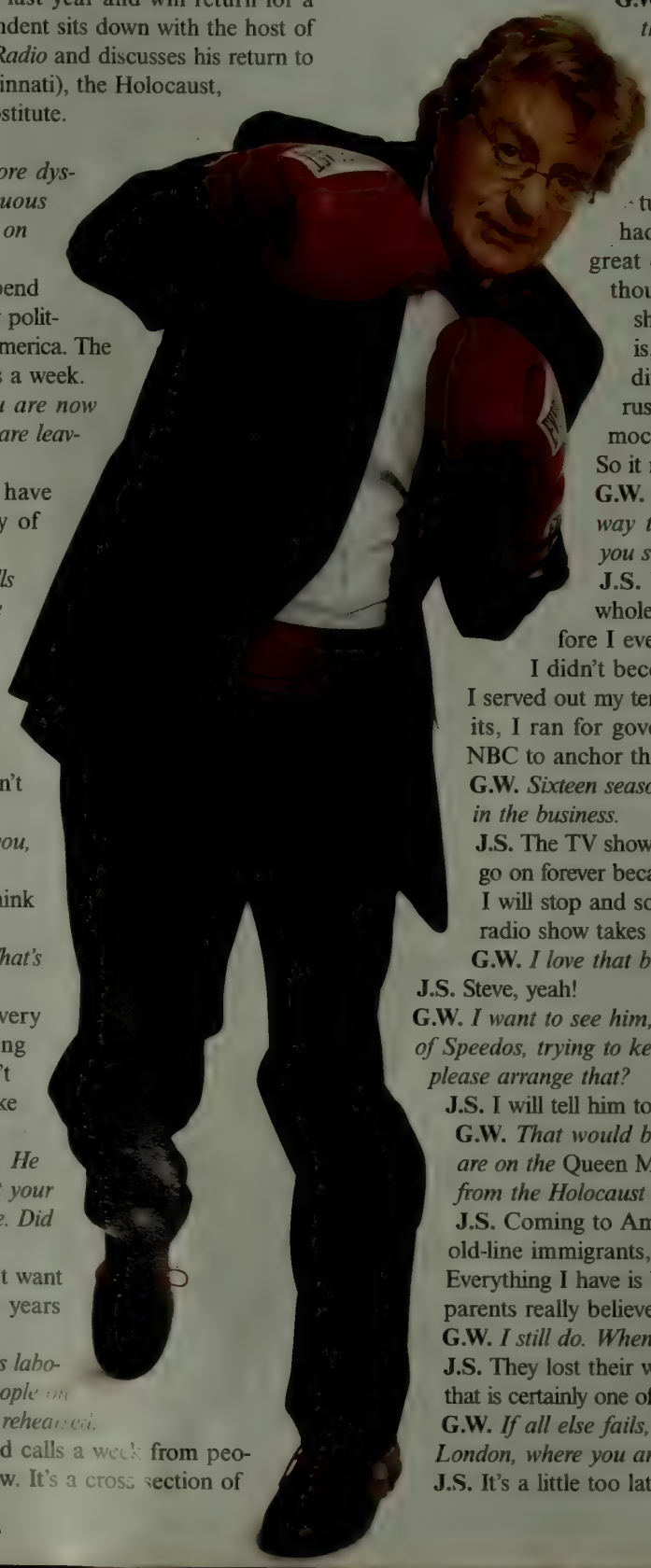

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GEORGE WAYNE Q&A

The Greatest American Antihero

Jerry Springer on television, his sex scandal, and being a God

As the ringmaster on his notorious talk show, Jerry Springer juggled feuding dwarfs and pugilistic transsexuals for 16 years, but it was the unlikely marriage of high art and his show's gutter-low subject matter that yielded *Jerry Springer: The Opera,* a production which started in London last year and will return for a 2006 U.K. tour. Our correspondent sits down with the host of Air America's *Springer on the Radio* and discusses his return to politics (he was mayor of Cincinnati), the Holocaust, and a little problem with a prostitute.



George Wayne: *How many more dysfunctional trannies and incestuous rednecks are you going to foist on John and Joanna Public?*

Jerry Springer: The truth is I spend more of my time now doing my political show on the radio for Air America. The television is just a couple hours a week.

G.W. *Are you saying that you are now embarrassed by the legacy you are leaving on television?*

J.S. Oh, no—I am proud to have the worst show in the history of television.

G.W. *That's what* TV Guide *calls it. I have to admit that if I wake up sometimes in a good mood I turn on the* Jerry Springer Show *and I am in an even better mood. You are my God!*

J.S. If I am your God, we don't have any holidays. We don't get them.

G.W. *That other George hates you, though. George Clooney.*

J.S. He's a nice guy. I don't think it's personal.

G.W. *He's called you an idiot. That's not personal?*

J.S. Nah. He comes from a very nice family. I was a competing news anchor with his dad. I can't take it personally. He doesn't like my show? Too bad.

G.W. *He was very mean, Jerry. He was regurgitating old talk about your writing a check to some prostitute. Did that really happen?*

J.S. Not really *to* her . . . I don't want to go into details. That was 35 years ago. What do I care?

G.W. *But, seriously, where is this laboratory where you breed these people on your show? I mean, it has to be rehearsed.*

J.S. Oh, no. We get a thousand calls a week from people who want to be on the show. It's a cross section of America we are not used to seeing on television. American television is normally upper-middle-class white. And if it's African-American or minority, they put them on one of the side networks. So I think we are shocked when we see people we wouldn't traditionally see on *Friends* or *Seinfeld* or whatever.

G.W. *You were born in London, where they have paid you the ultimate homage with a West End theater production all about you. How did that come about?*

J.S. Because the show has become such a real part of our culture that some people in England had this idea of making this into a great opera, and it really is. I always thought that country music was my show put to music. But really opera is, because it has all the same traditional things: the chaos, the chorus, the gender misidentification, the mock tragedy, the comedy, the farce. So it really works.

G.W. *In the 70s you were well on your way to being governor of Ohio. Then you suffered a tumble—*

J.S. No, you got it all wrong. That whole check thing was five years before I ever became mayor of Cincinnati. I didn't become mayor until 1977, and when I served out my term, in 1982, because of term limits, I ran for governor, and then I was hired by NBC to anchor the news for 10 years.

G.W. *Sixteen seasons on television—that is a lifetime in the business.*

J.S. The TV show is a few hours a week, and it will go on forever because it has a niche. At some point I will stop and someone else will take it over. The radio show takes up most of my attention now.

G.W. *I love that bouncer guy with the bald head.*

J.S. Steve, yeah!

G.W. *I want to see him, just once, in nothing but a pair of Speedos, trying to keep control of that show. Can you please arrange that?*

J.S. I will tell him to give you a call.

G.W. *That would be nice. So, at five years old you are on the* Queen Mary, *streaming across the Atlantic from the Holocaust to freedom in America.*

J.S. Coming to America, for my family, traditional old-line immigrants, was a defining thing in my life. Everything I have is because of that sacrifice. But my parents really believed in the magic of Miss Liberty.

G.W. *I still do. When I see Miss Liberty I get tears.*

J.S. They lost their whole family in the Holocaust, so that is certainly one of the fundamental events in my life.

G.W. *If all else fails, you could always move back to London, where you are king.*

J.S. It's a little too late for it to fail.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ERIN PATRICE O'BRIEN. STYLED BY MIA MORGAN. TUXEDO, BOW TIE AND CUFFLINKS BY [illegible]


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VANITY FAIR
FEBRUARY 2006

CONFESSIONS OF A TEENAGE MOVIE QUEEN

Bulimia, drugs, the hideous battle between her violent convict father and co-manager mother—for two years Lindsay Lohan has been in a tabloid-fodder spi Somehow, though, she's emerging as a star, with her own romantic comedy, *Just My Luck*, out next month, and a role in Robert Altman's new film, *A Prairi Home Companion*. In an interview full of new headlines, Lohan tells EVGENIA PERETZ about her near self-destruction and the emotional breakthrou that resulted in her hit song, "Confessions of a Broken Heart"

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARIO TESTINO • STYLED BY ANDREW RICHARDSON





Lindsay Lohan on the beach in Malibu, California, on September 21, 2005. "She is . . . almost preternaturally alive on camera," says Meryl Streep.

If you think her dad sounds unpleasant, you should meet the paparazzi. There's "Sam the Skulker," a middle-aged Richard Belzer look-alike—only scary. There's the charmer in the Jaguar, who alternates between sweet-talking the 19-year-old actress and telling her she's a bitch. And then there are the lowlifes on wheels, who dodge pedestrians on North Robertson Boulevard as they chronicle her trips to tanning salons and contribute to her car wrecks, she says, like the one back in October when she totaled her Mercedes-Benz SL65 AMG near the Ivy restaurant and cracked her wrist.

"My first instinct was: Get out of this car—they're going to start taking pictures," says Lindsay Lohan, her voice raspy and excited, kicking back at Hollywood's Chateau Marmont, her hotel home for the foreseeable future, as her new apartment, off Sunset Boulevard, is being renovated. "I ran into this antiques store that's called Hideaway House Antiques—I mean, the irony of that is just creepy and weird. [The paparazzi] ran down, and I saw them out the window, and I ran into the corner and sat down on this old chair, and I look down and there's blood specks all over the chair! . . . I looked at my assistant. I said, 'Buy this chair. It's not getting sold on eBay!'"

It's impressive that Lohan can find humor in it all—given that the tabloids have feasted on her for the past two years, spilling ink in hysterical tones on everything from feuds and fake boobs (which she denies) to the loose-cannon dad, the withering figure, the canoodling sessions with Colin Farrell and other older actors, the on-set meltdowns, and the speculation about drug use. But being in the tabloids' crosshairs wasn't her only problem. "I was sick," she now admits. "I was sick. Everyone was scared. And I was scared, too. I had people sit me down and say, 'You're going to die if you don't take care of yourself.'"

Before we get into all that, the news is that Lohan is no train wreck. In fact, she may be the most compelling and charismatic and real of all the actresses on the very young A-list. Perhaps that's why on the heels of her new romantic comedy, *Just My Luck,* due out this spring and for which she was paid a reported $7.5 million, she will co-star in Robert Altman's next film, *A Prairie Home Companion,* opposite Meryl Streep. "She has a quality that is really unusual in actors," says Streep. "And that is that she is very present and alive, almost preternaturally alive, on camera."

She's genuinely fun to be with—affectionate, unguarded, mischievous, and a little loopy. Having lived at the Chateau Marmont for months, she is now the staff's very own Eloise, careening in and out of the kitchen, taking five pieces of chocolate cake to warm up in her suite's microwave; grandly reserving several orders of curried chicken each Thursday because you never know who's going to drop by; and having amazing conversations with total randoms, like that cool, older Australian woman eating here the other night, who was, like, really sexy and *40* and had a kid and everything.

The Chateau is full of advantages. If Lohan wants her amazing Lip Venom, she explains, she can just call up her assistant and have her toss it down the stairs. "You can throw things down the staircases here," says the actress, who has put on a few pounds and now looks normal-thin, wearing a white T-shirt and dark jeans tucked into high boots. "It's like a house, it's so weird. I'm like, 'This is my den.' Like, three people were lying on the second floor and walking up to my staircase." She catches herself and lets out a goofy laugh. "*My* staircase!"

But behind the playfulness there's a serious and emotional young woman. Though she has fallen many times in her life clearly has great reserves of strength. has personally survived so much that a point she can't help but start to let it about her damaged relationship with father, her loneliness and rootlessness. the demons inside her that almost n her self-destruct. As they say, she is g there—even while her publicist, L Sloane Zelnik, and mother/co-mana Dina Lohan, work overtime to play dark stuff down.

"A lot of people that are my age are tered, especially in the industry, and [p cists, managers, and executives] want t to have this O.K. image. I don't have t she says. "All my decisions are things I make." Like putting out a hit single, " fessions of a Broken Heart," not about b but about a difficult, absent, convict fat

Lohan began writing the song, from new album, *A Little More Personal (R* one night while she was sick with the in Paris. Hours later, it unleashed s hysteria that she was desperately tryin contact her dad in jail and bailing ou work at a crucial time in her career. song came to mean so much to her t when she talked to Casablanca Reco chairman Tommy Mottola about it he her she was the only one who could di

"I WAS SICK.... I HAD PEOPLE SIT ME DOWN AND SAY, 'YOU'RE GOING TO DIE IF YOU DON'T TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF.'"

the video. "We had to tone it down a dr for MTV—which is saying something Mottola reports. For the record, he clares the song "one of the best I've hea in my career."

On the first day of shooting t video, in Manhattan, one sees kind of snapshot of Lohan's tire life. Outside the studio, loud and dirty West 26th Stre tittering young girls with pen and paper a fancy little dogs wait alongside embittere impatient paparazzi, including Sam t Skulker, who's covered in muffin crumb muttering that this is fucking *bullshit.* I side, Sloane Zelnik is telling you about son untrustworthy snake in the business wh wants a piece of Lindsay. Forty-three-yea old Dina, a skinny, bottle-blonde form Rockette wearing TEXT CONTINUED ON PA 170; PHOTOGRAPHS CONTINUED ON PAGE



LOSING IT

In Malibu, Lohan shows she knows how to avoid tan lines.

NO MEAN GIRL

Lohan proves she is ready for her close-up. "I can really make an impact," she says. "People with anorexia . . . people that don't get along with their parents. I can change that."





"I THINK YOUNGER KIDS SHOULD
KNOW IT'S O.K. TO EXPERIENCE THINGS IN LIFE, AND I
NOT ENCOURAGING . . . GOING OFF THE DEEP END."





NOT YET A WOMAN?

Lohan getting her beauty rest. Her mother, Dina, says, "When people would interview me and say, 'Oh, she's out at clubs.' I'm like, 'What did you do when you were a teenager? You go to clubs, or you go to parties.'"

U.S. Attorney Patrick Fitzgerald is the scourge of al-Qaeda terrorists, corrupt Chicago political machines, former media tycoon Conrad Black, and—as special prosecutor in the Valerie Plame investigation—the West Wing. DAVID MARGOLICK profiles the 45-year-old son of an Irish-immigrant doorman, whose mainframe-computer brain, unyielding ethics, and 24-7 dedication make him Karl Rove's worst nightmare



Mr. Fitz Goes



TRUE GRIT

Special Prosecutor Patrick J. Fitzgerald, with overcoat, walks with members of his staff as he leaves the federal courthouse in Washington, D.C., on October 26, 2005.

o Washington

For months he was the specter haunting Washington, rarely seen and even more rarely heard, incessantly discussed, psychoanalyzed, anticipated, criticized—and feared. Who, everyone wondered, was this guy Patrick Fitzgerald, and exactly what was he up to? What was taking him so long? Why was he seemingly letting columnist Robert Novak, the source of all the trouble, off the hook? And where would it all end, especially after he threw *New York Times* reporter Judith Miller in the clink for refusing to answer his questions? Critics labeled him a First Amendment scourge and compared him to Inspector Javert, the monomaniacal policeman in *Les Misérables,* a man without humanity or perspective. A "runaway Chicago prosecutor," columnist William Safire called him. A "junkyard-dog prosecutor," seconded *The Washington Post*'s Bob Woodward. Fitzgerald's treatment of Miller, CNN anchor Lou Dobbs charged, was "an onerous, disgusting abuse of government power."

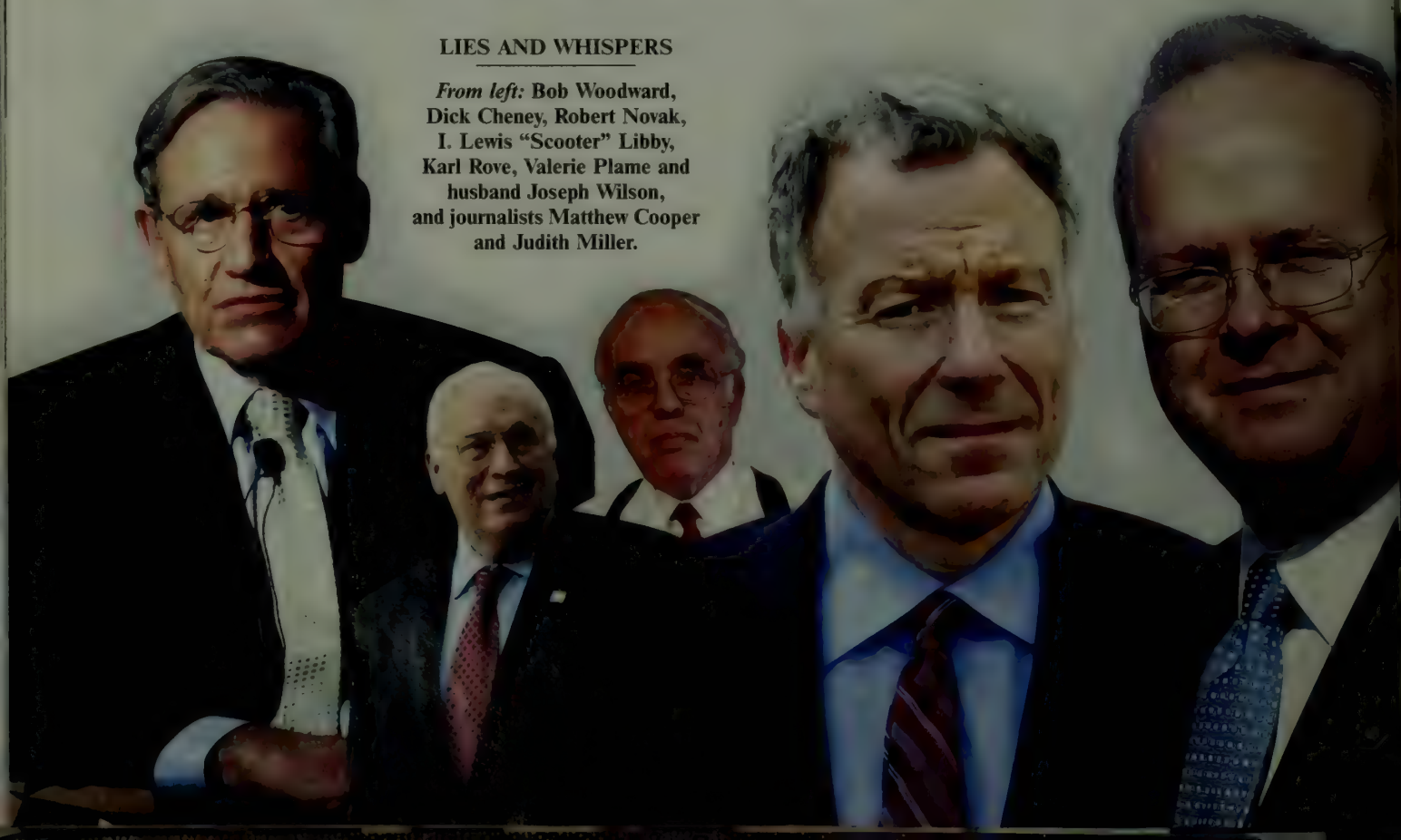
Then, on October 28, everything magically flipped when Pat Fitzgerald took his place on the television screen. The president of the United States was in one corner and the vice president in another, but they were each on mute; it was Fitzgerald—the 45-year-old son of an Irish-immigrant doorman, the man who'd questioned all of the president's men and the reporters to whom they liked to leak—that people really wanted to hear.

Officially, Fitzgerald's mission that day was to announce that a federal grand jury had charged Vice President Dick Cheney's chief of staff, I. Lewis "Scooter" Libby, with five counts of perjury, obstruction of justice, and lying to the F.B.I. But his agenda was actually more ambitious. He would explain why his investigation, designed to determine who had leaked the name of C.I.A. agent Valerie Plame to the press, had netted only someone who'd allegedly lied about it afterward, and why that mattered, and what accounted for the ferocity with which he'd handled it. He would lay out the legal issues involved. And mostly, after nearly two years of taking hits silently, he would finally introduce himself to America.

The face he showed that day looked a bit banged up, as if he'd just come out of a rugby game, though in fact it reflected only sleeplessness. There was a kind of wide-eyed, youthful sweetness to it. One easily understood why, when Fitzgerald and Andrew McCarthy, a fellow Irish-American, had prosecuted Sheikh Omar Abdel Rahman in a Manhattan terror bombing assassination conspiracy a decade ago, fense lawyers petitioned for a recess on Wednesday: the blackened foreheads of prosecutors would only accentuate t maddening altar-boy images. (The judge cidentally, granted the request.)

All three networks pre-empted their re lar programming for the announcemen the grand-jury indictment of Libby exc oddly enough, in Fitzgerald's current ho base of Chicago, where he was bumped the White Sox victory parade. But it di matter; there, at least, they already knew h He started nervously, blurting out his wo in shaky, sometimes garbled phrases. could detect the shyness his friends routin describe. Staring ahead blankly, speaking r chanically, he laid out his case against Li as if reading it off a teleprompter. In fact, though he'd written something down befo hand, what he said was entirely extemp aneous; while the rest of Fitzgerald was unwinding, his remarkable mind was alre up to speed. The angst and awkwardness v ished once he took questions, and that ma sense; he had always been better, more hi self, in rebuttals than in opening statemen When he had to think on the fly, he could sincere, joke or provoke, become Everym "We all have our shticks: his is the up-fro the-gutter Irish kid from a poor family," s a lawyer in the Plame case. "It's essentia authentic. But it's also served him well."

Again and again, reporters pressed Fi gerald for specifics, not just about Libby b also about Dick Cheney (who had discuss



LIES AND WHISPERS

From left: **Bob Woodward, Dick Cheney, Robert Novak, I. Lewis "Scooter" Libby, Karl Rove, Valerie Plame and husband Joseph Wilson, and journalists Matthew Cooper and Judith Miller.**

with his chief of staff before the White House deputy chief of staff Rove (who had discussed Plame with t two reporters), and Novak (who had Plame in his syndicated column, then, nably, told Fitzgerald). They got only s, but Fitzgerald doled them out enter-gly and ingratiatingly, appearing more oming than he really was. Some non-rs came with humor, some with base-etaphors or colloquialisms. There was of the usual lawyerly stiffness and aloof-nor was there elegance or eloquence. rald was modest, self-deprecating, nim-atient, accessible, even-tempered, re-ng, likable, real. And the press quickly d. Charles Laughton as Inspector Javert enly morphed into Jimmy Stewart as Smith and Kevin Costner as Eliot Ness.

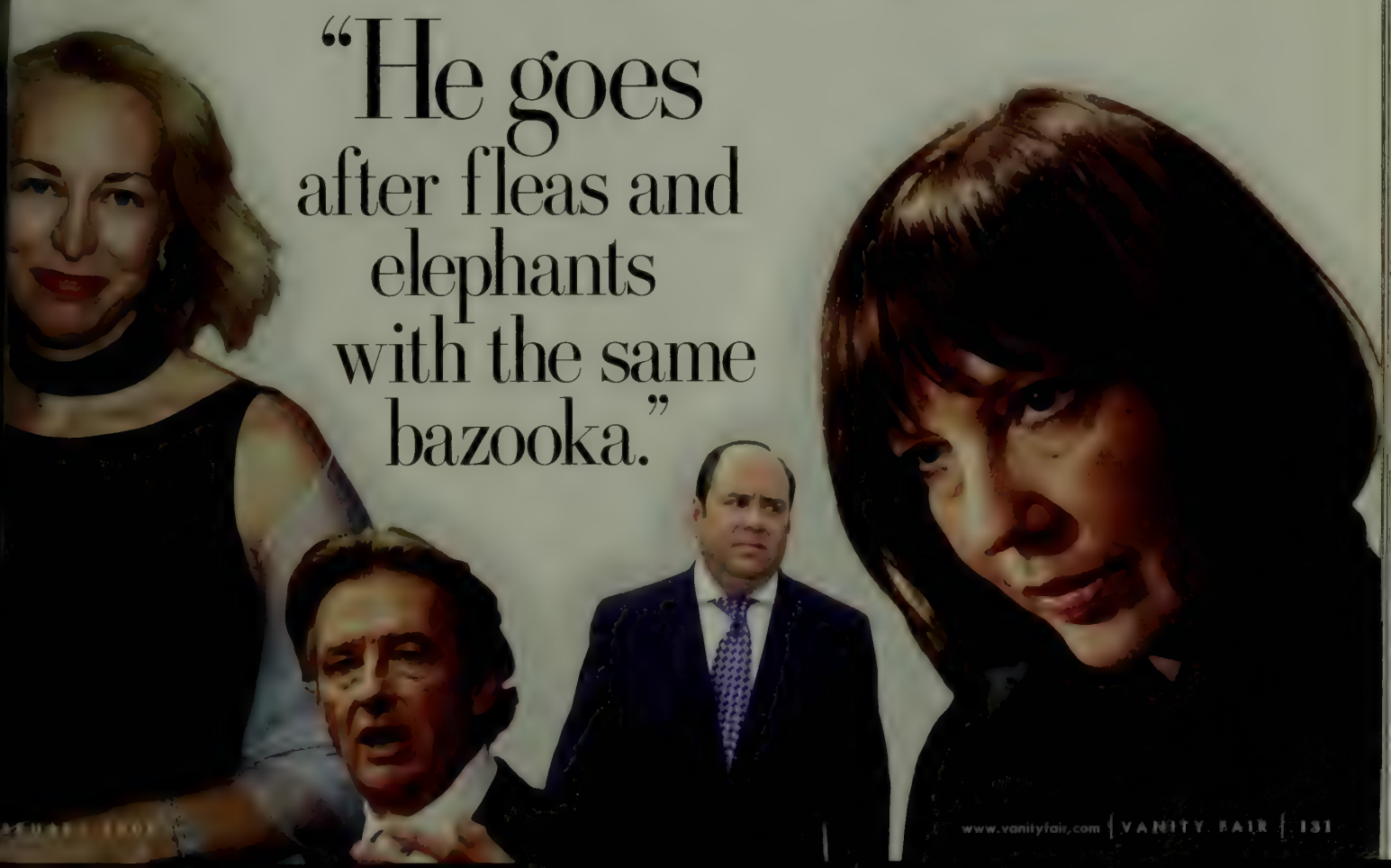
While the right-wing blogs remained unusually quiet—Fitzgerald is, after all, a two-time Bush appointee—on the left he was a hero. Web site quickly offered up "Fitzie y Homeboy" tote bags, boxer shorts, gs, magnets, mouse pads, and mugs; her touted "Fitzmas," the day when he d announce still more indictments. *Peo-*agazine recently listed him, along with h Ledger, Matthew McConaughey, and o Mortensen, among the Sexiest Men . He was also a leading contender for magazine's Person of the Year. White-r ruined the last famous independent prosecutor, Kenneth Starr, exiled to the deanship of a second-tier California law school for overreaching and then never letting go. But Patrick Fitzgerald has kept his mandate modest, though he could still indict Karl Rove. At least for now, he has taken on what appeared to be a no-win case—and won.

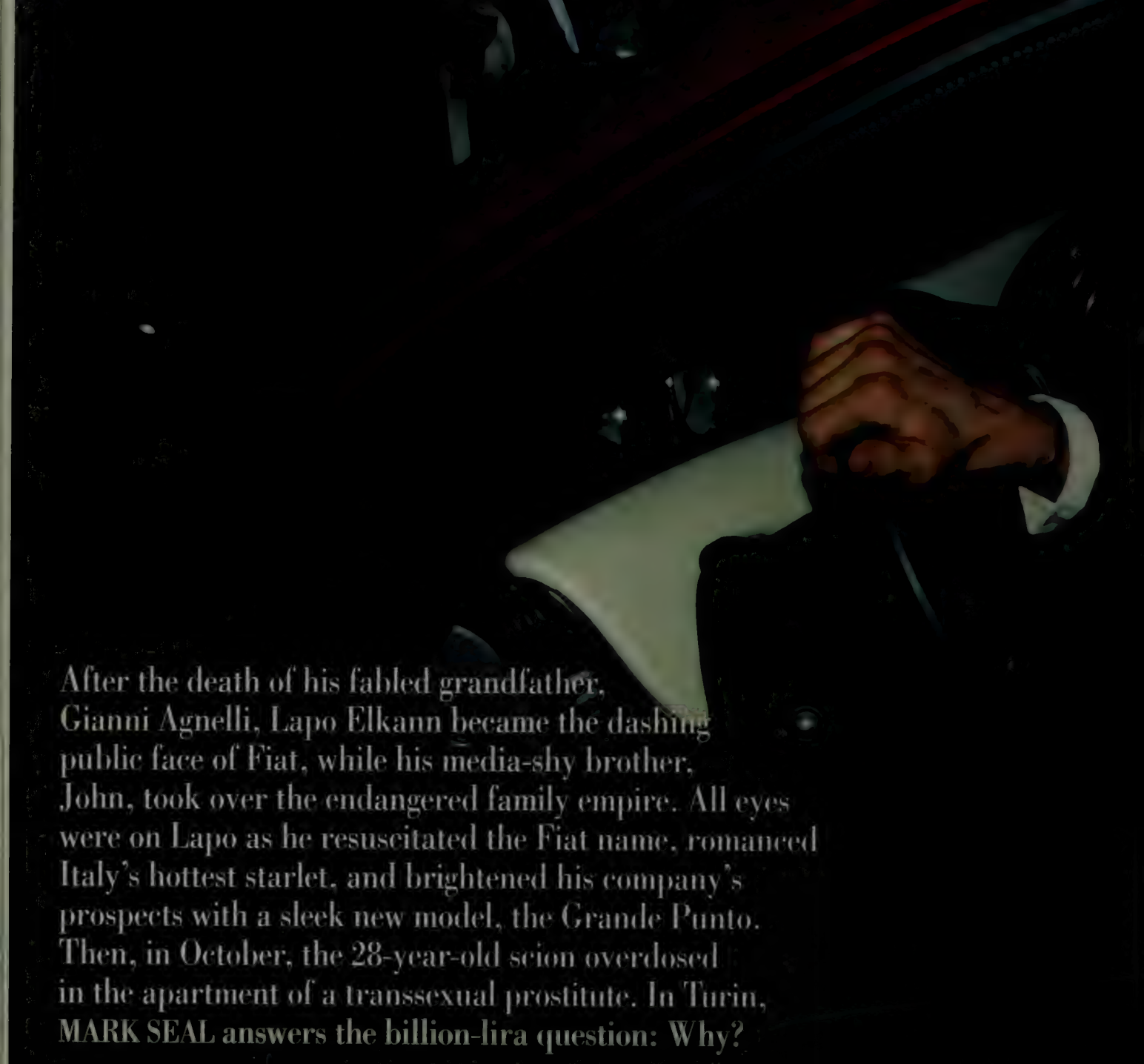
To those who've watched Fitzgerald—his classmates from grade school, high school, college, and law school; his fellow prosecutors; his colleagues in law enforcement—none of this is surprising. At every stop along his way, he has struck people as extraordinary, camouflage it as he might under a regular-guy façade. He landed his last two jobs, United States Attorney for the Northern District of Illinois, in Chicago, and the role in the Plame case, almost by acclamation. He is as beloved as he is respected: 10 days after the press conference in Washington, he showed up at a dinner at the New York Athletic Club for a former colleague, and the hundreds of former and current prosecutors on hand twice gave him prolonged standing ovations, a tribute remarkable even in this cloistered, clubby world. Characteristically, he seemed vaguely embarrassed by it all.

Trying cases per se has not been the hallmark of Fitzgerald's densely packed career. In his assault on him, Safire charged that Fitzgerald's efforts would be more wisely spent fighting terrorism. In fact, for seven years, tracking down and trying terrorists was pretty much all Fitzgerald did; with his uncanny memory, his ability to master information and connect gasoline receipts to phone records to address books to plane tickets to intercepted, translated conversations, the work came naturally to him. Long before most Americans had ever heard of Osama bin Laden, Fitzgerald recognized all of his aliases and noms de guerre. Few people, if any, knew as early or as much about al-Qaeda and the perils it posed. "You can't leave!" he pleaded on September 10, 2001, to a colleague thinking of changing jobs. "They're going to hit us again, and someone has got to be around to work it!" The country would have been far better served, former Nebraska senator Bob Kerrey said in 2004, during the hearings of the 9/11 commission, had Pat Fitzgerald, instead of the C.I.A., been briefing President Bush.

Unaware that he was being bugged, the blind Egyptian cleric Sheikh Abdel Rahman, whom Fitzgerald successfully tried for plotting a "day of terror" in New York—in which the United Nations, the Lincoln and Holland Tunnels, the George Washington Bridge, and the F.B.I. headquarters were targeted—discussed Fitzgerald with his lawyer, Lynne Stewart, and their translator. "He's like a Crusader," Stewart said at one point. The translator agreed. "Fitzgerald believes in all these things in his heart," he said. "He has the faith of doing them the same way the Crusaders did."

The charge—that Fitzgerald is a zealot, viewing the world in black and white, lacking a sense of nuance CONTINUED ON PAGE 176





After the death of his fabled grandfather, Gianni Agnelli, Lapo Elkann became the dashing public face of Fiat, while his media-shy brother, John, took over the endangered family empire. All eyes were on Lapo as he resuscitated the Fiat name, romanced Italy's hottest starlet, and brightened his company's prospects with a sleek new model, the Grande Punto. Then, in October, the 28-year-old scion overdosed in the apartment of a transsexual prostitute. In Turin, MARK SEAL answers the billion-lira question: Why?

DRIVEN BY DYNAS



THE DRIVER'S SEAT

Lapo Elkann at the wheel of a Lancia Ypsilon, the first car he and his team launched, in 2003.

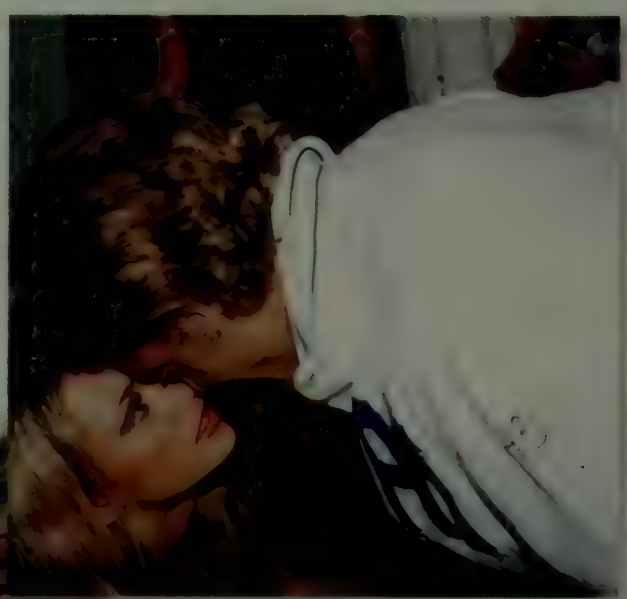
It looked like just another overdose in the cocaine-dusted backstreets of Turin, Italy: white male, 28, comatose in a small apartment in the red-light district. The call for an ambulance came at about 9 A.M. on Monday, October 10, a hysterical voice screaming, "Fast! Fast! At my house there is an important person that's feeling bad!"

The paramedics found him unconscious on the bed, and repeated injections of Narcan—the anti-overdose serum—couldn't revive him from what would later be described as a near-lethal cocktail of cocaine and heroin. They rushed him to Mauriziano hospital and rolled him into the emergency room. He didn't come to for three days, and by the time he awoke and began responding in three of the five languages in which he is fluent, his family had sped in from their villas and the press had announced to the world who he was: Lapo Edouard Elkann, grandson of the late Gianni Agnelli, the so-called unofficial King of Italy, who had turned his family's automobile company, Fiat, into an international giant. The handsome, dazzling young public face of Fiat today, Lapo is worldwide director of brand promotion for Fiat Auto. In just two years he had achieved the impossible: transforming the stodgy and financially troubled auto brand into an exciting new line.

An anomaly in the notoriously private, 163-member Agnelli family, Lapo had become the rock star of Italian business, and journalists and paparazzi dogged his every move, from his storybook romance with Italy's No. 1 starlet, Martina Stella, who appeared in *Ocean's Twelve*, to his slap the Fiat trademark on products a verse as designer sweatshirts and w He would streak across the country i grandfather's hand-me-down suits battery of Fiats and associated bra Ferrari, Alfa Romeo, Maserati—urgin countrymen to buy Italian products, a sade which had culminated only a m before his collapse in the star-stu launch of Fiat's new, make-or-break m the Grande Punto.

In the days when Gianni Agnelli Italy, the sordid news of an overdose i family would never have seen the lig day. But this time, as Lapo's family ar at the hospital, fighting their way thr a phalanx of cameras and reporters, the Fiat brass scrambled to squelch news, the story began to emerge in inc ingly shocking installments: first, Lapo had been admitted "for respira problems of pharmacological origin," t according to police, that he had been t from a "woman's apartment." The q tions everyone asked were: What wom And where was Martina Stella, the lov Lapo's life? Next came reports that it been the apartment of "a South Amer woman." A full day later it was reve that the woman who had called for ambulance was not Martina Stella a South American. She wasn't even t nically a woman. Lapo had been fo unconscious in the apartment of Dor Broco, a 53-year-old transsexual prosti known as Patrizia, who walks the str in one of the most notorious quarter Turin.







According to police, Lapo had arrive Patrizia's place before midni and partied with her and t other transsexuals until nea dawn. Although moderate c sumption of cocaine for pers al use is not prosecuted in It Lapo was guilty of something more serious: he'd gotten caug As he lay comatose, a major station interrupted its schedu programming to report on situation, and the hospital w besieged by friends, business sociates, fans, even a Gypsy p chic, all seeking an answer one central question: Why?

"Lapo is like a son to m Henry Kissinger told me t weeks after the incident. "H is intelligent, extremely sen tive, very amusing, and has extremely human quality. . . have known him since he wa



Lapo had been found unconscious in the tiny apartment of a 53-year-old transsexual prostitute.

STER BOY

po at the London party to nch Hydrogen's line of Fiat thes, 2004. *Opposite, clockwise m top:* Lapo with his girlfriend artina Stella, 2004; Donato Broco, own as Patrizia, the transsexual o became close to Lapo; Via Maroebetti, the building ere Lapo overdosed.



Q
PROMOT

With the death o
great-uncle Um
in 2004, John E
left, becam
chairman of Fiat
and Lapo soo
to be worldwide di
of brand pron
for Fiat Auto. *Op*
clockwise fro
Umberto Agne
son, Giovannin
Marella and
Agnelli; Lapo wi
Grande Punto,
Lapo with his
Alain Elkann,

Lapo stuck the Fiat logo on sneakers, women's handbags, watches, luggage, and bottles of wine.

boy. . . . This is . . . " He stopped, at s for words.
've been an idiot," Lapo reportedly when he came to in the hospital.

Do you love me? Tell me, do you love me? Lapo Elkann's secret was all in this sentence," said a writer in the Italian weekly magazine *Dipiù* in the wake of what Italians had begun fer to as "the crisis." "These are the ls that he would pronounce obsessive- very time that he would meet up with ebody: friends and acquaintances, even nalists . . . and he would run to hug n, to kiss them, to ask them for some ction, which he seemed to never get ugh of. Even so, at first look, Lapo nn had everything."

lamed for a close friend he poet Dante, Lapo had n born into a soon-to- fractured fairy-tale exis- e. His mother, Margherita elli, Gianni Agnelli's pale, stic, only daughter, could e had her pick of royal ors, but instead she mar- l a writer: Alain Elkann, handsome, suave son of rench banker. Now 55 and ng in Rome, Elkann is ell-known television per- ality and bon vivant and ometime adviser to Prime nister Silvio Berlusconi. many ways, Lapo was the ld of his grandfather, the man Italy knew as l'Avvocato (the yer), who had built Fiat into an lustrial complex that propelled stwar Italy into being the world's th-strongest economy. Once esti- ated to be worth $3.1 billion, Gi- ni Agnelli's empire included Fiat, e Juventus soccer team, the Châ- u Margaux vineyards, a depart- ent store, an aviation plant, and *Stampa,* the Turin-based news- per. Linked romantically over e years to Jackie Kennedy, Rita ayworth, Pamela Churchill Har- man, and Anita Ekberg, Agnel- was the essence of *la dolce vita,* nd it was well known in Italian gh society that he had a lifelong rtation with the same substance at got Lapo into trouble," accord- g to his biographer Alan Fried- an.

Lapo inherited his grandfather's its, which he often wears with sneakers, and he emulates his speech (rolling his *r*'s), public dating habits (starlets accompanied by headlines), and taste in cars (an ever changing stable of Fiat-manufactured steeds awaiting him in cities all over Europe).

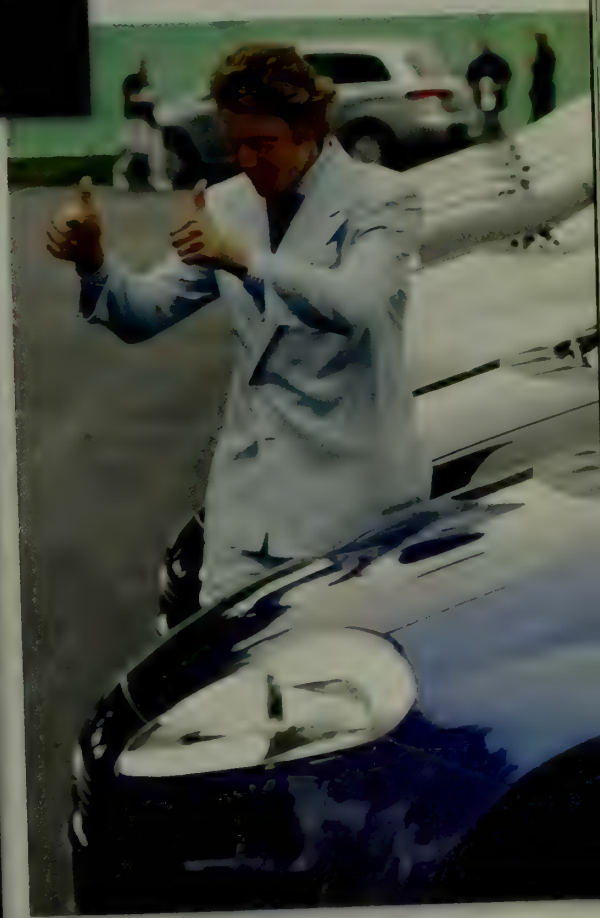
Lapo was born in New York, and his parents divorced when he was very young. Margherita moved with her three children—John Philip (known as Jaki), Lapo, and their younger sister, Ginevra, who is a filmmaker—to London, where she met and married Serge de Pahlen, a Russian aristocrat. "There were so many kids in that family," says a relative on the Agnelli side. Margherita and Serge had five more children together, and they moved their brood first to Rio de Janeiro, where Serge worked for French oil companies, and then to Paris, where he assumed a position at Fiat.

When Lapo's serious, older brother, John, turned 17, he was summoned from Paris to Turin by his grandfather in order to begin his education in the executive suite of Fiat. When Lapo finished high school, he was also summoned by Gianni Agnelli to work in the family business.

"Fate, which gives out the poker cards of life, gave me a straight flush," Lapo once told reporters. "But if I don't know how to play it well, I can lose everything in the first rounds. That's why I began dealing the cards very early." When Lapo was 17, his grandfather started him at the Piaggio scooter factory, where he worked "eight hours a day at the Typhoon assembly line for two months during the summer." He told his co-workers that his name was Lapo Rossi. "I had long hair like the Jackson Five. I would say my father was a worker at Peugeot. They believed me until they saw me on TV at the Turin stadium, caught by the cameras next to my grandpa. . . . I have never asked anyone for anything. When I wanted my first mo-ped, I sold my nicest clothes to my high-school friends." Lapo also mentioned the 12 months he had served as a











"normal soldier" in the military.

When he returned home, it wasn't there anymore, if it ever had been. His mother and Serge and their children had taken up residence in a villa in Switzerland. His father, after what one observer called "a playboy period in New York, Paris, and Rome," would eventually marry Italian heiress Rosi Greco and live in Rome.

Home for Lapo became Fiat. His first official job, at 21, was at the Fiat subsidiary of Ferrari-Maserati in Maranello, where he worked on merchandising, marketing, and Internet project development. When Leo Turrini, the biographer of Enzo Ferrari, wrote a short article for a Florence newspaper saying that Lapo and a cousin of his were working at Ferrari, Lapo phoned Turrini to express his thanks. "This is the first time in my life I have had a story about me!," Turrini remembers Lapo exclaiming. "He told me he lived alone in Modena, and I said, 'Well, come to my house. My wife is a very good cook.'" Turrini found a nice but extremely lonely "boy," who seemed never to stop speaking of one thing: his *nonno,* or grandfather, who, he told Turrini, "taught me every day that we have a responsibility," which, Turrini says, for Lapo meant "keeping Fiat in Italian hands."

John Elkann attended Turin Polytechnic and graduated at the top of his class. Lapo enrolled in classes at the European Business School in London. He shared an apartment in Belgravia with a fellow student, Alberto Bresci, who said Lapo arrived with 100 pairs of shoes and a trunk full of his grandfather's suits for disco nights at Chinawhite and Tramp with an endless string of beautiful young women. "He was always telling me, 'Alberto, I don't like to study. I want to work.' His dream was to work at Fiat. For him, his grandfather was like God."

Turin is a company t everyone says, and the pany is Fiat—Fabbrica liana di Automobili To The most glittery symb Fiat's dominance over is the Lingotto, the co ny's headquarters and former manufa ing plant, which, when it was finishe 1920, was the most modern factory in rope, with a test track on the roof. It been reconfigured over the last 20 y by Renzo Piano, with a hotel, a shop mall, an art museum, a futuristic gl bubble conference nexus, and a helipa you stand on the roof, you can look d on the foggy "city of kings"—several Ita monarchs were born there—and see the rising in the distance.

You can also get a good view of other Turin, the shadow city of pushers prostitutes. The center of the drug tr is the San Salvario district, near the m train station, where pushers stand q openly on the street corners. On or aro October 9, Lapo is said to have laid about 1,000 euros (1 euro equ $1.20) for, according to police number of small packets of coca Blocks away, prostitutes line up offer their services.

Lapo Elkann penetrated the a deeper still, into the vicinity of Park of Valentino, the regular gath ing place for Turin's trans commun Veteran author Gabriele Romagn tells me stories he's written of th men who make an excellent livi as women. "Many members of t Turin jet set, who have a very stricted life during the business d in the extremely precise gray c where Fiat rules, have ended up the prostitutes' and transvestites' ne he says. He talks about such famo transvestites as Valentina, who, wh she was murdered in 1995, left b hind a billion lire ($620,000) in h bank account and more than a thi of that amount in cash on her nigh stand, and the Neapolitan who b came known as the Baronessa, with h double-E breasts and her mink waistcoa The most familiar of all the cross-dresse though, Romagnoli says, is Donato Broc whose street name is Patrizia.

Growing up in the Southern Italian po city of Bari, Patrizia was always attracte to men. Mocked and beaten by the oth boys in her school, she clung to the drea she later told the Italian magazine *Chi,* of "Prince Charming to come get me—stron powerful, able to CONTINUED ON PAGE



THE HEIR APPARENT

Adored by his maternal grandfather, Lapo inherited Gianni Agnelli's playboy spirit. *Opposite: top,* Lapo in Venice in 2001 with Agnelli, whom he loved so much he even wore his hand-me-down suits; *bottom,* with Henry Kissinger in 2005.

Fiat was on the rocks.
But if the company was
going down, it would
go down with Agnelli
blood at the helm.

KARENNA'S WORLD

Karenna Gore Schiff stepped into the spotlight with her father's 2000 run for the White House, making his campaign her cause. Losing the election was a blow that Al Gore's eldest child has countered with lessons from her family's—and her country's—history. As Gore Schiff's first book, *Lighting the Way: Nine Women Who Changed Modern America,* is published, LAURA JACOBS talks to the 32-year-old author, wife, and mother about her Tennessee roots, the Florida debacle, and what she wants now

The country got its first good look at her while she waited to take the stage. She was sheathed in a sleeveless dress, her blond Breck Girl hair shining to her shoulders. Television viewers saw her take—touchingly—one deep breath before she walked to the microphone and into history, the first daughter to launch her father's formal nomination for the presidency. It was August 16, 2000, the third night of the Democratic National Convention, and Karenna Gore Schiff delivered her eight-minute speech with such intelligence and poise, such high-beam humor, that she seemed some kind of natural—to the campaign born—which she was. Looking toward the delegation from Tennessee, Karenna saw many of the same faces forever captured in her earliest childhood memory, another event that took place on a stage in August. It was Lebanon, Tennessee, 1976, her father's first political win, and it was also the night she turned



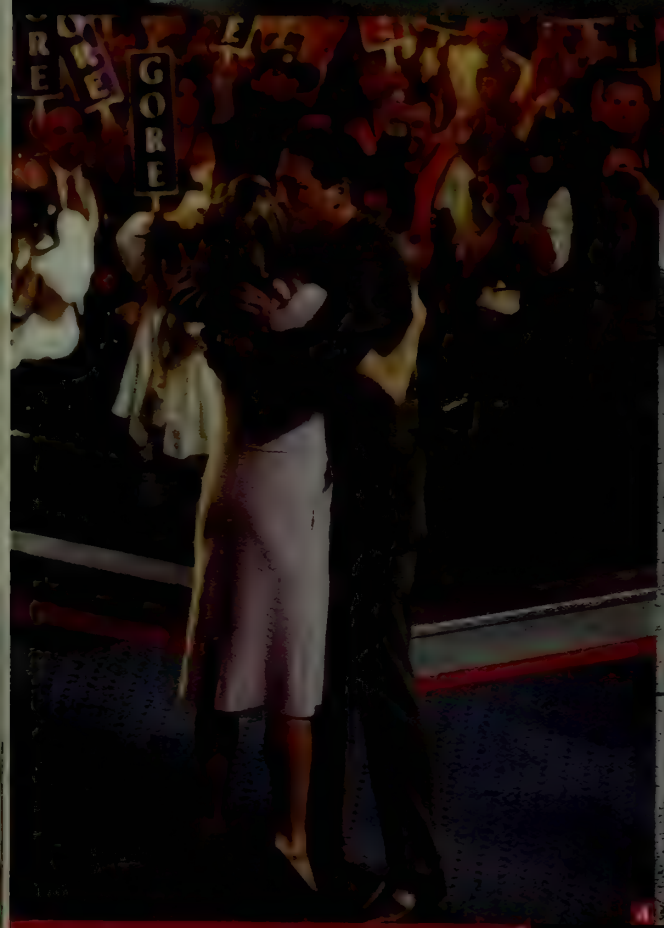
GOLDEN GORE

Vanessa Gore [illegible] at her apartment in New York City on November 9, 2005—three months before the publication of her new book, *Lighting the Way*.

PHOTOGRAPH BY GASPER TRINGALE









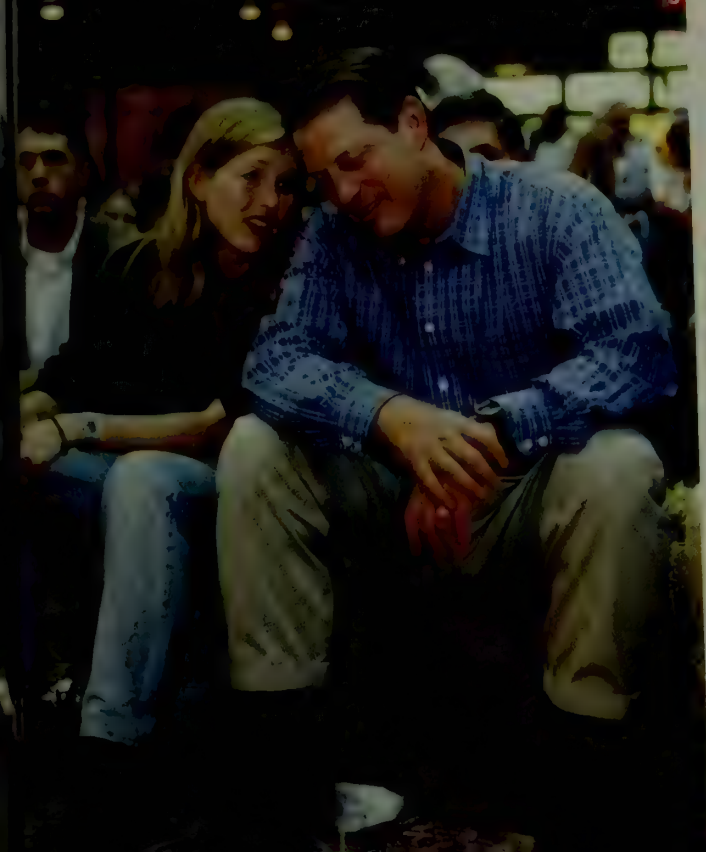
AMERICAN DAUGHTER

(1) Vice President Al Gore, Karenna, and Tipper head for the aisle at Karenna's wedding to Drew Schiff, in the National Cathedral, Washington, D.C., July 12, 1997. (2) Karenna and Drew at a 2004 wedding. (3) Al and Karenna at the opening night of *Urban Cowboy* on Broadway, March 27, 2003. (4) Karenna embraces her father after seconding his nomination to be the Democratic presidential candidate at the party's convention in Los Angeles, August 16, 2000. (5) Al and five-year-old Karenna admire baby sister Kristin, 1978. (6) President Clinton chats with Karenna and Drew at a state dinner, February 23, 2000. (7) Karenna and Kristin on *The Tonight Show*, August 14, 2000. (8) Karenna and Al confer at a family barbecue in Tennessee, 1998.









three: just after midnight, while the final votes were counted, the crowd sang "Happy Birthday" to Karenna.

The press loves destiny, dynasties, and daughters—and shining blond hair doesn't hurt. Gore Schiff can check All of the Above. Traditionally, the children of candidates are off-limits, seen but not heard. Vice President Gore and his wife, Tipper, had pointedly not bred their four children to the family line—politics. But Karenna, the oldest, cut her teeth on the stump speech. At three she referred to the family house as "headquarters." At 14 she looked up from her homework to comment on a strategy session: "I don't think that's right, Dad." At 23 she coined the cleverest line in her father's debate against Jack Kemp (a joke about chlorofluorocarbon). And by 2000, aged 27, she found herself at the heart of Al Gore's campaign for president, stumping the states and exhorting Generations X and Y to embrace the political process and vote. Did her father fear the brickbats that would come her way? "I didn't worry for her at all," he says today, "because she is so self-possessed, so in command—and with such grace." *The New York Times Magazine* called Karenna "the Golden Child." Pundit and friend Michael Kinsley has said he wouldn't be surprised if one day she were president. So the obvious question, the teaser that concluded every article, was the one about following in footsteps: Would Karenna Gore Schiff someday claim her heritage and run?

As the Democrats watched the 2000 election go south the wrong way—hanging on a Florida recount, which was stopped by a Supreme Court intervention without precedent—the question for Karenna shifted from public to private. "They were very dark days," says one of her closest friends, novelist Chloe Hooper. "A lot of the things she had grown up believing in had been not so much broken but smashed. The honorable don't always win, or at least they do, but you can then fudge the numbers. It was surreal. She was deeply disillusioned."

The question now was: What to do next? Her answer is a book—due out this month—not about the how, the why, or the election from inside, but a search for illumination.

Her name was inspired by Tolstoy's *Anna Karenina,* a novel her mother was reading at the time. By removing the *i,* the frill, the name flew faster, ending with a lift—perfect for the quick little girl who was born in Nashville, Tennessee, on August 6, 1973, and who climbed out of her crib at seven months. "Al and I knew we were in for a challenge," says Tipper.

Because Karenna was such a handful, the run-ragged Gores often dropped her off at her grandparents', the farm of Pauline and Albert Gore Sr. in Carthage, one hour outside of Nashville. Grandfather Gore was breeding Angus cattle nearly full-time, and though he and Pauline adored Karenna, they didn't baby her. She swam in the ice-cold Caney Fork River, helped her grandfather with farm chores, and was expected to shake hands with workers on the farm. When one man demurred because his hand wasn't clean, Gore Sr. told his granddaughter, "Don't you not shake somebody's hand because it's dirty."

When Karenna was eight, she made a trip with her grandfather to show a Gore-farm bull in Kentucky's All-American Futurity. The bull was bigger than she was (so was her whip), and most of her competitors were adults. "I was so scared," says Karenna. "I knew it was really important—I was representing my family, and I had to get it right. And I CONTINUED ON PAGE 174

GAWK OF THE TOWN

Nick Denton, the 39-year-old founder of Gawker Media, is "the Rupert Murdoch of the blogosphere," according to pundit-socialite Arianna Huffington. He may not run the world yet, but Denton shares Murdoch's tabloid instinct and empire-building urge. A London-born Oxford graduate who once worked as a *Financial Times* reporter, he's Manhattan's newest and cheekiest media baronet.

Through his 14 Web sites, Denton serves up gossip, reviews, and more gossip in frequently updated squiblets running down the left side of clean, well-lit Web pages. Among the hirelings working under his banner are Jessica Coen and Jesse Oxfeld, of the New York flagship site, Gawker; Washington, D.C., scourge Ana Marie Cox, who writes the ribald, funny Wonkette; L.A.-based Mark Lisanti, of the fearless, Hollywood-skewering Defamer; and Noah Robischon, who reviews gadgets for Gizmodo. Other sites give the Gawker treatment to the worlds of porn (Fleshbot), cars (Jalopnik), and video games (Kotaku).

In the Denton blogosphere, there's no Paris Hilton item too insignificant to link and no wisecrack too cheap to make. With a combination of smart-ass writing and low subject matter folded into crisply designed sites, the Gawker gang is bringing some wit and nasty fun to a dour decade.

—JIM WINDOLF



PHOTOGRAPH BY NORMAN JEAN ROY



...ARK SET

...E.O. Nick Denton,
...ischan, Gawker's Jessica
Coen, Wor... ...na Marie Cox, Gawker's
... Defamer's Mark Lisanti,
... in New York City on
...ber 27, 2005.

LITERARY CHARACTER

David Campbell, the publisher of Everyman's Library—which is celebrating its centennial—in the study of his Palladian house in the Scottish Highlands, November 13, 2005.



PHOTOGRAPH BY CHRISTOPHER SIMON SYKES



EVERYMAN'S CASTLE

Rothschilds, royals, and the cream of literary London are expected next month for the centennial of Everyman's Library, and to celebrate David Campbell, whose beautifully bound, affordable classics turned the moribund imprint into a financial success. With the same bravura style, he has restored a 1790 Palladian ruin in the Scottish Highlands. DAVID JENKINS meets the dashing master of Barbreck

Publisher David Campbell has a flair for restoring old institutions that's in defiance of all common sense. Only Campbell could have seen the potential in Everyman's Library and recruited such supporters as Mick Jagger and the Prince of Wales when he bought the ailing imprint in 1990. And only Campbell would locate the worthy Everyman above a sex shop in London's raffish Soho district.

At the 1991 relaunch party in Spencer House—Princess Diana's ancestral home in London—Jagger let it be known that he had bought three complete sets of Everyman's exquisitely bound

collection. (Then consisting of 50 books, it included *Pride and Prejudice, To the Lighthouse,* and *The Wealth of Nations.*) As for Prince Charles, he has, as Campbell says in his emphatic, upper-class tones, "always been a keen supporter," and he is expected to be there on February 15 when Campbell, 57, throws another party, this time for about 350 people in the Fine Rooms of the Royal Academy in London, to celebrate his imprint's centennial. Mick, alas, can't come—it's "a drag," he has e-mailed, but he's tied up with the Stones that day. Still, there should be a slew of Rothschilds and probably a platoon of Amises and Rushdies.

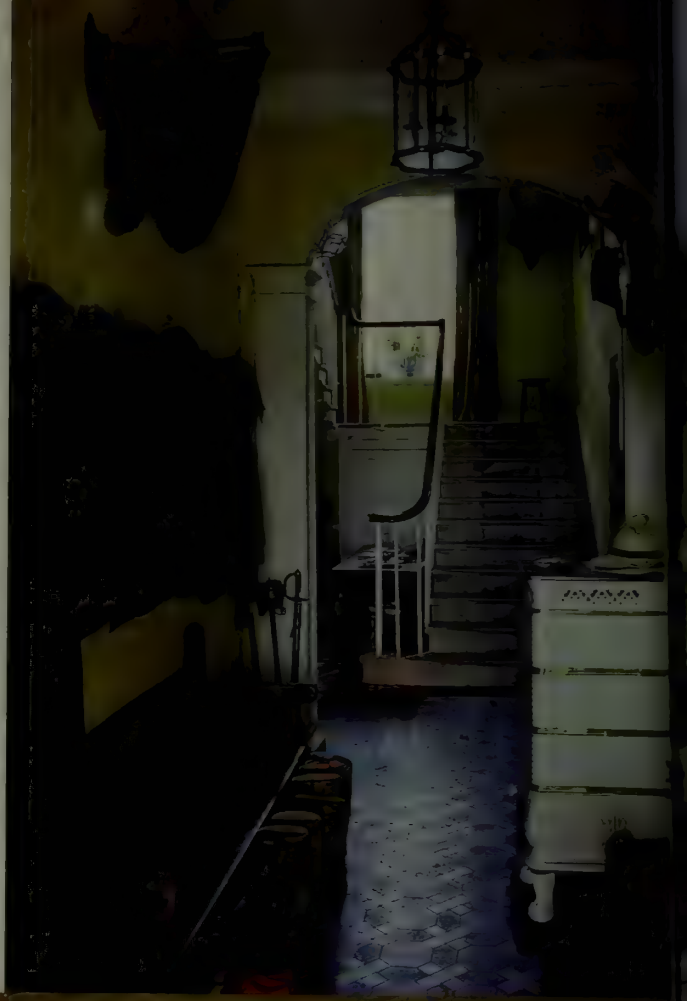
It's Campbell's bravura which makes him "attractive to women and yet a man's man," as one observer puts it, and which has enabled this once moribund publishing house to print more than 12 million copies of nearly 500 titles in the last 15 years. And it is the same daring vision that in 1985 inspired him to buy Barbreck, his ravishing Palladian house in the Scottish Highlands, when it was all but a crumbling ruin.

At the time, he owned another Georgian house, in London, that had just lost its roof, and he recalls there were those who felt "two roofless Georgian houses was one too many." The first summer Campbell spent there with his wife, Alexandra, his son, Charles, and his daughter, Iona, it rained and rained. They "ate like Pathan tribesmen crouching round a fire outside," he remembers. But Campbell saw that the house was as strong as "the Pyramid of Cheops"; it just needed "tweaking and a little T.L.C."

It got it. The house, which dates to 1790 and was built by a member of the Campbell clan in the traditional family territory of Argyll, has been as beautifully restored as Everyman. Most activity takes place on the first floor (what Americans would call the second), which is reached by a cantilevered stone staircase. That first floor, with its 14-foot-high Adam ceilings, includes a study, a dining room, and a drawing room. Above are six bedrooms, while the ground floor is largely given over to a hall full of Wellington boots, fishing rods, and the swords, lances, and shields that would have been used by Campbell's bellicose ancestors. Some of the furniture belonged to Campbell's grandfather: "There was no money but a lot of quite good and quite big furniture and paintings. So I was either going to have to find a place for them or sell them and buy small furniture for a small house."

In the distance is the island of Jura. Campbell enjoys taking guests there for picnics, driving his boat past "the most dangerous whirlpool in Europe. Completely calm most of the time, but occasionally can be very, very dangerous. And I have been known to run out of petrol."

In the house, there is music, "a certain amount of wine," and excellent food. Campbell grows his own oysters, so there are three to four thousand at hand. It's fun, he says, to pop down be-





CHARMING MANOR

Clockwise from above: **the drawing room at Barbreck, with its portrait of "La Belle Stuart," said to be the most beautiful woman in the court of Charles II; boots, swords, and the staircase to the main floor; the house and grounds, with grazing sheep; the happy homeowner; a window view of the sea and fields.**







fore lunch and pick "a few dozen."

It's a very agreeable life, and one brought about by Campbell's two defining traits: optimism and acumen. Back in London, those characteristics allowed him not only to see that Everyman was "28-karat" but also to sell the product. "If you're very obscure or small, as we were, you've got to punch above your weight. Your books have got to look more beautiful and be more acutely priced." Paperbacks had become "foul" and expensive. So his books have sewn cloth bindings, and acid-free paper that doesn't discolor with age. Many cost only a few dollars more than a paperback. And they're timeless: one of this year's strongest sellers, Campbell says, is Dante's *Divine Comedy*. "It's got the Botticelli silverpoint drawings no other edition has."

Campbell brings a dash of romance to a mercantile age. He's like the hero of a thriller: an old Etonian, educated at Oxford, who's always had an eye for adventure. No wonder "the Oxford Appointments Board kept trying to make me a spy." It wasn't to be: post-Oxford, Campbell drove with the Maharajah of Jodhpur and another friend across Central Asia. Of Campbell, Jodhpur says, "David's enthusiasm and hyperbole know no bounds."

Campbell saw that the house was as strong as "the Pyramid of Cheops"; it just needed "tweaking and a little T.L.C."

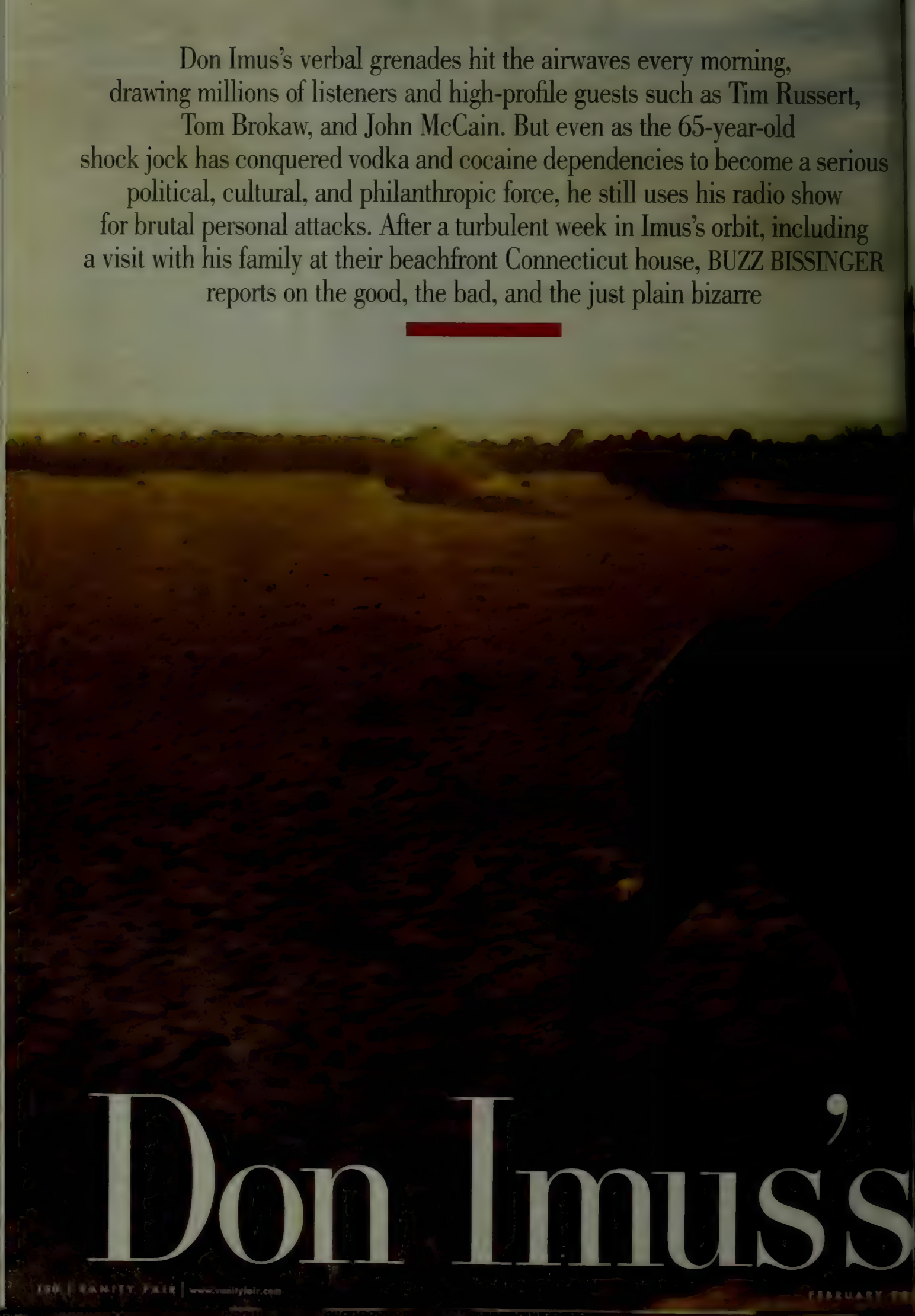
He has buckets of élan too. Campbell rides to work at his London office on an old-fashioned bicycle with a basket over the front wheel: "I'm probably the only head of a publishing company who occasionally delivers a book by hand." He can also display a regal disdain for the diurnal life of the deskbound. According to his longtime friend Sonny Mehta, chairman and editor in chief of Knopf (which publishes Everyman in the U.S.), "Everybody is charmed by David's exotic absences. You try to call him and he's off fishing in the Falklands."

Right now, though, Campbell is worrying about his party. It is indeed a "drag" about Jagger; a literary-minded pop star has more media pull than a prince. But there is in London one pop star with a children's book to her name. And . . . well, here's Campbell speaking the words written on a postcard he once received:

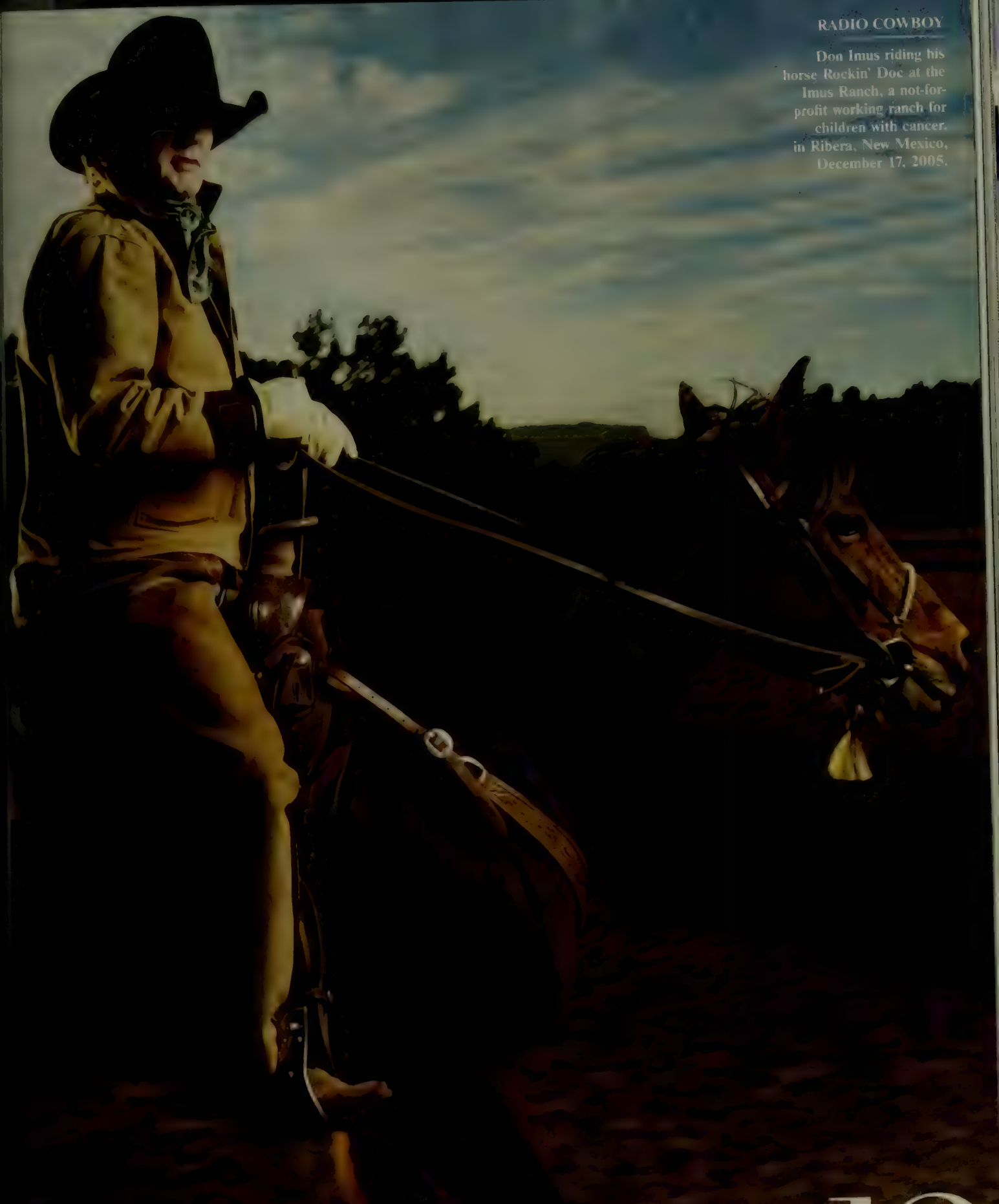
"Surprise No. 1: Madonna has a library.

"Surprise No. 2: it's full of Everyman." □

Don Imus's verbal grenades hit the airwaves every morning, drawing millions of listeners and high-profile guests such as Tim Russert, Tom Brokaw, and John McCain. But even as the 65-year-old shock jock has conquered vodka and cocaine dependencies to become a serious political, cultural, and philanthropic force, he still uses his radio show for brutal personal attacks. After a turbulent week in Imus's orbit, including a visit with his family at their beachfront Connecticut house, BUZZ BISSINGER reports on the good, the bad, and the just plain bizarre



Don Imus's



RADIO COWBOY

Don Imus riding his horse Rockin' Doc at the Imus Ranch, a not-for-profit working ranch for children with cancer, in Ribera, New Mexico, December 17, 2005.

Last Stand?

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK SELIGER

It's Monday morning and I'm in a stretch limousine with Don Imus.

"I have this moron from *Vanity Fair* with me," he says into his cell phone. "He fucked me. Ordinarily I wouldn't take him."

I laugh, because he obviously wants me to hear him say this and he enjoys a good audience. His tone is low to the ground and world-weary, yet laconic. I have a feeling it's true that he doesn't want me in the limo, because of its unavoidable requirement of social interaction off the air, which he isn't so crazy about. Or, as he says at one point, "I talk to millions of people every day. I just like it when they can't talk back."

It's also true that I did fuck him. I took a hired car to the studios of the cable channel MSNBC, in Secaucus, New Jersey, from where his radio show is simulcast, with no scheduled ride back in the very hope that he would take pity and give me a return lift to New York.

Although this is our first day of meeting face-to-face, we have already had our share of skirmishes. Because of his reputation for being a flamethrower of ridicule, I am on my guard. I am also genetically thin-skinned, which means that I represent the ultimate in possibility for Imus. In a previous conversation, on the phone, I told him I didn't appreciate his on-air and off-air mockery of my work as a journalist and author, which commenced once he learned that I wanted to profile him. He responded by calling me a "titty baby." I paused for a split second at the insult. It took me out of my righteous rhythm for a beat, maybe because nobody had ever called me a titty baby before, not even in prep school. "I take my fucking work seriously," I said. "I don't have fucking time to coddle a thin-skinned journalist," he said. "You've got a radio show. I don't," I said. And then, with the kind of chuckle that villains give right before they start up the chain saw, he said, "Just remember that." But like a car doing a U-turn on the interstate at 85 miles an hour, he immediately became conciliatory. "What do you want?" he said.

What I wanted was access. Here in the limo on this Monday at the end of October, I have access. But he still has me off-balance, and I have to assume he likes that as well. Prick. Perverse. Smart. Savvy. Curious. Child-like. Moody. Mercurial. Out of it. Into it. Appealing. Asshole. During the week I spend with the legendary radio host listened to by millions on his nationally syndicated show, *Imus in the Morning*, my reactions to him swirl round and round in a game of emotional roulette.

After nearly 40 years in radio, he is still making waves. The way he did in the late 60s at an AM radio station in Sacramento when, still developing his persona of flamboyant outrageousness, he called up a local McDonald's posing as the sergeant of something called the International Guard and ordered 1,200 hamburgers for his soldiers, to go. The way he did in the 70s when he took New York by storm on WNBC, and *Life* magazine called him the "country's most outrageous disc jockey." The way he did in the 80s when he developed twin dependencies on vodka and cocaine and lived in such debauchery that a close friend worried he would have the same tragic demise as John Belushi. The way he did in the early 90s when his radio show moved from shock-jock shtick to substance and began to wield such influence that some political pundits credited him with a pivotal role in guest Bill Clinton's victory in the New York presidential primary. The way he did several years later, in 1996, at the annual Radio & Television Correspondents' Association dinner, when he delivered tasteless remarks about President Clinton's alleged extramarital affairs while the president and Hillary sat only a few feet away. The way he did in 2004 when remarks he made on the air caused a prominent physician to sue him for defamation.

He has taken off his cowboy hat in the stretch limo, revealing a thin cloak of gray and white hair that looks like an Elizabethan wig. He's wearing cowboy boots, blue jeans, a soft blue shirt, a finely tailored Joseph Abboud jacket, and a western-style belt buckle big enough to be a breastplate. He's not wearing a gun on his hip, because he's not licensed to carry a gun in New Jersey. But when we get back to his office in Queens, one of his first acts will be to strap on a .40-caliber Glock, since he is licensed in New York. Like many celebrities, he worries about being accosted. But given where we are when he packs heat, inside the studios of WFAN radio, his flagship station, I am not sure whom he thinks he might have to shoot.

He's seated in the corner of the limo and appears pale and frail and sucked dry. At 65 he looks 10 years older. He's been a mine worker, a window dresser, a failed singer, a New York shock jock on the meteoric way up and then down, an alcoholic, a cocaine user, a rehabbed newlywed at 54, a new father near 60, and he's still the powerful Pied Piper to such members of the media elite as Tim Russert, Andrea Mitchell, and Tom Brokaw, and to some members of the political establishment, Senators Joe Biden, John McCain, Chris Dodd.

"I don't feel well," he says in the li
It's something he says a lot during
week, just as he groans a lot and sig
lot and has coughing fits and screams
his ears hurt and utters "Oh, man"
"Oh, shit." He often sighs when he wa
as if this were his final step, and his b
has been to hell and back, damaged bey
the considerable toll taken by the bo
and the drugs and the smoking—a min
accident when he was a young man
broke both his legs, a collapsed lun
terrible fall from a horse that collapsed
other lung and broke his ribs, collarbo
and shoulder and almost killed him, a
tator cuff torn after pulling off a saddle
still hasn't healed), a little emphysema
needs oxygen at night when he sleeps in
high altitude of New Mexico), difficu
hearing from years of spinning rock 'n'
and wearing headphones.

He looks tired, perhaps from getting
at 4:30 in the morning for nearly 40 y
and doing the morning drive time on
radio with energy and focus. The voi
once a manic rat-a-tat as sharp and syn
pated as an extended Buddy Rich dru
roll, is softer now and sometimes garbl
His eyes seem squeezed, compressed.

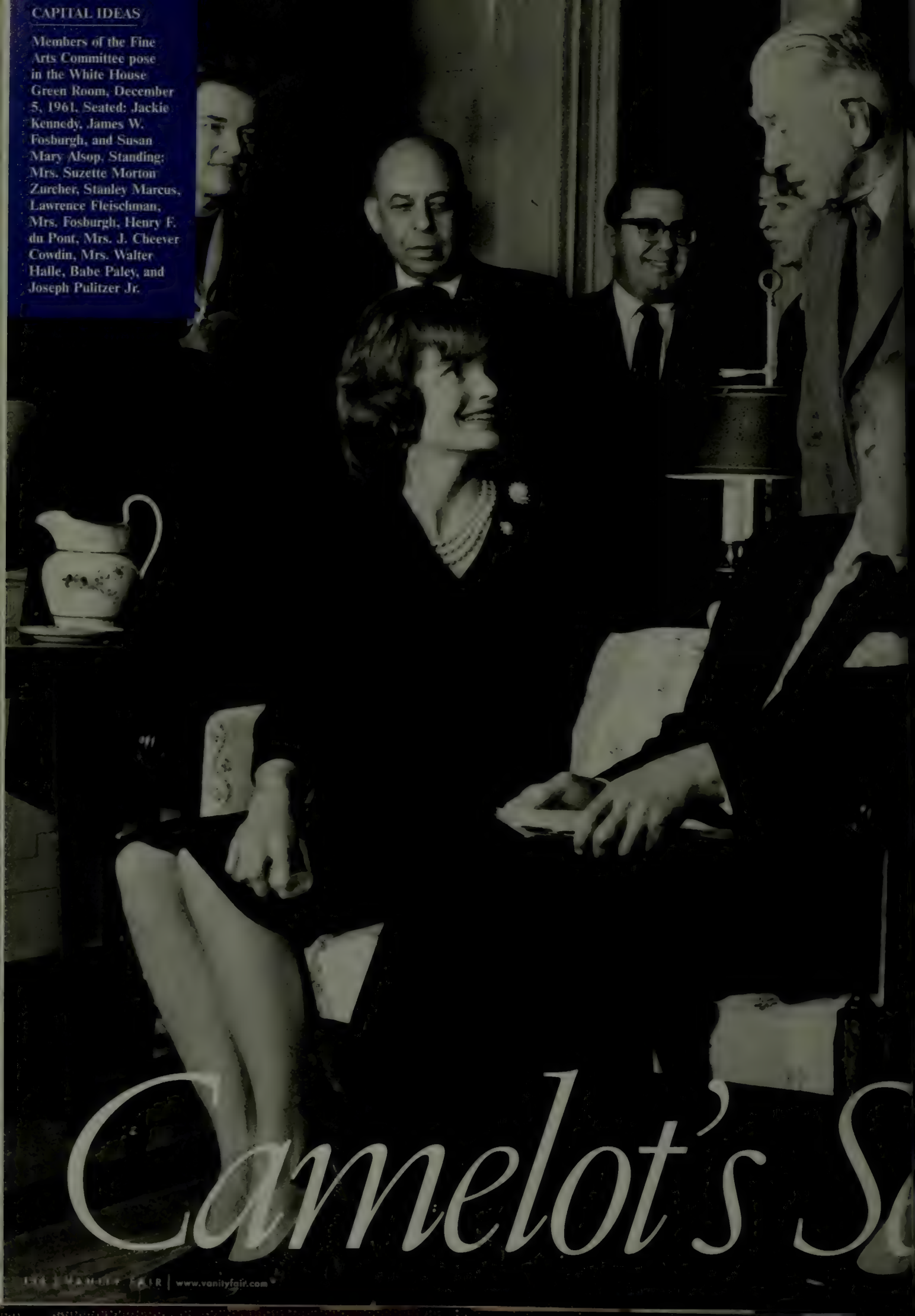
Minutes earlier he finished his rad
show, carried by roughly 90 stations arou
the country, along with the MSNBC sim
cast. It has at least 2.75 million individu
listeners a week, according to the lat
survey by *Talkers* magazine, which cov
the talk-radio industry. It ranks Imus 13
nationally, significantly behind Rush Li
baugh (13.75 million), Sean Hannity (12
million), and Howard Stern (7.75 millio
Regardless of ranking, what continues
separate Imus from his competitors is t
influence and impact of the show, often
source of news because of revelations ma
by high-echelon politicians craving a
time. His audience base is considered to
loyal, affluent, and coveted by advertiser
The show that Monday had its usual arra
of diverse guests calling in, among the
Newsweek assistant managing editor Eva
Thomas, NBC White House correspondent
David Gregory, and author Doris Kearn
Goodwin, promoting her latest book, *Tea
of Rivals*, about Abraham Lincoln. "Wh
gives a fuck?" he said of Goodwin's boo
off the air. "Just what we need, anothe
Lincoln book." But he deftly showed i
terest and appreciation when she came o
the air, leading me CONTINUED ON PAGE 1



HOME FIRES

Don and Deirdre Imus in the great room at the ranch in New Mexico. Of their first meeting, in 1991, Deirdre says, "It was probably love at first sight."

Imus likes getting into nits even if there is a wink-and-nod quality to it all, a pleasure that comes from being a prima donna puppeteer.



CAPITAL IDEAS

Members of the Fine Arts Committee pose in the White House Green Room, December 5, 1961. Seated: Jackie Kennedy, James W. Fosburgh, and Susan Mary Alsop. Standing: Mrs. Suzette Morton Zurcher, Stanley Marcus, Lawrence Fleischman, Mrs. Fosburgh, Henry F. du Pont, Mrs. J. Cheever Cowdin, Mrs. Walter Halle, Babe Paley, and Joseph Pulitzer Jr.

Camelot's S



Beautiful, blue-blooded, and fascinated by power, Susan Mary Alsop spent her first marriage as the darling of postwar Paris diplomatic circles. Alongside her second husband, renowned columnist Joseph Alsop, she reigned as J.F.K.'s favorite Georgetown hostess. Finally, after her divorce, she tackled history on her own terms, as an acclaimed author. From the true parentage of Susan Mary's son to Joe's closeted sexuality, SUSAN BRAUDY recaptures the hidden scandals and hard choices of an American princess

ond Lady

My mother's interest was power, power, power.
—Bill Patten Jr.

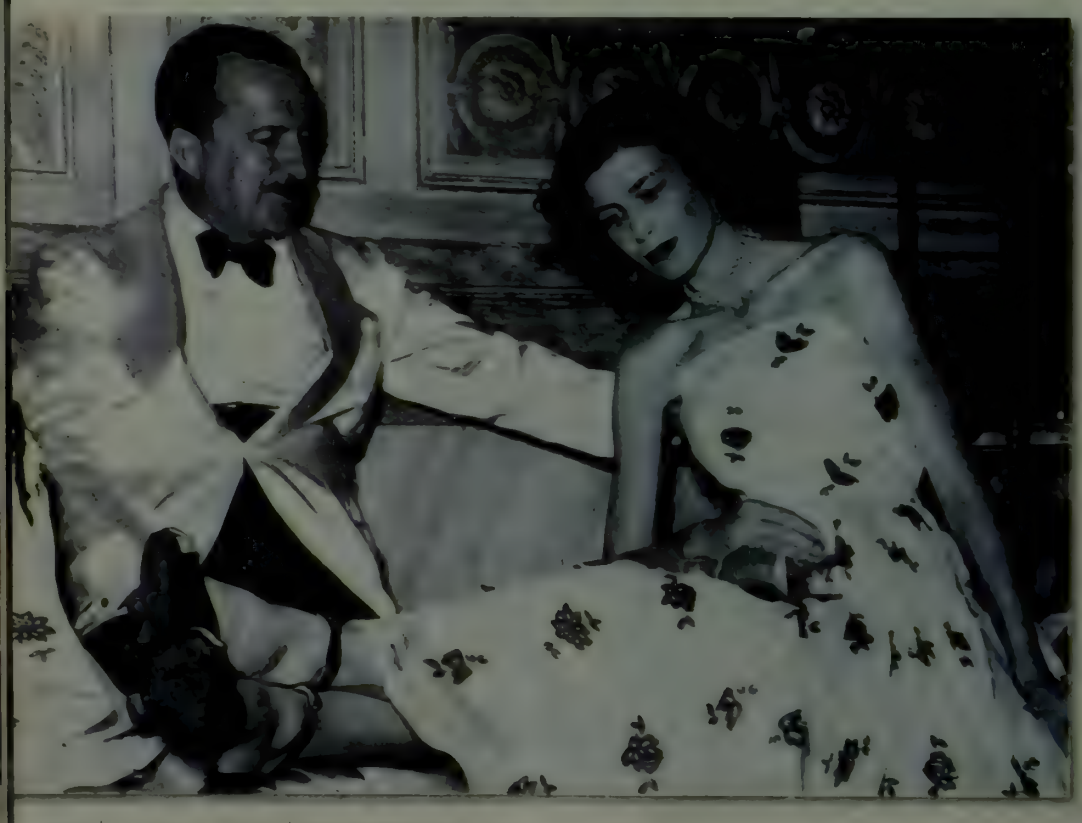
When Susan Mary Alsop first hosted Jackie and John Kennedy together, on February 14, 1961, the new president, seated on her right, said, "Tell me about your friend Harold Macmillan." In her grand and thrilling voice, Susan Mary boldly told a story she had heard from Kennedy's favorite historian, Lord David Cecil. Describing Prime Minister Macmillan as true (if strange) in the area of sex, Susan Mary said that he knew his beloved wife, the frumpy Lady Dorothy, had been carrying on a long affair with another friend of Susan Mary's. Family members had conspired to get Dorothy's lover married off. But Dorothy invited herself along on her lover's honeymoon. Harold Macmillan's response was to flee to the country that weekend, getting sick periodically out the train window. John Kennedy laughed. The story precisely catered to his hobby—sex. Though Susan Mary was indifferent to sex, she knew it was a coin of the realm for most rulers of the earth. And that night with Kennedy, Susan Mary was in deferential mode. Susan Mary's story would later help Kennedy negotiate a key friendship with England's seemingly invulnerable leader. The story also sealed her own bond with the president, who would sit by her at dinner more than 75 times.

Jackie Kennedy, on the other hand, did not laugh, as—according to historian Barbara Leaming—Susan Mary had stirred



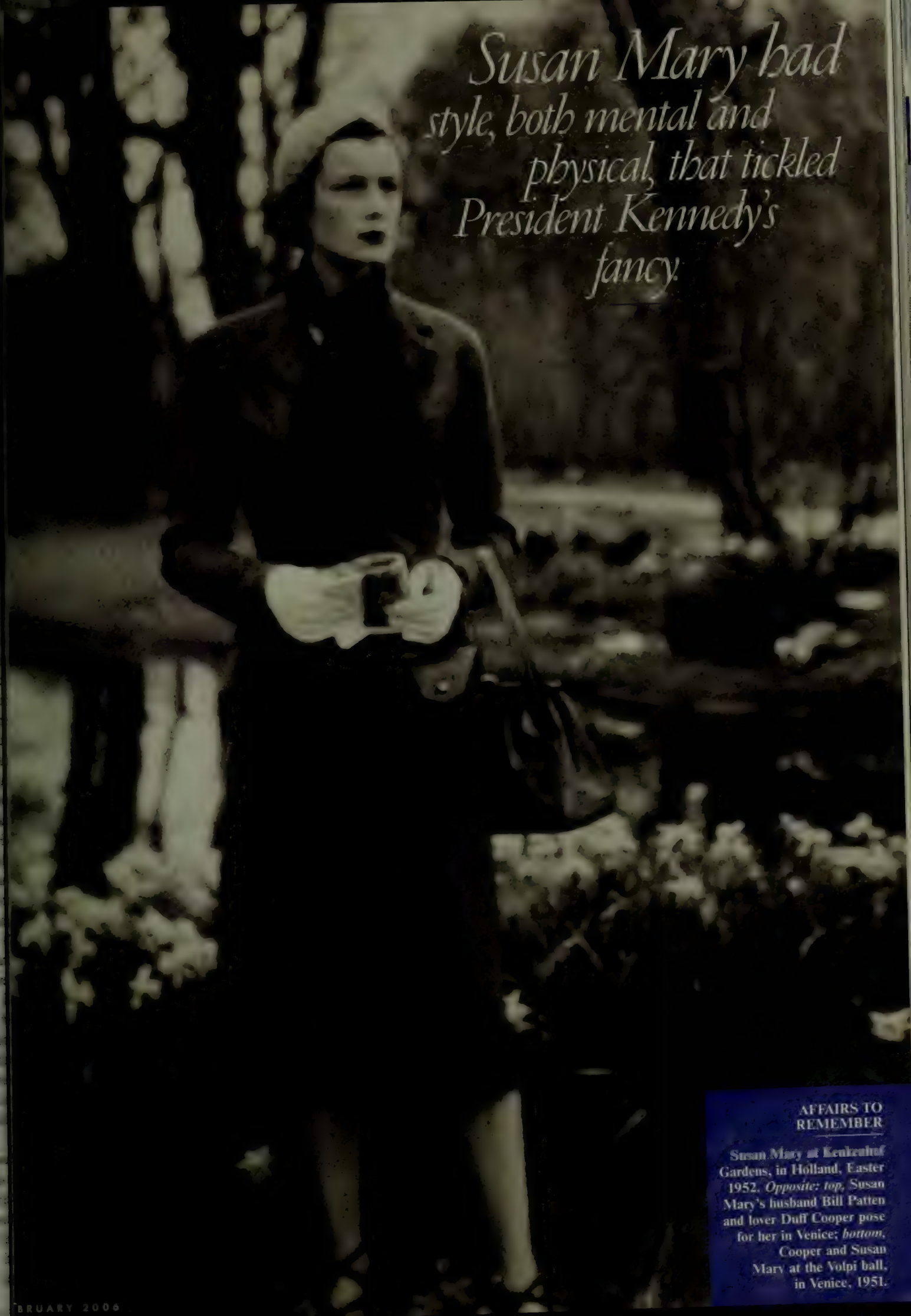
Jackie's fear of similar gossip about her own heartbreaking a commodations to her husband. More than a decade older th Jackie, Susan Mary Jay Patten Alsop was a brainy aristocrat at ea with butlers and decanted wine and *le gratin* of French nobili She knew as much French history as anyone at the Americ Embassy in Paris. As Bill Patten Jr. said, "My mother overcam restrictions of patriarchal society to enjoy three brilliant careers

In her first career, she spent 15 years as the life of the par and a great hostess in Paris, entrancing writer Jean Cocteau, A bassadors Duff Cooper and Gladwyn Jebb, British labor lea er Ernest Bevin, and Prime Minister Winston Churchill. A serio New England puritan, Susan Mary picke up a few bad-girl moves in Paris. H vice was curiosity to see "history on th boil," wrote novelist of the upper clas es Nancy Mitford, when fictionalizin Susan Mary as the brainy Mildred Jun fleisch in her 1960 novel, *Don't Tell A fred.* The woman who conquered Pari in Dior sample couture was the adore protégée of Lady Diana Cooper, the f mous beauty and indecorous star of th Duke of Windsor's inner circle. Addin to her mystique, Susan Mary claimed tha she bore a son in 1948 by Diana's hus band, the 58-year-old Ambassador Coo per, a man loved by Winston Churchil and the English people.



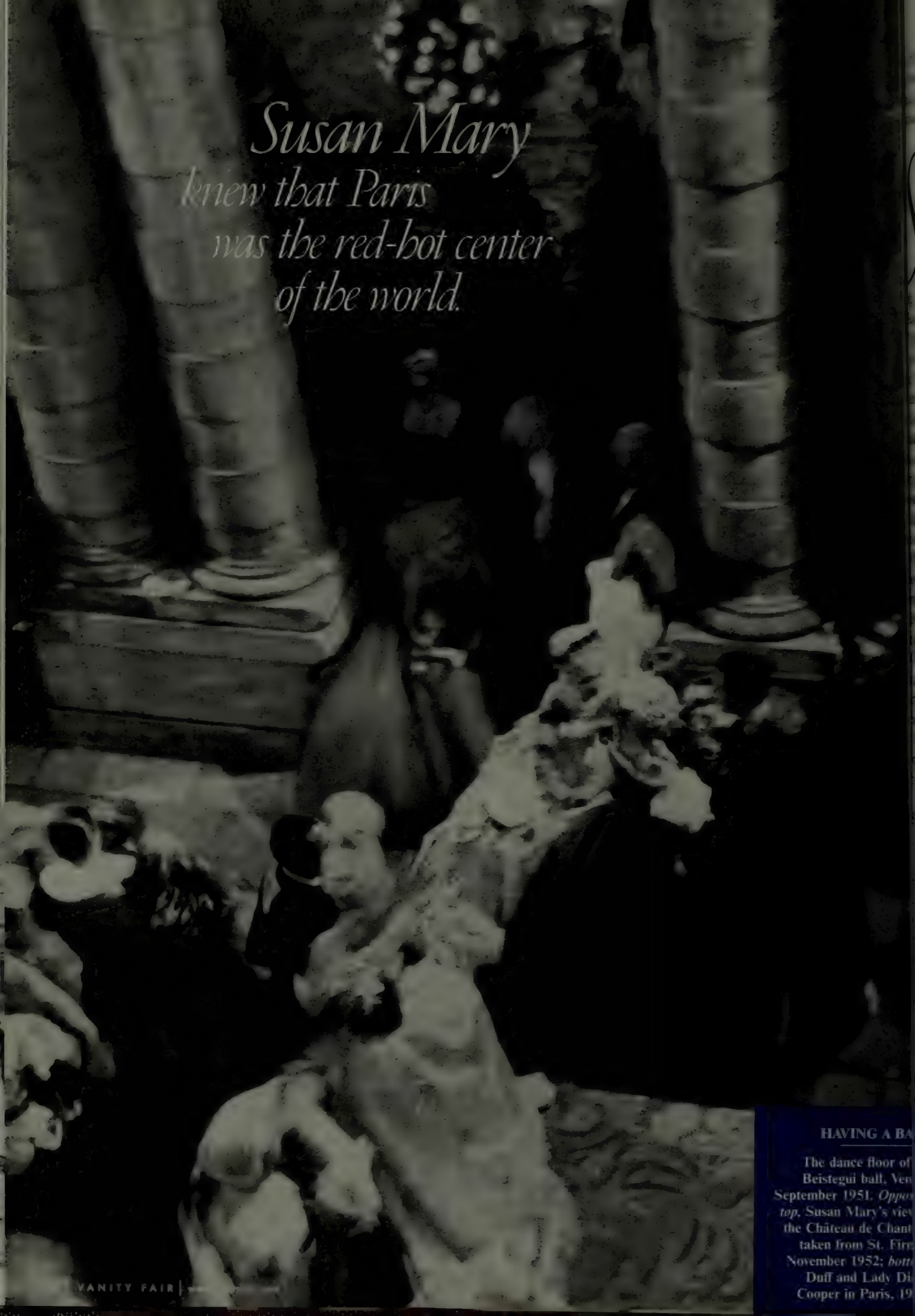
When Jackie met her, Susan Mary wa diving into her second great career, as Washington hostess and the wife of famed political power broker and syndicated columnist Joseph Alsop. But it was he third career that made her happiest. I 1975, no longer "a glamour girl" (as she

Susan Mary had style, both mental and physical, that tickled President Kennedy's fancy.



AFFAIRS TO REMEMBER

Susan Mary at Keukenhof Gardens, in Holland, Easter 1952. *Opposite: top,* Susan Mary's husband Bill Patten and lover Duff Cooper pose for her in Venice; *bottom,* Cooper and Susan Mary at the Volpi ball, in Venice, 1951.



Susan Mary knew that Paris was the red-hot center of the world.

HAVING A BA

The dance floor of
Beistegui ball, Ver
September 1951. *Oppos
top,* Susan Mary's viev
the Château de Chant
taken from St. Firm
November 1952; *bott*
Duff and Lady Di
Cooper in Paris, 19

, Susan Mary got the last word when, after sepa- from Alsop, she published her first of four books, ng her own views of rulers of the earth, their slips, ma, character, and brains.



Susan Mary Jay was six years old the first time she curtsied for a head of state. It was 1924, and she was residing in the palatial U.S. Embassy in snowy Romania. Writing of it a decade later, Susan Mary described how the very pink Queen Marie, with g, soft hands, had asked for a kiss. usan Mary shrank away. "No, thank she said. "I don't think I want to ou." Her English nanny gasped. n Mary had no idea Queen Marie n intimate of her father, Peter Au- s Jay, the U.S. ambassador. All id know was that the queen smelled o many flowers and overheated s. That night Susan Mary was sent d early, but she was perfectly elat- aving met the queen on her own s.



hen Susan Mary was eight, her life d a sharp corner. She woke up one ning to find that her older sister, y, had vanished into thin air. No ex- ations were given. It made for a piti- hristmas in Buenos Aires. Peter Jay, ambassador to Argentina, told Susan y that he was retiring early from the gn service (to the Jay family the most noble calling), citing ailing lungs. It was not until their ship, the *Pan America,* pped anchor in New York in early 1927 that Susan Mary's r told her that her sister was dead, and that she lay inside small mahogany box in her mother's stateroom.

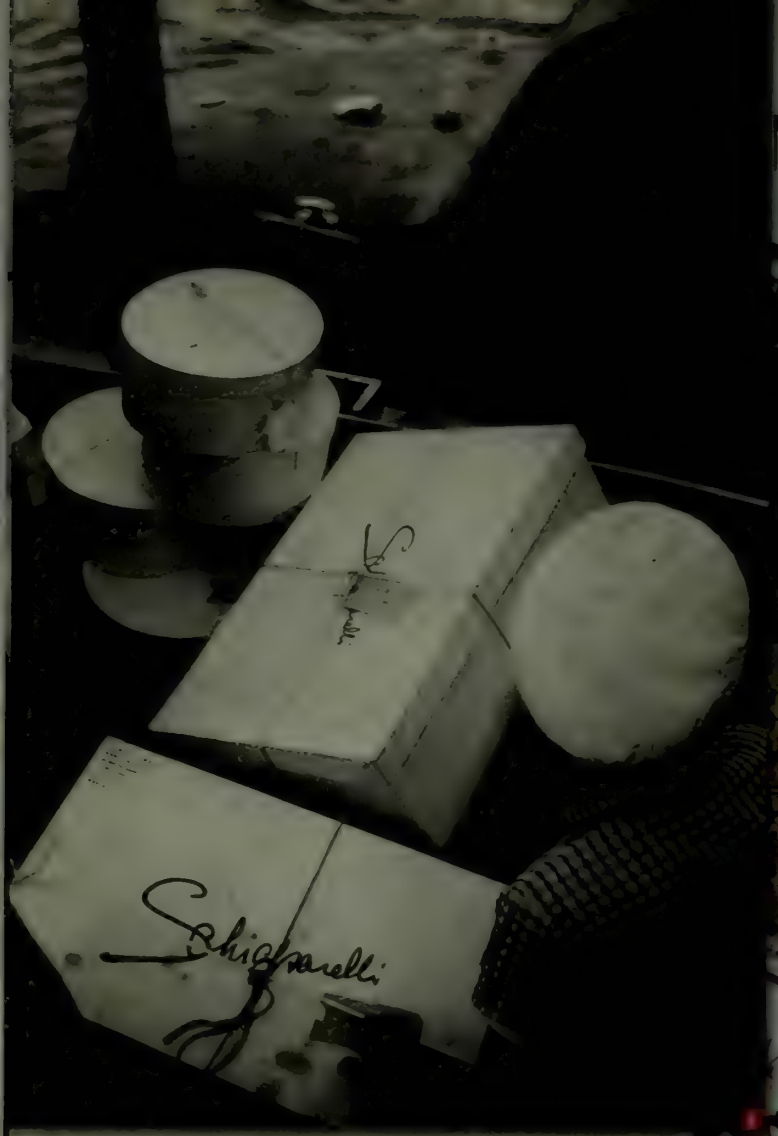
hipped off to the Foxcroft School, in Virginia hunt coun- Susan Mary buried her sadness in history books and polite ks. Although emboldened by a blazing intellect, Susan Mary ioned her curiosity with stylized manners. She had such ring that everything she touched seemed blessed with beauty. girls at Foxcroft knew she was American royalty. Her fa- 's study was decorated with artifacts of his ancestor John Jay, ounding Father and the first chief justice of the Supreme urt. Also perched in the family tree was the first John Jacob or. Although obsessed with deflecting attention from herself, en she fixed her flattering eyes on an acquaintance and lis- ed with all her might, the effect was thrilling.

After Susan Mary's father died of lung disease, at age 56, her ther, Susan McCook Jay, sometimes blamed his early retire- nt for their daughter's lack of a trust fund. Susan Mary's moth- had little time for her, so during most summers when she was eenager, she was sent to a rich aunt in Paris who lived in a com- table 19th-century house by the fashionable Bois de Boulogne. When she visited her mother in Maine, Susan Mary would dancing at the Bar Harbor Club. One night she locked eyes in ladies'-room mirror with Marietta Peabody, a young, long- cked beauty whose New England forebears founded the Grot- School. "The smell of stale face powder in this ladies' room is the smell of fear," remarked Marietta. Susan Mary instantly knew Marietta meant that it reeked of girls terrified of not being asked to dance. Susan Mary masked elation; if the vivacious Marietta admitted fear, then Susan Mary's secret shyness was permissible. Marietta and Susan Mary (nicknamed Soozle by Marietta) were "birds of a feather," remembers Sam Peabody, Marietta's younger brother. The girls had such stamina for intellection! They constructed broad strategies for global peace and speculated about Susan Mary's late grandmother Emily Astor Kane Jay, who had been the toast of Paris as a diplomat's wife and was said to have rouged her nipples.

By this point, Susan Mary was a dazzler: stick-thin, but endowed with an ample bosom. Despite her stiff poise and the startling symmetry of her face, she had visible character and a rather contradictory constitution. She would mumble bits of self-deprecating politesse, but she still came across with the intensity of a ballerina in mid-leap. She would greet a girlfriend with invigorating warmth, taking both her hands as if forgiving her friend for something dreadful she had just done, but her dark eyes were measuring. Seated, Susan Mary looked like a Sargent painting of the most beautiful girl, but she walked fast, like a tomboy, and longed to go to college. (She would not go, although she did attend a few classes at Barnard. Her mother was ungenerous, despite her pride in her own mastery of diplomatic history.)

By summer 1939, Susan Mary was living with a rich uncle in New York, on Fifth Avenue. She and her friend Babe Cushing posed for *Vogue* photographers while floating in parachutes over the 1939 World's Fair. When the courtly Bill Patten walked toward Susan Mary at the St. Regis hotel, she fell instantly in love, and soon commenced "hot pursuit" of him. He was an idealist with a valet and the charmer of the Harvard class of 1932, witty and utterly kind. And she was the best of the best, a brainy young American royal.

But Bill Patten was skinny, already crippled with the lung dis-


Schiaparelli









ease that had killed Susan Mary's father. Amazingly, Patten never complained—ever. Susan Mary was certain she would find a cure for her Bill. Her mother disliked Bill and warned the young beauty that he'd never have a career because of his lungs. The decision to marry him was the gesture of a strong-willed, generous young woman who had wanted to rescue her ailing father, and, in doing so, perhaps show her mother a thing or two. It revealed what her second husband, Joe Alsop, called "her Florence Nightingale complex." Susan Mary herself said that she was "cocksure and confident of my own ability to find a cure."

It was through Bill that Susan Mary came to know the amazing Joseph Wright Alsop V, Bill's close friend from Harvard and Groton, and his roommate in Manhattan when Patten worked as a Wall Street runner. At 29, Joe Alsop was already a grandee. He was part of a small elite group he named "the WASP Ascendancy," whose male members belonged to the same clubs, had family ties, and ran the country. Alsop was vicious, alluring, mysterious, and funny—a snob and a poseur whose intelligence was nearly unmatched. Like Bill Patten and Susan Mary, Alsop was an idealist about the United States and government service. Susan Mary was awed by Alsop, who wrote a powerful, nationally syndicated column. When Alsop was posted in Washington, his mother saw to it that he initially breakfasted and later attended a New Year's party with distant cousins Franklin and Eleanor at the White House. The series he wrote with Turner Catledge (who would later become executive editor of *The New York Times*) for the *Saturday Evening Post* about Roosevelt's scheme to pack the Supreme Court became a best-selling book. Alsop was a government insider who would come to advise—bully—five presidents.



At Susan Mary's big Westbury, Long Island, wedding to Bill Patten, on October 28, 1939, Joe was an usher. An upper-class wedding of this sort was Joe's idea of heaven on earth. And this time Joe adored both the groom and the gorgeous, wellborn bride. A homosexual, Joe had only one known sexual relationship in the United States during these years, according to Alsop biographer Robert W. Merry. Frank Merlo, his partner in this affair, was a good-hearted man, an autodidact, a sailor, and later the caretaker and lover of Tennessee Williams. Mostly, though, Joe Alsop had flings in foreign capitals, picking up syphilis in China.



Once married, Susan Mary and Bill quickly settled in a large, borrowed house near Phoenix, Arizona, because Bill's doctors had advised a dry climate. They knew that leaving Phoenix would shorten Bill's life, but both young people were soon bored stiff by country-club dances and longed to play a part in the war against evil in Europe. After aggressive finagling by Susan Mary's mother, Bill avoided a physical exam and was appointed as a foreign-service reserve officer to the U.S. Embassy in Paris. In April 1945, Susan Mary joined him there, and she hit the ground running. Her cousins lent her the comfortable early-19th-century house by the Bois de Boulogne that she had visited as a girl. Her guests drank vintage champagnes with K-ration biscuits from the PX, and she presented precious canned vegetables on old blue-and-white Sèvres china. A leather pinwheel held the placement cards, and her searchlight ques-

tions produced great conversation in both French and English.

In her long daily letters to her mother and to her old friend Marietta Peabody (now married to Desmond FitzGerald, who would become the C.I.A.'s top spymaster in the Far East), she described bicycling through grim streets past shuffling skeletons who had been prisoners of war. Paris was still desolated by the Nazi occupation. It seemed to Susan Mary as if the only people with reasonable food were former Nazi collaborators.

Susan Mary knew that, on the other hand, Paris was the red-hot center of the world, and her husband's place of business, the American Embassy, was in the thick of it. The rulers of Europe were arriving to discuss paralyzing problems in their cities, factories, mines, and railroads. Bill was assisting his boss Chip Bohlen, head of the Military Assistance Program for France, in drawing up plans to rebuild the country. Within a year, Susan Mary was a major presence. "No embassy reception was complete without her," recalls Chip's daughter Avis Bohlen. After Secretary of State George Marshall announced the benevolent Marshall Plan, allocating up to $20 billion to European recovery, even a gut-wrenching stomach flu and a blinding fog couldn't keep hero-worshipping Susan Mary from the embassy party for him.

One night, pluckily steering her bicycle in the slippery rain between cars to the American Embassy portal, she nearly crashed into Lady Diana Cooper. The 53-year-old bohemian and her husband (called "les Duffs") were adored by Parisians: first for Duff Cooper's early refusal to placate Hitler, and now for Lady Diana's theatrical embassy parties and her love of French artists. The chance meeting changed Susan Mary's life.

Lady Diana found Susan Mary a "gay, waif-like figure," and no common American, according to

SALON SELECTIVE

Joe Alsop at home on Dumbarton Avenue, in Georgetown, November 29, 1975. *Inset,* a letter to Alsop from Jackie Kennedy dated November 24, 1964, responding to an article he had written about President Kennedy.



November 24 1964

My dearest Joe -

resolved - that - would

tear nothing - that was written - though

at these ways -

But the magazine with your article

was on the table while - I was waiting

for John at his school

- I read it - You saw - the lack that

was all the tenderness and the

tragedy that so many people could not

recognize -

- This November all that is left is

love -

You help me by loving him too.

With my love dear Joe

Jackie


Joe Alsop made
the rules of who was
in and who was out,
and only he could
break them
VANITY FAIR

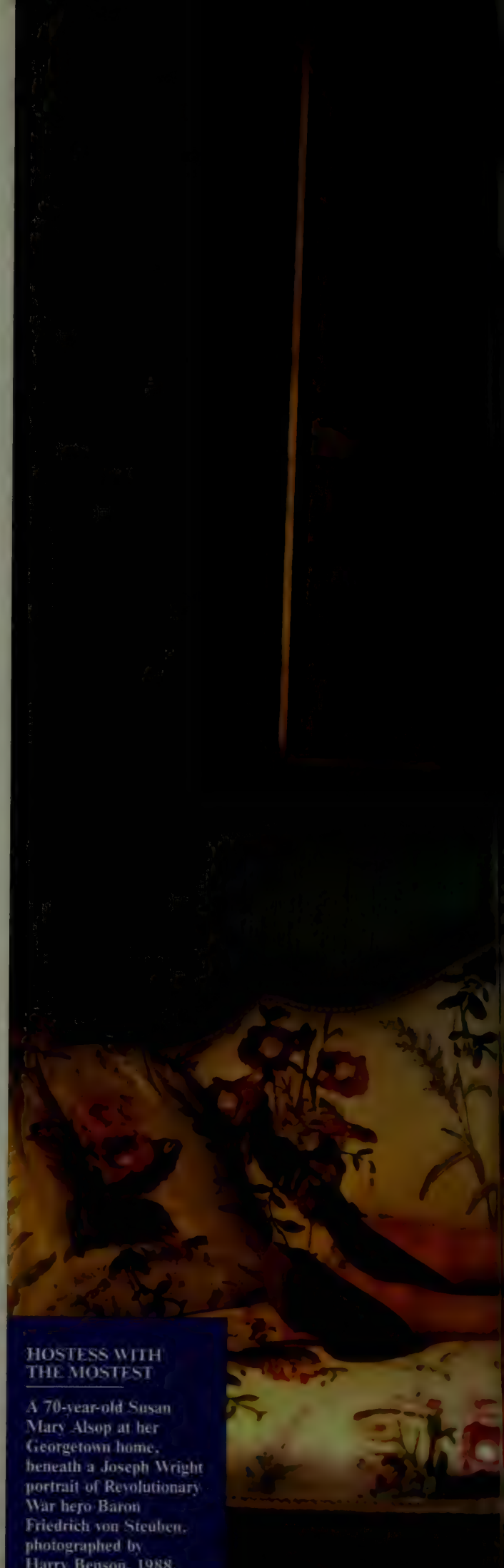
Lady Diana's biographer Philip Ziegler. Lady Diana admired Susan Mary's spirit and brains, but, best of all, Susan Mary deferred. Lady Diana was a performer; Susan Mary an audience. They were a perfect fit. Lady Diana impulsively decided to seat Susan Mary next to Duff at a British Embassy dinner. Lady Diana knew her ailing husband would be touched by the much younger American who read New Deal legislation. "Les Duffs" were hard to resist.

Soon afterward, Susan Mary swept into the *salon vert* of the beautiful British Embassy on Bill Patten's arm for a dinner in honor of Prime Minister Churchill, wearing a Balenciaga gown (borrowed from the designer). She was positively giddy. Lady Diana's seating broke protocol: Susan Mary, though the wife of a lowly American Embassy official, was flatteringly positioned next to the elderly, gruff British ambassador, and on her left was Jean Cocteau, whose writings Susan Mary knew well. Almost 30 years older than Susan Mary, Ambassador Duff Cooper was slowly drinking himself to death. With his liver and kidneys in a bad state, he was dozing off during long meetings. Nonetheless, he was a great man. He had gained international acclaim and Churchill's undying loyalty by resigning a government post to rebuke Chamberlain for appeasing Adolf Hitler. He had advised the Duke of Windsor at the eleventh hour about abdicating. Like Susan Mary, Cooper was a wordsmith, a history buff, and an idealist.

Springing into action to capitalize on her fortunate placement, Susan Mary asked the ambassador a nuts-and-bolts question about a recent speech by General Marshall. Cooper growled and had one of his "veiners," Diana's word for his temper tantrums that caused veins on his forehead to throb. Susan Mary was only temporarily cowed. In fact, Cooper was flattered to be grilled about his current diplomatic mission—to mend relations between France and England. Duff Cooper spent the next year trying to seduce Susan Mary. In fact, in *The Duff Cooper Diaries,* edited by his son John Julius Norwich and recently published in England, the entry of February 27, 1947, includes, "I kissed Susan Mary for the first time and find her most attractive." The Cooper marriage was odd, even for English aristocrats. Lady Diana loved her husband, but she wasn't interested in sex, and the ambassador was a womanizer. According to the diaries, when Duff and Susan Mary emerged from the embassy library in July of 1947, Diana laughingly brushed face powder off his shoulder, but another of Duff's mistresses was displeased.

Susan Mary and her husband became the only Americans who were regulars, when Bill's health permitted, at razzle-dazzle dinners, set in motion by Lady Diana's grand and wicked attitudes. "Every meal, even lunch with two guests, was a piece of theater for Diana," wrote Susan Mary. Pretty soon, the younger woman began hosting Lady Diana and Duff and their high-flying circle. When Susan Mary asked the secret of Lady Diana's success as the best hostess in Paris, the ambassadress replied modestly, "Oh, just give them plenty of booze and hope it will go."

While the Coopers were courting her, Susan Mary decided to throw the first postwar ball in Paris. The woman with a sense of history decided that Parisians were ready to shed gloom. Her masked ball would not be frivolous, as she would sell tickets to it to help war orphans in Lorraine. Assisted by Duff's social



HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTEST

A 70-year-old Susan Mary Alsop at her Georgetown home, beneath a Joseph Wright portrait of Revolutionary War hero Baron Friedrich von Steuben, photographed by Harry Benson, 1988.



Susan Mary Alsop

was a witness to "history on the boil."

secretary, she sent invitations to *le gratin* of Paris and to key international diplomats. No one bought a ticket. A neighbor told her to get pneumonia or leave Paris at once—she was not French or fashionable enough to lead Parisians to a masked party at this sad time. The next morning Susan Mary wept to Lady Diana in the older woman's cavernous bedroom, which was draped in red damask. Diana jumped out of bed. "Diana is as good as she is beautiful and as practical as she is wise," wrote Susan Mary rapturously of her rescuer. Diana dragged her to Schiaparelli, to Lanvin, and to Balenciaga. The ambassadress asked disingenuously to see masks commissioned by guests for Susan Mary's ball, all the while dropping names of other likely guests—such as Cecil Beaton and Greta Garbo—and soon enough word of Diana's patronage had spread. Susan Mary's tickets sold out and even changed hands on the black market. Joe Alsop stayed at the ball until five in the morning. Susan Mary saved the orphans.

In late summer 1947, Susan Mary finally became Duff Cooper's mistress. He was more seriously ill than her husband, but her attentions buoyed him. All of Susan Mary's masks were in place. She joined the Cooper ménage without ever giving Bill Patten cause for unhappiness. Bill Patten Jr., Susan Mary's son, mused recently that, to her, sex was like changing a tire, a job that keeps things running and amuses men. "But," he wrote in his book, *My Three Fathers,* which will be published next spring, "given my mother's vivid sense of idealism, her strong Calvinist habits and her need to rescue, her extended relations with the ailing and elderly Duff Cooper were almost a form of public service, an action of foreign policy in its noblest and most self-sacrificing form. It is likely that it embodied an even more passionate attachment to Duff's wife Lady Diana than to Duff himself." Susan Mary wrote in one of her daily letters to Duff that "my instinct tells me that your relationship [with Diana] is a wonderful, undamageable thing, apart from and undisturbed by your relations with other women."

They would often whisk away to St. Firmin—the Coopers' weekend château near Chantilly—where Susan Mary once picked lilies of the valley with Orson Welles. There Winston Churchill doted on beautiful, young Odette Pol-Roger, who was married to a member of the eponymous champagne family. Susan Mary noted that Churchill had a rule: Odette must be invited whenever he dined at the embassy. Susan Mary described Churchill's infatuation with Odette—her best girlfriend on the party circuit—as a "beautiful December-May relationship, quite harmless and smiled on by Mrs. Churchill." But after arduously deferring to grandees in person, Susan Mary often made real, fearless observations in her writing. An unpublished letter to Joe Alsop reveals Susan Mary's sharp, nondeferential eye about Odette's other amours. Odette, she wrote, had had a tragic miscarriage: "I never knew a more maternal nature or a life that so badly needed a point.... I never knew whose child it was."

In winter 1948, Susan Mary was distraught to learn that a five-month stomach ailment was in fact a pregnancy. The Pattens chose Joe Alsop as godfather. She was certain Duff Cooper had fathered the baby, but confided only in Marina Sulzberger, wife of *New York Times* columnist C. L. Sulzberger (first cousin of former *Times* publisher Arthur "Punch" Sulzberger). Susan Mary was discreet. It would be 50 years before she told Bill Patten Jr. her secret, during a family argument. Others, such as Susan Mary's daughter, Anne Patten (born in 1950), and her goddaughter Pulitzer Prize–winning author Frances FitzGerald, daughter of Marietta Peabody and Desmond FitzGerald, knew the story.

Susan Mary continued to nurse both her husband and her lover. Anne remembers her mother and father as trying desperately to be cheerful: "They were dancing on ice together." Said Bill, "My mother was always grappling with death—my father, its constant reminder." Bill once peeked into his father's darkened bedroom in fear that he would see him having a bad spell, attached to steel oxygen tanks by a rubber tube. But Susan Mary was simply reading aloud to him from a novella called *The Ship That Died of Shame,* about a doomed boat. In contrast, his mother's bedroom looked like a command center. Bill junior admired her powers, seeing her sitting in her immaculate bed with her morning breakfast tray, tea and two dry *biscotti* (no butter), her address book open, her face covered in white night cream, and her black telephone to her ear. He understood why Nancy Mitford had nicknamed the character based on his mother the "commandant" of the expat community.

On the night in late 1947 that Duff Cooper was fired as ambassador by Ernest Bevin, then the foreign secretary, he and Susan Mary had a lovers' tryst. At the Coopers' last British Embassy party, she lingered until five in the morning. She later wrote to Duff she would have given anything if "in return I could have the next five minutes sitting on your lap and be held tight, tight against your heart and forget that you were leaving." In Paris, Susan Mary became a popular guest of another British ambassador, Gladwyn Jebb, who once impulsively took her on a closed-day tour of the Louvre. Her son later heard of an affair from reliable British friends. When Duff died on a yacht bound for Jamaica, New Year's Day 1954, Susan Mary rushed to Lady Diana's side. Diana honored Susan Mary by leaving her alone with [illegible] coffin. Susan Mary told Cooper biographer John Charmley that she would always [illegible] Duff's voice on the telephone, his witty [illegible] wise letters (two a day), and dinners à [illegible] In 1960, Susan Mary became a widow [illegible] self. Bill Patten died at age 50.

Late that spring Susan Mary took her [illegible] band's ashes to Lancaster, Massachu[illegible] a town settled by the Thayers, his mat[illegible] forebears. She then returned to Paris, w[illegible] she received Joe Alsop's proposal. He[illegible] friend and Wasp cohort, the war-loving n[illegible] paper columnist, was hatching a grand[illegible] plan. In a letter Joe explained that sinc[illegible] was homosexual theirs would be a loving[illegible] tonic marriage. Susan Mary declined grac[illegible] ly. She professed surprise at Alsop's sexua[illegible] cret, despite having heard of such marria[illegible] The truth was: Susan Mary was 41 and [illegible] beautiful, and although two men in her [illegible] had died, she hadn't given up hope of an[illegible] er real marriage. But Joe Alsop never took [illegible] for an answer, and he wrote to her again [illegible] again. An overwhelming part of his ta[illegible] lizing package was John Kennedy, a ma[illegible] fall in love with. Great-looking, very bri[illegible] young, and graceful, the presidential ca[illegible] date possessed magical charisma. Un[illegible] stating matters, Alsop said that Kenn[illegible] appealed to "a kind of snobbery of sty[illegible]

Vacationing with her children in the So[illegible] of France, Susan Mary was thrilled by an[illegible] er letter from Alsop, at the Democratic c[illegible] vention in Los Angeles, describing how he [illegible] Phil Graham, publisher of *The Washing[illegible] Post,* had whispered secret passwords to [illegible] into John Kennedy's hotel suite and had p[illegible] suaded the nominee to draft the highly co[illegible] petent Senator Lyndon Johnson as his runni[illegible] mate. Undoubtedly, he was still wooing Su[illegible] Mary to be his wife and hostess. Alsop w[illegible] the only man in the Georgetown-salon bu[illegible] ness, making his select social access the key[illegible] his power and his widely read columns. Al[illegible] made the rules of who was in and who w[illegible] out, and only he could break them. His gue[illegible] included his cousin Alice Roosevelt Lon[illegible] worth, Robert and Ethel Kennedy, Phil a[illegible] Katharine Graham, King Hussein of Jorda[illegible] and fellow members of the Wasp elite su[illegible] as George Kennan and the Bohlens.

Susan Mary described Joe's dinners [illegible] not for the meek. He would stop guests fro[illegible] talking by shouting a question about Mc[illegible] cow's latest stratagem. Chip Bohlen on[illegible] stomped out, and written apologies soon f[illegible] lowed. It was "salonisma," said Susan Ma[illegible] But Joe Alsop was lonely. His writing pa[illegible] nership with his brother Stewart (the kinde[illegible] gentler Alsop) had just dissolved, in no sm[illegible] part because of an alarming incident in S[illegible] Francisco when Joe was picked up by p[illegible] lice in an area where homosexuals met f[illegible] sex. Stewart worried about Joe's clandesti[illegible]

life and in turn his own reputation. s a fighter. He had recently beaten the Agents had photographed him in fla- with a man in a Moscow hotel room en tried to make a spy of him. Alop traight to his old school friend Chip , the ambassador to the Soviet Union time, and told him everything. dgar Hoover leaked news of the inci- an effort to halt Alsop's criticism, but knew there was a gentlemen's agree- not to print such information. In re- to Alsop's strong attacks, Senator Joe rthy did his best to out Alsop, but Al- rasp of the reins wasn't even beginning en. He continued to attack McCarthy's . As frustrating as he may have been e, Joe was not one to spend his social on frivolities. He so wanted to make rence, and he had rooted beliefs about d States foreign policy. He was worried bout "the missile gap" between the So- nd the United States. Alsop used his r parties and his columns to force pres- to do "the right thing."

sop was giddy with hope that a Ken- presidency would restore idealism and to national politics and to the White e. He told Susan Mary they would have ower to positively impact history. Susan loved Joe Alsop and was flattered that eded her to lure the brightest bird of ngle to his splendid Georgetown table. Mary's presence would be important; nedy might be publicly embarrassed siting a gay bachelor—no matter how d and classy a host.

san Mary's assets mirrored and perhaps trumped those of Jackie Kennedy, al- gh Susan Mary was more than a decade . "Susan Mary and Jackie were actually much alike to be friends," diplomatical- calls their pal Kay Evans, Washington ess and widow of powerful newsman land Evans. Both upper-class women boarding-school manners, but Susan y's ancestors were more illustrious. As once said, "My forebears helped get this w on the road." And if Jackie admired nch culture, Susan Mary was of it.

hroughout the year 1960, Joe vigorously waged two campaigns: one to make Susan ry his wife, and one to make Senator Ken- y president. Joe did not have to tell Su- Mary that if Kennedy became president might have as much access to him as a binet member. Susan Mary still did not yes, despite Joe's irresistible charm. In wake of Kennedy's victory, Joe went to is after interviewing Chancellor Konrad enauer in Bonn, and Susan Mary wore a v Balmain gown for him. This time she ghed Joe's proposal in earnest. A month r, Susan Mary and Joe hurriedly set the e: February 16, 1961.

The decisive factor seems to have been the president's impulsive Inauguration Night visit to Alsop's majestic villa on Dumbarton Avenue. (Designed by Joe in 1949, it was the only modern house in Georgetown.) At 1:30 A.M. on January 20, 1961, President Kennedy was wound up after five big inaugural balls. Jackie had gone home pleading exhaustion, but instead of turning toward the White House, Kennedy's caravan raced to Georgetown, Secret Service cars strung out behind his limousine. Moments earlier, Alsop had been stranded and in a tizzy, wanting to get home so he could pop champagne corks. He had scattered invitations to several of John Kennedy's girlfriends in the course of the night in hopes they might pass the word on to the new president. After arriving at his home, Alsop found two women already knocking at his door. He brought them in, switched on his lights, and raised his shades. Within a few minutes, scores of people, some of them beautiful women who had slept with John Kennedy and many who had not, streamed in from the cold night. The guests included: Flo Smith, a rich Palm Beach hostess; Pamela Turnure, who later worked as Jackie's press secretary; Afdera Fonda, the gorgeous Italian ex-wife of Henry Fonda; and Peter Lawford, who had brought many beautiful women into John Kennedy's life. (Susan Mary was not in Washington that week. She missed the inaugural balls due to a severe bout of stomach flu, and, perhaps, cold feet at leaving Paris to marry Joe.)

Meanwhile, confused Secret Service men radioed one another that the new president was going to make a last, unscheduled visit, his only one to a private home. The silent caravan stopped in piles of drifting snow in front of 2720 Dumbarton Avenue. Alone and hatless, Kennedy walked up the winding staircase. Nobody had ever looked better to Joe Alsop than the new, young, gloriously handsome, and elated president. In a flash, Kennedy was in the Alsop house. Alsop pulled down the shades. Secret Service men paced outside for more than an hour. Nobody knows for certain what happened inside. Alsop claimed that he had defrosted terrapin soup and had drafted bandleader Peter Duchin as bartender. Duchin, a Kennedy loyalist, swore to Bill Patten that nothing untoward had taken place. Afdera Fonda wrote that she cooked spaghetti.

The historic visit was a portent of amazing access for Joe Alsop. Indeed, the president would take Joe's excellent advice and draft Douglas Dillon as secretary of the Treasury, George Kennan as ambassador to Yugoslavia, and Averell Harriman as ambassador-at-large. (Thus indebted to Joe, powerful men began lining up as sources, dinner guests, and recipients of his policy-making advice.) Joe vetoed Senator J. William Fulbright as secretary of state: too vain, too powerful, and hard to control. He voted no on Albert Gore Sr. with a ditty shouted at dull dinner speakers at his Harvard club: "It's a terrible death to be talked to death; it's a terrible death to die. It's a terrible death . . . "

According to author Betty Beale, some Washington insiders repeated rumors that, from Inauguration Night on, President Kennedy used the Alsop house for trysts. Kennedy did visit during Jackie's absences from Washington, and at least once Kennedy asked Joe to invite his mistress Mary Meyer—"the dark lady of Camelot"—to dinner. Years later Susan Mary recalled carefully, "I had to have my hair done all the time, just in case I'd be asked to the White House." Whatever happened on Inauguration Night, many friends agree it was the most important social event of Susan Mary's Georgetown life, even if she wasn't there for it.

That February, Susan Mary endlessly celebrated her upcoming marriage: on February 9, over terrapin soup and suckling pig at Alsop's table with Phil and Kay Graham; on February 10, over drinks with Vice President Johnson and Lady Bird at their house; on February 14, with a toast from the president and the First Lady along with Alsop's brother Stewart, his wife, Tish, and the Grahams. That was the night Susan Mary told John Kennedy the Macmillan story. A tradition was born.

It was salonisma at its height. Susan Mary became the rare woman his own age whom John Kennedy asked to be seated by at dinner. With her jewels and Balmain gowns, she was an exotic against the backdrop of the other Georgetown women, who wore mostly tweeds. Kennedy always looked right through Katharine Graham, another woman his age. But clearly, despite no longer being young, Susan Mary had style, both mental and physical, that tickled the president's fancy, as Joe Alsop absolutely had known it would.

Susan Mary's marriage to Joe took place in a very small ceremony at All Saints Protestant Episcopal Church. Her children did not attend. They learned of the marriage after it took place. Afterward the couple dashed to Paris, where Susan Mary supervised the packing of her heirloom Thayer and Jay silver, her gilt candlesticks, and her fabulous blue-and-white Chantilly-pattern Sèvres china. She also transferred Anne and Bill to boarding schools in the United States. The couple honeymooned (albeit platonically) before briefly following separate paths. Joe returned to Georgetown. Back in Paris for several months, Susan Mary shipped her rich wine closet (including 12 cases of vintage clarets) to Georgetown.

The Joe–Susan Mary alliance received varied responses, but mostly people were perplexed. Her son and daughter had been

Susan Mary Alsop

startled. "Isn't Joe family?" asked Anne. "I thought you don't marry family." Marietta worried to her daughter Frances FitzGerald: Why had Susan Mary married Joe Alsop? Lady Diana informed Evelyn Waugh that her dear Susan Mary was marrying a rich man. Ben Bradlee summed it up when he said, "Why those two married is anybody's guess." When asked recently if his mother wondered what people thought of the marriage, Bill Patten said, "It was like Alice looking down the rabbit hole. At times, she believed her own myth." Bill remembers his mother's hope to change his stepfather's sexuality as one of her blind spots.

Susan Mary was profoundly touched by Joe's tenderness in the first year of their marriage. He built a bedroom with a double-tier closet for her gorgeous couture gowns and a garage for her car. He bought her a bright-pink Dior gown for a reception in London given by Jackie's sister, Lee Radziwill, at which President Kennedy confided to Joe that he was still badly shaken from his first summit meeting with Soviet premier Nikita Khrushchev in Vienna.

"I think my mother married Joe for security," says Bill loyally. "She could have married one of several Euros, but Joe was part of a New England past that she shared with Bill Patten."

Indeed, Susan Mary had complex reasons, her most noble being that she wanted to influence the new president's policies for the public good. Like Joe, she loved history on the boil, and history frequently visited the Alsop house, whose many chambers opened onto the symmetries of Joe's brick-terraced garden. In that house lighted candles flickered in the chandelier. Alsop's faded old family curtains were drawn in front of Christmas lights—the effect was like more dim candles. The place just exuded significance.

Joe took his duties as stepfather seriously. He visited Bill's teachers at Groton. When Anne faked a suicide attempt (she walked straight into traffic in full view of a school official) to get out of boarding at the National Cathedral School, Joe grunted in disbelief—but home to Dumbarton Avenue she went, where Joe tutored her in Latin at night. Anne recalls that sometimes, at the last minute, she would be told to visit a girlfriend because the president was coming to dinner and the Secret Service needed her bedroom, which was on the ground floor. One night she returned home early and peered out her window to see Bobby Kennedy madly kissing a woman who was not his wife in an open convertible.

In autumn 1962, Susan Mary wrote to Jackie and John Kennedy, inviting them to a good-bye dinner for the new ambassador to France, Chip Bohlen. The dinner was Joe's way of flexing his muscles at the French, showing that it was he who could provide Ambassador Bohlen with critical social access to John Kennedy. Susan Mary was tense as the mid-October dinner drew near. Her job was to make sure the president was relaxed and yet stimulated, which proved to be quite difficult. On the morning before the Bohlen dinner, unbeknownst to Susan Mary and Joe, President Kennedy was sucked into the top-secret Cuban missile crisis. He was suddenly facing a military showdown with Khrushchev. Ten hours before dinner, Kennedy was shown C.I.A. photographs of Soviet missiles newly stationed in Cuba. On this oddly fortuitous night, he was desperate to continue his consultation with Bohlen, a great Soviet expert.

As Jackie and John Kennedy climbed the circular staircase to the cinder-block front of the Alsop house, Susan Mary's nervousness vanished. She had reread history books and political essays, she was wearing a black Balmain gown with black and white feathers along the hem, her maid had laced up Susan Mary's beribboned shoes, and Susan Mary had artfully arranged blue delphiniums and white freesias sent by her friend Bunny Mellon—matching Joe's ancient Chinese porcelains. She was sure the evening would run like clockwork.

After cocktails in the garden, guests Philip and Kay Graham and British philosopher Isaiah Berlin strolled into the red lacquered dining room, lit by Susan Mary's gilt candlesticks and plastered with dour Alsop-ancestor portraits. ("It's an attempt to make old family faces look like wallpaper," said Joe.) But instead of joining the other guests, President Kennedy drew Chip Bohlen to the end of the garden. For close to a half-hour, the two men circled low boxwood hedges. Bohlen kept steadfastly refusing Kennedy's request to postpone his trip to Paris, predicting that a delay might tip off the Russians that Kennedy knew about the missiles and was rattled. Meanwhile, Susan Mary worried about the country, but also about her dinner party. Avis Bohlen's back was hurting even though she had taken codeine, and the leg of lamb was drying out in the oven. At dinner, Kennedy asked Bohlen and Isaiah Berlin twice about how the Russians had behaved when boxed in militarily. Susan Mary's mind was turning: Kennedy was the best questioner and extractor of information. Why was he going back to a dull question? "The poor president had to sit by me when he came to dinner. That night he was revved up—I wish I could think of a better simile. It seemed to me that the very powerful engine, say Bentley or Ferrari, beside which I had the honor of sitting many times, running at 50 miles an hour, had been thrown into the intensity of full power, controlled—the throttle was out and, what's more, he was enjoying it. It was thrilling, like sitting by lightning. . . . My struggled to comprehend, but the new been very commonplace that week."

Despite such historic moments, S Mary was not happy. As Ben Br recalls, "Joe refused to relinquish hoste ties." Alsop had promised Susan Mary she would be a grand Washington hostes would help him guide Kennedy to be a and generous leader, but if she so mu suggested a wine, Joe muttered, "Oh, no good." Susan Mary never mentioned the reason Joe poured full-bodied 192 Roger champagne for guests was that happier time she had told him it was Wi Churchill's favorite tipple.

At family dinners, Joe began pic mercilessly on Susan Mary. Stewart Al daughter Elizabeth Winthrop, the nov remembers such meals as "ghastly, long tense," and Susan Mary frequently lef table early and went to bed. Joe's niece nephews and Susan Mary's children pre ed plays on holidays, and one such skit trayed Joe talking to Susan Mary. Wh child shouted, "Goddammit, Susan Ma the play was quickly canceled, "by orde the management." Joe Alsop may have b a genius at manipulating presidents, bu refused to share domestic life. Why sh he? He presented the best table in Wash ton—quail eggs, leg of lamb—and he pou the greatest wines.

Susan Mary was lonely. She breakfas alone in her bedroom. After his usual br fast meeting in the garden room, Alsop r her the day's guest lists—for lunch, cockt and dinner. Susan Mary promised to " up any efforts to change" him.

In early 1963, Susan Mary's beloved L Diana Cooper came to Washington fo whirlwind fortnight whose high point w dinner with President and Mrs. Kenne Joe's menu included caviar blini with a 19 Château Lafite Rothschild and Moët Chandon champagne. Joe also invited Brit ambassador David Ormsby-Gore and Da Bruce, U.S. ambassador to England. Sus Mary fretted about whether Kennedy's love British aristocrats would overcome his dista for older women, and during dinner Sus Mary watched hopefully as Joe "translate Lady Diana's grand and outrageous rema to Kennedy, saying over and over, "Wh Lady Diana means . . . " But Susan Ma breathed a sigh of relief when, as he was le ing, Kennedy remarked, "What a woman

When President John Kennedy was a sassinated, in Dallas in 1963, Sus Mary rushed to help the new widow and a swered her condolence letters for weeks, b was unable to console Joe. He sobbed a sobbed, feeling, as he said, like "a male wi ow." At dinner two weeks earlier, Alsop

k Kennedy had discussed whether he president should go to Texas. (At request, Jackie had shown the Al- e pale-pink suit she planned to wear.) Mary and a gloomy Joe were soon to the White House for small din- th the new president and Lady Bird. d been so besotted by Kennedy that, gh Susan Mary kept reminding Joe uch he admired Lyndon Johnson's he new president could do little right s eyes.

sourly told Jackie Kennedy to reject n Johnson's offer to make her ambas- o a country in Europe or Latin Amer- lieving that Johnson was trying to her to him. At first, an unsteady John- elded to Joe's overwhelming power. ample, in an early-morning telephone cretly taped by the president, Joe re- to be convinced of the efficacy of on's plans to put a Texas commission rge of investigating the president's as- ation. Instead, Joe insisted on a blue- national commission; he asserted sev- mes that the attorney general, Robert dy, should not be involved in the inves- n. Amazingly, Joe had the upper hand. smissed the president, saying, "Mr. Pres- I must not keep you because you'll be etting into your trousers."

June 15, 1964, Joe and Susan Mary at the White House with Johnson ad- Clark Clifford and his wife. While ing the southwest lawns of the White e, with the Washington Monument in ackground, Joe warned Johnson to com- nore troops to Vietnam or else preside our first defeat in United States history. ontinued to play his social cards, and Bird marveled in her diary about how oved to speak of the personal lives of ingtonians, and said that he reminded of the saloniste and author Madame taël.

the midst of his mourning, Joe was becoming a bitter drunk. Susan Mary r complained, but friends were horri- by his attacks on her. "Balls! That's y stupid," he would say. "Who asked ?" . . . "Stop talking nonsense." . . . n't let's talk about that anymore." Kay ham, one of the rare people to take s side, told Alsop's biographer Robert ry that Susan Mary sometimes refused back down from a topic of conversa- and "would really get her teeth in his le." When Graham told Susan Mary t Joe still felt trapped by the marriage, alarm went off. Susan Mary stopped aking at all about the war in Viet- n, and when he would attack such well- rmed colleagues as Frances FitzGerald, would spend her energy buoying his its. Stephen Schlesinger, the historian, nembers Susan Mary only as deferring to Joe: "I had no idea Susan Mary was so smart."

Perhaps this was because Joe had the most pronounced of agendas. Joe was the hawk with the sharpest talons, and his position was "unfashionable," as he well knew. In Vietnam, he shouted instructions at generals about how to win the war, and he criticized President Johnson for not escalating. The president retaliated by forbidding staff members to partake of Joe's Georgetown hospitality in exchange for leaks. When Joe began to suspect the F.B.I. was tapping his phone and scaring away his government sources, he attacked the president for suppressing news about Vietnam. In March 1965 the president ranted at Attorney General Nicholas Katzenbach that Joe Alsop was trying to blackmail him. According to Johnson, Joe had suffered "two or three breakdowns," and told the president that he suspected his phone was being tapped. Johnson pretended outrage, but both Johnson and Joe knew that the government phone tapes were blackmail too—Joe's sex life might be leaked. They both continued to play the game. In 1967, Joe told Johnson to issue a statement that the war could be won, and Johnson in turn asked Joe to draft it with Walt Rostow, the national-security adviser. It was never released.

Susan Mary hung in, although she took to her bed with stomach problems and frequently traveled by herself to England or Barbados, where Marietta had a home. After Richard Nixon became president, Susan Mary and Joe's White House invitations dwindled to only one a year, for cousin Alice Roosevelt Longworth's birthday.

In 1972, Susan Mary accompanied Joe on a V.I.P. tour of mainland China arranged by Communist leaders. She later wrote to Joe, "I rarely go to sleep without thinking of walking around the outer walls of the Forbidden City with you . . . tall willows, water, and two old musicians playing their instruments against the walls . . . and [we] loved it." Nonetheless, two years later Susan Mary politely left Joe Alsop, after 12 years, without ever raising her voice. Joe was devastated by her tiptoe exit. She rented a penthouse at the Watergate Hotel, but left her gilt candlesticks on Joe's table.

On top of this, Susan Mary's 94-year-old mother was dying. At a loss in her life, Susan Mary implored her old friend Marietta for advice. Second-wave feminism was in the air—even Jackie Kennedy Onassis worked in an office—so Marietta wisely suggested that Susan Mary collect her letters from Paris as an eyewitness history. Marietta telephoned Ken McCormick, then an editor at Doubleday, who was absolutely delighted, and Susan Mary wrote Joe humbly asking for permission to publish under his famous last name.

To Marietta from Paris: 1945–1960 was published in 1975, and many believe it is the best eyewitness social history of the recovering city. The wonderful epistolary memoir is a perfect portrait of the great city sloughing off the scabs of Nazi occupation. Lady Bird threw a book party at the L.B.J. Ranch, and the book was celebrated in the United States, Paris, and London.

Susan Mary was honored when Cecil Nicholson, one of her publishers, asked her to write a biography of his amazing grandmother Lady Sackville. The biography, *Lady Sackville,* published in 1978, depicted an inexperienced illegitimate daughter of Britain's ambassador who took Washington society by storm in the early 1880s. Susan Mary also wrote emotional personal letters that went to enormous lengths to console an increasingly gloomy Joe Alsop.

When Susan Mary was 59, her mother died and she inherited a precious plenty, including the first homes she ever owned. She downplayed all of her splendid possessions: the Georgetown house on 29th Street was "a hideous little gray place that looks from the outside rather like a Victorian girls' reformatory." There was also a lovely John Singer Sargent portrait of her father, Peter Augustus Jay, as a young child.

In 1982, Susan Mary's stash of Jay-family documents became the wellspring for her book *Yankees at the Court: The First Americans in Paris.* She wrote of John Jay, Ben Franklin, and John Adams—who nurtured the fragile alliance with the Court of Versailles, so necessary to our War of Independence. Although engrossed in her writing, Susan Mary nevertheless kept up her social rounds. She frequently sat Joe at the head of her table with their friend Henry Kissinger, who had been Joe's guest of honor and last hope for the Vietnam War during the Nixon years. She sent Joe checks when friends said he needed money, calling him "the wittiest and most diverting man alive," and she thanked him for being so kind about "my tiresome eyes." She did not say she was going blind.

Three years after they split up Susan Mary wrote a thank-you note to Joe in wobbly handwriting after one of his dinner parties and perhaps too much champagne. She explained that she treasured him because he was the only person who remembered her good times with Bill Patten: "All my historic moments have been with you. . . . You gave me the Kennedy years—Johnson White House, most curious and interesting, in retrospect, of all. Do you remember the night of Anne's 12th birthday when . . . suddenly the President [Kennedy] summoned us to the White House so we had to call poor Anne and tell her that Rive Gauche was off. And I drove you and Mac Bundy to the White

Susan Mary Alsop

House and the President snapped at my fanny and said to Kay Graham, why does such a thin girl wear a garter belt? . . . My dear love, Susan Mary." Presidents no longer lingered at private dinners in splendid Georgetown homes. "We were at the center of the world, just as we feel like we aren't now," Susan Mary said.

Susan Mary, however, never managed to venture far from the nucleus of power. She wrote some 70 articles about powerful people in palaces for *Architectural Digest*. She was a guest at Pierre Trudeau's Art Deco mansion outside Montreal and found among his treasures a Ming vase—a gift from Mao Zedong.

Susan Mary was revered as the great lady of Georgetown. Historians flocked to her and she distilled the essences of key players of the Kennedy and Johnson presidencies. In 1984 she published *The Congress Dances: Vienna 1814–1815,* about diplomats who dallied by night with great hostesses at the 1815 Vienna peace conference.

Joe Alsop died in 1989 of lung cancer. Susan Mary's life turned another corner in the mid-1990s, when her son, Bill, caught one of her doctors staring at him with compassion. It sent a shiver up his spine. "What is it?," Bill demanded. Instead of answering, Susan Mary told in rich detail of how Lady Diana had taken Ambassador Duff Cooper's body to Paris and then to Westminster. "Of course, Duff's your father, you know," she added at the end. Bill was stunned. He felt as if he were losing Bill Patten Sr. a second time—it was the same feeling he had had at age 12 when his mother came to see him at boarding school to tell him his father was dead. Susan Mary's son, a contemplative man and Unitarian minister, numbly asked if her trysts with Duff Cooper ever took place at his romantic weekend château, St. Firmin. She said that the lovers would just meet in a Paris hotel.

According to Bill and Anne, the results of DNA tests that they both took showed that Susan Mary's two children had different fathers. So, in 1996, Bill went to see Diana and Duff Cooper's son John Julius, the second Viscount Norwich, respected author and public figure, who upon greeting Bill remarked, "You look nothing like Duff." But according to Bill, Joe Alsop's sister-in-law Gussie said, "I stared at your photograph and pictured a mustache like Duff's, and I knew it was true." Struggling to absorb the news, Bill concluded that he loved his father Bill Patten, who had taught him kindness by example as well as how to throw a baseball and how to feather his oars in rowboats in the Bois de Boulogne.

Susan Mary struggled with the tr
well. She told Alsop biographer Robert
ry, "I had a love affair with Duff Coo
many women did. Now my son has it
head that he is Duff Cooper's son.
not." It seems as if Susan Mary's p
conscience was not at peace. She wa
ous with herself for having made he
unhappy, particularly with their time
ing to a close.

When Susan Mary lost most of her
sight, many illustrious Washingtonians
to her. She prepared for the inevitable
asked Bill and Anne to bury her alon
Bill Patten in Lancaster, Massachusetts
died on August 18, 2004, at the age of
marked the end of the Georgetown s
club. Lengthy obituaries in England an
United States praised her books and re
to her circles of powerful friends. They
she had been Ambassador Duff Coo
mistress with Lady Diana's tacit consen
her memorial service, at Christ Churc
Georgetown, Kevin Chaffee, the *Washin
Times* society editor, wept and tried to s
to Bill Patten, but Bill was too upset. S
Mary's circle deeply mourned the loss
dear friend, but her life transcended its
rimeter, as she was a witness to "histor
the boil." Henry Kissinger wrote to Bill
ten, "It is safe to say that more questio
policy were discussed around her table
at any diplomatic summit." □

Lindsay Lohan



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 122 heavy, dark foundation, is having a guarded chat with Doug Liman, a prospective director for Lindsay. Her demeanor is tightly wound and hard-edged, in complete contrast to her daughter's.

The set is a replica of Lindsay's middle-class house in Merrick, Long Island. Lindsay's bedroom is pink, with pictures of puppies on the walls. The Lohan parents, played by actors, shriek at each other. Dad clocks Mom in the face. Meanwhile, the younger daughter—played by Lindsay's real-life younger sister, Aliana (Ali), a stick-thin 12-year-old—blocks her ears and coils up in terror. (Lindsay also has two brothers, Michael, 18, and Dakota—usually called Cody—9.) Lindsay, playing herself in a bejeweled Monique Lhuillier gown, crashes about the bathroom, singing and sobbing into the camera.

"Daughter to father! Daughter to father! I am crying. A part of me's dying. . . . Daughter to father! Daughter to father! Tell me the truth. Did you ever love me?" Subtle it's not, but it's hard not to get a bit choked up, and it's a lot more intense than any song of, say, Hilary Duff's.

"It's a therapy," Lohan says later, wrapped in a bathrobe, taking a cigarette break in her trailer. "It's like the best acting that I've ever been able to do is in this video. I freak out and just kind of go with it and create my own scene. . . . It's offensive and I want it to be. I'm saying, Dad's what I needed: I was seeking your comfort and I didn't have it."

When Lohan describes her childhood, the picture that emerges is of a family trying to hold on to the trappings of the middle class while being held hostage to a dishonest, unpredictable, and violent father. The terror didn't take long to kick in. After marrying in their early 20s, Dina and Michael separated when Lindsay was just three. "My parents were in court and I got kidnapped out of the courtroom by my father," claims Lindsay. But, like many young peopl
love, Dina took her husband back f
period.

"It got to the point where my father w
not come home for a few days," Lind
says. "He would come home three days
er and be very angry, and we'd be walk
on eggshells, and it would be a very ter
scary household." Usually, he was "blow[
his fucking money away," and doing dru
which she first discovered when she h
pened upon them in a pack of his cigaret
In addition to disappearing on drug bing
he was having run-ins with the law. "I
member I was coming home from an au
tion and that was when it was bad. My
ther was 'away,'" says Lindsay. The first ti
he was sent to prison for criminal conte
in a securities case. He has since amass
several other convictions—for assault, v
lations of a protection order, driving
der the influence. "He's been in and out
jail my whole life. My whole life," Linds
says. Even before she became hugely
mous, she changed schools because
family life had become too exposed, a
it was simply too mortifying. Eventua
her parents separated again, and Mich
was not allowed near the children.

Strange as it was to have a father in j

spect of his being on the loose was ght frightening. For a time, Dina and s went to live with her parents be- he family was too afraid to stay at wn home, which was just around the from Michael's crash pad—*his* par- ouse. But four years ago, when things cramped and the drive to school be- a hassle, the family decided to brave move back into their house. They up in the driveway, and what hap- next was, as Lohan puts it, "really l up." Followed by Ali and Dakota, ook some things inside. She proceed- tairs and went to use the bathroom. d Dakota, already cautious at their ages, were right behind her. Sudden- cording to Lindsay, out of the show- ped Michael. Dina and the kids ran ming out of the bathroom and tore the stairs. "He came running out of ouse," says Lindsay, "and I got in the nd Ali and Cody ran into the car, and floored it out and drove back to my parents' house and wouldn't go back he house and got rid of the house."

e would never suspect anything about he personal drama from seeing the 11- old Lohan on-screen, playing identi- vin sisters—one British, one American— 1998 remake of *The Parent Trap.* Di- r Nancy Meyers recalls a happy-go- girl who bounced around and became st like a member of her family.

he was fun," says Meyers. "She would into my trailer and she and my daugh- ould play really loud music and dance razy." Meyers also realized that, even at very young age, Lohan had an instinct n it came to acting, even for rather com- ted challenges. For the scenes in which s Annie and Hallie were together, for in- ce, Lohan played each sister in separate s, with a stand-in actress for the other. an had to remember every cadence of interchange when she then played the e as the other twin. "It was an amazing ," says Meyers.

After the success of *The Parent Trap,* ch earned around $66 million domesti- y, the family might easily have gone Hol- ood, but Dina opted to stay on Long Is- d and keep Lindsay in school. For a cou- of years, Lindsay was a normal teenag- playing soccer and cheerleading. Then, en some of her friends from the young- ors' circuit, such as Lacey Chabert, land- roles, Lindsay started getting itchy feet. a recalls, "She'd see some of her friends passing her, and she's like, 'I have to do .'"

The oeuvre that followed—*Freaky Friday, nfessions of a Teenage Drama Queen, an Girls, Herbie: Fully Loaded*—is not at you'd call meaty. But in each of her movies Lohan has exhibited an unusual brightness and an intelligence about how people think and feel that sets her apart from other young actresses in their various princess movies. "She just *got* it," says Sara Sugarman, director of *Confessions of a Teenage Drama Queen,* which is about an eccentric city kid who goes to live in the New Jersey suburbs. "It was exactly how I imagined it on the page."

In *Freaky Friday,* her instinct for what's real—and what's not—kicked into full gear even before she was offered the part. As the script was written, the character was Goth, Lohan recalls: "No one could relate to the character when she was really Goth. There was nothing there." She took it upon herself to change it—before the audition. "I dressed really preppy," she says. "I wore a collared turquoise Abercrombie & Fitch shirt and khaki pants, swear to God, with a white headband. And my hair was really straight and pretty and red and blond. My agent calls and was like, 'What are you doing?!'" The studio ended up re-writing the character entirely.

She was just as effortless when it came to the first movie she'd have to carry, *Mean Girls,* the 2004 high-school-bitch comedy that is up there with *Heathers.* "She never paraphrased a sentence once," says *Saturday Night Live*'s Tina Fey, who wrote the screenplay and played the brainy, lonely teacher. "She has this really quick-to-memorize, spongy mind that you cannot have when you're 17. Between takes she would be talking to me and Amy Poehler [who had a role in the movie]. At the time it was 'I've got to find these baby-blue Ugg boots online'—which was obviously a few years ago because I know she wouldn't wear them now—and then they would say they were ready to shoot, and she would just turn and be fully present and really good in the scene. Then Mark [Waters] would call 'Cut' and she'd be like, 'Anyway, I saw this thing . . . '"

Following her success in *Mean Girls,* Lohan's life took a sharp turn from her high-school friends. While they were heading to college to live among their peers, Lohan moved into the Four Seasons in Los Angeles—alone. Even more alienating, her father's embarrassing antics became public. He assaulted a sanitation worker. He beat his brother-in-law with a shoe at a family first-Communion celebration. He reportedly passed out at the Manhattan strip club Scores and skipped out on a $3,800 hotel bill. He complained—through the *New York Post*'s "Page Six"—that his daughter was being destroyed by "lowlifes." "I was going through the phase of wanting to be with my family more and [wondering], What exactly am I doing?" recalls Lindsay. "Who are my real friends? Do I have any? If I needed to call any, would they be there like they would if I was in New York?"

She did what many young women would do when faced with the strange combination of loneliness, public embarrassment, being worshipped, and suddenly having loads of money. She dabbled in Kabbalah. She began going out with a fellow star, Wilmer Valderrama, of *That '70s Show.* She started shopping like a Trump wife. (She confesses that she dropped $100,000 in a single day.) With Paris, Nicole, or an Olsen twin in tow, she started hitting the clubs—Mood, Concorde, and Marquee—the sort that lavish free drinks on celebrities. She became a staple of the tabloids, which was how some family members were now getting their information about her. "I remember my sister called me up: 'I heard you got Pamela Anderson boobs.'" And she now admits she began using drugs "a little," but quickly says, "I've gotten that out of my system." When asked later if those drugs included cocaine, she gets flustered, denies it, and says, "I don't want people to think that I've done . . . you know what I mean? It's kind of a sore subject. I've lost a family member over it, practically." (The day after the admission, Sloane Zelnik goes into a tailspin, attempts to erase the drugs from the record, and then wonders aloud how she will "spin" it.)

By fall 2004 she had her first disastrous shoot, *Herbie: Fully Loaded,* simply because her life had become so toxic. "I was living with Wilmer at the time," recalls Lohan, who played an aspiring NASCAR driver in the movie. "I had to leave the house at four in the morning to go [on set]. I would literally get home at two in the morning, sleep, and then sleep in the car for an hour." While on the set at the California Speedway, she was trying to record her first album (*Speak*)—in her trailer, because it was overdue. "I can't record the album in a trailer, in a movie set, because we're hearing the cars driving around, on the record! So we start going to a studio. So I leave the set . . . so tired from the day, be in the studio until like 2:30 in the morning." When it came to dealing with the pain of her parents' situation, she'd turn to Valderrama, wanting to be with him "every five seconds," because "I didn't have anyone to go to." At 24 years old, he couldn't handle it, she says.

"I'm ruining this relationship with this guy that I think is my first love," she remembers thinking. "I'm ruining it because I'm taking everything out on him."

Then one day she realized that something was not right with her body. "I started to get really bad head pains, to the point where I was shaking in my trailer. I got a fever of 102 and they were like, 'You need to go to the hospital.' I was like, 'No, I'm not going to the hospital.' I went back to

my boyfriend's house, lay down on the bed. I started getting these shooting head pains, where I would wake up in the middle of the night. I kid you not, I was lying in that bed and I never heard someone scream so loud. I was screaming, throwing things, because the pains were so intense in my head, like someone was stabbing me in the head."

She finally checked into the hospital and learned her diagnosis. "My liver was swollen, and I had a kidney infection, and my white blood cells were accelerated," she says, laughing. "I love how I say it like that. I don't know what it means, but it's not good. I wasn't eating. I was on an IV. They were giving me shots of morphine to numb the head pains every two hours." Over the course of a week and a half, she began to look like a completely different person. She took out her hair extensions. The orangey glow she had achieved from frequent trips to Mystic Tan completely faded, and she lost around 15 pounds. By the time her family and best friend, Jesse Shulman, arrived from the East Coast, "I was really, really white, and I got really, really pale, and my hair was really short, and I was like this," she says, shriveling up like a famine victim, "and I hadn't gotten out of the bed. My legs were so numb from not walking, I had a walker to walk to the bathroom and back. My body didn't have enough strength to take a shower."

Upon seeing Lindsay, Jesse started to cry and had to leave the room. Her father showed up at the hospital but didn't make it past the lobby. "I have to be honest," says Lindsay. "I would have liked to have seen him. But my mother was there, and my brother and sister were there, and they were scared."

While the illness was very real, Lohan admits that getting sick in such a dramatic fashion served as a cry for help. "I didn't want to complain, but that was my way to complain, to actually let everyone know, Yeah, I actually am really sick," she says. "I can't imagine seeing your daughter lying in a hospital bed, white as a ghost, like so tiny and frail-looking."

How did Dina feel? "Lindsay has had bronchial asthma since she was two," Dina says, exasperated, a tad defensive. "She was shooting [*Herbie*] in the Valley in 110-degree weather with the full racing suit on, in dust and in dirt. She had an asthma attack. She was breaking up with Wilmer. Her father was spiraling out of control at that time. And she was recording her album, which Tommy Mottola was trying to get out in an unrealistic time frame as well. It was the culmination of a lot of things, and of course any time you're in a hospital and you're on an IV, you're going to lose weight."

Life didn't get any easier after the hospital. Wilmer was gone, and Disney, the studio behind *Herbie,* was so put off by Lindsay's un-Disney-like behavior that for a time they de-emphasized her on the movie poster. Meanwhile, the drama between her parents got uglier. Her father reportedly violated an order of protection twice in 2004. On one of these occasions, following a soccer game of Cody's, he is said to have chased Lindsay in a car. At the beginning of 2005, Dina, after 19 years of marriage finally filed for divorce. Among the charges reportedly in the legal papers, she accused Michael of having thrown her down a flight of stairs, and of having threatened to kill the family. "O. J. Simpson has nothing on me," she claimed he said. "I know exactly how I'm going to kill [them]. I know when I'm going to do it, and I'm going to enjoy it." He responded that he wanted Dina and other family members to submit to drug and alcohol testing and that he was suing for half of the 15 percent of earnings that Lindsay pays her mother—which could add up to $7 million a year for him—unless Dina and Lindsay signed on to a reality show he wanted to launch. Dina could not comment on the specifics of the case, except to say, "A lot of what makes Michael Lohan tick is money." In December, the Lohans opted for a legal separation instead of a divorce.

The hideous parental battle made it impossible for Lindsay to work. While on a European tour to promote *Herbie: Fully Loaded,* Lindsay lost it. "It was the night I wrote 'Confessions,'" she recalls. "I started writing the song and I literally had a breakdown in the hotel room, went to my publicist's hotel room and sat there and just cried and started calling the Nassau County jail. Next thing you know I'm on the phone with a guard. I'm like, 'My father's in there—you need to put me on the phone with him!' I was like, 'This is not right. I'm Lindsay Lohan, Michael Lohan's daughter.'"

Sloane Zelnik, afraid that the guard might call an item in to the tabloids, tried to stop her, but it was no use. Although the guard never put her through to her father, she later reached her brother Michael. "I was like, 'I'm coming home, I'm quitting this press tour. I need to get home. I don't care if I never work again. I need to be with my family.'" Lohan bailed on the remainder of the tour, which she now says she regrets because it was "irresponsible." (Indeed, her behavior seems to have put some people in an awkward position. Nina Jacobson, the executive whom Lohan credits with shepherding her career at Disney, declined to be interviewed for this article, as did *Herbie*'s director, Angela Robinson.) As for her father, still incarcerated, he says, in an open letter to her through *Vanity Fair,* "Not a day goes by that I think about the words to your son They've been reminders to me to exa my conscience and re-evaluate my life

At the same time, Lohan discovere other way to find satisfaction in a that was terrifying and no longer inc Wilmer: being skinny. The once curvy was fading into early Karen Carpenter tory. At the time, she used the old "wo out with a trainer" excuse, while Sloan nik informed tabloids, "She'll eat a mu she wants." Any muffins she was eating ever, did not stay down for long. "I was ing myself sick," she says, referring to b ic episodes. The situation came to a he May 2005 when she was hosting *Sat Night Live.* Having first been on the sh year earlier, Lohan had become a kind vorite daughter among the *S.N.L.* group. everyone in his or her own way wante keep her on track. Amy Poehler took a m of-fact approach.

"Amy was good and tough on her," re Tina Fey, "saying, 'You're too skinny,' 'I'm not going to ask you why, but you're skinny and I don't like it.'" Fey and pro er Lorne Michaels, who'd seen John Be and Chris Farley die of overdoses, took aside and had the kind of conversation amounted to a parental intervention ab substance abuse and eating disorders. "I sat me down," recalls Lohan, "literally be I was going to do the show, and they s 'You need to take care of yourself. We about you too much, and we've seen many people do this, and you're talent and I just started bawling. I knew I ha problem and I couldn't admit it.... I s that *S.N.L.* after I did it. My arms were gusting. I had no arms." The point was d en home when an issue of *Star* magaz came out in which she was wearing what calls "that great whore's dress." "I looked it and was like, Jesus Christ," says Loh The sight of it devastated her siblings. " sister, she was scared. My brother called crying."

"It happens to people in different pe ods of their life," says Dina, again exasp ated. "She took it a little too far, maybe, a pulled back quickly and is fine. I don't se as what the press made it out to be. It w definitely more magnified, and I think it ev made Lindsay think it was more magnifie She was 19 looking at it. I'm 43 looking at going, No, it wasn't as bad as it looked. Th took one really bad picture somehow, a they're probably not even her arms in th picture." She's similarly dismissive about t notion of Lindsay's excessive partying. "Wh people would interview me and say, 'O she's out at clubs,' I'm like, 'What did you when you were a teenager? You go to club or you go to parties.'"

pite her mother's belief that everyone as getting carried away, Lindsay felt it wake-up call. "You have to learn for f and you have to hit rock bottom some- o get yourself back up to the top," she nd in a very adult way she rejects the facile defense that young women in the ht need not be role models. With a er sister walking in her footsteps, she elp but take responsibility. "With my 've always had to be cautious of what Lohan says. "I feel like she's my daugh- t the same time, she says, "I want her w what's out there.... And I think er kids should know it's O.K. to expe- things in life, and I'm not encouraging out and getting a fake ID and going off ep end and having an eating disorder. ying, if you at least admit those kinds gs, that that might happen, then they feel the urge to go and do that."

r decision to address her problems ided with a career turning point that the stakes: the invitation from Robert an to play Meryl Streep's daughter in *irie Home Companion,* an ensemble a based on the public-radio show. Sud- , the teenage tabloid sensation, who'd felt inferior because she wasn't a *real* ss such as Scarlett Johansson or Evan el Wood, realized that the world took alent seriously. The challenge ahead ap- ed immense. In addition to Streep, the included Lily Tomlin, Kevin Kline, John eilly, and Garrison Keillor, of whom was initially terrified because he seemed uiet and brilliant. Her role required a ella singing and improvisation, neither hich she had ever done. Scenes were ages long and had to be shot straight ugh.

I was *scared,*" says Lohan, recalling the day of shooting, in Minnesota. She had erform a long, intense scene with Streep Tomlin, who plays Lohan's aunt. "Meryl Lily] are singing this emotional song I'm chiming in. And I don't have a fa- in the movie, I don't really know my . And she's talking about the dad and starts singing, and I just started to cry in scene when we were improvising.... y keep rolling and then all of a sudden ryl starts crying, Lily starts crying. The w members start tearing up.... We cut. bert Altman starts clapping and every- starts clapping. Meryl starts clapping. d they start coming up to me and saying, at was amazing, I can't believe it wasn't ipted'—it was so beautiful. That was the t day of shooting.... They were so nice me and kind, and I was so proud of my- . That changed me a lot, I guess."

Altman, who had initially been nervous out casting Lohan, was particularly im- ssed with her final scene. "She has to do ong which is not very good—her character's performance is not very good—and yet it had to be honest, so it couldn't be tricked," Altman says. "She was excellent."

Over the course of the shoot, Lohan began to grow up. "For my [19th] birthday, I flew to L.A. for the weekend and sat in a little restaurant with my friends and just, like, had dinner, went back to my friend's house and didn't do anything. That's how much I've changed. When I turned 18, I had a party at Avalon with an 'I'm a Slave 4 You' theme."

Following the film, she had to shoot her music video. But before doing it she knew she needed to get away and clear her head. She took a three-mile walk on the beach in Northern California. "A year ago, I wouldn't have known to do that, to do something that was a bit more earthy to make yourself feel better, rather than going out and getting wasted." Though she still has three storage rooms full of clothes, she's even tamed the shopping. With her Mercedes now history, she says, "I still have this BMW 745 that's, like, white rims, blacked-out windows, so flashy. All I want to do is get rid of the car and get a Jeep."

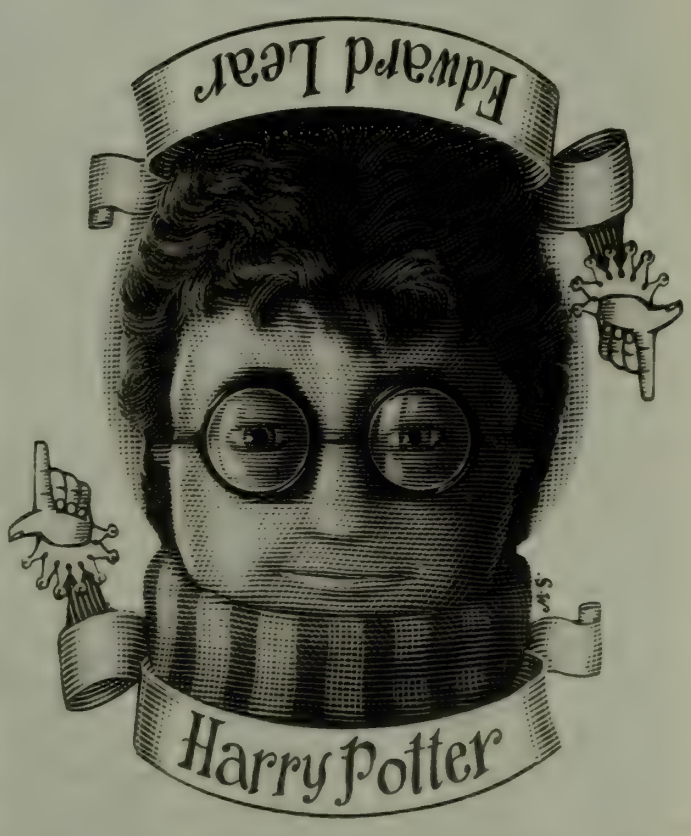
She has hit that moment when the future seems overflowing, delirious even, with possibilities—not for fame and fortune but to do something meaningful. She is currently shooting *Bobby,* about the assassination of Robert F. Kennedy, directed by Emilio Estevez and starring Anthony Hopkins, Sharon Stone, and Demi Moore.

"Going through shit makes me that much stronger," she says, sitting up in her chair, a bundle of intense excitement. "And doing great things makes me want to do even better things. I want to do things that make me feel good, and work with charities and see the positive side of things. With the position that I've kind of come into I'm in a place where I can really make an impact on people and really help girls that are, you know, people with anorexia, people that aren't in good relationships with their lovers ... people that don't get along with their parents. I can change that a little bit." At some point soon, she wants to write a film about a girl growing up in Hollywood and about "how crazy a person can go. But, at the same time, how much they can change."

Admirable as her plans are, it must be noted that Lohan is still a work in progress. Her most recent foray into charity, for instance, was an event for Katrina victims that she reportedly barely made it to—after canceling a private jet, she then missed her commercial flight. In early December, she bailed out of *Live with Regis and Kelly* at the very last second, forcing them to improvise on-air. And she's still a wee bit crazy when the sun goes down. Only last night, she says, she was hanging out at L.A.'s Roosevelt Hotel lounge with Paris Hilton, Jack Osbourne, the kids from the TV show *Laguna Beach,* and Adam Levine of the rock band Maroon 5. She's not looking for a nice boy her age but has a number of crushes on older men. "I like the ones I probably shouldn't like. The rock star kind of people.... I'm obsessed with Johnny Depp. Oh my God, because he's dark and cool and edgy and ... *dirty,*" she says. Over the course of last autumn, according to the tabloids, she began and ended a relationship with Jared Leto, with whom she'll star in *Chapter 27,* about John Lennon's assassin, Mark David Chapman. (All she will say is, "We're great friends.") Mostly, she's sick to death of people's melodramatic concern. "Don't ever say this to me," she says, going into mushy group-therapy-speak: "'*Are you O.K.?*'"

She leans over, looks you straight in the eye, and delivers her classic Lindsay response: "It's like, Yeah, motherfucker, I'm fine." □

SKETCHBOOK BY MARK SUMMERS



The Changing Face of Children's Literature

Karenna Gore Schiff



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 143 remember my grandfather talking to me before I went out, being very firm, and saying, 'You're a Tennessee girl, you can do this. You're a Tennessee girl.'"

And she knew, from the beginning, just what kind of Tennessee girl. A Democrat. Albert Gore Sr. had served in the House and then the Senate for 32 years, an old-style southern liberal Democrat who defended the underdog and called himself a populist. He was a man of humble beginnings who took fiery stands, the biggest of them in 1956, when he was one of three southern senators who refused to sign an ugly document, Strom Thurmond's Southern Manifesto. In 1970, Gore Sr.'s progressive stands caught up with him: he lost his seat in the Senate.

"It was something that I grew up steeped in," Karenna says. "My grandfather's loss in 1970, it was a big deal. He was for gun registration, and for facilitating busing of children for integrated schools. And those are things that still press buttons in the South. Growing up, I always saw him as heroic."

Karenna was the classic oldest child, a "creative oppressor" in her own words, and infinitely cool to her younger sibs. "She was four years older than Kristin," says Tipper, "and six years older than Sarah. [Albert Gore III was born when Karenna was 10.] She had a captive audience and she ruled the roost. She would do art classes, radio interviews—you name it. And they had to do what she said because she made them sign contracts."

"Being a tyrant sort of requires the consent of the terrorized," says 28-year-old Kristin Gore, a novelist. "She brought a lot of laughter and action and fun to the household."

"In my own family I was really outgoing," Karenna says, "and then I was shy at school. So I've never been able to decide if I'm an introvert or an extrovert, because it just totally depends on the context."

The Gore Jr. home—in Arlington, Virginia, until Al became vice president (summers and holidays were spent in Carthage)—was a place where ideas and ideals mattered. If Dad was bringing home the political issues of the day, explaining arms control with salt and pepper shakers as warheads, Mom's approach was buck-stops-here activism. Nestlé Quik, for instance, was a no-no because of the company's unethical practices in Third World countries. And Mighty Mouse was verboten because the girl mouse always had to be rescued, an outmoded message in the "I Am Woman" 70s.

For Karenna, the ban on chocolate powder and a caped mouse was nothing compared with the crusade that put her mother in the spotlight and kept her there for years. It began in 1984, when Karenna was 11, in thrall to Pat Benatar, Cyndi Lauper, and, yes, Prince. Tipper heard a song on Karenna's *Purple Rain* album, its lyrics describing masturbation, and marched the record right back to the store, where she was told that an opened record was unreturnable. Thus began her campaign to have record companies voluntarily rate their albums for content. Twenty years after the fact, one wonders at the furor over Tipper's sensible stand, but in the 80s she was accused of censorship and was even the subject of taunting songs, one by Ice-T no less. Karenna was mortified.

"It was about the insecurities of a wannabe punk," she says, "which is kind of how I was at the time, to be honest. I was interested in rappers and rock stars, and they were starting to sing songs about my mother—unflattering."

"It was difficult for her, definitely," says Kristin.

A sudden burst of rebellion accompanied Karenna's early teens, years that saw her and her gang on the Gore rooftop sneaking cigarettes under the stars, or shinnying down manholes into the D.C. subway system, where they spray-painted band names on the walls. All innocent enough, but done with the energy and focus Karenna brought to academics at National Cathedral School and to sports such as field hockey and waterskiing. It was the little girl all over again, climbing out of her crib.

"She was the firstborn," says Tipper, "and she was breaking us in. She questioned authority, which I thought was healthy. I mean, I had a bumper sticker that said, QUESTION AUTHORITY, so I couldn't really blame her. And she always had a hint of humor in it." ("We left" was the message Karenna once wrote for Tipper on the kitchen table—squeezed from a bottle of margarine.)

Just as suddenly, in 1988, the rebellion was over. When Al Gore ran in the Democratic primaries for president, 14-year-old Karenna found herself caught up in the issues, and in strong sync with her father. "For the first time, I got it in terms of what both my parents were so passionate about," she says, "and what the legacy had been from my grandfather's career. It was the end of the Reagan years, and my dad was sort of a maverick at the time, because he was a centrist Democrat. It felt exciting and different and rebellious in and of itself. He was talking about homelessness and poverty and social justice. And those things resonated."

chael Dukakis won the nomination that
but Karenna was now part of her fat
team, with an ear turned to his speeche
an eye on issues that mattered to yo
women. Her dad called it "perfect pitc

At Harvard, her father's alma mater,
renna came on quiet. "I met her the
week at a friend's place and she was
shy," says Kate Solomon, director of gl
marketing for the Redken brand at L'O
and Karenna's roommate for two years.
then we decided we should try out for
field-hockey team. She's a great, great
lete, a great team player. That's when I
ly got to know her. She came out of
shell and was superfunny and adventu
and strong-minded and fun."

The studious side of Karenna, the
standards she set for herself, even the
that sophomore year she became the da
ter of the vice president of the United Stat
all this she played down.

"She was very humble," says Solom
"very crunchy—you know, Indian skirts,
makeup, really long hair that was never sty
dated very crunchy guys. She really wan
to stay true to her roots. When her father
came vice president, you would never kno

No, and if her friends didn't tell you,
would never know that at 17 she was
Tennessee Water Skiing Champion, w
wins in slalom and jump. Or that she gr
uated magna cum laude in one of Harvar
hardest concentrations, history and lite
ture. And when asked about her honors t
sis and the award it won, she makes sure
correct you: "It was second place, O.K.

During her college years, Karenna h
done summer internships in journalis
thinking it might be her calling. Upon gr
uation, in 1995, she moved to Madrid
work at the newspaper *El País*. It was
about this time that a close family frien
Chris Downey, whose former husband, To
Downey, had been a congressman with Go
Jr., decided to do some matchmakin
Through mutual friend Jeffrey Sachs t
Downeys had met young Andrew Schiff,
internist at New York Hospital and scion
the banking Schiffs, an immensely wealth
civic-minded German-Jewish family descen
ed from the illustrious Jacob Schiff (who
said to have traced his bloodline back
David and Bathsheba). "Drew" Schiff w
not only the one Democrat in a family
moderate Republicans (there had been tw
when his great-aunt Dolly Schiff, the liber
owner of the formerly liberal *New York Po*
was alive), but also one of the most eligib
bachelors in Manhattan. Karenna!, thoug
Sachs and Downey.

According to Schiff, Downey suggeste
that Drew fly to Spain to meet Karenn
"And I said," Schiff recalls, "'That's ju

veird. Even if I were to go, I'm sure ould never talk to me.' Chris, to her sting credit, continued."

ear later, Karenna, who was 23 and ccepted a job in Seattle as an editorial nt at *Slate* magazine, was in Washing- D.C., for the weekend. Chris Downey Schiff and told him to come down.

ly first impression of him was on the e, actually," says Karenna, "because s] put him on with me. I remember ing up and thinking, Wow, what a g personality. He's just very in control atever situation he's in. And very fun- d very irreverent. And I need that. I mainly dated boys. He was an adult."

he conversation just continued on un- rupted from subject to subject," says f. "She had a sense of herself that was beyond her years. I very quickly knew Karenna was someone I wanted to d the rest of my life with."

he felt it, too. "I have such a model [in parents]. I was looking for someone that uld stay married to for my whole life. I within three dates."

s Sarah Gore says, when she heard they to run together, "I figured one of them ld be straggling. But they were well ched. Both of them run really fast." It was months from the first date, in October, to engagement, in March. A storybook wed- followed on July 12, 1997, at Washington ional Cathedral, where Al and Tipper married in 1970. Karenna wore Vera g, a simple satin A-line with a high neck- and a smile so big, one friend has said, it uld not fit on her face." At the end of the emony, Albert Gore Sr. yelled, "Joy to erica!," and then it was on to the reception. ee hundred guests heard Aretha Franklin . Karenna danced to "Tennessee Waltz" h her dad. And President Bill Clinton uthed the words to every Motown song. The couple settled on New York's Upper st Side, which amused Karenna's friends— ir Tennessee girl now a New Yorker. Two nths later Karenna entered law school at lumbia University, and soon after Drew cided to pursue an M.B.A. (He works to- y as a managing director of the biotech- logy fund Aisling Capital, which invests new therapeutic drugs.) When Karenna aduated in 2000, at 26, she was the moth- of a little boy—Wyatt Gore Schiff, born th perfect patriotism on July 4, 1999—and campaigner champing at the bit for her d's White House run, just ahead.

n person, she isn't the limelight creature of her convention speech. Karenna Gore chiff has a porcelain complexion of matte odesty, and in profile the curving planes her mother's face. Straight on, you meet e level gaze of her father, blue eyes utterly tentive. When she smiles, she sparkles, her face crinkling like the field-hockey jock she once was. Karenna appears tall, no doubt because of her lean physique and a breeze of blond hair that send one reaching for similes (Artemis, perhaps, the huntress). In truth, she's only five five. There's no question, though, that her good looks, analytical mind, and spectacular marriage have irritated Republican pundits, who are quick to relegate her to "spoiled rich girl" status.

She took her lumps in 2000. Bringing on writer and friend Naomi Wolf as an image consultant was pitch less-than-perfect—Wolf irritated Republicans and Democrats alike. And while one Gore aide said, "Karenna's a natural politician," there were anonymous rumblings from others, annoyed by Gore's kitchen cabinet—i.e., the influence of wife and daughter. Some worried that Karenna was too close to her father, too much like him to be a useful sounding board.

Those who've been there have a different view. Says Cate Edwards, daughter of John Edwards, John Kerry's running mate in 2004 (Cate is now an editorial assistant at *Vanity Fair*), "Sometimes, honestly, our dads just get caught up in all these very political answers to questions and policy, and you need someone on the outside, someone who knows you and what you believe in, to point out certain things."

If she had it to do over again, Karenna says, "well, I would go back to Florida, just press really hard. In terms of inside the campaign, I would have taken a more formal approach to my involvement."

One thing she wouldn't change is the family standard. "It's more important to us," she was quoted in *Newsweek* as saying, "that he be true to himself than that he wins."

History is consoling. To look back at her grandfather, a man she felt was on the right side of the issues and who lost because of it—there was a lesson in that. And there was guidance in the example of her grandmother Pauline Gore, one of the first females to earn a law degree from Vanderbilt University and a woman who always said, "Feeling sorry for yourself only makes you more sorry. Do something!"

"I did grow up trusting that things would be the way they should be, that things were going to get better and better," says Karenna. "The aftermath of 9/11 was just stunning . . . the handling of the War on Terror and the war in Iraq. It was then that I was thinking about this book. It grew out of seeing things toppling off their pedestals—including the reputation of the United States—and questioning the way people cope with dissent in this country, and how heroes and heroines are cast."

"This book" began to form around 2002, after Karenna left law practice at Simpson Thacher & Bartlett. She wanted to use her legal skills in a more creative, hands-on way, and to have more time at home for her children (in 2001 she had daughter Anna). As director of community affairs for the Association to Benefit Children, a groundbreaking nonprofit organization founded by Gretchen Buchenholz and located in East Harlem, Karenna saw firsthand the social good, the lifted lives, that come with passionate advocacy and adamant, imaginative problem solving.

When Karenna wrote a preface for the Miramax book *My Forbidden Face,* a memoir of life under the Taliban, it all came together. As she brainstormed with editor JillEllyn Riley, an idea evolved. It would be a book about women who fought for rights we now take for granted, rights that made America a beacon of equality and justice. The book begins in the late 1800s with Ida B. Wells-Barnett, an African-American journalist who investigated lynchings and the lies that surrounded them. It ends with Buchenholz, who boldly brought a camera crew from *60 Minutes* into one of Manhattan's most notorious welfare hotels. In between, there are well-known names such as champions-of-the-working-man Mother Jones and Frances Perkins, and lesser-known civil-rights activists Virginia Durr and Septima Poinsette Clark—but all are covered in a serious, fascinatingly footnoted (Karenna: "I like reading books with footnotes"), yet warm personal style. The book is titled *Lighting the Way: Nine Women Who Changed Modern America* (Miramax Books).

"Courage and patriotism don't have to look like a big ballyhooed military escapade," says Karenna. "It can look like Septima Clark opening citizenship schools in the South and being thrown in jail for promoting integration."

"There's this sincerity about Karenna that is very rare and very refreshing," says Cindi Leive, editor in chief of *Glamour* (which is owned by the Condé Nast Publications, the parent company of this magazine), where Karenna has contributed essays. "She deeply believes in the political process, in public service. She could be living a life of extreme, capital-*F* Fabulosity—and she's writing about Ida Wells-Barnett! I mean, how great is that?"

"It's exactly like something she'd do," says Chloe Hooper, "in that it's the perfect thing to do. She's gone back to the source. Writing these stories was a quest to reconnect with the ideals on which she was raised: you have to fight for justice, for democratic progress."

"It's an odd moment in my life to describe," says Karenna, "where I am and where I'm going. I feel that I'm in a period of figuring it out. I want to make a difference. I want to help people. I want to create something."

How better to light the way than with history? ☐

Patrick Fitzgerald



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 131 and perspective has dogged him a bit and has increased in proportion to his prominence. Some defense lawyers say he has lived too long in a prosecutorial bubble, unable to see the other, sometimes more human side of legal issues. In another life, they say, he'd have been a priest. "He has an almost puritanical view of the world: you're either a sinner or you're saved," says David Ruhnke, a lawyer in Montclair, New Jersey, who, in another of Fitzgerald's signature terrorism trials, represented one of the four men linked to the 1998 bombings of American Embassies in Nairobi, Kenya, and Dar es Salaam, Tanzania. But like many defense lawyers, Ruhnke says he liked, respected, and trusted Fitzgerald. "If he told you something, you could go to the bank with it," he says. "That's not true of all federal prosecutors."

The accusation of excessive zeal has come up most frequently in Chicago, where some in the Muslim community accused Fitzgerald of targeting them in the hysteria following September 11. It has also arisen from some of the defense lawyers representing the numerous state and local officials Fitzgerald has indicted, who accuse him of criminalizing time-honored political habits. It has come up, too, in his case against media baron Conrad Black; in his determination to bring down the onetime top dog of Hollinger International, one defense attorney says, he has thrown the book at Black's underlings.

And it has come up in Washington, where some feel that Fitzgerald's doggedness has been misdirected. To his critics, it should have always been clear that no crime was committed when the still-unidentified White House official disclosed Plame's C.I.A. ties in an apparent attempt to discredit her husband, a critic of the Iraq war. For all the recent adulation, Fitzgerald's relentless pursuit of the case, and particularly of journalists, has left lingering wounds—and doubts. "He should get a life," said one of the reporters he pursued. "A lot of people most enthralled by him and the vigor of his pursuit of Libby and others and his sureness in his own virtue would be very upset at the same level of diligence if applied to dissidents or people whose views they happened to agree with," says a lawyer representing that reporter.

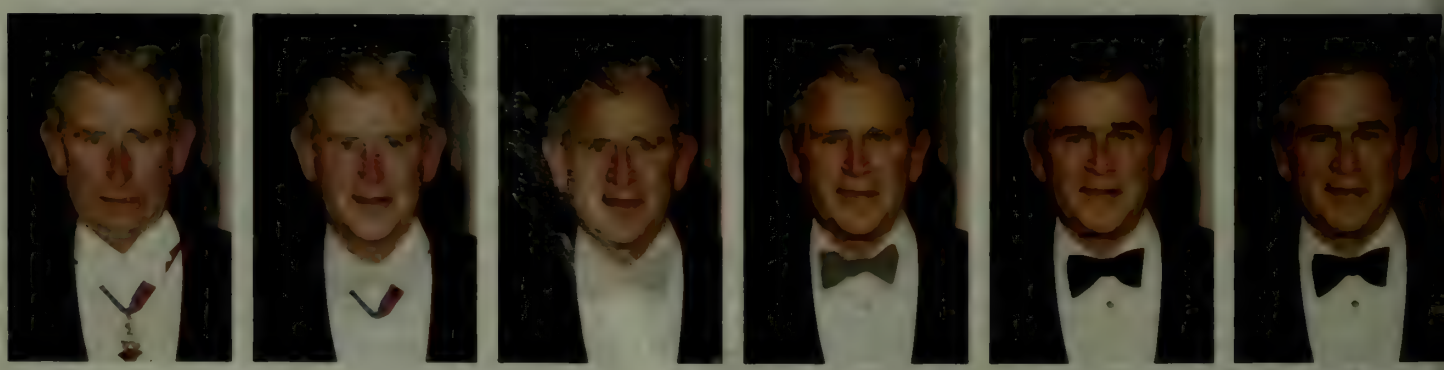
In "Fitzie"'s world, stories abound about the famous eccentricities of this lifelong bachelor and inveterate workaholic. There are the tales of the socks and underwear he keeps in his office desk, of having to stop at his office en route to weddings to pick up a suit, of colleagues calling at three in the morning to leave messages on his office phone and hearing him pick up. From his discombobulated apartments comes lore about lasagna grown petrified after three months in his oven—that is, once he'd had his stove connected. (For months or years on end, depending on the account, it was not, and he kept newspapers stacked atop it.) There are his practical jokes: drafting a fake (and adverse) judicial decision for a colleague on tenterhooks awaiting the real one, or convincing another colleague that one could tell the Chinese dialect people spoke by taking prints of their tongues. There are also accounts of his occasional, high-testosterone vacations: hang-gliding and bungee-jumping, though he is afraid of heights; scuba-diving, though he can't really swim.

Fitzgerald was the third of the four children of Patrick and Tillie Fitzgerald, immigrants from "the other side"—County Clare, Ireland—who settled in the Flatb[ush] section of Brooklyn; his father was a [leg]endarily hardworking doorman at 14 E[ast] 75th Street, on Manhattan's Upper E[ast] Side. (One summer, young Patrick wo[rked] the same job not too far away, at 520 E[ast] 72nd Street, and, according to a for[mer] classmate, would bite his tongue at [the] condescension of residents.) By recess o[n] first day of sixth grade at Our Lady H[elp] of Christians School, in Brooklyn, his cl[ass]mates were already touting him as the sm[ar]test kid there, though he insisted on pla[ying] sports so as not to be considered an eggh[ead]. "Patrick Fitzgerald was the benchmark [for] what you had to be," says Martin Snow, w[ho] went to grade school and high school w[ith] him. "It was one word: 'patrickfitzger[ald]. People would say, 'What do you think, yo[u] patrickfitzgerald?'" Last October, du[ring] Fitzgerald's press conference, Snow stopp[ed] all workouts at the gym he runs in Lo[wer] Manhattan so that he, and everyone e[lse] could watch his old friend.

Fitzgerald again distinguished hims[elf] at Regis High School for boys, the famo[us] ly rigorous Jesuit institution for New Y[ork] City's Catholic academic elite, a place t[hat] instilled the sacredness of selflessness. [Re]gis alums include Anthony Fauci, the p[re]eminent AIDS researcher; Jim Kelly, m[an]aging editor of *Time* magazine; Bill C[ur]don, director of *Gods and Monsters, Kin[g]* and the forthcoming *Dreamgirls;* and Ke[vin] Huvane, the Hollywood agent for Julia R[o]erts, Nicole Kidman, and Jennifer An[i]ton. (Regis Philbin was named for the pla[ce] which his father attended for a time.) Fitzg[e]ald's grades got him into Amherst Colle[ge] where he took up rugby, majored in econo[m]ics and math, and spoke little in class, ma[k]ing what one classmate called his "sca[ry] smart" intelligence. He was somewhat sh[y] and even his best friends didn't see him a litigator. But he went on to Harvard L[aw] School, which he graduated from in 198[1] and where the only sweat he broke was [in] rugby scrums: "On any given weekend you [d]see him bleeding," recalls Lou DiBell[a], a Regis and Harvard classmate who is no[w]

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ROYAL EDITION



Prince Charles of the bluebloods...

...King George of the red state

ling promoter. "Even in law school, everyone was throwing knives at each 's backs, Fitz was generally respected, nly for his intellect but as an honest, nt guy."

ger to get into a courtroom, Fitzgerald passed up the judicial clerkships and Street factories for Christy & Viener, w York litigation boutique headed by ur Christy, a former United States At- y. Christy encouraged him to become eral prosecutor, and he applied in both klyn and Manhattan; the Brooklyn e offered him a job on the spot, forcing to filibuster until the more prestigious hattan office followed suit. In charge e time was Rudolph Giuliani, but the who actually hired Fitzgerald was one iuliani's deputies, Louis Freeh, later to the F.B.I. "Maybe because I didn't a white-shoe Wall Street background nd me ... I knew he was a very down- arth person who had a very good un- standing of the world around him," h recalls.

itzgerald showed an instant aptitude rial work; he was not one of those anal- ntive types who had to write everything beforehand. And as disheveled as his and personal life sometimes seemed, brain was a marvel of organization. In 3 he handled his first big case, of Mob vigs John and Joseph Gambino, associ- of John Gotti's, charged with murder, keteering, and narcotics trafficking. Af- a four-month trial—during which Mob ncoat Salvatore "Sammy the Bull" Gra- o testified—a lone holdout hung the jury. devastating was the outcome that Fitz- ald went into a deep funk and consid- d changing careers. (To avoid a re-trial, two mobsters eventually pleaded guilty lesser charges.)

By this point, Fitzgerald's mother had d and his father had Alzheimer's dis- e; still, when then attorney general Janet no gave Fitzgerald an award for his work the Gambino case, he brought his father, n only intermittently lucid, with him to ashington and posed with him by the st of one of the elder Fitzgerald's heroes, bert Kennedy, in the Justice Department's urtyard. It was a moment that few there uld forget. Invariably bringing his office rk with him, Fitzgerald took turns with s siblings caring for his father at his home Brooklyn until his death.

The U.S. Attorney at the end of the Gambino trial, Mary Jo White, then made itzgerald chief of narcotics. But his tenure as brief because White needed him to as- st on the most serious but difficult case in e office: the trial of Sheikh Abdel Rahman nd nine co-defendants. It was a prosecution for which there was little law—unable to find statutes covering bombings that never came to pass, Fitzgerald and his colleagues ultimately relied on a Civil War–era sedition statute—and much of the evidence was diffused, from other countries, and in a foreign language. Even when it was incriminating it could not always be used, for fear of compromising ongoing intelligence operations. Nor, initially, were there any cooperating witnesses. But, after nine months, all of the defendants were convicted. The case got little attention, mostly because O. J. Simpson was in the dock at the same time. "We were very glad, frankly, because it could have been a political circus," White says.

White then made Fitzgerald co-head of the organized-crime and terrorism unit in her office, the nation's first. For the next two years, he immersed himself ever more deeply in the shadowy world of Middle Eastern terrorism and the culture of al-Qaeda, poring over intelligence reports and translated documents, studying Islam—including bin Laden's twisted version of it—interviewing witnesses and defectors, and traveling throughout the Middle East, Europe, and Asia. "He was working very hard to learn where bin Laden was coming from," says a close associate. Several times, Fitzgerald met with Janet Reno. It was fascinating and challenging work, but not something for anyone craving headlines. "He didn't go around saying, 'Hey, look at me, I'm investigating bin Laden,'" says the associate. "A lot of people might have been tempted to boast a little bit or tell stories out of school, but that wasn't Pat's thing."

During this time bin Laden emerged occasionally via videotape: in August 1996, from his lair in the Hindu Kush Mountains, he issued a fatwa against American soldiers in Saudi Arabia; 18 months later, he issued another, this one calling for the murder of all Americans anywhere they could be found. Fitzgerald was a principal author of a sealed indictment, handed up in June 1998, accusing bin Laden of conspiring to attack American military installations. Some thought he had over-reacted, but two months later came the near simultaneous bombings of the two American Embassies in East Africa, which killed 224 people. Many wondered who was responsible, but not Fitzgerald. "When I heard it on the radio, I said, 'Bin Laden,'" he later recalled. The blasts occurred on a Friday; by Sunday he was in Nairobi, providing legal advice to 500 F.B.I. investigators as well as collecting and sifting through evidence and intelligence.

"He worked through lunch, dinner, took no breaks," says someone who was there with him. "He was just around-the-clock, thinking of where the case could go, what leads to follow up on. He didn't take advantage to say, 'I'm going to take the day off to go on a safari.'"

"His brain was like a computer," adds Mary Jo White. "You had 224 victims, you had lots and lots of al-Qaeda names, Arabic names that sound alike. He could recite these names and knew the links, knew the history ... unbelievable. I thought I'd seen everything, and I certainly was massively impressed by Pat from day one. But watching him in that case was just head-jerking."

The case he eventually put together, against four defendants, went to trial in early 2001. It was complicated legally and logistically, what with bringing witnesses, victims—nearly 5,000 people were injured in the two blasts—and their families from Africa to New York. And bin Laden's world was still terra incognita to the West: at one point Judge Leonard Sand, who presided, had to ask Fitzgerald how to pronounce "al-Qaeda." Working from memory, availing himself of what Kenneth Karas—a colleague of Fitzgerald's who went to Africa with him and is now a Federal District Court Judge in Manhattan—calls his "mainframe-computer brain," Fitzgerald laid out what he had. In late May he got his convictions, failing only to get the death penalties he sought for two defendants. After the verdict, when he walked into a room filled with people whose lives were scarred by the bombings, the group saluted him with a tribal chant of praise. "He oozed sincerity, had extraordinary command of the facts, and advocated well for his client," says Fred Cohn, one of the defense lawyers in the case. "At the end of his summations, you'd sort of cringe and say, 'What do I do now?'"

In a sense, Fitzgerald had the same problem. Earlier that month, Senator Peter Fitzgerald, of Illinois—no relation—went looking for a United States Attorney for Chicago. As the Republican senator in Illinois, it was, by tradition, his pick, but he was on the outs with his own party, including then governor George Ryan, whom federal prosecutors in Chicago were investigating for corruption. For decades, the post had routinely gone to prominent Chicago lawyers. But the senator, having just read about how Eliot Ness had been summoned to clean up Al Capone's Chicago, resolved to do the same thing. "I didn't want to lie awake at night, wondering who was trying to influence my U.S. Attorney," recalls Peter Fitzgerald, who has since left the Senate. He asked several people, including Louis Freeh and Mary Jo White, to name the best prosecutor in the United States, and each offered Pat Fitzgerald. "This is the guy you want," James Comey, a former colleague of Fitzgerald's who was also consulted, advised the senator's office. "He has the ability and the independence, and he's portable, because he has no life." When Peter Fitzgerald first offered him the job,

Patrick Fitzgerald

Patrick Fitzgerald thought he was joking.

He was ambivalent about leaving New York, especially for a place he'd visited only once, and where he barely knew a soul. More important, he was near the end of the African-bombings trial and didn't want to be distracted. Friends had to literally lock him in his office and force him to fill out the application. "People were climbing over each other to get that job, and here was Pat telling them that he didn't have time to talk," recalls Andrew McCarthy, Fitzgerald's co-altar-boy-prosecutor on the Sheikh Abdel Rahman case. "I told him they dye the [Chicago] river green on Saint Patrick's Day," Comey recalls.

On Mother's Day 2001—the only day Patrick Fitzgerald could get away from the trial—Senator Fitzgerald unveiled his choice to the Chicago press. Patrick Fitzgerald took over the office, for which he earns $140,300 annually, on September 1; Karas, a Chicago native, gave him a quick tour of his new city, which included taking in a Cubs game at Wrigley Field. Dozens of loyal colleagues, many on shoestring government salaries, traveled to Chicago when Fitzgerald was officially sworn in. He returned to New York to pack up his things and flew back to Chicago the morning of September 11, 2001. He heard about the attacks on the World Trade Center and the Pentagon while driving into the city—the news, he later said, was like a sledgehammer into his stomach—and then, in his hotel room, he saw the Twin Towers fall. More than anyone watching that day, Fitzgerald could have said, "I told you so." But he apparently never has, even to close friends. Nor has he reproached himself for not doing more. "You second-guess yourself about whether you'd done enough," says David Kelley, who oversaw the organized-crime and terrorism unit with Fitzgerald. "We had done enough. We'd done more than anyone."

With all airplanes grounded, Fitzgerald offered to drive immediately to New York. Told instead to stay put for the time being, he went to the SCIF center—it stands for "sensitive compartmented information facility"—in the Dirksen Federal Building, in Chicago, and reviewed the latest intelligence, work he continued over the next few days in Washington. Even among the experts, Fitzgerald was counted on to anticipate what bin Laden might do next, and whether there'd be still more attacks. "I made sure that he downloaded all his information to the powers that be," says Mary Jo White. That included reviewing the testimony of all cooperating witnesses in prior al-Qaeda cases. "We went back and made as complete a list as we possibly could of all the ideas they'd ever expressed for kinds of terrorist attacks," she says. The result was a laundry list that only a week earlier would have seemed farfetched, apocalyptic. Fitzgerald also was consulted on a crucial portion of the Patriot Act, specifically the provision taking down the "wall" between the intelligence-gathering and prosecutorial functions of the government, and prepared for future prosecutions. "He was correctly recognized as the premier anti-terrorism al-Qaeda expert, sort of our go-to guy to bounce off ideas," says Viet Dinh, one of the principal draftsmen of the statute.

Once the post-9/11 frenzy had died down and he'd returned to Chicago, Fitzgerald continued the probe into former governor Ryan. (It had been begun by Fitzgerald's predecessor, Scott Lassar; Fitzgerald is quick to credit him, as he always is with the work of others.) In December 2003, Ryan, a Republican, was indicted for racketeering, tax and mail fraud, and false statements, among other offenses; he is now on trial. The case has burgeoned: at last count, 78 others had been charged in the investigation, 73 of whom were convicted. (The remainder are pending.) Also convicted was Ryan's campaign-finance organization, the first ever to be targeted under the federal racketeering law. In the meantime, Fitzgerald's tentacles reached into the operations of Mayor Richard Daley. By early this December, 37 peop including 20 city employees—had b charged; 25 of them pleaded guilty, and s may be prepared to implicate still oth Whether Fitzgerald gets to the mayor or he has already prompted Daley to overh city hiring and promotion policies and clouded his political future.

"Maybe the feds want to take over Hall completely," the lawyer for one of indicted officials has grumbled. "He after fleas and elephants with the same zooka," says David Axelrod, a Democr political consultant and adviser to Mayor ley. "At some point there's a line—I d know where it is exactly—where you b criminalizing politics in its most inno form."

But most people have applauded Fitz ald's efforts. "I've heard no complaints, er than from partisans hooked into the litical system," says Dick Simpson, a for alderman and now a professor of polit science at the University of Illinois. Invest tions into associates of Democratic Illin governor Rod Blagojevich are reportedly under way. "In a state that's thoroughly c rupt, as corrupt as Louisiana but without food, people look at Patrick Fitzgerald a are happy that he's here," said John Kas columnist with the *Chicago Tribune,* w campaigned for the appointment of an c sider like Fitzgerald.

The lawyers working under Fitzgera (there are now 149 of them, 12 m than when he arrived) and federal age working with him are thrilled to have h there, too. "He is the Tom Sawyer of the D partment of Justice, who has all these bri young lawyers painting picket fences r white, and blue into the wee hours of t morning," says Robert Tarun, a defense la yer in Chicago. Tarun praises Fitzgerald his intelligence, diligence, and ability to ma ter the office's docket. But he and others s that Fitzgerald can be almost disdainful defense lawyers. Another complaint is th he is so intent on convicting big shots that h tramples on their underlings in the proces

MORPHOLUTION

INNOCENT-UNTIL-PROVEN-GUILTY EDITION



Lewis "Scooter" Libby...

...Robert "Shooter" Dur

hen Fitzgerald indicted Conrad Black ovember 17 for bilking Hollinger In- tional, which owns the *Chicago Sun- s*, of nearly $52 million, he indicted Black associates too. "I think Fitz- d's well intentioned, extremely aggres- extremely effective, but at times I feel erreaches," says Ronald Safer, of Schiff lin, who represents Black's former law- Mark Kipnis. Black himself has called harges, most of which surfaced in an nal corporate investigation, "one mas- smear job from A to Z.... I accept a competent prosecutor, but he doesn't v anything about this case. He just ops in for the press conference and s his lines."

ut given Fitzgerald's clout, some of lawyer critics in Chicago won't talk t him. "Another puff piece, eh?" one hem, Joseph Duffy, remarked when I d him to discuss Fitzgerald. He then re- d to elaborate and would not return ne calls.

ven routine areas of prosecution have been ramped up. Fitzgerald's office has icted 14 alleged mobsters for 18 un- ed murders dating back to 1970. That sound ordinary, but of the estimated 00 deaths from Chicago Mob warfare e the Capone days, only 14 have result- in homicide convictions. Fitzgerald has branched into new areas, prosecuting aam Arnaout, a Muslim and director he Benevolence International Founda- n, for allegedly funneling charitable do- ions to al-Qaeda. The first terror-related e brought against a Muslim charity af- 9/11 was announced with great fanfare October 2002 by then attorney general n Ashcroft; it, along with reports of re- d probes, enraged Chicago's large Mus- n community. "Mr. Fitzgerald, if you rk for us, you are fired! I'm firing you the spot right here!" one angry audience mber shouted at him during a raucous eting at a local mosque. But Fitzgerald ickly calmed things down. "He did a re- arkable job," says Kareem Irfan, a past airman of the Council of Islamic Organi- tions of Greater Chicago. "He's a man of gh integrity and is extremely courteous." ill, while Arnaout was convicted of racke- ering, the terrorism charge was dropped, nd no link to al-Qaeda was ever estab- hed. The 9/11 commission later said such ses raised "substantial civil liberties con- rns."

In the meantime, Fitzgerald has settled to his new community of Chicago, which arks an upgrade for him; he lives in a rownstone close enough for him to jog long Lake Michigan. Its furnishings show woman's—or at least a designer's—touch, ut not much else has changed, and he is apparently as single as ever. "When you meet him, you can see that he isn't going to cancel any plans to see you or make it to a party you've been invited to," says one woman who dated him for a time. "He keeps waiting for the next assignment to be over so he can see his family, get married, get a life, but he just never gets there."

In late 2003, cries arose for an independent prosecutor to find the Bush-administration official who had outed Valerie Plame. Ashcroft recused himself, and the decision fell to James Comey, who was by now his deputy. Comey recalls offering the White House a "list of one." Fitzgerald quickly went to work, moonlighting in Washington while continuing to run the Chicago office. He questioned dozens of people, including President Bush. Witnesses call his interrogation style polite but insistent. Matt Cooper, of *Time* magazine, one of those reporters whom Fitzgerald threatened with jail time, described being examined in "microscopic, excruciating detail." "He didn't come across as trying to be a tough guy," says Robert Bennett, the Washington, D.C., lawyer who represented Judith Miller. "We were two Irish kids from New York and we could get right to it." To Floyd Abrams, who also represented Miller, Fitzgerald is "a straight shooter, totally reliable, trustworthy, and obviously diligent."

The day this past August when Comey left the Justice Department was the day Fitzgerald stopped talking to him about the Plame case. Like everyone else, Comey had to wait for the long-anticipated press conference. After remaining silent through nearly two years' worth of heat—and determined to clam up again once all the questions and answers ended—Fitzgerald had several things he wanted to say that day, set pieces he'd worked on beforehand. One was about the press: he'd not wanted any "First Amendment showdown," he said, and wished Judith Miller, who'd languished for 85 days in jail, hadn't spent a second there. Such things should happen only very rarely, he insisted, only when reporters were eyewitnesses to a crime.

Another was to disparage the White House argument that Libby had been charged with "technicalities." "That talking point won't fly," he said. Truth is "the engine of our judicial system"; without it, "we might as well hand in our jobs." A third was about the idea that he was a political partisan. "For what party?" he asked. "One day I read that I was a Republican hack. Another day I read I was a Democratic hack, and the only thing I did between those two nights was sleep."

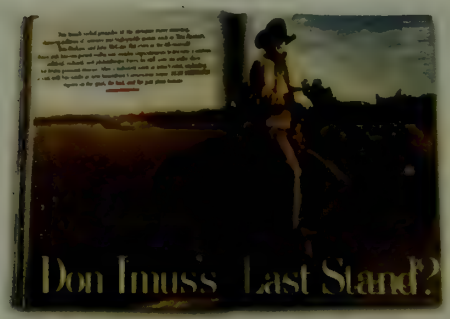
Supporters and detractors alike agree that in Fitzgerald's Manichaean universe nothing is more heinous than lying, especially when the lie comes from a lawyer. "Pat doesn't take the actions of a criminal personally," says David Kelley. "A criminal is expected to do that. A lawyer is not expected to lie." Perhaps, some speculate, this explains the fate of Scooter Libby, Columbia Law School '75, who claimed—falsely, Fitzgerald insists—that he had heard about Plame's C.I.A. ties only from reporters, and that he didn't even know if it was true. (Libby told Miller, according to the indictment.) Fitzgerald, his critics speculate, may be above partisan politics, but he is not beyond personal pique. "He was not happy with Mr. Libby, and obviously he took it personally," says Joseph diGenova, a former U.S. Attorney. DiGenova's wife, Victoria Toensing, helped draft the 1982 law protecting covert agents—a law, diGenova insists, that does not apply to Plame.

Bob Woodward, of *The Washington Post,* has subsequently admitted it was he, not Miller, who may have first heard from the White House about Plame. His disclosure may have sullied Fitzgerald slightly but seems unlikely to weaken his case against Libby. Fitzgerald's star could wane in the still-unlikely event Libby walks, but, according to his friends, it wouldn't matter to him. "Regardless of how it affects Pat's career, it's not going to affect Pat," says David Kelley. "He's going to be perfectly happy to walk away, knowing he did the right thing for the right reason." Fitzgerald serves at President Bush's pleasure, though, given what he's done thus far, "pleasure" is probably not the right word. But if anyone is invulnerable now, it's he. Axing him, says David Axelrod, would be like Nixon's Saturday Night Massacre during Watergate.

What's next for Fitzgerald after Plame and Chicago is anyone's guess. In a sense, he is checkmated; no other job would give him the rush he now enjoys. All of the cushy perches to which lawyers of his ilk usually parachute—the fancy law firms and large corporations—hold little appeal for him. He hasn't the stomach for elective office, and a high-level political appointment—to head the F.B.I. or C.I.A., or to become attorney general—would require a politician bold, or desperate, enough to tolerate someone clearly beyond his control. Tony Bouza, a Los Angeles lawyer who went to Amherst with Fitzgerald, suggests that the body politic should be obliged to find something worthy of him. "The guy's a resource," he says. "He should be used properly."

But there is one job that Fitzgerald would certainly take, should it become available: if Osama bin Laden is ever caught and brought to justice, Pat Fitzgerald wants to try the case. □

Don Imus



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 152 to assume that—beyond his general fondness for Goodwin, a regular guest—there must have been something about the book he had responded to.

"How much of Doris's book did you get through?" I ask him in the limo.

"The Lincoln book?"

"How much did you get through?"

"None of it."

"None of it?"

"No. I didn't read a page of it. Why?"

"When you were interviewing her, it sounded like you had read some of it."

"I didn't tell her I read it. I know about Lincoln."

"You sounded very informed."

"I am informed."

"I know you're informed. I thought you'd read it."

"No."

He has no qualms about saying this, just as he has no qualms about saying almost anything. The show has survived because of a fundamental shift in the wake of the 1990 Gulf War from puerile shock to substance. Imus began inviting more political heavyweights on the show, including journalists such as Anna Quindlen and Jeff Greenfield and then Senator Bill Bradley. But Imus still frequently uses the show as a platform for personal vendettas, brutally pistol-whipping those who he believes have crossed him. The most recent defamation suit against him, filed in New York last July, stems from a 2004 incident at the nonprofit Imus Ranch between Imus and Dr. Howard Pearson. Each summer, the working ranch, spread over nearly 4,000 acres in New Mexico, hosts about a hundred children with a history of cancer or blood disorders, as well as children who have lost a sibling to sudden-infant-death syndrome. Under the guidance of Imus and his wife, Deirdre, who spend the summer there as directors of the program, 10 participants each week learn how to ride horses and tend livestock and help with various projects such as building barns and stables, all in an effort to boost their self-esteem by providing them with the authentic experience of ranch life in an intimate setting.

The 75-year-old Pearson, a specialist in pediatric hematology and oncology, is the former chief of pediatric service at Yale–New Haven Hospital. He is also a professor emeritus at the Yale University School of Medicine, where he received the Gillman Award for teaching excellence. At the ranch, he was a paid physician in charge of the children's medical care, and, until that July, enjoyed a solid working relationship with the Imuses. But on the morning of July 13, 2004, that association completely disintegrated over what Pearson says in his lawsuit was Imus's reaction to the doctor's response to a 16-year-old girl at the ranch who had complained of severe pain.

Pearson was walking from the main house to the infirmary, about a quarter-mile away, when Deirdre Imus pulled up in a pickup truck and offered to drive the doctor, according to court papers. But Pearson, claiming in his suit that the nurse who had called him did not say there was an emergency, continued walking instead. He said he got there in about five minutes and treated the girl, and she resumed normal activities that same afternoon. But about 45 minutes later, Imus appeared, looking "ashen, shaking and unstable," according to the suit, and screamed at Pearson for roughly 10 minutes in front of several children and adults, calling him an "arrogant son of a bitch doctor who doesn't mind letting a child suffer" and saying to him, "I'll kick your fucking ass off of my ranch." On at least four different days, Imus on his show described Pearson as "one of the worst doctors in the world," the suit alleges.

In 1997, Imus was sued by the late New York State Supreme Court judge Harold J. Rothwax for defamation, stemming from a murder trial Rothwax had presided over in which Deirdre Imus was an alternate juror. According to court papers, she informed the judge that she felt she should be excused, since her husband's show was planning to cover the trial. Rothwax, a controversial judge known for his own flamboyance, asked if it was possible for her to tell her husband not to cover the trial, court papers state. She told the judge she didn't think she could change her husband's mind, according to court papers, and two days later she was excused. Imus, upset with what he believed was Rothwax's humiliation of his wife by questioning her out in the open, according to court papers, wrote a letter to the judge saying that his "disgraceful behavior . . . will be the subject of my nationally syndicated radio and television programs for as long as I live." Later, in on-the-air comments, the court papers state, Imus referred to Rothwax as a "creep," a "wiseass," an "arrogant jerk," a "senile old dirtbag," "Judge Scuzwax," and "Judge Rothworm," and said he would "go down there and punch him in the mouth if he wasn't seventy years old."

Imus reportedly apologized on the air for his comments at the time and said he had no intent to maliciously attack the judge. He acknowledges that it was "just a bad idea" have his show attempt to cover the trial the suit was ultimately settled with Rothw family for somewhere in the range of $25. "I was sticking up for my wife," he sai his comments about the judge. "[He] hu iated her in front of a packed courtroo

Imus doesn't seem particularly bothered defamation suits, since, as he notes, h indemnified by his employers, Viacom NBC, for on-the-air comments. In the m recent one, involving Pearson, what outra Imus was what he saw as the doctor's lous and arrogant attitude when a child by Imus's account, suffering terribly; cording to Imus, the young woman ha history of lung operations, had been up night in excruciating pain, and was in s agony when Pearson saw her that he g her Vicodin. Imus also points out that young woman, from Afghanistan, died s eral months later. As he sits in the corner the limo, he makes no bones about c fronting Pearson and cussing him out on air. "I went up to the barn and read his out, you know, and told him what an a gant son of a bitch he was, and if he e did that again I'd throw his ass off the ran and said it was just fucking inexcusable treat a kid like this, suffering like that.

"He's an absolute total disgraceful pie of shit. I can't wait to get [in court] with t motherfucker. But I'm sure he sued me n knowing she died. He could be the wo physician I have ever, and I have known lot of them, that I've ever known or me

In a phone interview, Pearson said th the woman had had several lung biopsi and that he did give her Vicodin because did not consider a mild pain reliever appr priate under the circumstances. Pearson sa he did not recall when he discovered th the young woman had died. "I'd hoped [th suit] would shut him up . . . but it apparen ly hasn't."

Besides the outrage, there is a malev lence in Imus's voice more potent than an thing I have ever heard as a journalist. B Imus also likes stirring up trouble for th sake of it, getting into snits even if there a wink-and-nod quality to it all, a pleasur that comes from being a prima donna pup peteer with an eight-figure salary, a pen house apartment on Central Park West wit a 1,400-square-foot terrace, a $30 millio home in Westport, Connecticut, with an un blemished view of Long Island Sound, an millions of listeners at his fingertips.

He is actually in just such a snit after th show Monday morning. Early on du ing the simulcast on MSNBC, a decision wa made to cut away to provide live coverag of Hurricane Wilma. He didn't like the dec

He says in the limo it irritated him, al- it's hard not to wonder if the pre- on secretly pleased him in some way, led him with an opportunity to say things about the cable network and his supersize ego around. But there is uine displeasure that actually stems something beyond his I-Man-versus- rricane ego—his steadfast loyalty to an yee. One of the regulars on the show, Rob Bartlett, had come in to work de- eing very ill. He had spent two hours keup to play the character of Dr. Phil, hen there was no television simulcast. hey don't make good decisions," he says SNBC and its programming. "You can't idiotic decisions like [hiring hosts] Tuck- rlson and Ron Reagan." Of conservative t Tucker Carlson, he says: "He's a twit. a pussy." This is in the same spirit as an r comment on Senate majority leader rist ("a fucking criminal"). Similarly, he looks up from his circular desk at a sion monitor during a commercial break sees Chris Matthews, the host of *Hard-* silently nattering away, he says, "There's idiot," to no one in particular.

e wonders if there is a nice opportunity to create a little turmoil for MSNBC, h simulcasts Imus's WFAN radio show day mornings from six to nine, by not g over to the studios in Secaucus on day to do the show, and broadcasting it ad from Astoria. There will still be an NBC simulcast, but from the shabby stu- of WFAN where the setting is dim and y. "I may punish them and not go over ," he says in the limo. He clearly doesn't t to make up his mind yet, because if he there would be no fun, no panic from NBC, no sound of shipmates scurrying w trying to figure out what the hell is go- through their captain's mercurial mind.

the limo I ask Imus questions about his arly life, about his show, about how he got radio, about his life outside of the show. hough he is a major celebrity, with all of w York at his beck and call, he describes nself as basically a shut-in. Once he's fin- ed with work for the day, around one P.M., takes a nap, plays chess with Wyatt, talks Deirdre, his wife of 11 years, and reads.

"Do you ever go out?"

"No."

"Never?"

"Why? To what?"

"Dinner, friends."

"No."

"Never?"

"No."

He is accommodating, and he is perfect- sociable despite having said several weeks rlier that I could not ride with him unless vas willing to drive and wear a limo driv- s cap. But he is clearly distracted by some- thing, though not the MSNBC situation. He looks puzzled, and he turns his attention to his driver, Brant Eaton, and wonders if he has noticed the same thing—the bumpiness of the ride, which irritates him, given that the limo is relatively new.

"I may be full of shit. What did [the mechanic] say?"

Eaton says the mechanic told him that nothing can be done about the bumpiness, since the rear suspension works by computer and should automatically adjust to any bumps in the road. "O.K.," says Imus, much like a child says O.K. when satisfied that the fancy new toy is working properly. And, actually, the ride in the stretch limo *is* rather bumpy.

As he answers my questions, I'm listening, but really it's the tape recorder that is listening. I can't stop looking at his face, the different hues of it, sad at times, exhausted at times, hard at times, vulnerable, handsome, grouchy, confused, sweet, mirthful. All those miles traveled in that face.

He grew up in California and Arizona in relative affluence, his father a rancher who was also in real estate until he squandered most of his money. Imus got kicked out of a variety of schools. He was a wiseass. He made fun of teachers to their faces, much the way he routinely does with people on the radio. In 1957, while living in Prescott, Arizona, he dropped out of school and joined the Marines, transferring from the artillery unit to the far easier lifting of the drum-and-bugle corps. He managed to get an honorable discharge despite the time he and a buddy not only stole the stars off a general's jeep and put them on their own vehicle but then got mad at the sentry at the gate for not properly saluting them.

He had a variety of incarnations after the Marines: uranium-mine worker on the northern rim of the Grand Canyon, where he broke both his legs in an accident; window dresser, as which he was fond of staging mannequin stripteases and got fired; the founder of a band with his brother, Fred, called Jay Jay Imus and Freddie Ford, which cut a single called "I'm a Hot Rodder."

Radio in the early 1960s was rife with payola, which meant that the only way to get significant airtime for a record, particularly one by an unknown group, was to pay for it. Rather than pay a D.J., Imus figured, the smarter thing to do was to become a D.J. himself and play his own records. At smaller stations in those days, D.J.'s doubled as engineers, and the Federal Communications Commission required engineers to be licensed. Using the G.I. Bill, he enrolled at the Don Martin School of Radio and Television Arts and Sciences, in Hollywood. He succeeded in learning enough to get his license from the F.C.C., and also in getting kicked out before finishing, because money from the G.I. Bill for the payment of tuition went to the student directly and the school never got fully paid.

He started out at KUTY, in Palmdale, California, in 1968, then moved to KJOY, in Stockton, from which, after he conducted a look-alike contest of Black Panther Eldridge Cleaver on the air and said the word "hell," he was fired. He landed at KXOA, in Sacramento, where he pulled the 1,200-hamburger order at the local McDonald's. The stunt helped to earn him *Billboard* magazine's disc-jockey-of-the-year award for medium-size markets. He was in Sacramento only a short time before moving to the bigger market of Cleveland and WGAR. He won the *Billboard* award again, this time for major markets.

In 1971, less than three years after starting out in radio, he made it to New York, where he started doing the morning drive time for WNBC, and he became a sensation virtually overnight. He handled his plunge into notoriety in the classic way—a combination of self-importance, self-indulgence, and overdrinking. He liked photography and had a darkroom in his apartment. Humming along on black beauties, a form of speed, he often stayed up all night making pictures. He hadn't been much of a drinker before he went to New York, and at first he drank to help him get through client lunches with sponsors, his shyness at odds with his growing public reputation for on-air outrageousness. But then he drank more, and recollections differ as to what he was like. "Don was not a mean drunk," says Kinky Friedman, the songwriter, author, and current Texas gubernatorial candidate, who became a friend of Imus's in the 1970s. "He was mean when he wasn't drunk."

But there were apparently other times when he became irascible and physically confrontational. Sometimes friends had to go to his New York apartment and clean up after him. Other times there would be frantic calls from co-workers at WNBC to his friends, saying that Imus had crashed in his office and couldn't get up, even though his show was on the air. "He was usually able to get it together enough to perform on the air, but often on the air it would go downhill pretty fast," said Michael Lynne, his entertainment lawyer at the time and close friend, now the co-chairman and co–chief executive officer of the New Line Cinema Corporation.

In 1977 the management at WNBC decided to reformat the station. Imus, along with every other D.J., was fired. He went back to Cleveland, and Lynne told him, "You're still who you are. Your talent is inescapable as long as you don't abuse it. Go back and prove you can do it." But Lynne wasn't sure—he felt he had watched Imus piss his talent away—and neither was Kinky Friedman: "At

Don Imus

that point I said good-bye to him, and I didn't think I would ever see him again."

But behind the self-destruction was an almost pathological fearlessness. He behaved masterfully in Cleveland, showing what Friedman called "the ability to turn his back on the world and let it come to him. Very few have that guts." WNBC's reformatting was a disaster, and he was rehired in 1979. The vodka drinking did not stop, and he added a new ingredient to the mix: cocaine. He quit cocaine in 1983, before he quit drinking, because it became too much of a chore: "Cocaine was fun for the first couple lines. Then you run out. You never plan ahead. You always run out. Cocaine dealers are the second-most-irresponsible people on the planet. Really. You can't get hold of them. The guy [says he] will be here with the coke in an hour. And it's three hours. Oh, fuck it. Too big a hassle."

But he continued to drink, and his erratic behavior continued on the air and off. He showed up at work without his shoes. He screamed and yelled in his underwear. He urinated in a phone booth. He slept on park benches with thousands of dollars in his pocket. He was in Nashville once and wanted to go to New Orleans but did not have transportation to the airport, so he bought a Cadillac on the spot and to this day isn't quite sure where he left it.

He visited Kinky Friedman at his ranch in Texas. "He went swimming," Friedman remembers. "His face looked like a death mask floating on the water. He really looked *over.*" Friedman adored Imus, the Imus beneath the public persona, the Imus whom he found loyal and funny and as smart as a whip and who had an encyclopedic knowledge of music and an ability to tell just by listening to one cut what worked and what was bullshit. He admired his spiritual toughness, since he had already seen him rise out of the grave once before. But when he saw him swimming that day, he felt great compassion for him as well as something else: "This is the end."

But Imus self-resurrected again. After a nine-day vodka binge, he went into alcohol rehabilitation at the Hazelden Center, in West Palm Beach, Florida, in 1987. He returned to his job sober, this time permanently. It was at this point that WNBC was sold and its position on the AM frequency filled by WFAN.

"I don't drink. I don't like to be around people who do drink," he tells me from across the limo. "I don't take any chances. I've had 18 sober years. I just got to get through the day.... I mean, after a while, two or three drinks, most people get stupid. As I was."

"How stupid were you?"

"I was not a good drunk."

It's Wednesday morning and I'm in Imus's office at the studios of WFAN. I'm in the groove now, particularly since I have rid myself of any pretense of self-preservation or dignity. With the regular sports announcer, Chris Carlin, out sick, I am doing the sports segments. When asked on the air about my life, I purposely bring up the fact that I am on my third marriage, fertile ground for abuse and mockery from Imus and his ensemble. I experience the considerable narcotic effect of talking to Imus on the air, knowing that he has close to three million listeners.

I can feel the high of becoming part of his incestuous circle of regulars—the media elite who have entrée with the I-Man and have never seemed troubled, at least publicly troubled as far as I can tell, by the show's forays over the years into homophobia and crudeness and sexism. I like this idea of being right in there with columnists Maureen Dowd and Frank Rich of *The New York Times* and NBC's Andrea Mitchell and David Gregory and Tim Russert (husband of *Vanity Fair* special correspondent Maureen Orth), all Imus regulars. I wonder if there's some secret media-elite handshake I need to learn, just so I can hear the jubilant sound of the cash register ringing when it comes time to sell my next book, because nobody (with the clear exception of Oprah) sells a book better than Imus.

He likes that power, enjoys going on Amazon to see just how much he can boost a book. During the week I'm there, he has Larry the Cable Guy on as a guest—Larry has just written a book called *Git-r-Done.* Before the show, according to Imus, the book was about 1,800 on the Amazon list. But when he checks on the Internet just after the show, it's No. 122.

I wonder if the media elite's failure to seriously take Imus to task for anything is due to a fear that their book-promotion pipeline will be cut off if they rub him the wrong way. In a 1998 *New Yorker* piece, Ken Auletta drew up a list, confirmed by Imus, of more than a dozen high-profile journalists who made contributions to the Imus Ranch. It's hard to quibble with donations to a worthy cause. As George Stephanopoulos said on the air to Imus in 1998, with his book on the White House still in the works, "I'm not too proud to suck up for a good cause. So count me in for $5,000 on the ranch!"

I wonder what I would have done, had I been an Imus regular with a book to sell, when the previous sports announcer for the show, Sid Rosenberg, said on the air last May of a female entertainer who had been diagnosed with breast cancer, "Ain't gonna be so beautiful when the bitch got a bald head and one titty." I wonder how I would have reacted to the cackling of various members of Imus's ensemble over the next minute or so to Rosenberg's remarks, as well as Imus's own hardly outraged response: "There's the reason I fire you about every six weeks. You did get fired from the show, and Imus distanced himself from what Rosenberg had said. He says the remarks were "horrible," but there seemed to be something disingenuous about Imus's repudiation—complete bullshit, as he might put it—given that Rosenberg had already distinguished himself on the show in 2001 by calling tennis player Venus Williams an "animal" and noting that she and her sister, Serena, had a better chance of posing nude for *National Geographic* than *Playboy.* I wonder what I would have done had I been in the audience the night Imus made his crude and unfunny remarks about President Clinton and his wife. Would I have said, That's it, never again. Or would I have been like Cokie Roberts of ABC television, who called Imus's remarks "profoundly rude," vowed never to go back on the show and then did several years later when the opportunity arose to push her new book, *Are Our Mothers' Daughters.*

Imus considers me a good sport for having splayed myself on the radio earlier this morning. He's having fun now and so am I. In the studio after the show, he is asking for my opinion on things. Maureen Dowd was a guest on the show that day, there to talk about the incendiary column she had just written in *The New York Times* about colleague Judith Miller headlined WOMAN OF MASS DESTRUCTION. Imus wants to know if I thought she was conciliatory to Miller on the air after destroying her in print. He doesn't think so, but I have a different opinion. And I am still revved up, still on a high from my own appearance.

I think that Imus will be impressed by my vituperation, given his famous dislike of phonies and people who rarely say what they feel. Which is why, when he wants a favor from someone, he responds to the opening pleasantry of "How's it going?" with "Let's cut the crap." Which is why he refused to take the call when Hollywood producer Jerry Weintraub, who represented Imus in the 1970s when he was doing stand-up comedy, phoned him after 20 years on the eve of the release of one of his new movies.

I'm looking to score another point, cement my place in the club.

"I mean, that was the most catfight column I've read in ages. Come on, she's not naïve. You write a column like that, you are getting into a fucking catfight. You are jumping right into the shit pit. You're setting yourself up for the *New York Post* and all the bullshit that's to come."

Imus looks at me as if I were insane.

"Sounds like you're getting angry, Buzz. Calm down. Jesus. [How about] some Zoloft in here? Jesus. Sounded scary."

I make a mental note to tone it down

talks to his assistant, Julie Kanfer, bout shipping books in his office, many m valuable signed first editions, to his in Westport. He wants it done today, se he thinks today is Friday, until he that today is actually Wednesday.

ark Chernoff, operations manager for N, comes into his office. They discuss the nuing situation involving MSNBC. For st two days, Imus has indeed refused to show from its studios in Secaucus. It's a tt, but it's not a particularly deliberate n determining where to do the show to- or example, Imus stood in the kitchen duplex on Central Park West ound five A.M. and flipped a coin that he carries in his et. It was two out of three, and BC lost, to the growing con- of Chernoff.

Why don't you go over there rrow?" Chernoff asks.

t's a lot more fun over here."

Then we need to have a global ssion with [MSNBC] about

I don't need to do that. I don't their fucking attitude."

I would ask you as a favor . . . "

They suck, by the way."

I would ask you in the short to go over there and then let ave a group discussion and re- e it."

Well, I mean, the reason it's fun e is because all the [WFAN] s are here, you know . . . "

All the people that love you . . . "

They do love me."

Oh yeah?" asks Chernoff.

Go ask 'em."

O.K. . . . "

That's a horrible thing to say ront of this writer. There's nobody here WFAN] who doesn't like me—well, maybe ne of the salesmen or something."

"O.K. . . . "

"Who doesn't like me here?"

"Everybody loves you . . . "

"You're a fucking jerk."

Imus gets back on the phone to discuss book situation, apologizing for thinking it s Friday when it's Wednesday and saying t it's fine to ship the books out on Friday. (He has trouble with days. When I ride th him on the way to work on Friday, he ll ask, "Who won the game last night?"

"What game?"

"The *Monday Night Football* game."

"There was no game. Today is Friday."

"What day is it?"

"Friday.")

Now he's done with the books and turns ck to Chernoff.

"I'll go back tomorrow. That's fine," he quiesces.

"Thank you."

"One serious conversation you can have with [MSNBC]. They all gotta stop being terrified to talk to me. Just come up and tell me what they want to do and it's fine. It doesn't make any difference to me. Being on the fucking cable thing doesn't do anything for me."

"That's been hard for them to do. . . . They should have had Jeanine tell you—at least she's not afraid of you."

"There's no reason to be afraid of me. Why do they have to be afraid of me?"

"Because of your long time in the radio business and often your attitude in the past,"



WYATT'S WORLD
Deirdre and Don Imus and their seven-year-old son, Wyatt (named after Wyatt Earp), at the ranch in New Mexico, December 17, 2005.

Chernoff explains. "The way you yell and scream and complain about them and everybody else."

"No, no. What possibly could I do to them?"

"You've done it already. How about the day you took out all their anchors, every last one. You might have missed one—I don't know. You certainly got a pretty long list . . . "

"I'm not getting enough respect from them. Do you know how absolutely powerful I am? I don't think they realize that. They're used to dealing with these little schmucks over there, but they don't realize that I'm an American icon. What do you think this dope from *Vanity Fair* is here for? They're not doing a profile of fucking Chris Matthews or those other fucking lightweights over there. Why? Because I'm the fucking man."

He launches into a story about a former general manager at WFAN who issued a no-shorts edict in the middle of the summer and wanted to send an employee home.

"Are you listening, Buzz?"

Not really, because it's the books that fill up his basement cave of an office that I'm interested in, which include *The Confessions of St. Augustine, Invisible Man, From Here to Eternity, Ulysses, Sons and Lovers, The Executioner's Song, Miss Lonelyhearts, Charlotte's Web, The Bonfire of the Vanities, Goodnight Moon,* and *The Great Gatsby.*

He pulls out the remarks he made last night on behalf of Michael Lynne, who was honored as "The Best of Brooklyn" with a dinner in Manhattan. He shows them to Chernoff and me, and he clearly wants our reactions. He's looking for approval. Someone who has known him intimately for years says of him that all the brusqueness and bluntness are really just a cover for his insecurities: "A lot of his persona comes from an insecurity. I really think that persona is a cover."

I don't find the remarks particularly funny. What I do like about them, and find the most revealing, are the last few lines, in which he drops all the irreverence and calls Lynne the most ethical and honest man he has ever met.

Chernoff and I chat as Imus busies himself at his computer, printing out letters. The letters are thank-you notes that Imus's son, Wyatt, has dictated for gifts he received from Tim Russert and Jeffrey Katzenberg—merchandise from the movie *Spirit: Stallion of the Cimarron,* which Katzenberg's DreamWorks produced, and a hand-carved cowboy-and-Indian chess set from Russert. To Wyatt's own messages Imus has added comments in the voice of his son.

To Russert:

Thank you very, very much for the cowboy and Indian chess set. I made the cowboys the white pieces and the Indians the black pieces. Do you think that's okay? Or will some politically correct dickhead make a big deal out of it if they find out?

To Wyatt's letter to Katzenberg, chairman of Walt Disney Studios before he co-founded DreamWorks, Imus added:

My mom and dad want me to tell you that I've never been to Disneyworld. That's because they think it's stupid, not because of the problem you had. They serve crappy food. It's

toxic and all the people there are fat. My friend at school went and she said the man in the mouse outfit touched her in a bad place. My parents also explained how that prick Michael Eichmann was mean to you and that you sued him and won. That made me very happy.

He's thinking of getting these and other letters published by Hyperion in a book that would be called *A Letter from Wyatt.* He wants two and a half million for it, money he says he would give to the Imus Ranch. (The Imuses have already contributed roughly $5 million and make an annual contribution of $500,000.) But he doesn't know if he will get the money he wants, and perhaps he's right—the letters *are* demented.

We talk about his temper, which he says has improved measurably over the years, as well as about his regrets. He is being heartfelt again. "I regret the times I've been mean to people.... It's fine to pick on people who can defend themselves and deserve it. Some people don't deserve to be picked on who I picked on, so I don't do it anymore."

He gets his literary agent, Esther Newberg, on the phone, to ask if it's O.K. to give me the Wyatt letters. This leads to another letter, this one from Imus to Rick Wolf, of Warner Books. It was written regarding the book *Jack: Straight from the Gut,* by former General Electric head Jack Welch. The book was published in the aftermath of September 11. Wolf, Welch's editor and the host of a show on WFAN, said in an interview that his memory of events was hazy but what he may have done was drop off a copy of the book at Imus's office with a note alerting him to its presence. He does remember receiving the letter, which Newberg starts reading over the phone.

Imus turns on the speaker.

I'm just going to ignore your note on Jack's book. But then the more I thought about it the more I wondered what possibly even under ordinary circumstances but especially now would make you think I give a fuck about Jack's stupid by the way almost unreadable piece of shit book. It also occurred to me that I should probably not write you a mean note at a time when everyone in the country is trying to be civil. But then I also thought here's a moron who while Americans are mildly distracted by the prospect of the end of the fucking world is sending people gabby chill notes about some idiotic add it to the pile business book. Jesus, get a fucking reality check.

"That would be your letter," says Newberg.

"That was a little harsh, wasn't it?" says Imus, barely containing laughter. "Must have been a bad day I had."

New York Yankee manager Joe Torre, who is at WFAN doing some promotional spots, comes in to see Imus.

Imus welcomes him.

"Have you lost weight?" Imus asks.

"No."

"You look fatter on TV."

It's Saturday and I am at Imus's beachfront home, in Westport, with Deirdre and Wyatt.

Wyatt, who is seven and attends private school in New York, shakes my hand. Deirdre Imus, blonde and fit and with the long legs that made her a high-school track star, wearing size-2 blue jeans and white socks, smiles and says hello. Her husband, out of the cowboy getup he wears when he does his show, is dressed in baggy jeans and blue Nike sneakers. His hair is all over the place, and there is something about him out of costume that takes my breath away. He seems even smaller and more fragile than when I first saw him. I offer my hand, but he doesn't quite offer his, as if it's just too much trouble, so I just clutch several of his fingers.

The Imuses purchased the home in Westport, spread over roughly five acres on Long Island Sound, for about $4.5 million in the late 1990s. They promptly tore the main house down and built the new one from scratch. Deirdre decided to decorate it in the neoclassical, Swedish Gustavian style, named after King Gustav III and known for its clean lines and sense of restraint.

Imus is in the corner of the family room in a chair, watching television. But it's not Imus I'm particularly interested in, anyway, since I have come to Westport to see the house and to talk to his wife. "I think she saved him," says Kinky Friedman. (Imus's first marriage, from which he has four daughters, ended in divorce in the early 1980s after about 20 years.)

As a result of Deirdre's influence, Imus is now on a vegan diet, and as fragile as he looks, people say that he is in much better physical shape now than he was a few years ago, when he had constant colds. It was Deirdre who helped spur him to create the Imus Ranch in 1998. She is unafraid to get into his face and stay there when he is whining or in a bad mood or acting petulant. "She's every bit as cynical as I am and swears a lot more than I do," her husband proudly notes.

We are sitting in the great room. There is a spectacular view of Long Island Sound. The room is impeccably decorated, with a custom-built Indian-redwood Steinway & Sons piano and an 18th-century Gustavian-style daybed. Various books cover the tables: the complete photographs of Julia Margaret Cameron, the views and plans of the Petit Trianon château, at Versailles, as well as a bound volume of the July 2003 *Architectural Digest,* which featured the Westport house.

I begin by asking her about John Kerry and Lance Armstrong, because Imus earlier in the week said I should. As Deirdre explains it, Kerry visited the Imus Ranch during the summer, looking surprisingly good on a hors... lunch the talk turned to Lance Armst... fresh off his seventh consecutive Tou... France victory. Deirdre said she felt t... was something disingenuous about his ... ments that he had beaten cancer by him... Based on her extensive experience wit... hundreds of pediatric cancer patients ... have been to the ranch, she feels that no... ever beats cancer entirely on his own.

Imus wanders in.

"You know one thing I'm pissed off a... I looked great with that red turtleneck ... that cowboy jacket."

"Yeah," Deirdre says.

"I just saw it on the TiVo. I looked gr...

"And ... "

"You just said it was O.K."

"I said what was O.K.?"

"Well, my outfit."

"I never said that."

The discussion turns back to Lance A... strong and accusations by French journa... that he took enhancers during at least on... his Tour de France wins.

"No, no," says Imus. "He's being charge... these French faggots who are anti-Ameri... scum who want to destroy one of the g... Americans, one of the great heroes in the ... tory of organized sport, Lance Armstro... and because my wife and nephew are b... frog-leg-sucking French sympathizers ..."

"No, we're not," says Deirdre. "This ... nothing to do with France at all."

Imus exits stage right, back to the fam... room. I ask Deirdre about the exchange. ... says it's typical of their interaction. "No ... really knows us that well, because we d... hang around with anyone, but anyone wh... around us, they see us ... that's all the ti... all weekend, all week.

"There's nothing wrong with having dif... ent opinions. Also, it's exciting. He entertai... me. I entertain him."

Deirdre, who went to New York to act a... model after graduating from Villanov... in suburban Philadelphia, met Imus in 19... when she was a guest on the show. She w... boxing at Gleason's Gym at the time, a... someone on the show asked whether a... woman who was into sports could also be ... tractive. She had never listened to Imu... show before and knew nothing about him. ... a result, Deirdre says, "I wasn't afraid. ... most everyone that goes on his show is afra... of him. And especially women." She we... into the studio and met him for the first tim... "To me he was the most honest person I'... ever encountered.... He got up and sho... my hand and I knew even when I shook h... hand. I just knew I liked him. I liked him ... lot. I think it was probably love at first sight.

They kept in touch for a while immedia... ly afterward. He sent her some books. Im... was acutely aware of their age differenc...

rs, and they lost touch for a year. But 2 they met up again. They had oppo- styles. Imus was no longer drinking or drugs, but he still smoked. After they d to get married, Deirdre issued an ul- m: if he had one more cigarette, "'that's not part of your life.' And I meant it knew I meant it."

quit smoking. They got married on mber 17, 1994, on the Navajo Indian vation in Monument Valley in front of ople. Three and a half years later they eir son, Wyatt, named after Wyatt Earp. irdre likes to verbally spar with Don, e is also protective and takes care of Before the show on Friday, on which as a guest, Imus was asked if he want- mething from Starbucks. He said he d something but wasn't quite sure what use of the dietary restrictions she has d upon him, and finally just said, at do I have, honey?"

e all go outside to the back lawn, where there is a ledge that leads to a private strip of beach. I watch as Imus hugs Wyatt, calls him his "little monkey," fiercely worries that the boy is too close to the ledge and may fall, and pulls him back. I watch as Imus and Deirdre tussle on the lawn, then as Deirdre and Wyatt do the same. Wyatt tries to tackle his mother, and they both fall in mirth and giggles. Wyatt's mouth is bleeding when he gets up, and it's always a test of a child to see what happens at the sight of blood, particularly a child who has a rich celebrity for a father: are there tears or does he tough it out? There is a split second of indecision on Wyatt's face. But then he's laughing, and they all go back into the house.

Later, Imus will continue to harass me. A producer for the show will wake me up at 6:50 to ask if I will be on *Imus in the Morning* by telephone. I have no idea what Imus wants, although I'm secretly hoping that he wants me to do a reprise of the sports; I am ready to get fitted for my *Imus in the Morning* media-elite club jacket. Instead, Imus will accuse me on the air of misrepresenting who is going to photograph him for the magazine, then hang up on me. When I later speak to him on the phone off the air and explain that I did not misrepresent anything, he abruptly hangs up again. As the phone goes *click,* the word "prick" will form in my mind, a reaction to his mean-spiritedness, which he brandishes at the expense of others for a moment's amusement. Then, several weeks later, when I talk to him again, he's sociable and chatty, asking me, "So how's your hideous life?"

But, for now, as I pull out of the gravel driveway, I find myself taken with this family-photo image. I want to think there is essential truth in it, the spot on the emotional roulette wheel where the ball finally comes to rest. I have just spent a week with Don Imus, and a week is not a very long time, perhaps, to draw any conclusions. But when I make that point to Kinky Friedman, he sounds almost admiring:

"Actually, a week with Don Imus is a very long time." □

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po Elkann



TINUED FROM PAGE 138 subject me to will." At 20, she fled Bari for Turin, and the gift of her mother's retirement com- sation got a nose job and the first of three ast-implant operations. She vowed to have revenge on all the men who had ridiculed in public but then come looking for her en they were feeling sad and lonely: "Make m pay," she said. "Absurd amounts of ney. That money is my revenge. It's the of of their cowardice." She has said that clientele represents a wide demographic, luding "important managers" and "soccer yers." But not until the summer of 2005, cording to her, did she meet the man who uld make her world-famous, Gianni Agnel- gorgeous grandson.

After college, John Elkann went to New York to work at General Electric. In ptember 2001, just after 9/11, Lapo ar- ed in New York to become the personal sistant of Henry Kissinger, after Gianni nelli, whom Kissinger calls his "best end," had asked the former secretary of te to teach Lapo something about interna- tional relations. Lapo has said that he was basically Kissinger's gofer, spending 30 minutes every morning teaching his venerable boss how to use a personal computer, but Kissinger says he was much more than that.

"He worked for me, but that was not the essence," Kissinger says. "I gave him an opportunity to meet all the people I know in international affairs. I let him share my life. I took him to Japan, Korea, and China. I used him as a note-taker. But he was very perceptive. After he'd take notes, I asked him what did he think of things, and he would give me his comments, which were right on. This was a quality very similar to his grandfather. Great psychological perception."

"He lived a fast life, mostly with Italian Italians from Italy who were based here," says the columnist Taki Theodoracopulos, who would regularly see Lapo at the downtown Cipriani and other Euro hangouts in Manhattan. Gianni Agnelli would come to New York to visit Lapo, who lived in the Agnelli apartment at 770 Park Avenue (which would sell after Agnelli's death, in January 2003, for close to $25 million). Mario D'Urso, a longtime Agnelli intimate, would often join Kissinger, Agnelli, and Lapo for dinner. When I call D'Urso, he says he can't talk, out of loyalty to Lapo and his family. "But," he says, an interview he gave to *Corriere della Sera* the day after Lapo's overdose "is accurate." At that time D'Urso said, "When Agnelli started spending more and more time in New York because he wasn't feeling well, Lapo would be very close to him.... Lapo could ask [his grandfather] any sort of question, even the most indiscreet ones. We've always been a little jealous of the intimacy they had."

"Lapo is a very pleasant, brilliant, curious boy," Agnelli was quoted as saying in *Dipiù.* "When he comes into my room, everything brightens." In 2002, Agnelli's prostate cancer, diagnosed five years earlier, worsened. "The idea was always that Lapo would come into a top position at Fiat," Kissinger says. "When it became clear how serious his illness was, in the summer of 2002," he adds, Agnelli came to New York and took his beloved grandson home with him.

Back in Turin, Lapo lived with his brother at the palatial home of their paternal grandparents, Jean-Paul Elkann, a banker and a leader of the French Jewish community, and Carla Ovazza, who became something of a recluse after her sensational, never solved kidnapping in the 1970s, which, some say, was orchestrated by the Mob to extort favors from Fiat.

Lapo was assigned first to external relations at Fiat Group, the parent company, and then to brand promotion at Fiat Auto. The automobile company was getting by with support from its 2000 joint-venture agreement with General Motors. In 2005, however, GM paid $2 billion to bail out of the deal with the money-losing automaker. "Fiat needs a smile," Lapo would say as he set out to find a way to resuscitate the image of the company's cars for his generation. He found an answer one weekend at a sailing race in Portofino, where he ran into his old roommate Alberto Bresci, who had launched a luxury-sportswear company called Hydrogen. The first product he had put out was "l'Avvocato," a replica of the jean shirt Gianni Agnelli had made famous. That weekend Bresci was wearing a *felpa,* or zippered

Lapo Elkann

sweatshirt, emblazoned with the words CHILL OUT IN PARIS.

Lapo loved the sweatshirt, Bresci says, so he took it off and gave it to him, and with that the two friends simultaneously exclaimed, "Why don't we do one for Fiat?"

They chose a bold company logo from the 1920s, and Bresci went to work. Soon he showed up at Lapo's office wearing the new *felpa* under his jacket. His friend went wild for it, and the Fiat sweatshirt, priced at 250 euros, became Lapo's first step in a campaign to revive the corporate image.

"Lapo said, 'Alberto, right now Fiat is not making amazing cars,'" Bresci remembers. "'If you look at German, Japanese, and French cars, you'll see they're making nice cars at a very nice price. We have to change, to make cars that are better than they're making, but we can't do it from one day to the next. So the best way to keep the young guys, the new generation, close to us, so they love the brand, is to do something else in the beginning.'

"That something else was the sweatshirt," Bresci continues. "At the beginning, people said, 'You're crazy! Who's going to put on a Fiat sweatshirt? Fiat is the car for normal people. If you put FERRARI on the shirt, you'll sell more.'"

On December 17, 2003, the Fiat *felpa* was launched at 10 Corso Como, one of Milan's smartest, hippest shops. When Lapo walked in, wearing a bright-blue sweatshirt with the word FIAT on it under one of his grandfather's bespoke suits, young, swinging Italians immediately fell for the idea. First in Italy, then in Europe, Japan, Russia, and the United States, thousands of Fiat sweatshirts flew off the shelves. "We got $5 million worth of publicity without spending one euro," Bresci says.

"We will transform Fiat into a love mark!," Lapo said as he proceeded to stick the Fiat name or logo on sneakers, women's handbags, motorcycle jackets, baseball caps, watches, luggage, and the company's own line of wines—most of these products conspicuously consumed and promoted by the Fiat scion himself, the one-man personification of the radical changes afoot in his grandfather's company.

Then came the cars. First there was the Lancia Ypsilon, Fiat's compact luxury car, positioned as a hip model for affluent young women. Lapo helped create a jazzy, 10-minute promo to be shown in movie theaters, along with targeted cell-phone messages and a storefront in Milan, which he turned into the residence of "Ms. Ypsilon," an imaginary Milanese cutie. Lapo and the marketing department further hyped the hot-young-thing angle at the Lancia Ypsilon launch party at a villa in Rome. Among the guests was Italy's top rising star, the beautiful, blonde Martina Stella.

The older daughter of a Tuscan tollbooth worker, Martina rocketed to fame in 2001 with the film *L'Ultimo Bacio* (The Last Kiss). Since then she has been in five films and several TV series, and she is the face of the Blumarine fashion house. Lapo described her as "a keen girl, spirited like hot pepper," who, at 19, had already had one famous boyfriend, the superstar motorcycle racer Valentino Rossi. A few mean detractors carped that Martina was just a Velveeta-style cheese square, melting into Lapo to advance her career, but Martina insisted that when they met she didn't even know who he was. "She just felt he was *bel ricciolino,* a nice guy with curly hair," says Italian *Vanity Fair*'s writer Paola Jacobbi.

Their every move was tracked by gossip columnists, beginning with their first kiss, on a boat trip with Hugo Boss clothing magnate Matteo Marzotto and supermodel Naomi Campbell. According to *La Repubblica,* Lapo had a star (for Stella) tattooed on his wrist, and Martina got an *L* for Lapo tattooed on hers. "After work he'd take a plane (always commercial—he doesn't like private jets) from Turin to Rome in order to spend a night and a day with her, and then go back to work again," says Bresci.

All Italy relished the sweet romance of the young Agnelli prince and his movie-star Cinderella, with just a few reported exceptions—namely, the Agnelli family. In September 2004, a year before the overdose, Lapo's brother, John, married his longtime girlfriend, Lavinia Borromeo, on an island owned by her family, in Lago Maggiore. The 700 guests at the reception included royals, politicians, and dignitaries, ranging from Prime Minister Silvio Berlusconi to Henry Kissinger, to Elle Macpherson. Lapo arrived without Martina, sparking rumors that Lavinia Borromeo disliked the pretty starlet, although Lavinia would later deny such reports. However, Lapo's mother, Margherita Agnelli, was less subtle, telling an interviewer of her distaste not only for Lapo's choosing an actress for a girlfriend but also for his high-profile lifestyle. "A lifetime of trying to stay out of the media, and then you have a son who screws it all up for you," she was quoted as saying in the newspaper *Il Foglio.*

A series of tragedies propelled John and Lapo Elkann to the top of Fiat. When Gianni Agnelli died, he was eulogized by both the Pope and Italy's prime minister. But Fiat shares had sunk 80 percent since 1998, losses for 2002 were almost $4.6 billion, and the company's debt had been downgraded to junk status. Most financial analysts predicted that Fiat, which had once provided half of Italy with its cars and which [illegible] once said was "part of the DNA of It[illegible] would be sold to foreign concerns—the [illegible] twist to a family history beset by misfort[illegible]

In 1997, Gianni Agnelli's chosen su[illegible] sor at Fiat, his nephew Giovanni "Gio[illegible] nino" Alberto Agnelli, the son of Gia[illegible] brother Umberto and "the most enlighte[illegible] and Americanized Agnelli, a very ser[illegible] smart, kind of John-John Kennedy," ac[illegible] ing to Alan Friedman, died at 33 of a [illegible] form of stomach cancer. Agnelli anoi[illegible] John Elkann, then 21, as his successo[illegible] the Fiat board. Agnelli never even co[illegible] ered his only son, Edoardo, who by then [illegible] become a heroin addict with severe psy[illegible] logical problems and a deepening fasc[illegible] tion with Islam. "The newspapers [illegible] writing about Edoardo as a man who [illegible] disappointed the family, and he was h[illegible] says his friend Count Gelasio Gaetani[illegible] believe this is one of the reasons he w[illegible] up and drove his car to the bridge." In [illegible] vember 2000, wearing pajamas benea[illegible] brown corduroy suit, Edoardo drove his [illegible] Croma to a viaduct known as the Bridg[illegible] Suicides, between Turin and Savona, and l[illegible] to his death. At the funeral, Gianni Agn[illegible] was observed leaning on Lapo, "almost na[illegible] to the arm of the child that had becom[illegible] boy with a head full of hair," wrote Maur[illegible] Crosetti in *La Repubblica.* "Giovanni [Gian[illegible] Agnelli loved Lapo because, probably, he [illegible] minded him of himself when he was youn[illegible] exuberant, easygoing, a little crazy."

Alan Friedman adds, "Lapo and his br[illegible] er, John, dress the same way Gianni Agn[illegible] li dressed: the tie with the particularly la[illegible] knot, short length; the button-down shi[illegible] but the collar buttons open; the Rolex [illegible] Longines watch worn on top of the sleev[illegible]

Agnelli gave John Elkann his Fiat voti[illegible] rights, according to *The Times* of L[illegible] don, and bequeathed to Lapo most of [illegible] custom-made suits. Because Gianni and L[illegible] po wore the same size, the suits didn't ev[illegible] need altering. With his crown of curls a[illegible] his grandfather's pale complexion and sen[illegible] of style—which would earn him a place [illegible] the International Best-Dressed List in *Van[illegible] Fair* in 2005 and cause one young Lond[illegible] woman to gush, "He makes English m[illegible] look unbearably drab"—Lapo was Gian[illegible] Agnelli reincarnated. His ascent to the Fi[illegible] boardroom began in May 2004, when tra[illegible] edy struck once again. Umberto Agnel[illegible] l'Avvocato's brother, who had taken contr[illegible] of Fiat after Gianni's death, also died of ca[illegible] cer, and the company's C.E.O., Giusepp[illegible] Morchio, tried to seize the throne even b[illegible] fore Umberto was lowered into the groun[illegible]

"At the funeral, Morchio was receivi[illegible] people like he was a son, shaking hands li[illegible] he was a member of the family," Count G[illegible] asio Gaetani tells me over a succession

in his favorite Rome trattoria. Long-, bearded, ebullient, Gaetani is Italy's flamboyant wine ambassador; once ed to a Cinzano heiress, he is famous ening, pouring, and drinking wine as mmets to the earth while skydiving. He se to Gianni's eldest sister, Susanna, ," who at 83 is the de facto head of the He says the family sprang into action on as they realized that Morchio was to become the head of Fiat. "Suni put sters together," says Gaetani, meaning ni's three other sisters—Clara, Cristiana, Maria Sole—who rushed from their qui- istocratic lives to attend to the turmoil Lingotto. Within days, word came that ppe Morchio was out, and he was soon ced by Sergio Marchionne as C.E.O. Ferrari boss Luca Cordero di Montezemo as chairman. (Morchio declined to be viewed for this article.)

So, Giovanni Alberto dead, Edoardo , Umberto dead—the only keepers of lame left, really, are the Elkanns," says Friedman. It was true that Fiat was on ocks, "a mess," as even Suni would lat- y. But if the company was going down, uld go down with Agnelli blood at the n. John Elkann was promoted to vice- rman of Fiat Group, and Lapo Elkann named worldwide director of brand pro- ion for Fiat Auto. The young men's moth- Margherita, dispatched lawyers to ad- s the terms of her father's will, which she favored her children by Elkann over her dren by de Pahlen. The matter was settled re reaching court. Fiat's future was now he hands of John and Lapo Elkann. apo was then 26.

Run, Boy, Run!" That was the headline in *Prima* magazine over an article ut Sergio Marchionne and how he would e Lapo, as well as his team and Fiat at e, early in the summer of 2005, during 100 days before the launch of the car on ch the automaker had bet its future: the nde Punto. It was basically a revival of 1993 Punto, but bigger, longer, and sleek- Designed by the Italian superstar Gior- to Giugiaro in 13 electric colors, it was rketed as the first car created specially the hip young Italian and the starter nily, with a price dreamed up by Lapo of 11 euros ($13,350). Lapo was given the re- onsibility of introducing the Grande Punto st to Italy's critical young-adult market and en around the world. "Getting [the Grande nto] right is not going to save Fiat, but get- g it wrong would have tanked us," Sergio archionne told reporters.

In the past, brand promotion had been rt of overall marketing at Fiat Auto. "Now hat we've done is we've split marketing in lf. There's traditional marketing, which is ochures, advertising, TV commercials, and showroom signs," a Fiat rep tells me in his office in the Lingotto. "And the other elements have been spun off and given to Lapo." The other elements include "below-the-line promotional activities that enhance the brand," including Fiat's sponsorship of the Winter Olympic Games in Turin in February (Lapo signed the Jamaican bobsled team to represent Fiat and appear in auto ads), product placement (Lapo got the Fiat Panda accepted as James Bond's car in the upcoming *Casino Royale*), special events, and whatever else Lapo and his staff can think up.

Lapo calls his 30-member team his Samurai, and he assembled them not from the labyrinthine hallways of look-alike offices in the Lingotto but, according to the Fiat rep, from "Coca-Cola, Microsoft, and Procter & Gamble—people who don't have a motor-industry mind-set." Most of them are under 30. "It's a volcano of ideas," the Fiat rep says of Lapo's department.

"That's so cool!" became Lapo's recurrent rallying cry as he sat surrounded by his Saint Bernard and his Samurai in his whimsical office, which has been described by one writer as "almost the room of a boy that hasn't yet stopped being a child." It was filled with toys, model cars, gadgets, and a life-size Jamaican mannequin on a hammock with a sign reading, AT FIAT WE NEVER SLEEP. That was where Fiat's veteran wizards of design, marketing, and finance looked for their salvation.

"You have to remember that Fiat is not some sort of cottage industry but a nearly $60-billion-a-year corporation, a big multinational," says the Fiat rep. "So there is a team, and there are marketing and sponsorship experts, all feeding into the boss of this entity, which is Lapo. He has a big job." Giorgio Airaudo, Fiat's trade-union leader, adds, "In the beginning, he said that every worker, whether you're in the trade union or not, could send him an e-mail, and many did write to him, but that was stopped." When layoffs multiplied, Lapo agreed to a suggestion for a rotation of workers. "Some could work less, rather than being dismissed," explains Airaudo. "That kind of contact was unusual for the Agnelli family, and Lapo's channel with the workers was stopped."

"They tried to keep him out of the headlines, but it's impossible," says Vera Schiavazzi, a local writer and journalism instructor. "He's always on a first-name basis. 'Oh, darling!' he'd say, and hug and kiss me, almost in an embarrassing way."

"Turin and all of that life is very conventional, and I think this was very hard on him," says Countess Marina Cicogna. "His brother is married and is a much more together person. In my opinion Lapo really doesn't have anybody to run to and dish the dirt, you know?" As a result he became a publicity junkie and would rush toward journalists with his thumbs up, "to symbolize everything is O.K.," as one wrote. "He invents a new thing almost every other day, from the cafés [the latest, the Fiat Café, opened in Milan in April 2005] to the five-star beach [sponsored by Fiat, on Sardinia]. All the representatives of exclusive events fight to get him as a guest star, as do the newspapers."

In the area around the Park of Valentino, the prostitutes told reporters, Lapo drove a variety of Fiat cars, including, according to a transvestite named Ivana who spoke to me, "a Maserati!" They say he was seen cruising the streets all spring and summer, always discreet, anonymous, unusually quiet for him.

After his overdose, the press descended and the streetwalkers exploded in a vociferous chorus. One drag queen said she had been with Lapo three times, and he was "very polite and generous, a real gentleman." Another, a Brazilian transsexual, remembered how Lapo cruised to a stop and identified himself only as Eduardo, seeking mostly conversation. "He spoke a very good Portuguese," she said, "and said he had studied in Brazil.... He treated me like a princess. His looks, though, were sad. He always looked like he was begging for affection." One of the prostitutes told the TV show *Striscia la Notizia,* "He would come often, about every two days." When she was told that he had a beautiful girlfriend, she responded, "That's just cover-ups, there are always cover-ups.... Lapo is a habitual client."

Police say Patrizia told them that she often procures multiple partners for special clients, and that sometime late in the summer she took Lapo off the streets. In one press report she later said she had met him at "a private party," where she wore her customary miniskirt and knee-high boots. She recalled in another article that he was very dressed down. "When he told me he was Lapo Elkann, the grandson of Gianni Agnelli, I thought he was making fun of me."

Lapo's publicist denies that Lapo frequented the area. "I worked with him day and night, traveling constantly, and he was not a client of the transvestites," she says. A state commission has reportedly opened an inquiry into some media reports on the case.

"Dear gentlemen, I promised something to shareholders, to the banks, to the world," Sergio Marchionne told his staff in the early summer of 2005. "This year, the Fiat accounts have to be balanced. To do this, the new Punto has to be presented right after summer. Otherwise, it will be that we're all going home."

Fiat committed millions of euros to launch the Grande Punto, and four advertising agencies competed for the account. Lapo's depart-

Lapo Elkann

ment went into overdrive in order to come up with new marketing ideas: enlisting the Italian pop star Vasco Rossi to provide the soundtrack for TV commercials; signing a deal with Universal Music so that buyers could download songs from a Fiat Web site; getting the Grande Punto on the Need for Speed video game.

"Lapo has two passions, Juventus and Ferrari," says his friend the wine-maker Pier Giorgio Scrimaglio. "But even though he could drive the top Ferraris, in public he always drove a Panda, Punto, or Alfa Romeo." The Alfa Romeo was his mainstay—"white, with a streaming Italian flag from the hood to the trunk," according to Gelasio Gaetani. "He likes to say the Panda is the car for everybody, and the Alfa Romeo is the car for the 25- to 35-year-old Italian young man. He would drive in a very fast way, passing every car."

During the 100 days leading up to the launch, however, Lapo drove a Grande Punto. With the tricolor Italian flag embroidered on his shirt cuffs and in the linings of his grandfather's suits, he propelled himself into the frenzied campaign. He courted the press's cameras and microphones, and he posed in the new car's trunk and suggested to buyers that they have their tattoos painted on the roof and pictures of their lovers on the doors.

"A car like this has never been made," he told one reporter, adding, "It's an island of protection, a home. I have two of them, a blue one with a joker on the roof and a red one with the ace of hearts on top of it." He invited another reporter to "look at it! Don't you think it's smiling at you?"

Lapo's old friend Leo Turrini interviewed him in front of 1,000 people gathered in a theater in Sassuolo to commemorate Gianni Agnelli. Onstage, Turrini remembers, Lapo assured the audience that the Grande Punto would not only save Fiat but mark the economic turnaround for Italy. Everyone stood up and cheered.

By the summer of 2005, Lapo was perpetually in high gear. Chain-smoking Marlboros, biting his nails to the quick, speaking to his team about a dozen topics at once, tossing the keys to his Ferrari to people he'd just met, and publicly lambasting Italian politicians for driving foreign cars, he appeared to be an unstoppable force.

On September 6, after a dizzying week of promotional events, Lapo helped produce a gala extravaganza in Turin's ice-skating stadium to launch the new car officially. More than 1,000 guests watched Grande Puntos whiz in and out and acrobats fly through the air. "Suni Agnelli, someone who is not easily impressed, said it was one of the most incredible events she'd ever been to," says a family member. "She was awed by the whole presentation of the Punto, and so impressed by Lapo's work. It was a big moment for him."

Nine days later the Grande Punto went on sale across Italy. In its first month, a million people looked at the car in Fiat showrooms, and in the first week 15,000 placed orders for it. "It bodes well," said a Fiat spokesman.

"I had dinner with Lapo in Milan three weeks ago," Henry Kissinger told me in October. "He was doing well, and I wrote him a letter saying that I was very proud of him, and I was, and I am."

Alberto Bresci told me, "After the launch, Lapo called me and said, 'Alberto, I'm going for five days in Paris, because I am completely destroyed from the work. I'm really working too much. There are problems.'"

Lapo's collapse, which locals now refer to as *l'apo*calisse, began after he spent the night of October 8 with Martina Stella in Milan, according to his publicist. In Turin the next night, he had dinner in Gianni Agnelli's villa, with Agnelli's beautiful, aristocratic, 78-year-old widow, Marella, and John Elkann. After dinner, according to *La Repubblica*'s Alberto Custodero, John left to go to a classical-music concert at the Lingotto. Lapo climbed into his new Panda and drove from the conservative, workaholic side of Turin in the direction of Via Marochetti, No. 21.

Late one Saturday night in early November, I drove from the Lingotto to that address. Dead vines hung down from the balconies of the building, a squat, dull-gray mid-rise. The nameplate on the door lists a dozen tenants, including "Broco." I rang the bell, got no answer, then rang other bells until someone finally buzzed me into a claustrophobic, black-and-white lobby devoid of decoration. I knocked on Donato Broco's ground-floor door. No one answered, and several passing tenants told me, "She's gone," adding that she had fled to Milan, disguised in a blond wig to avoid reporters.

As I was about to leave, the door burst open like a shotgun blast, and a short, bald, fat john hurried out. Behind him, filling the doorframe and standing well over six feet, with a mane of black hair and silicone rosebud lips, wearing a low-cut, skintight blouse over her enormous breasts, was Patrizia. "There are two conditions for an interview," she told me in Italian in an extremely deep voice once she understood the purpose of my visit. "First, there are some things I cannot say about Lapo because of the investigation, and, second, you have to pay!"

I craned my neck to get a look inside the tiny apartment. I could see a couch, a plaster angel on a table, all lit by a cheap little chandelier. "Don't be a giraffe!" she

CREDITS

FASHION



Cover: Lindsay Lohan: Michael Kors bikini from Michael Kors, N.Y.C.; Andrew Richardson for Streeters.

Page 48: Lindsay Lohan: **Mikimoto** earrings from Bailey Banks & Biddle stores nationwide, or call 800-651-4222, or go to baileybanksandbiddle.com.

Page 58: See credits for cover.

Page 62: Mark Seal styled by Mia Morgan.

Page 80: Romeo Stodart, Angela Gannon, Michele Stodart, and **Sean Gannon** styled by D. Marasca for celestineagency.com. Angela Gannon: jacket by **Henry Duarte,** from Henry Duarte, L.A., call 310-652-3500; shirt and jeans from Universal Costume, L.A., or call 818-777-2722. Michele Stodart: belt by Henry Duarte, from Henry Duarte, L.A., or call 310-652-3500; shirt and jeans from Palace Costume Company, L.A., or call 323-651-5458. Sean Gannon's jacket and shirt from Palace Costume Company, L.A., or call 323-651-5458.

Page 84: Top left, **Rachel Roy's** shirt by **Rachel Roy** from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.

Page 113: For **Paula Patton's Bottega Veneta** swimsuit, call 877-362-1715; **Gucci** shoes from selected Gucci stores, or call 800-234-8224, or go to gucci.com.



Page 118: Jerry Springer's Valentino tuxedo from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.; **Hugo Boss** shirt and shoes from Hugo Boss, N.Y.C., or call 800-HUGO-BOSS, or go to hugoboss.com; Valentino bow tie and cummerbund from Valentino, N.Y.C.; for **Everlast** boxing gloves, call 800-777-0331 or go to everlast.com.

Pages 120–21: Lindsay Lohan's **Lochcarron** for the British Apparel Collection sweater from Lizziepea, Sammamish, Wash., or call 425-868-3767, or go to lizziepeascloset.com; Andrew Richardson for Streeters.



Page 123: Audrey Talbott scarf from Robert Talbott stores nationwide, or call 800-747-8778, or go to roberttalbott.com.

Page 124: Chloé top from Chloé, N.Y.C., or call 212-717-8220; **Michael Kors** bikini bottom from Michael Kors, N.Y.C.

Page 125: 45RPM bandanna from 45RPM, N.Y.C. and Paris, or call 212-737-5545 or 011-33-14-703-4545; **Michael Kors** bikini top from Michael Kors, N.Y.C.

Page 127: Fifi Chachnil panties from Agent Provocateur, N.Y.C. and L.A., or call 212-965-0229, or go to fifichachnil.com.

Pages 140–41: Karenna Gore Schiff's Giorgio Armani shirt from Giorgio Armani, N.Y.C., call 212-988-9191.

Pages 144–45: Nick Denton's, Noah Robischon's, Jessica Coen's, Jesse Oxfeld's, Ana Marie Cox's, and **Mark Lisanti's DKNY** clothing and shoes (except for Denton's and Lisanti's) from selected DKNY stores, and Bloomingdale's stores nationwide; for Denton's and Lisanti's **Converse** sneakers, go to converse.com; Allan Kennedy for Katy Barker.

Page 153: Don Imus's Gap shirt from Gap stores nationwide, or go to gap.com; **J. Crew** jeans from J. Crew stores nationwide, or go to jcrew.com. **Deirdre Imus's Michael Kors** top from Michael Kors, N.Y.C. and Beverly Hills, Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C., and Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide; **Ralph Lauren Blue Label** skirt from Ralph Lauren stores nationwide.

Page 183: Deirdre's **Asprey** shirt from Asprey, N.Y.C. and Beverly Hills, or call 800-883-2777, or go to asprey.com; **Guess** jacket from Guess stores nationwide or call 800-39-GUESS, or go to guess.com; **Diesel**

m Diesel stores nationwide, or call 877-433-4373, diesel.com. **Wyatt Imus's Ralph Lauren nswear** shirt and jeans from Ralph Lauren Store, N.Y.C., or call 212-606-3376.
91: For **Jay McInerney's Banana Republic** suit , call 888-BRSTYLE, or go to bananarepublic.com; **emars Piguet** watch, call 888-214-6858.

TY AND GROOMING

Lindsay Lohan's hair styled with **L'Oréal ionnel** Série Expert Volume Extreme Mousse ie Expert Shine Curl Leave-in Spray; Recine for Professionnel/The Wall Group. On her face, ne Teint Idole Ultra in Buff 2, and Matte Finish in ff; on her eyes, Le Crayon Khôl in Black Ebony, Design in The New Black (Metallic), and ne in Black; on her lips, Juicy Rouge in Sorbet; Westman for Lancôme. Lisa Jachno for agency.com.
58: See credits for cover.
62: Mark Seal's grooming by Jacqueline Bush stsbytimothypriano.com.
80: Romeo Stodart's, Angela Gannon's, le Stodart's, and **Sean Gannon's** hair styled by s Dujic for Bumble and Bumble/cloutieragency.com; p by Lauren Kaye Cohen for Luxe.
84: Rachel Roy's hair by Ashley Javier for se Paris/Magnet; makeup by Chiyako Yamamura. ht, for **Chanel** Chance Eau de Parfum and Silky Oil, go to chanel.com; **Guerlain** Orchidée ale from Neiman Marcus stores nationwide, and arbare from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.
113: Paula Patton's hair styled with **Redken** Full 07 Protective Volumizing e, and Workforce 09 e Volumizing Spray; Mitch for cloutieragency.com.



p products by **Revlon;** on ce, Age Defying Light up, Colorstay Stay Natural ealer, and Colorstay Stay al Powder, all in Light m; on her eyes, Fabulash ara in Blackest Black; on eeks, Cream Blush in Berry Flirtatious; on her lips, stay Lipcolor in Burgundy; Kim Goodwin for eragency.com.
118: Jerry Springer's hair styled with **Redken** Paste; on his face, **MAC** Studio Stick Concealer C20, and Studio Finish Pressed Powder in NC20; lips, **Neutrogena** Lip Balm; Assumpta Clohessy ice Inc.
120–27: See credits for cover.



Page 141: Karenna Gore Schiff's hair styled with **Phyto** Phytovolume Actif and Phytolaque Soie; Julien Farel for Julien Farel Salon. Makeup products by **Clinique;** on her face, Perfectly Real Makeup in Shade 01, Airbrush Concealer in Fair, and Stay-Matte Sheer Pressed Powder ay Neutral; on her eyes, Lash Doubling Mascara in k; on her lips, Long Last Soft Matte Lipstick in Berry y; Helene Macauley for artistsbytimothypriano.com.
es 144–45: Jessica Coen's hair styled with **astase Paris** Nutritive Volumactive Mousse; **Ana Marie Cox's** hair styled with Kérastase Paris Nutritive Mousse Nutri-Sculpt; Ashley Javier for Magnet. On Coen's face, **Make Up for Ever** Liquid Face & Body Foundation in No. 2; on her eyes, Make Up for Ever Volume Mascara in Black; on her lips, **Givenchy** Lipstick in Rose Romance. On Cox's face, Make Up for Ever Liquid Face & Body Foundation in No. 20; on her eyes, Make Up for Ever Volume Mascara in Black; on her lips, **Stila** Lip Color in Melissa. Francelle for Magnet. **Nick Denton's, Noah Robischon's, Jesse Oxfeld's,** and **Mark Lisanti's** hair styled with **Kiehl's** Creative Cream Wax; on their faces, Kiehl's Men's Alcohol-Free Herbal Toner; on their lips, **Prada** Shielding Balm S.P.F. 15; Losi for Kiehl's/The Wall Group.
Pages 152–53 and 183: Don and **Deirdre Imus's** hair styled with **Aveda** Brilliance and Volumizing Spray. On Deirdre's face, **Stila** Perfecting Foundation in F, and Sheer Pressed Powder in Medium; on her eyes, Perfecting Concealer in D, and Eye Shadow in Mystic Pearl; on her cheeks, Cheek Color in Orient; on her lips, Pocket Palette Quad No. 1 in Pink Shine. Lisa Forster for Locke Management.
Page 191: Jay McInerney's hair styled with **Aveda** Control Paste. His face moisturized with **Kiehl's** Men's Moisturizer; on his face, **Clinique** Advanced Concealer in Matte Light; on his lips, Clinique Lip Balm S.P.F. 15. Assumpta Clohessy for Price Inc.

Where to find beauty products:
Aveda, Aveda stores nationwide.
Clinique, Neiman Marcus, Saks Fifth Avenue, and other department stores nationwide.
Givenchy, Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide, or go to sephora.com.
Kiehl's, Kiehl's and Barneys New York stores nationwide, or go to kiehls.com.
Lancôme, major department stores nationwide, or go to lancome.com.
L'Oréal Professionnel, call 888-SERIE04, or go to serieexpertusa.com.
MAC, MAC stores and department stores nationwide, or go to maccosmetics.com.
Make Up for Ever, Sephora stores nationwide, or go to sephora.com.
Neutrogena, drugstores nationwide, or go to neutrogena.com.
Phyto, Julien Farel Salon and Salon AKS Fifth, both in N.Y.C.
Prada, Prada boutiques nationwide.
Redken, Redken Gallerie, N.Y.C., or go to redken.com.
Stila, Sephora stores nationwide, or go to sephora.com.

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EDITOR'S NOTE:
On pages 102–3 in the January issue, the white plates, turkey platter, and tablecloth are by Armani Casa. The cutlery and silverware are from Williams-Sonoma.

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boomed, blocking the doorway and telling me that a tour would be included with the interview.

I explained that *Vanity Fair* doesn't pay for interviews, that it's against the rules. "The rules are different in Italy," she said. "Here we are materialists." She led me to believe that other media outlets had paid her for her story. "*Chi* paid very well," she said.

According to police investigators, the transsexuals said that on the night in question "Lapo paid 1,000 euros per 'girl'"—as opposed to the standard fee of 50 euros for a quickie with a heterosexual hooker. (Lapo's representative contends that he didn't pay the prostitutes.) Patrizia told the police that Lapo had been in her company at least five times over the summer. "Lapo found peace in me," Patrizia told *Chi*. "He was going through a very stressful period . . . psychologically worn out about the fiancée situation, Martina Stella, who had left him. He'd talk to me for hours about the plans for the relaunching of Fiat, about his hopes to get back with Martina. He'd inspire a lot of tenderness in me; I'd cuddle with him. He had found a friend in me. We could have a good time together, even without having sex." He frequently brought her flowers, gifts, and jewelry, Patrizia added.

At around 11 P.M. on October 9, Lapo arrived at Patrizia's—"already tipsy," she said to the press—with a supply of drugs. A party ensued with Lapo, Patrizia, and two of her transsexual friends, Cinzia and Tani. Patrizia, while she is a frequent user of Viagra, says she doesn't do heavy drugs. "But she permits others," according to the police. "[Lapo] used to say that drugs wouldn't scare him," Patrizia told *Dipiù*, "because he could dominate them." In the course of the long night, Lapo snorted the coke he'd brought with him and asked the transsexuals to go out and get more. His publicist insists that they came back with cocaine mixed with heroin. "Lapo has never used heroin in his life," she says. "The heroin was passed as cocaine and given to Lapo without his knowledge, and that was the lethal mix."

Before dawn, Cinzia and Tani left, and Lapo eventually fell asleep. At nine A.M., when Patrizia got up to go to the bathroom, she noticed that Lapo's breathing was off. "Then I started shaking him, but he wouldn't respond. At that time I got scared," she said.

That drove Patrizia to do something that simultaneously saved Lapo's life and wrecked it. She picked up the phone. But instead of calling the Agnellis, she called for an ambulance.

Soon after Lapo Elkann arrived at the hospital, Fiat representatives and family switched into gear. "The news about my son's condition has been exaggerated," Alain Elkann told the press, and *La Stampa*, the newspaper owned by the Agnellis, began turning out positive stories about Lapo.

"Fiat Group called—the most important big shot," an investigator told me. "They were expecting they could hide the real story. But if you want to keep a secret, you don't give it to a bitch who stays on the street and then arrive naked at the hospital."

By the end of the day, Patrizia, Cinzia, and Tani were being questioned by investigators. "By afternoon we knew everything," says one reporter. Although prostitution and possession of small amounts of cocaine for personal use are tolerated in Italy, selling drugs is not, so investigators went to Patrizia's apartment to see if she had sold drugs as well as companionship. After assuring the police that Lapo had brought his drugs with him, Patrizia let them look over her apartment—the bed, the sex toys. She told the investigators that, despite her large breasts, she performs sex as a male. She showed them the shower, where, she said, what Lapo had worn the night before—stiletto heels and a "baby doll" nightgown, according to the police—was still littered on the floor. (Lapo's publicist told me that "the clothes he was wearing when he was found in his coma were given back to us in the afternoon of October 10. . . . Diesel jeans, a jean shirt, Adidas Gazelle suede sneakers, and a watch given to him by [Diesel founder] Renzo Rosso. There were no women's clothes involved.")

As television crews began questioning other prostitutes, one question came up again and again: Where was Martina Stella? Surely, everyone assumed, she would save Lapo with an explanation or an alibi. But Martina was totally unforthcoming. "Professional engagements and different lifestyles had already brought us further away from each other, ever since a couple of months," she said through her spokesman in Rome. (Lapo's publicist maintains that the couple was together the night before his overdose and that Martina called Lapo the next day.)

Lapo's most public defender was Count Gelasio Gaetani, who went on Italy's top nighttime TV talk show, *Porta a Porta*. Gaetani said that 98 percent of the people he knows use cocaine. "Sometimes at parties, a tray of cocaine is passed around instead of cocktails," he said. When *Porta a Porta* called Alain Elkann to inform him that the special was running he was incensed and issued a public statement saying, "I'm ashamed of being Italian."

On October 12 the prince finally a "We will see each other again s am leaving for a brief period, but I will c back in great shape and we will be al continue the work that we started toget Lapo wrote to his Samurai before le Italy for the Meadows Clinic, in Wic burg, Arizona, where Kate Moss rec went through rehab. By then the Inte had erupted on the subject, with docto photographs of Lapo wearing a *felpa* blazoned with the word COKE instea FIAT. Jokes began to circulate: "The new of Fiat cars is all white."

"A symbol has fallen into dust," lame the newspaper *Il Giornale*.

"The Lapo story is the story of the c of Italy, the crisis of Italian industry, and crisis of Italy's new generation," says writer Mario Adinolfi, who has become voice of this generation, which he ha beled the Invisible Generation. "Lapo the crossroads of all of these things—you rich, brilliant, and powerful. But in the an empty box."

Lapo's overdose hasn't sunk Fiat, but road to the automaker's survival remains hill. Nevertheless, shares rose to 7.59 eu in December, up from a record low of 4 euros in April.

"Lapo will be back," says the Fiat r resentative.

"We need him back," says Pier Gior Scrimaglio, speaking for Italian trade c cerns in general.

"When you fall, that's when you lear says a princess friend of Lapo's.

Patrizia has claimed that neither t Agnellis nor Fiat ever contacted her, eit to thank her for saving Lapo's life or to p her for her silence. "If they would ha thanked me with money, I would have t en my ass off to a vacation in the sun," s was quoted as saying.

On my last night in Turin, I found Patri on her usual corner, standing tall above t other girls as they cast come-hither smil at the passing parade: old men in used Fia ordinary Italians in Pandas, up-and-come in Alfa Romeos, and wild young studs a philandering first-time fathers in Grand Puntos.

Early in December, Lapo was discover by an Italian–*Vanity Fair* writer at a resta rant in downtown New York, where he living and attending group-therapy sessio for cocaine addiction. He was pained, h said, by "the lies that have been writte about me . . . and about the people who re cued me." He added, "I'm not interested i going public about those circumstances Someday, Lapo said, he would like to r turn to Turin and to Fiat. "Do you see thi tattoo on my wrist?" he asked, pointing t an Oriental ideogram. "It means, I neve give up." □



JAY McINERNEY

After his first novel, the tragicomic *Bright Lights, Big City,* in 1984, Jay McInerney was hailed as a modern F. Scott Fitzgerald. He seemingly disappeared among New York's literati, but returns to reclaim his title with *The Good Life,* published by Knopf this month. Here, the author reflects on George Plimpton, bespoke clothing, and his ex-wife's potbellied pig

What is your idea of perfect happiness?
Being in love.

What is your greatest fear?
Not being in love.

Which historical figure do you most identify with?
Pepé Le Pew.

Which living person do you most admire?
The author of the most insightful and laudatory review of *The Good Life.*

What is the trait you most deplore in yourself?
My tendency to exaggerate.

What is the trait you most deplore in others?
Sadism.

What is your greatest extravagance?
Bespoke clothing.

On what occasion do you lie?
Most.

What do you dislike most about your appearance?
I'll tell you after I have it fixed.

Which living person do you most despise?
The last person who wrote something nasty about me.

Which words or phrases do you most overuse?
"Really, I promise."

If you could change one thing about yourself, what would it be?
My tendency to get mistaken for Bret Easton Ellis.

If you could change one thing about your family, what would it be?
Lack of trust-funding.

What do you consider your greatest achievement?
Brightness Falls.

If you were to die and come back as a person or thing, what do you think it would be?
My ex-wife's potbellied pig.

If you could choose what to come back as, what would it be?
George Plimpton.

Who are your favorite writers?
Fitzgerald, Carver, and Austen.

Who is your favorite hero of fiction?
Stephen Dedalus.

What is your most treasured possession?
My first edition of *The Great Gatsby.*

What do you regard as the lowest depth of misery?
No wine list.

Where would you like to live?
The penthouse of One Fifth Avenue.

What is your most marked characteristic?
Foolish optimism.

What is the quality you most like in a woman?
Susceptibility to my charm.

What is your greatest regret?
Ruining my last marriage.

What or who is the greatest love of your life?
My twins, Maisie and Barrett McInerney.

How would you like to die?
In bed with my true love after a night on the town.

PHOTOGRAPH BY GASPER TRINGALE

Heart bpm

Engine rpm

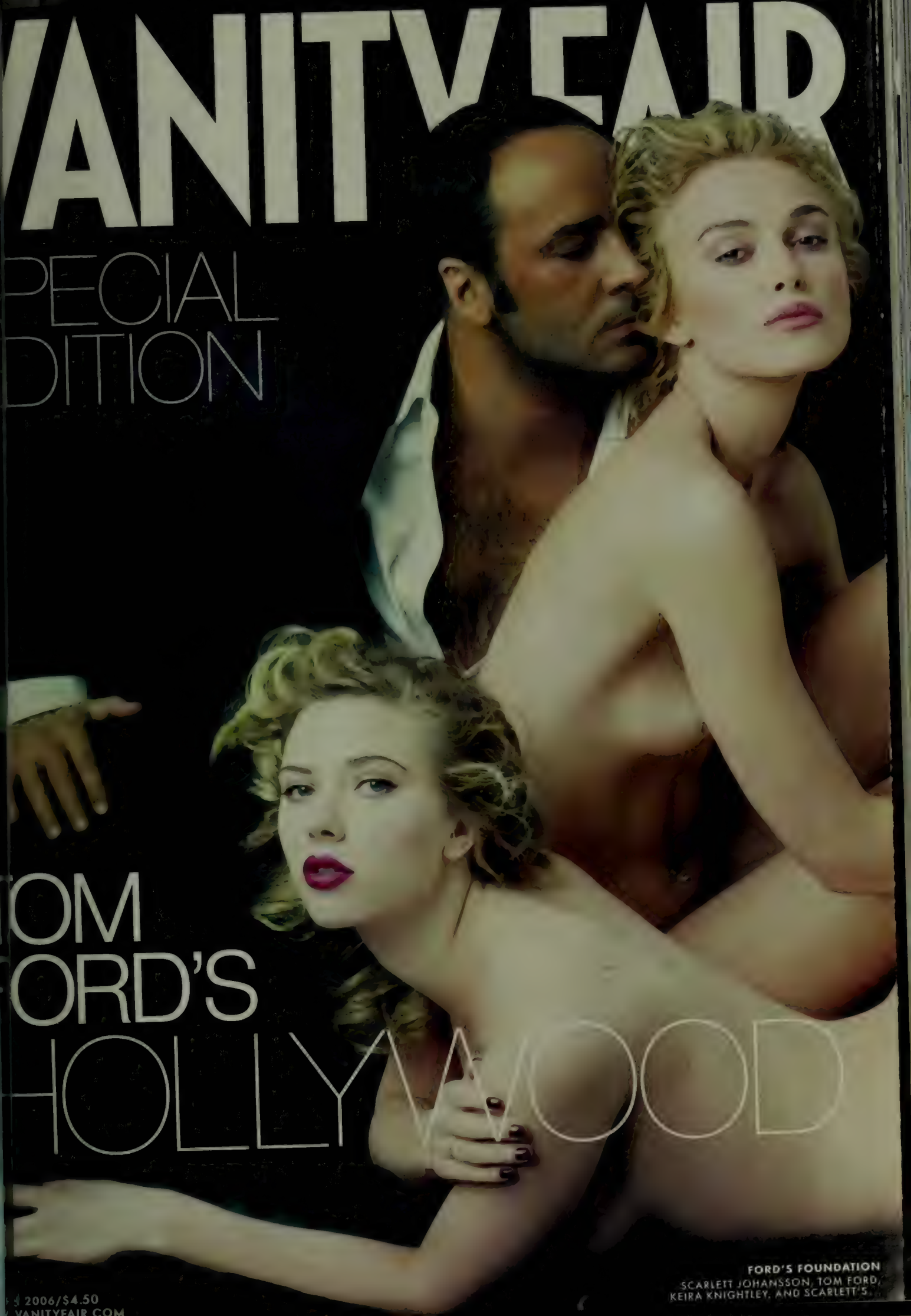


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365 PAGES

WHAT DID WARREN BEATTY DO TO MAKE JACK NICHOLSON CRY?

AND OTHER TALES FROM THE MAKING OF *REDS* P. 244

BY PETER BISKIND

SO HOW ARE ALL THOSE WIVES OF INDICTED BILLIONAIRES HOLDING UP? P. 203

BY DOMINICK DUNNE



"I knew a phoenix in my youth, so let them have their day."
—WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

...day of the 70's...and a glimpse

INSIDE

THE GETTY'S BLUE PERIOD

BURIED SCANDALS AT THE WORLD'S WEALTHIEST MUSEUM
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BY VICKY WARD

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THE CREEPY WORLD OF MYSPACE.COM
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P. 332
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G.I. GEORGE

BUSH'S MILITARY FETISH
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CAN A COWARDLY SCOUNDREL PERSONIFY THE BRITISH EMPIRE?
P. 184
BY CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

nt is taking a well deserved
Color, especially red, has a
ific reason to be. Black and
white return as the ultimate
ng palette. Light is the easy
spring is a style of its own.
is where we're going now.



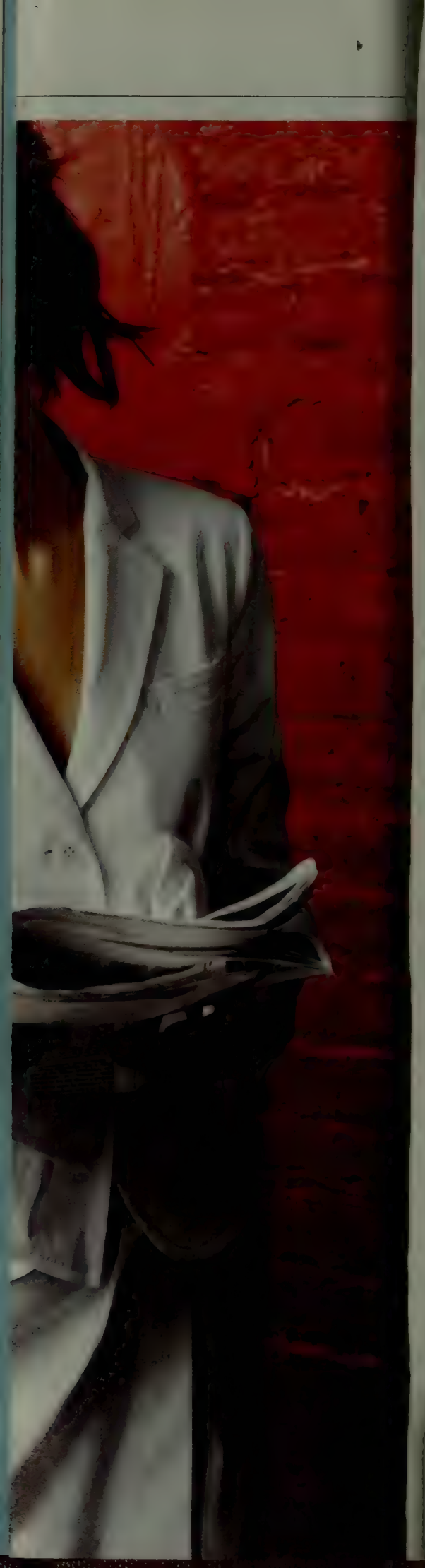
Shades of New York

rity shield shade needed a little loosening up. So
it a pool of clarity just below the eyes. Go from
to smoky, from hiding to mystery in one pair of
ous shades. Framed up in white? The nod is to a
that's always right in sync with the street-level

New York London Los Angeles Boston Las Vegas Hono







BLACK AND WHITE

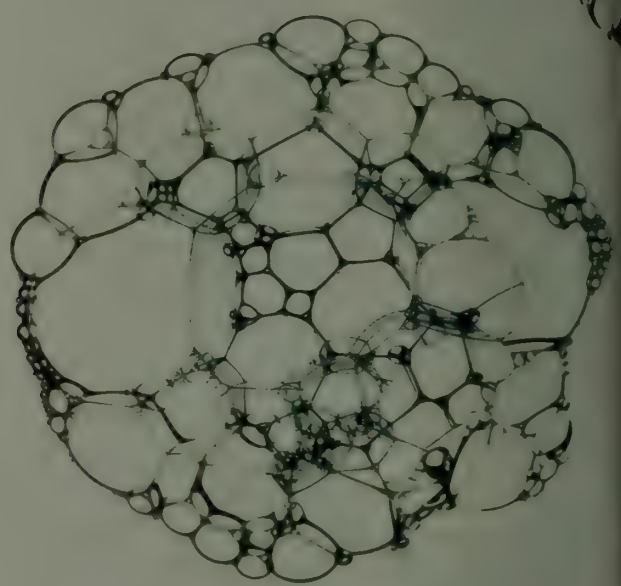
Black and white is the classic spring palette and an up-to-the-minute way to dress. Spectator-style contrasts always have great energy. Wearing lots of one, say all black, with a shot of the other, a big white bag, is a great way to go. Then there's the drama of a little black dress, lightened up with a bright-white trench. It's an echo of the great city photography of the 30's...and a glimpse

DKNY TIMES

DONNA KARAN NEW YORK



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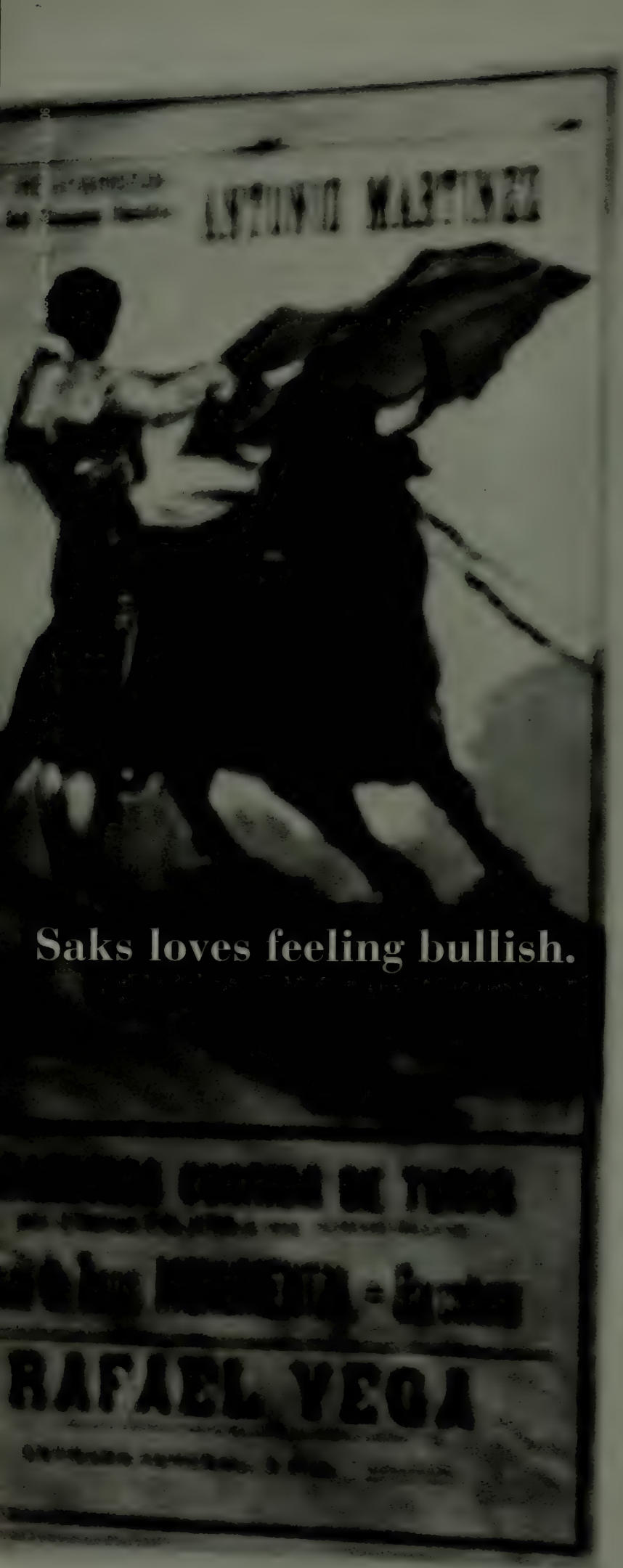
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GIORGIO ARMANI



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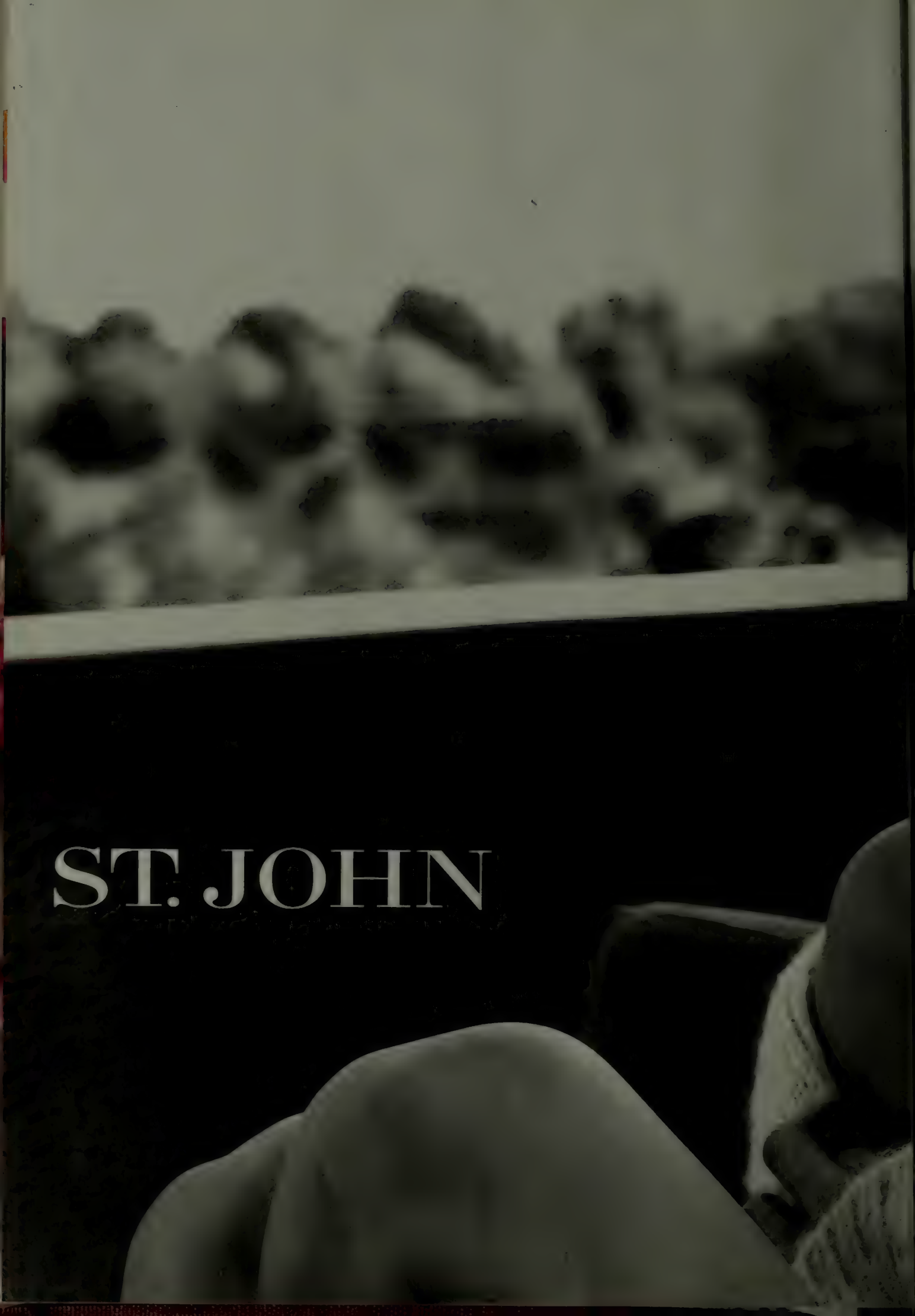

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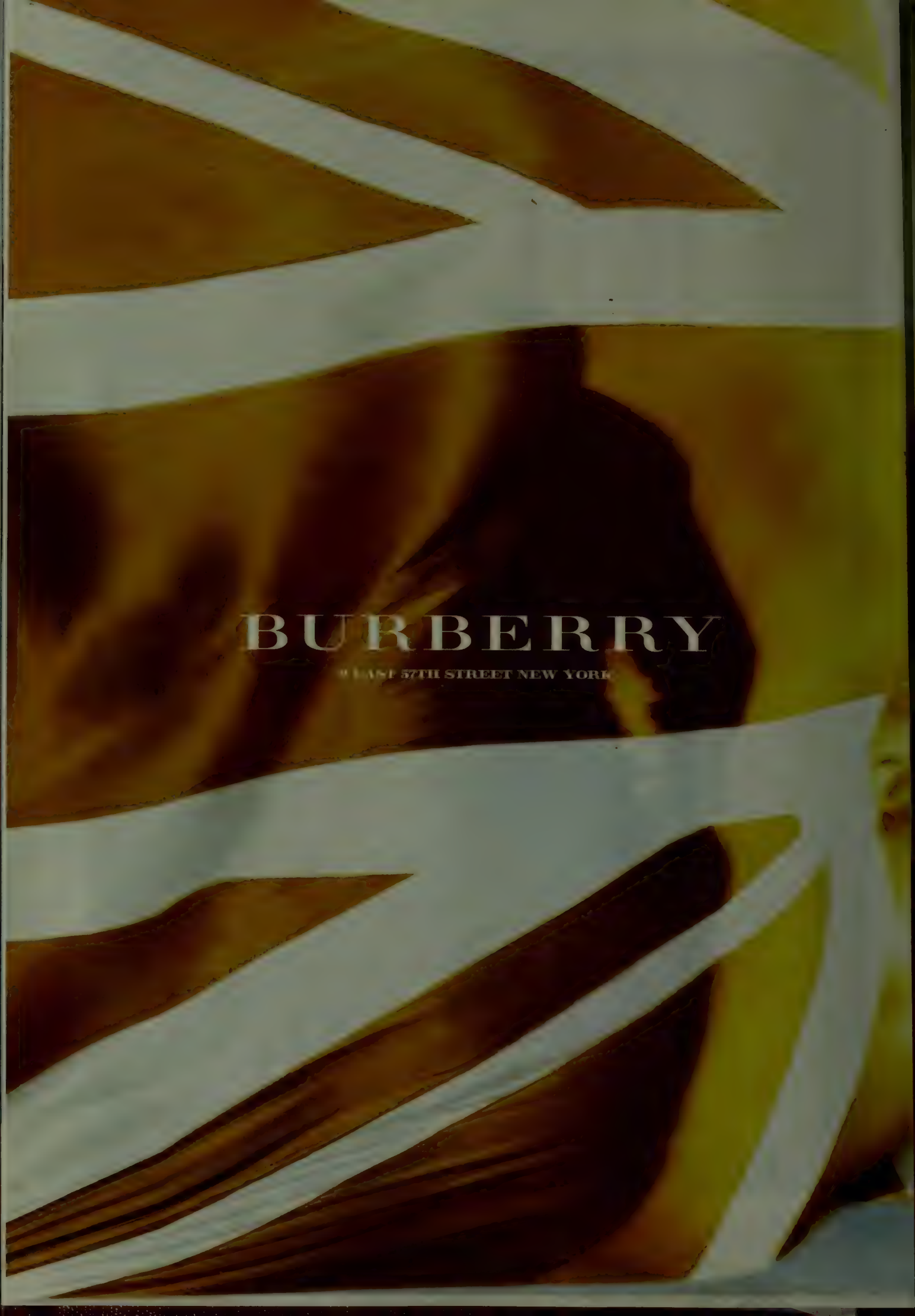
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PRE-TEEN ACTING SENSATION DAKOTA FANNING 285

ON VANITYFAIR.COM THIS MONTH
- OSCAR NIGHT: LIVE WEBCAM FROM THE VANITY FAIR PARTY
- VIDEO PEEKS: HOLLYWOOD ISSUE PHOTO SESSION
- 2006 TREND REPORT BY PUNCH HUTTON

FEATURES

285 TOM FORD'S NEW HOLLYWOOD: THE 2006 PORTFOLIO In a year when the stars of Oscar broadcasts past are being challenged by fresh objects of worship, guest editor Tom Ford produces 47 steamy pages of up-to-the-minute obsessions, including Heath Ledger, Natalie Portman, Jason Schwartzman, Q'orianka Kilcher, Terrence Howard, and Sienna Miller.

332 PEYTON PLACE'S REAL VICTIM *Peyton Place* scandalized 1950s America with its lurid tale of small-town sex and intrigue, spawning a hit movie and the first prime-time soap opera. Just nine years later, the novel's desperate-housewife author, Grace Metalious, sank to an early death beneath the resulting wave of fame, rumor, and booze. Michael Callahan reveals the tragic epilogue to a blockbuster.

340 THE L.A. KID Julian Broad and Ingrid Sischy spotlight David Hockney, whose sun-soaked portraits are finally getting their due: a solo show.

342 FROM SNEER TO ETERNITY *Citizen Kane* was "shockingly unsatisfying." *2001: A Space Odyssey*? "Monumentally unimaginative." Revisiting reviews of nine film classics, Mark Summers points out where top critics completely missed the boat.

344 THUNDER ON THE LEFT: THE MAKING OF *REDS* By the late 70s, Warren Beatty had proved himself box-office gold. It was his moment to get studio backing for something big—something like a three-and-a-half-hour epic about the American Left and the Russian Revolution starring himself, Diane Keaton, and Jack Nicholson. Peter Biskind chronicles the tumultuous creation of one of Hollywood's most acclaimed, and most improbable, successes.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 48


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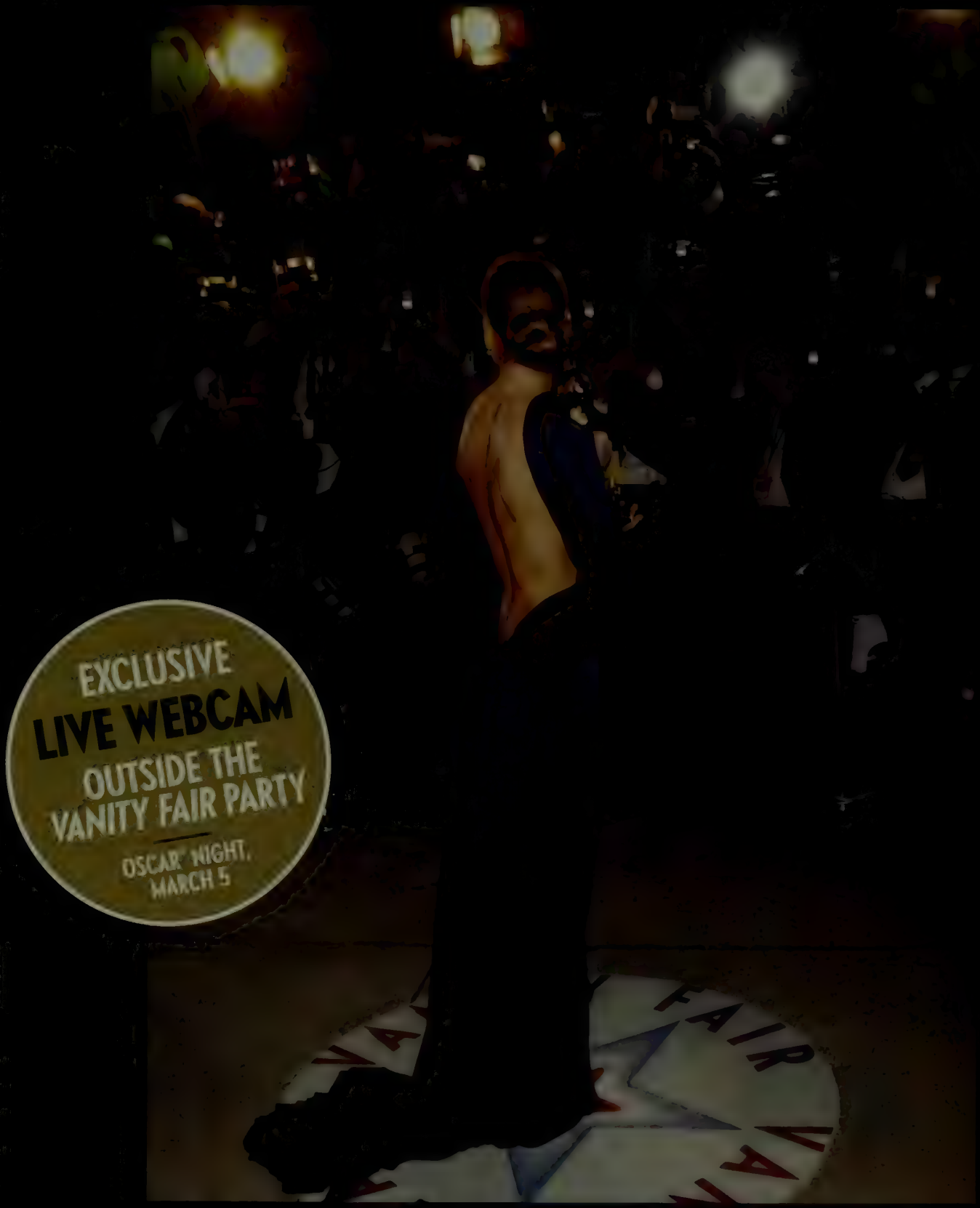
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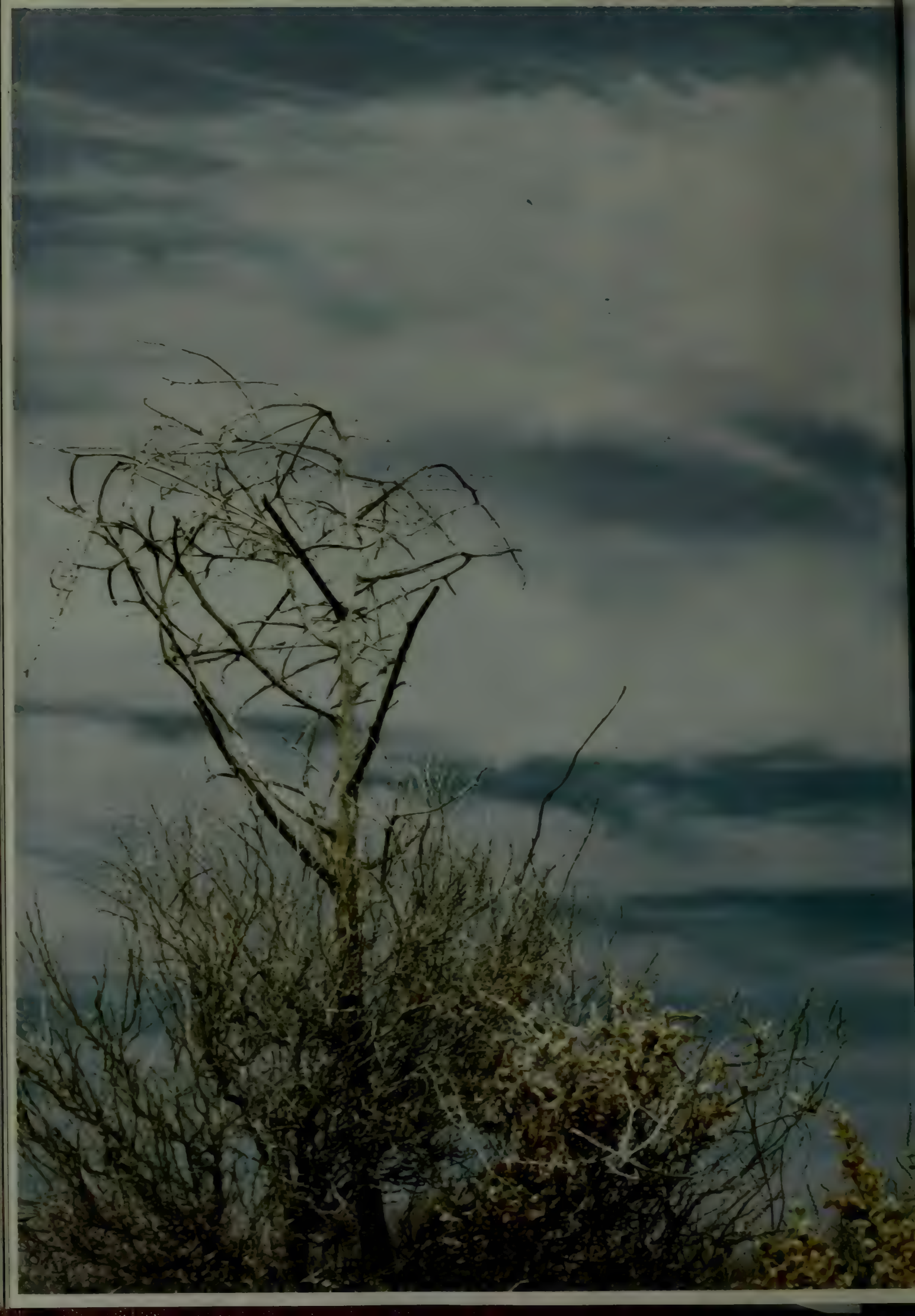


PHOTOGRAPH BY PATRICK McMULLAN

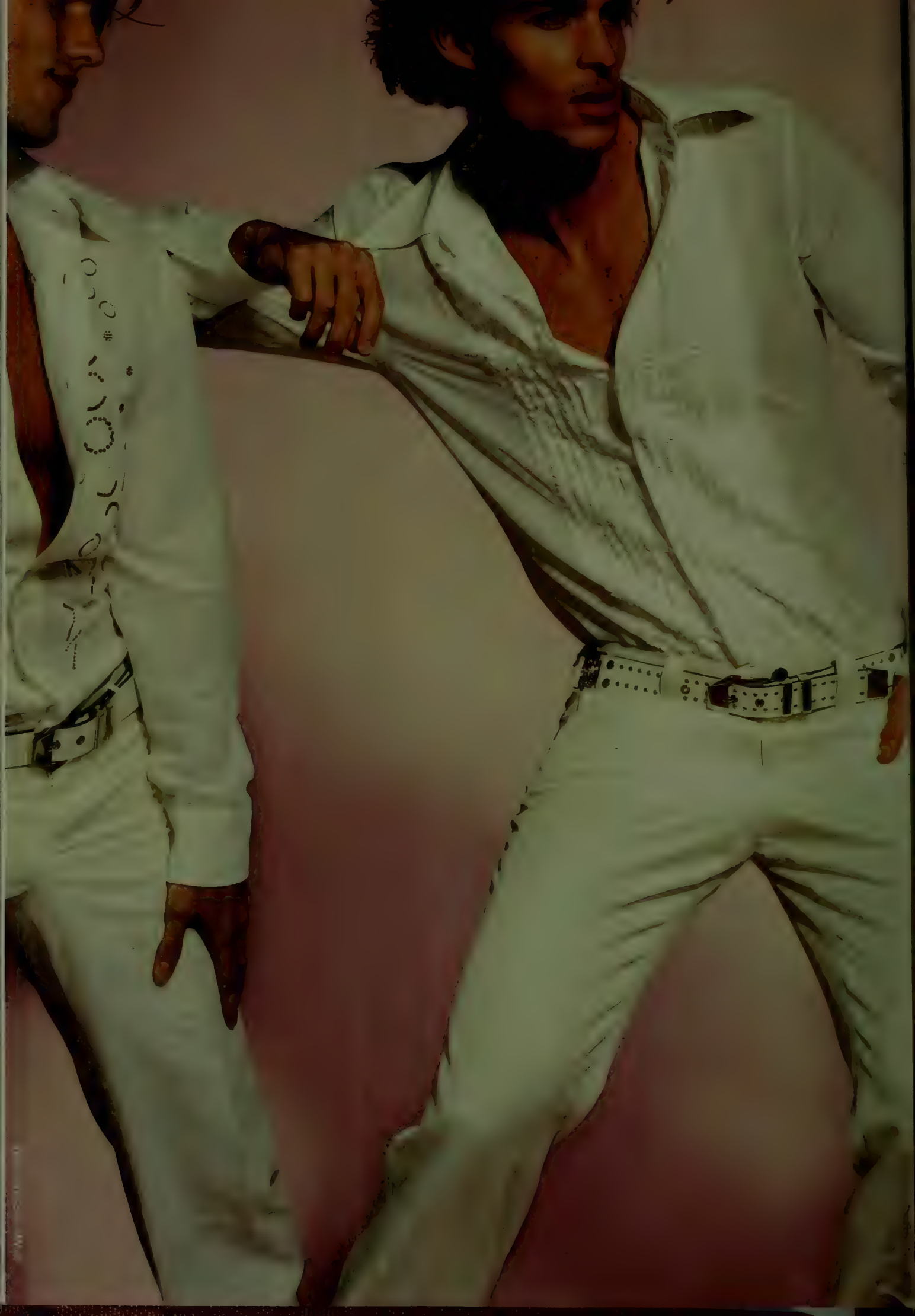
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awaits you
even if you do
not smoke



HOCKNEY SEASON
PAINTER DAVID HOCKNEY AT HIS STUDIO IN LONDON . . . 340

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FANFAIR

153 31 DAYS IN THE LIFE OF THE CULTURE Granger's grandeur. Elissa Schappell's Hot Type. Matt Tyrnauer dines at Morimoto; Doug Stumpf visits the Arizona Inn; A. M. Homes on artist Enoc Pérez. Victoria Mather gets excessive. Lisa Robinson's Hot Tracks. John Brodie gets a Shave; Punch Hutton alternatively medicates; David Kamp eats with Giada De Laurentiis. Aaron Gell bows to the Schurs. Michael Hogan hears Neko Case; Patricia Bosworth sees Eugene O'Neill on PBS; Bruce Handy contemplates smoking. Edward Helmore tours New York's Lower East Side. Maria Ricapito on Korner beauty secrets; Hot Looks; Frédéric Fekkai and H. Stern team up for hair beauty; airline amenities go first-class.

SPECIAL SECTION

FOLLOWING PAGE 174

***VANITY FAIR*'S GUIDE TO A PERFECT DAY IN L.A.** How do the cognoscenti stay fit, well fed, and fully in-the-know in Oscar-season Hollywood? Punch Hutton's pullout has tailored itineraries for discerning visitors.

COLUMNS

186 SCOUNDREL TIME George MacDonald Fraser has returned to form with his 12th Flashman novel, purging his British Empire antihero of any stray redeeming qualities. Christopher Hitchens applauds Fraser's rascal and his realism. Photograph by Jillian Edelstein.

192 DRESSED TO KILL Breaking precedent, George W. Bush has used military audiences, backdrops, and costumes to sell his war. James Wolcott probes the commander in chief's armed-forces fetish. Photo composite by Michael Elins.

203 SHADOW BOXING Being under indictment can cramp a tycoon's style. Dominick Dunne tracks the fallout for Oscar Wyatt, Conrad Black, and the late Marvin Davis, and for the women who've stood by them. Photograph by Patrick Demarchelier.

210 IS TIME WARNER NECESSARY? It's one man—Carl Icahn—against an $80 billion institution. Talking to the corporate raider and his Time Warner targets, Michael Wolff sees a close contest. Photograph by Joseph Montezinos.

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Calvin Klein Jeans














Calvin Klein Jeans

RAISING GLASSES AND AWARENESS

During fall 2005, Baume & Mercier and *Vanity Fair* held two special events to officially launch Baume & Mercier's partnership with the sports charity Laureus. On September 29, John McEnroe hosted a reception and an exclusive retrospective of iconic *Vanity Fair* images of sports figures at his New York City gallery. Guests, including Edwin Moses, Michael Johnson, and Nadia Comaneci, turned out for the evening, which also featured a silent auction to benefit Laureus. On November 3, Edwin Moses hosted a reception, which showcased the *Vanity F*— exhibition and featured another silent auction for the charity, at the Island Hotel, in Newport Beach, California.



Laureus ambassadors Michael Johnson, Nadia Comaneci, John McEnroe, and Edwin Moses

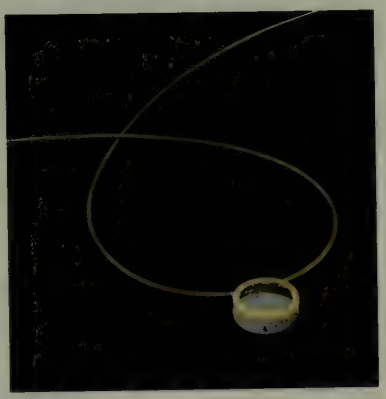

Mark Seliger with one of his unforgettable music photos

MUSIC TIME

On October 27, 2005, the Swiss Army Brands store in Manhattan's SoHo was the site of an exclusive reception and exhibition of iconic photographs by *Vanity Fair* contributing photographer Mark Seliger. Co-hosted by Swiss Army Brands and *Vanity Fair*, the event celebrated Seliger's images of music legends, including some from *Vanity Fair*'s November Music Issue. Guests sipped Svedka-vodka cocktails while enjoying the show and took away signed copies of Seliger's new book, *In My Stairwell*, with their Swiss Army Brands purchases.

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CELEBRATING THE SEASON

Façonnable and *Vanity Fair* joined forces on October 11, 2005, to host an intimate celebration in honor of Darcie Denkert, author of the new book *A Fine Romance*. A select group, including members of the Young Generation Council of the Motion Picture and Television Fund, gathered at the Façonnable store in Beverly Hills to enjoy cocktails, hors d'oeuvres, shopping from the Façonnable collection, and a conversation with Denkert. All guests left with an autographed copy of *A Fine Romance*.


Eric Logan of Façonnable with Darcie Denkert



The Façonnable store



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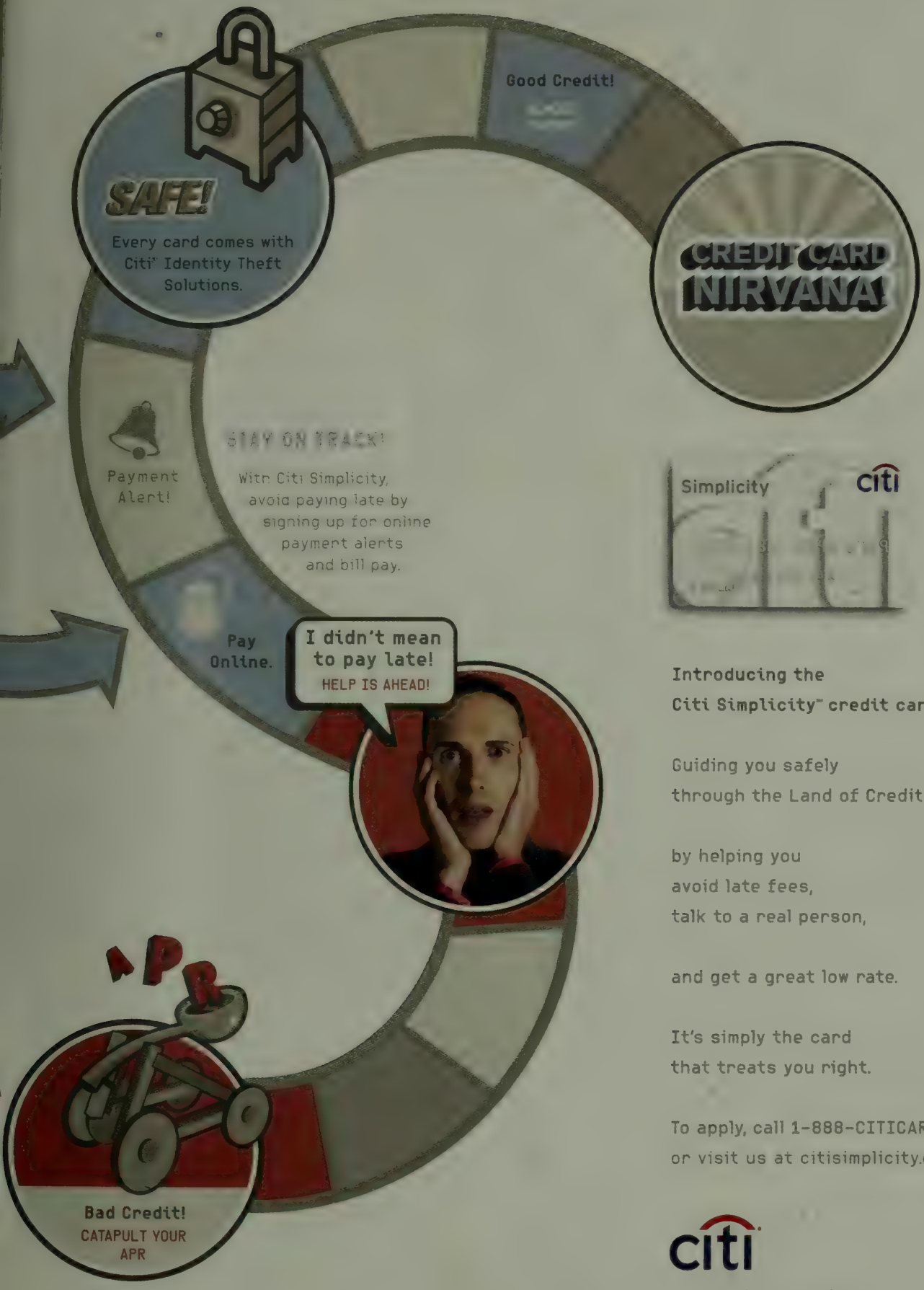
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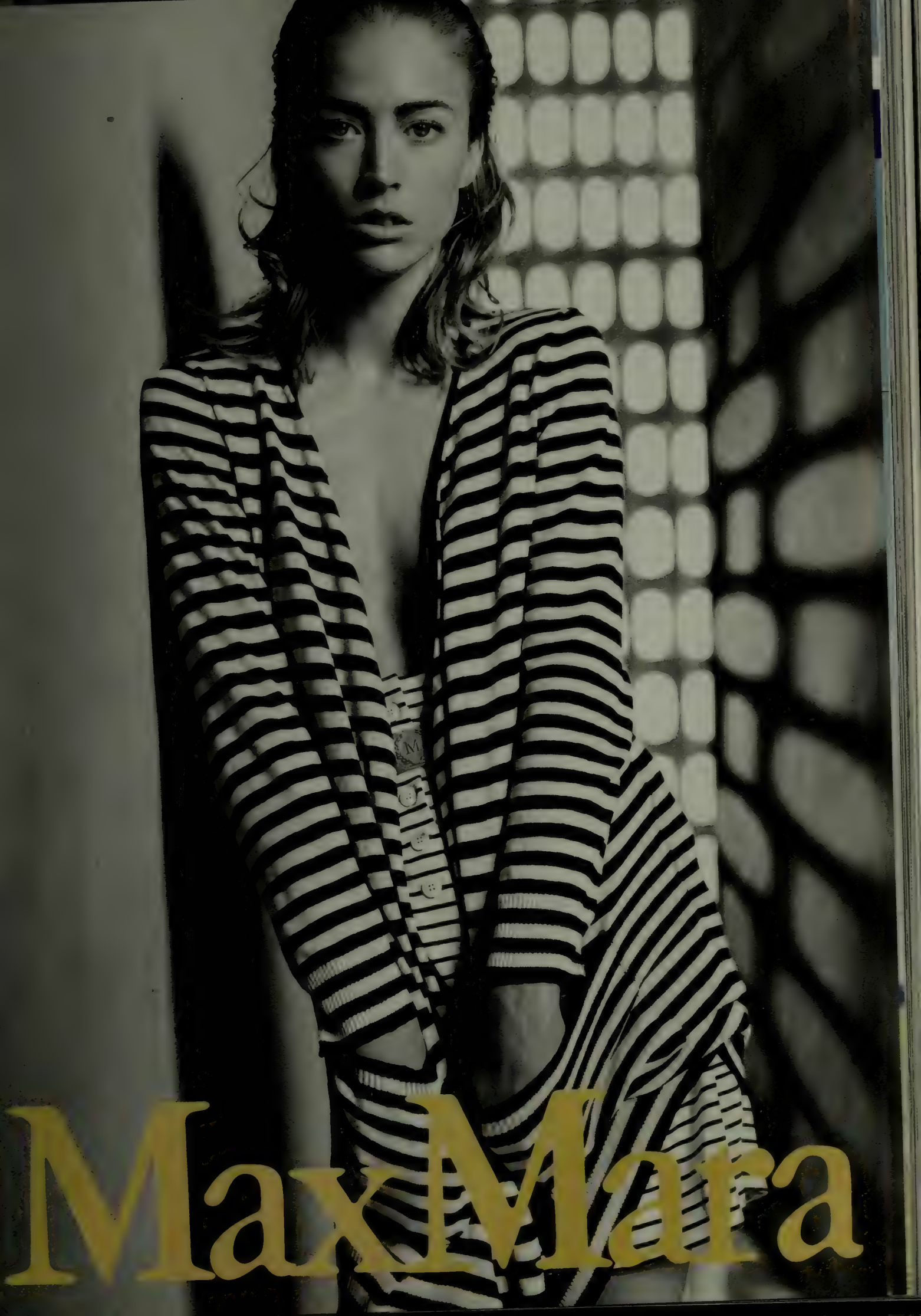
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RACK STARS
PAMELA ANDERSON AND MAMIE VAN DOREN 285

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218 THE GETTY'S BLUE PERIOD The J. Paul Getty Trust's high-flying chief, Barry Munitz, has been battered by the media, his staff, and the trial of former curator Marion True. Vicky Ward hears Munitz's teary defense of his reign at the world's richest art institution.

236 *THE GOOD SHEPHERD* Brigitte Lacombe and Peter Biskind preview Robert De Niro's upcoming real-life C.I.A. thriller, starring Matt Damon and Angelina Jolie.

238 WILL SUCCESS SPOIL MYSPACE? Rupert Murdoch bought the Web site MySpace last year to harness the energy of 50 million aspiring stars and wanton exhibitionists. Interviewing the site's founders, James Verini sizes up a clash of cultures. Portraits by Susanna Howe.

250 LEAVING SCHMUCKVILLE Did Zach Helm's personal manifesto *against* selling out turn him into one of Hollywood's hottest young screenwriters? Jim Windolf learns about Helm's epiphany and the major movies he has in the pipeline. Photographs by Steven Sebring.

256 BETTE DAVIS SIGHS Behind the screen legend of *Dark Victory* and *All About Eve* was a heartbroken mother and lover. Charlotte Chandler recalls hours of candid conversations with Bette Davis about her four marriages, her daughter's tell-all, and the man who got away.

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136 LETTERS The Aruba Mystery

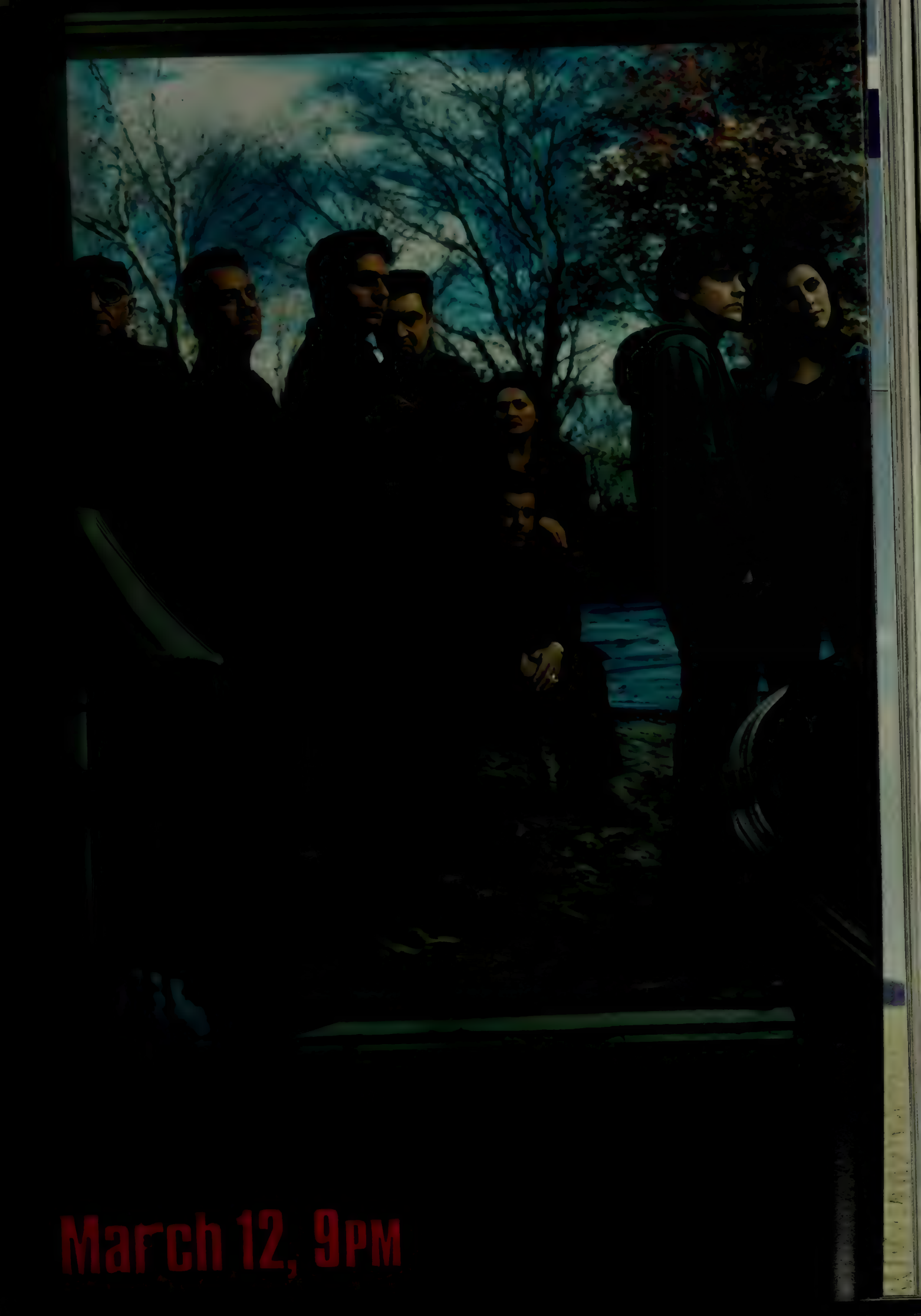
184 PLANETARIUM Play it cool, Pisces

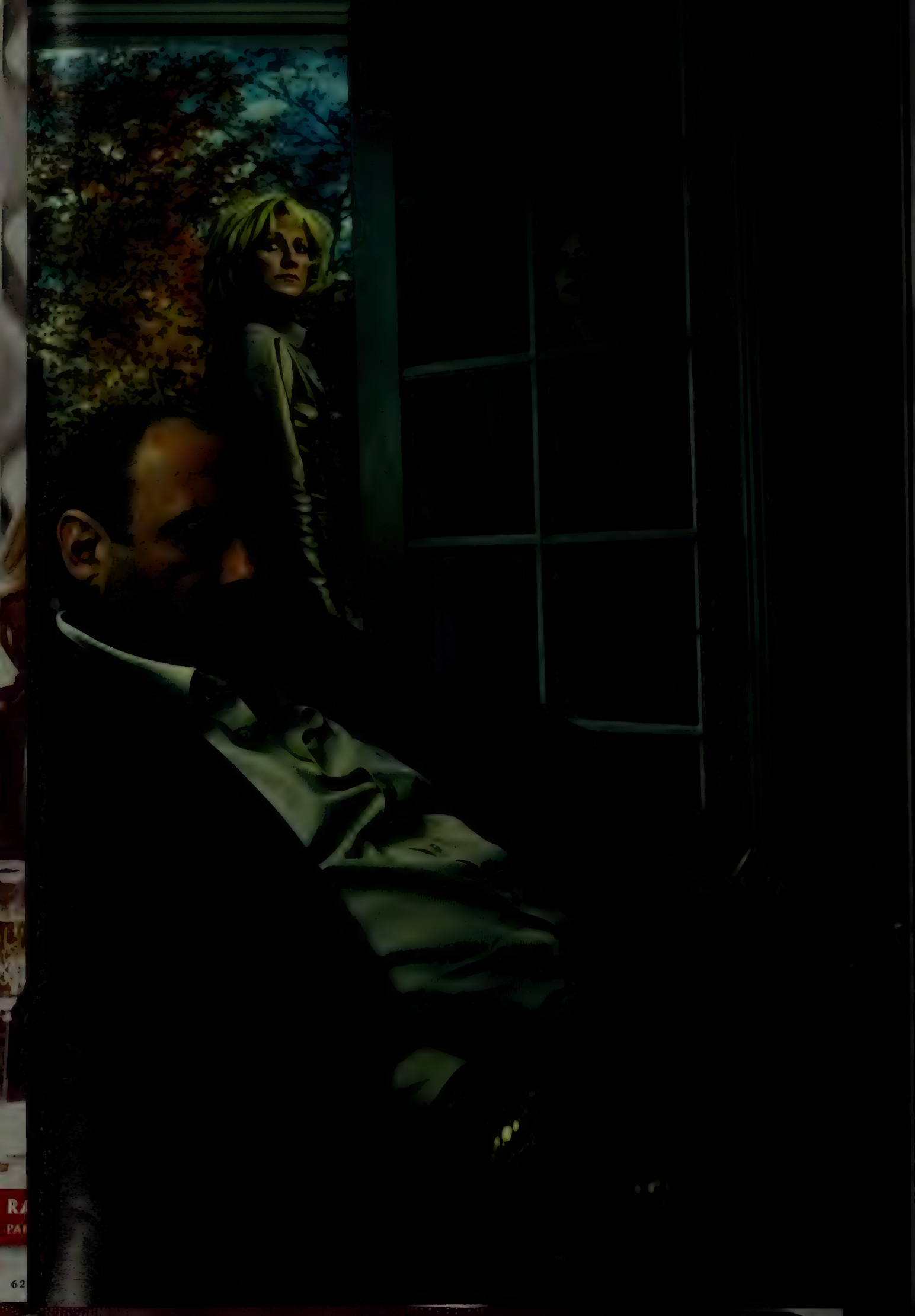
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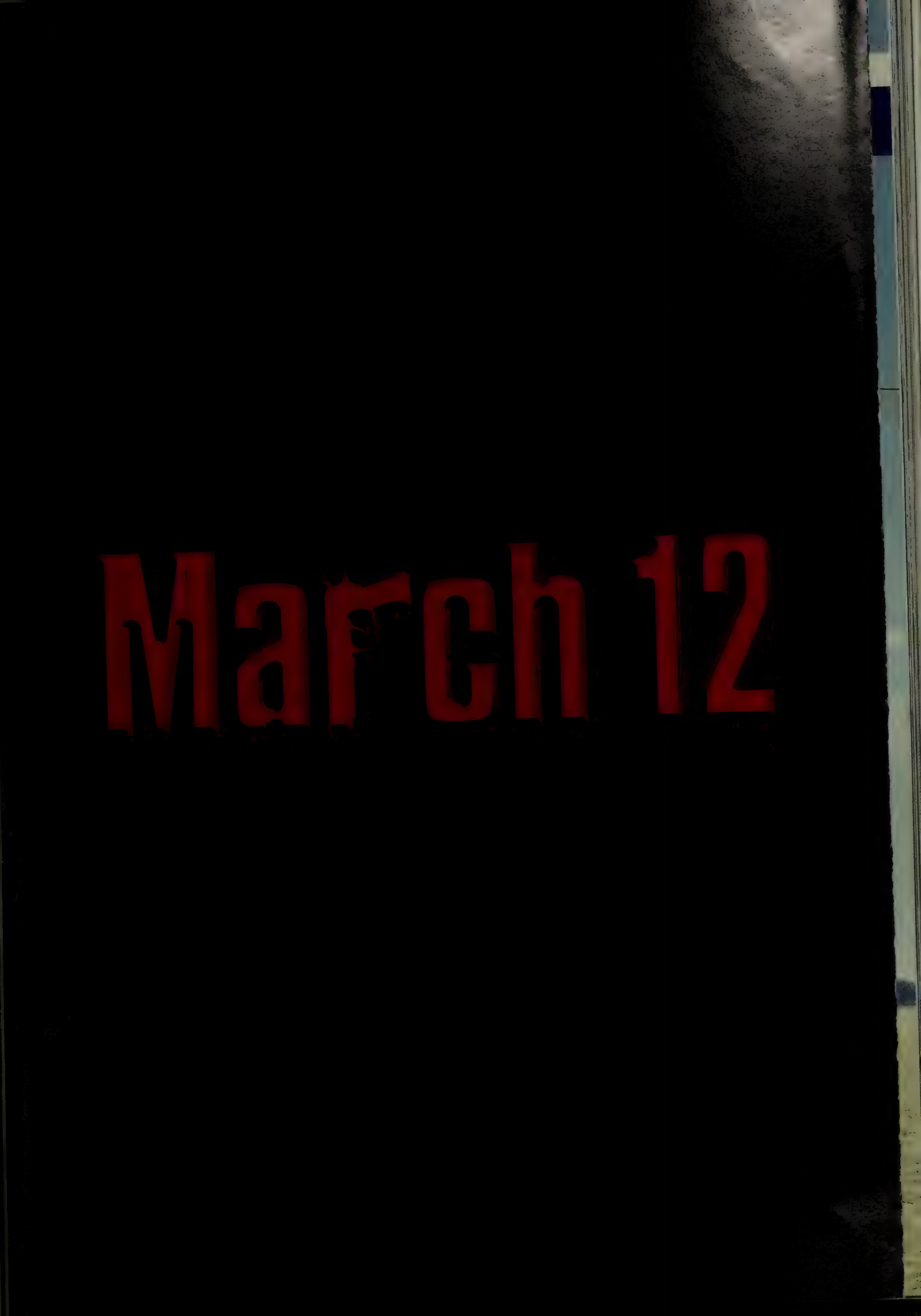
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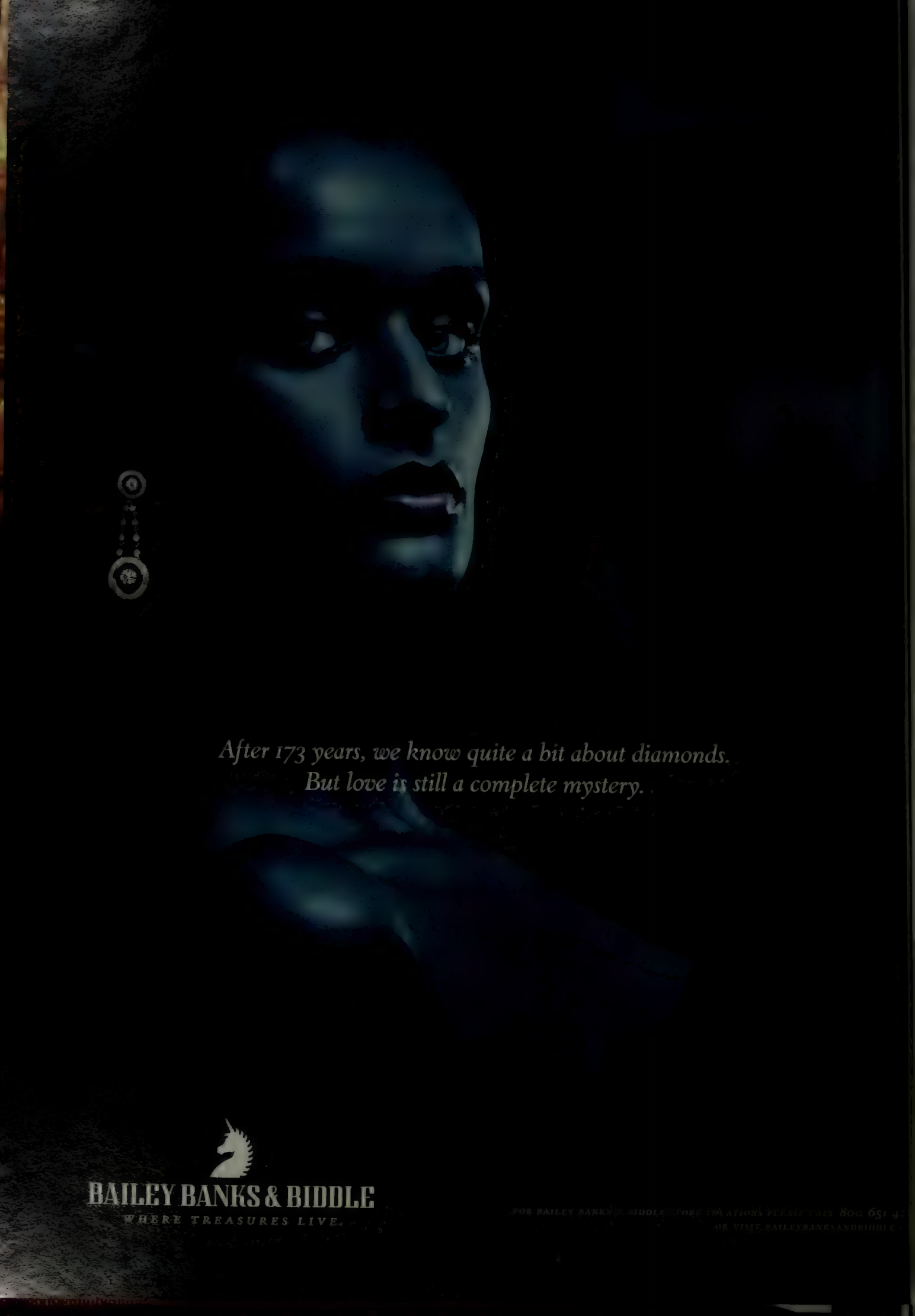
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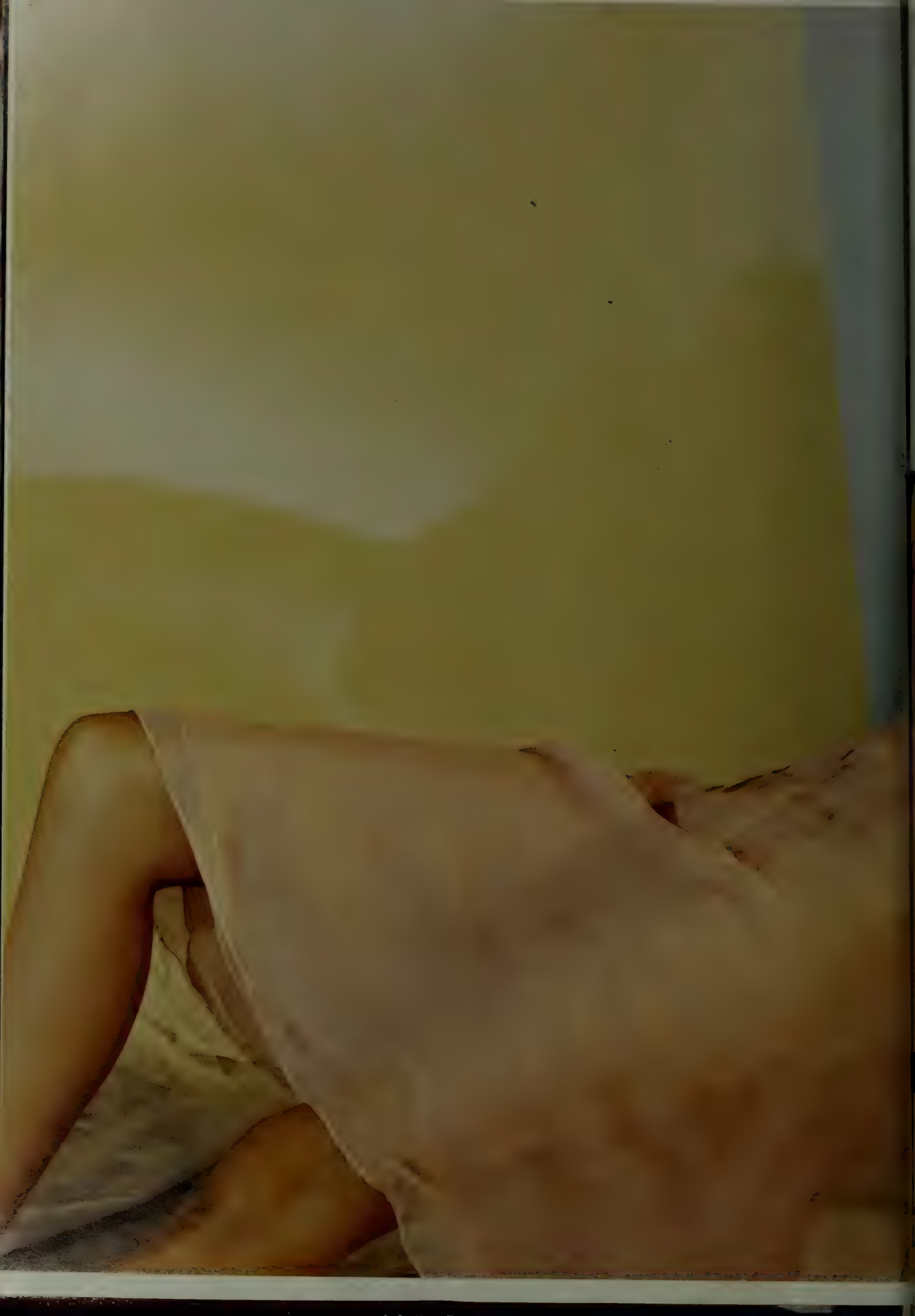


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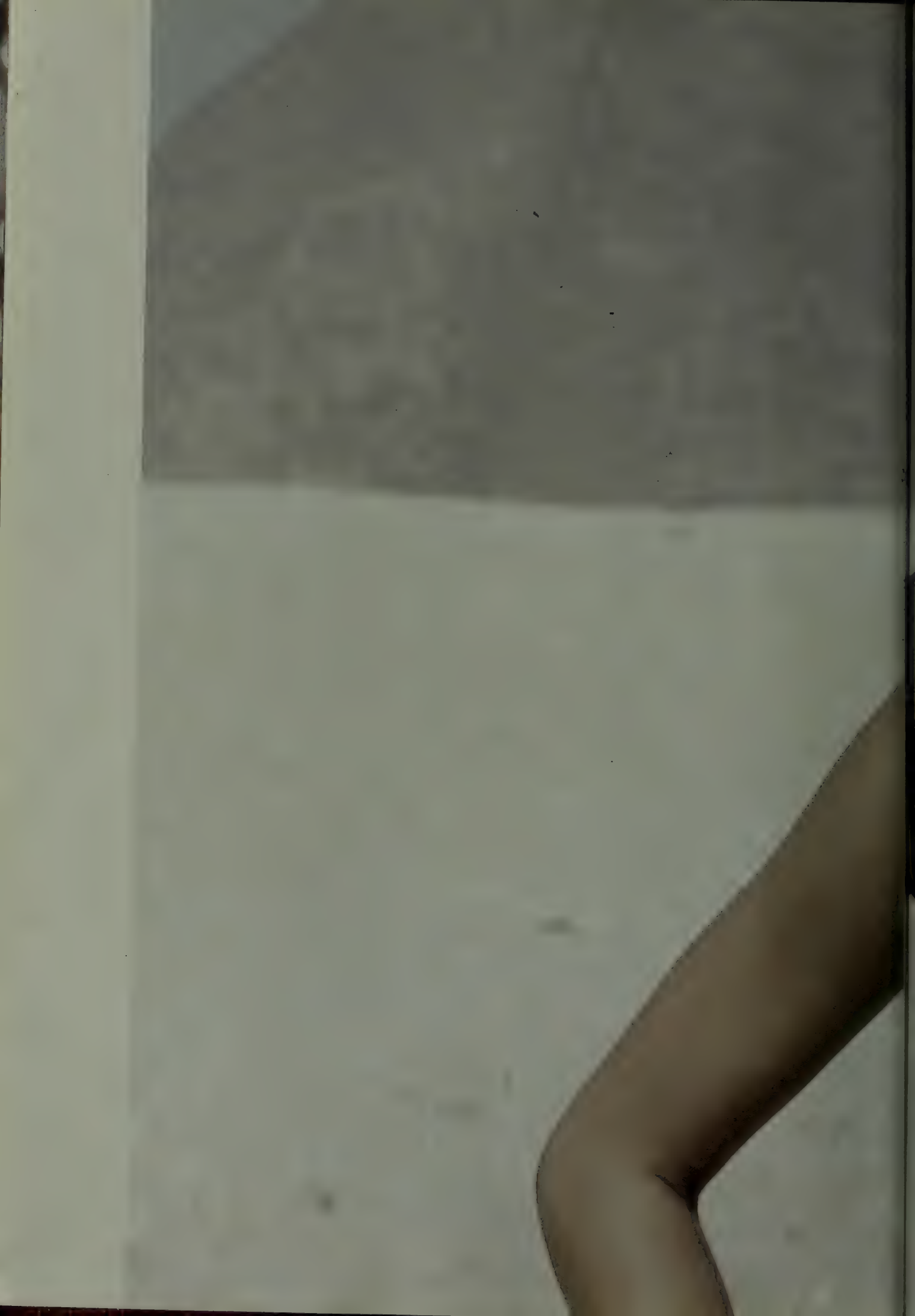


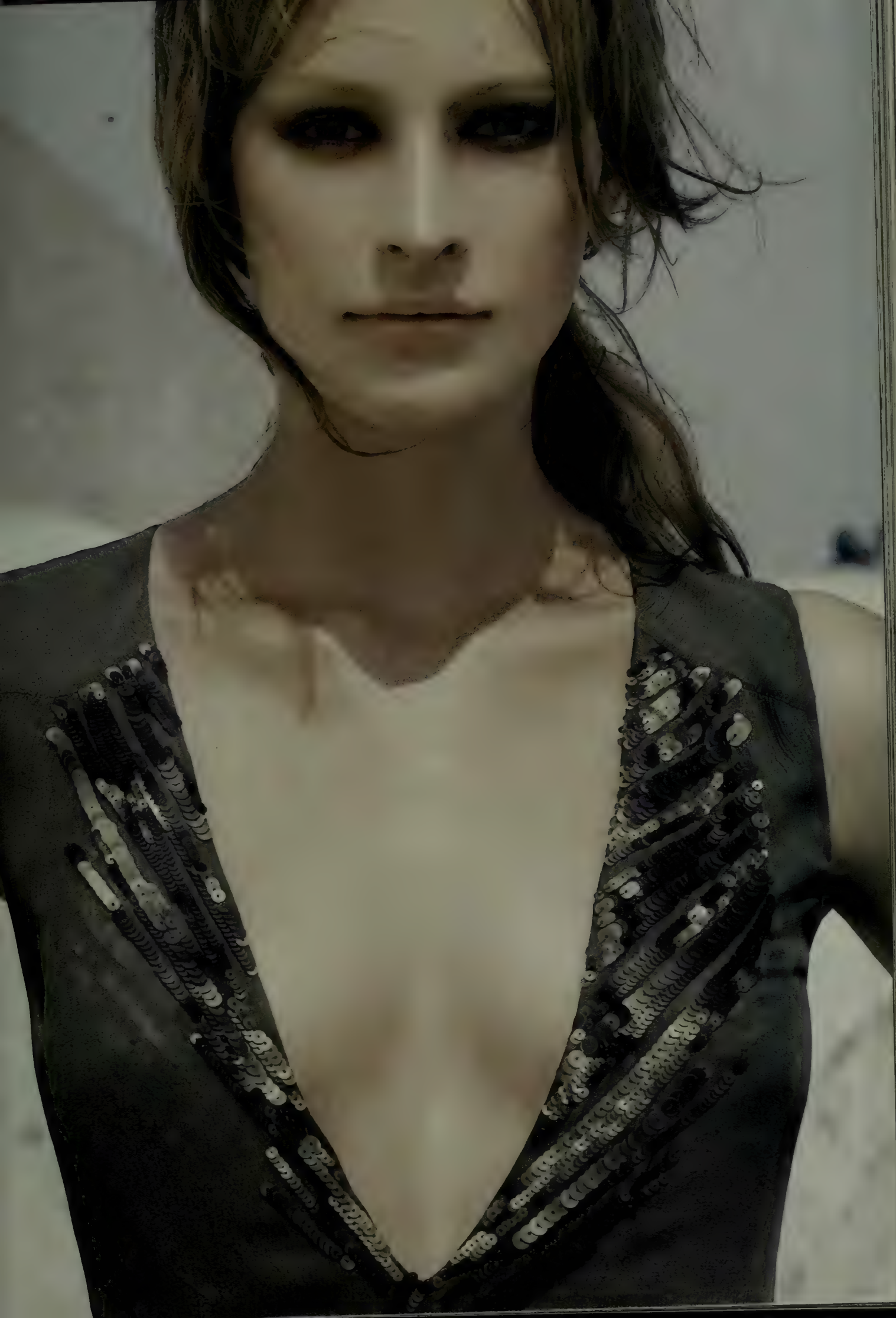

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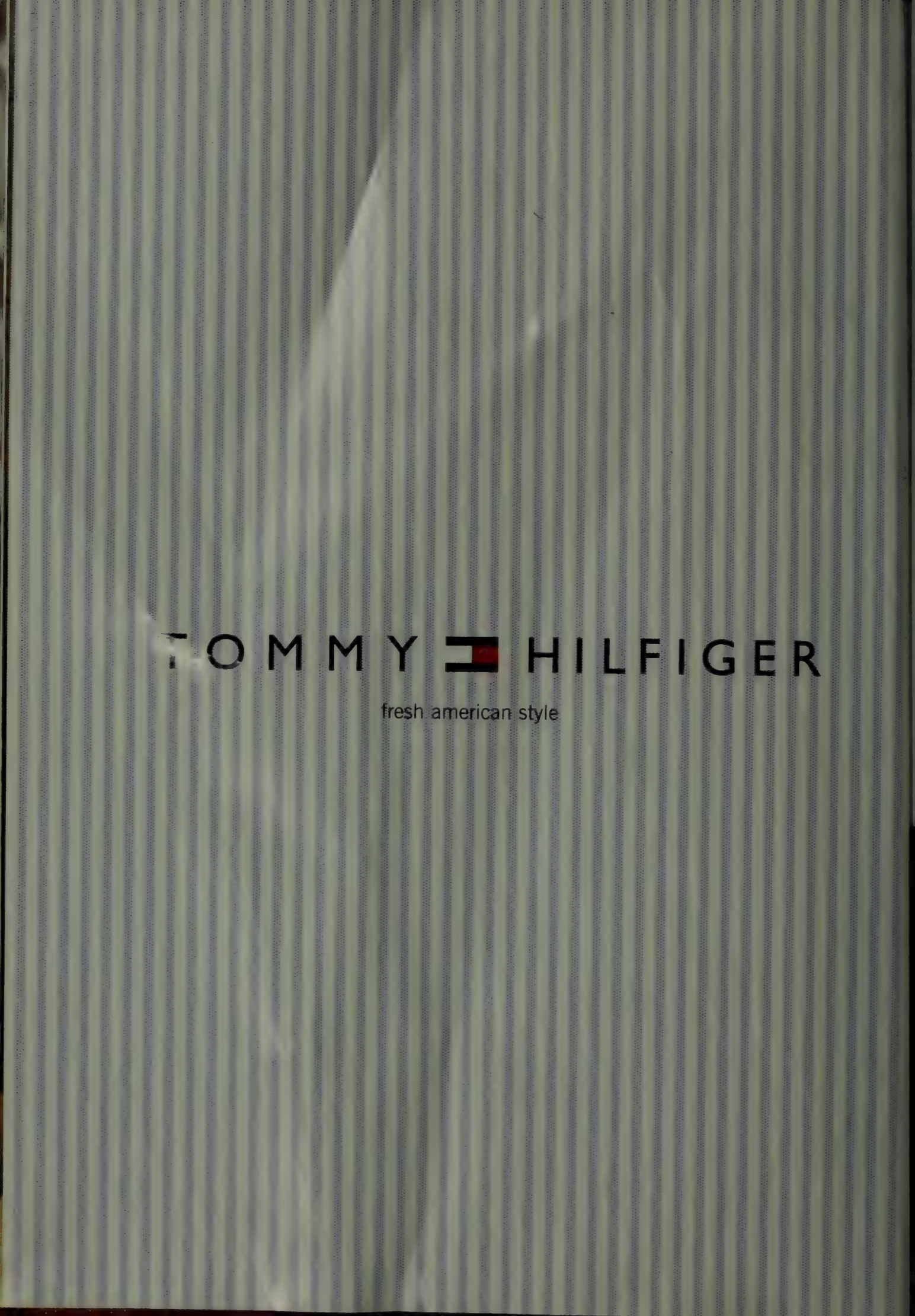


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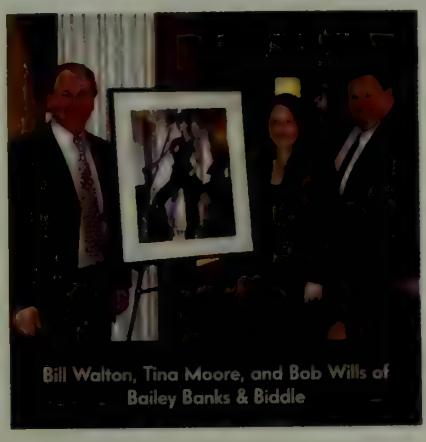


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On December 1, 2005, Bailey Banks & Biddle and *Vanity Fair* presented an exclusive retrospective of iconic *Vanity Fair* photographs at the Bailey Banks & Biddle store at King of Prussia Plaza in King of Prussia, Pennsylvania. Guests sipped champagne and enjoyed hors d'oeuvres as they viewed the exhibit, as well as a special limited-time preview of the Bailey Banks & Biddle estate collection.

SOLE MATES

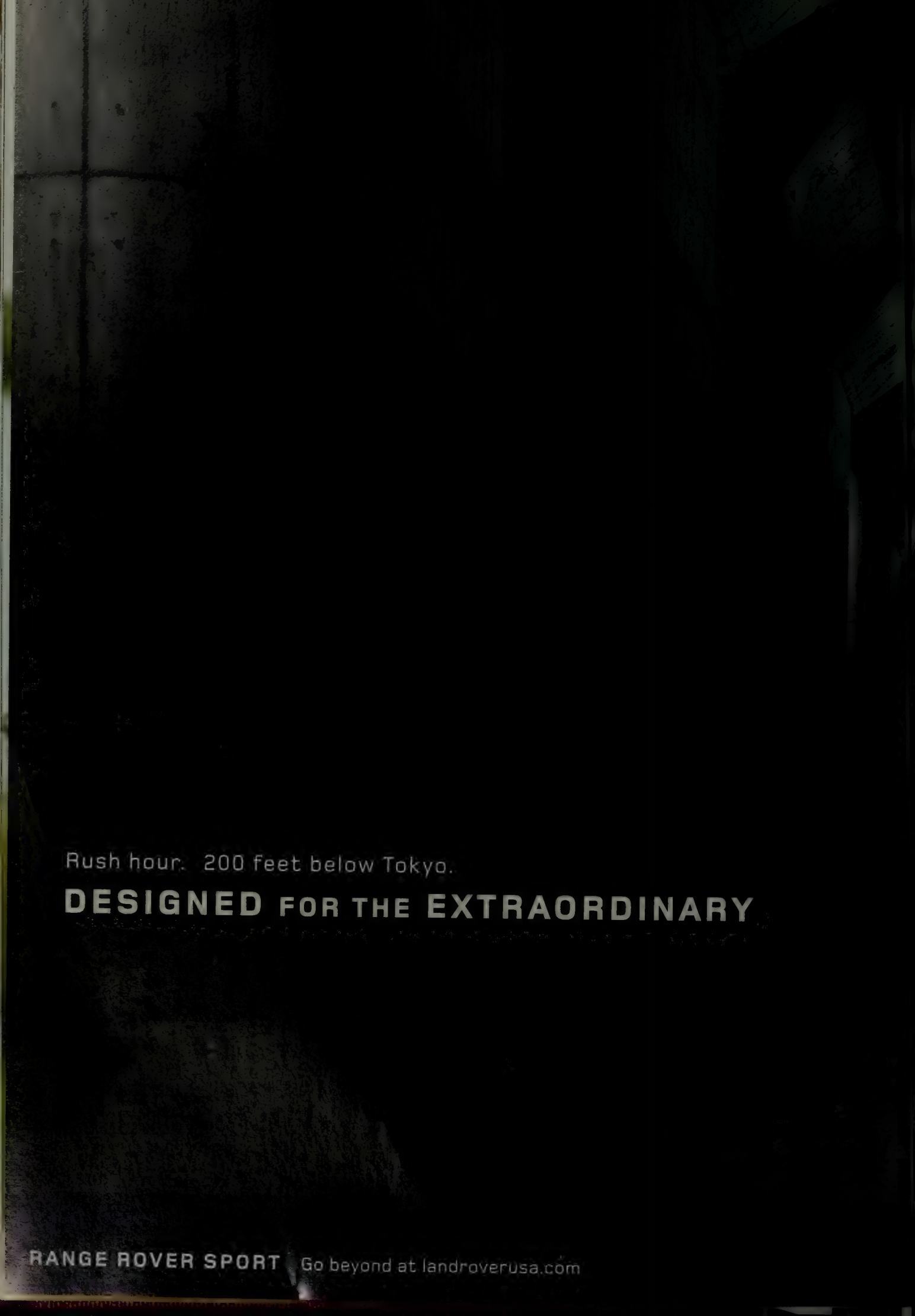
On November 2, 2005, Lord & Taylor and *Vanity Fair* hosted a one-of-a-kind shoe event at the Lord & Taylor store on Fifth Avenue. During the evening, a fashion-forward crowd enjoyed wine, dessert, the latest tunes spun by D.J. Cat, and readings by noted "shoe-ologists," who helped guests find shoes that perfectly match their personality. In addition, shoppers took home customized shoe bags, monogrammed on-site, which made for a truly well-heeled experience.


Bill Walton, Tina Moore, and Bob Wills of Bailey Banks & Biddle



TOAST OF THE TOWN

DKNY, Insomnia Entertainment's Trent Othick, and *Vanity Fair* hosted a VIP celebration on November 3, 2005, at the new DKNY store at the Forum Shops in Las Vegas. More than 200 guests, including renowned movers and shakers from the Las Vegas entertainment industry, many dressed in DKNY, turned out to toast both the opening of the DKNY location and Robin Greenspun, president of the CineVegas Film Festival and Greenspun Media Group. With entertainment provided by notable D.J. Michael Shulman, cocktails, and hors d'oeuvres from Spago, the event was a Las Vegas occasion to remember.


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Jeremy Piven and Jaime King



The marquee at the El Rey



John Legend

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On October 25 and November 1, 2005, DKNY JEANS and *Vanity Fair* hosted the fourth annual *Vanity Fair* In Concert to benefit Step Up Women's Network and celebrate *Vanity Fair*'s November Music Issue. The private concerts, held at the El Rey in Los Angeles and the Hiro Ballroom in Manhattan's Maritime Hotel, gathered an A-list crowd to raise awareness and funds for Step Up, a nonprofit organization dedicated to strengthening community resources for women and girls. The New York event—hosted by Sarah Michelle Gellar—featured a moving performance by Alanis Morissette, and drew celebrity guests Russell Simmons, Shannen Doherty, and Venus Williams. In Los Angeles, hosts Jeremy Piven and Jaime King introduced riveting musical performances by John Legend and the Like, to celebrity guests such as Dana Delany, Jessica Capshaw, and Matthew Perry. Guests at both concerts enjoyed Grey Goose cocktails.



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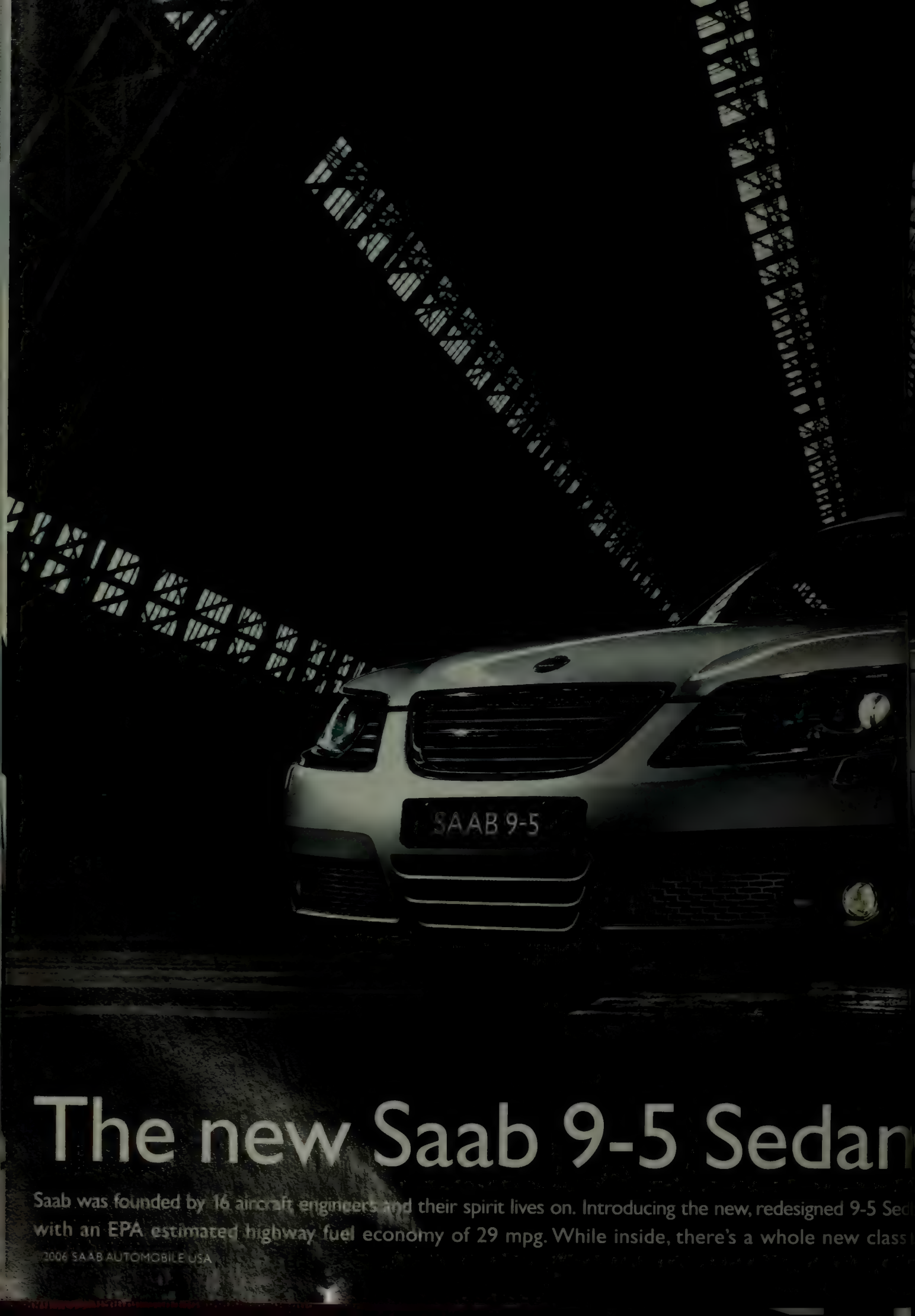
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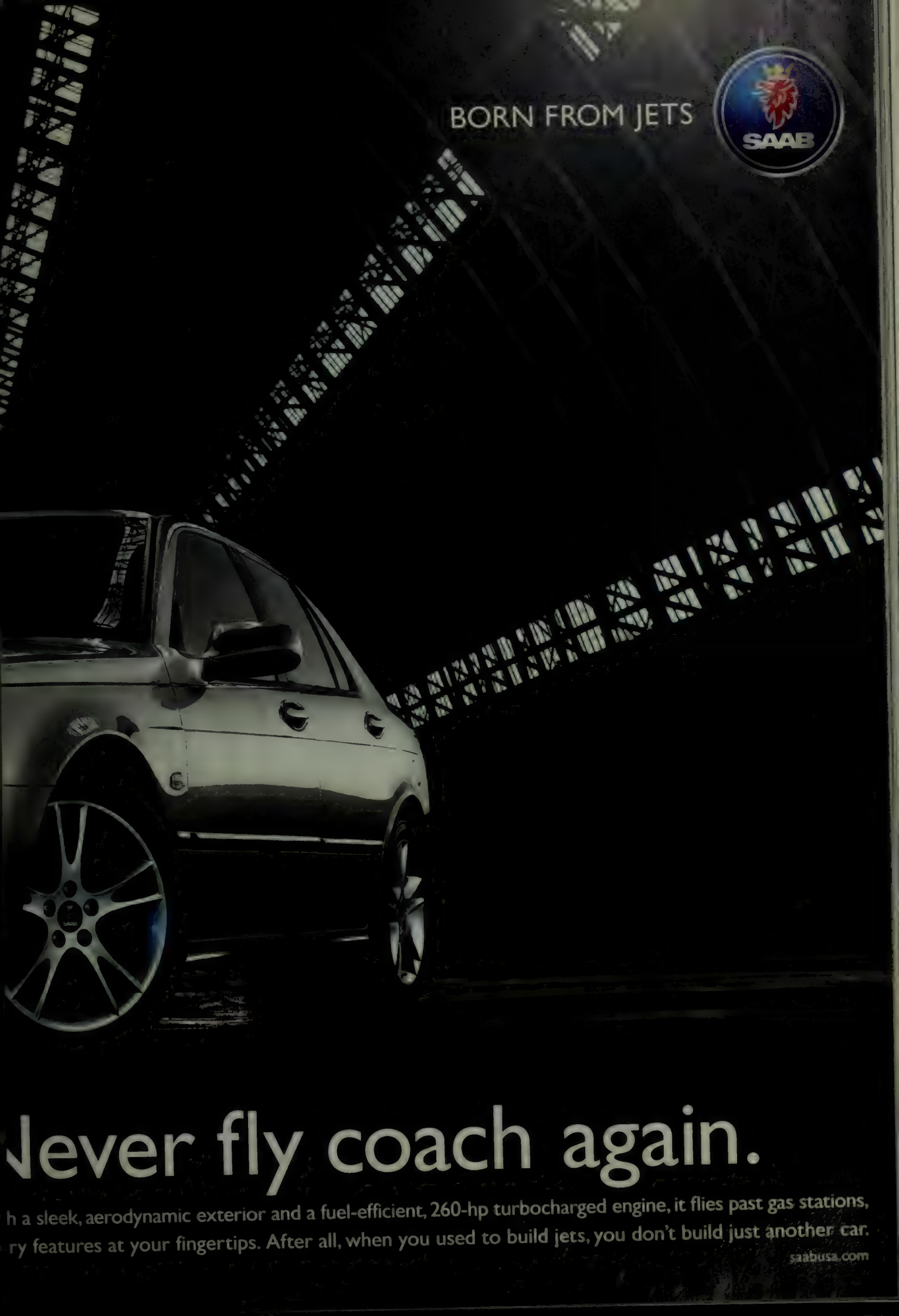
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Vanity Fair's Tom Ford Moment



I should have known that inviting Tom Ford to oversee this year's Hollywood Issue would create a chorus of office lore many octaves higher than the shrill solos that form the usual monthly soundtrack. If I could boil the Tom Ford experience down to a single element for you, it would be the yellow Post-It note I found stuck to a photograph of Angelina Jolie that was pinned to the wall of *Vanity Fair*'s planning room. In small handwriting were the words "LEAVE IN BUTT CRACK. TF." I had promised Ford a certain amount of independence on the project and was not about to toy with his requests. Nor was I going to toy with Ms. Jolie's butt crack. The evidence of both appears on page 303.

Ford's involvement in this year's Hollywood Issue grew, appropriately, out of a conversation we had in West Hollywood last year, the week of the Academy Awards. My wife and I and Fran Lebowitz were out there for *V.F.*'s annual Oscar party, and our first night in town we had dinner with friends Anjelica Huston, Robert Graham, Kelly Lynch, Mitch Glazer, and Tom and his companion of almost 20 years, Richard Buckley. I'm a sucker for old-style Hollywood glamour, and the restaurant we were eating in, the dining room of the Argyle Hotel, recently redesigned by Paul Fortune, sparkles with studio-era sheen, managing to be both glamorous *and* cozy. A gifted designer, Fortune lives by one of those essential rules of life: It is all about lighting.

In due course, Ford, lubricated by a few martinis, let on that he thought our Hollywood portfolio was getting a bit . . . well, tired. *All those group shots . . . Oscar hopefuls . . . old-timers,* he said. *Really?,* I replied. Still, after 11 years of producing the issue, grandfather to the Hollywood issues of so many weekly and monthly magazines these days, I thought he might be right. *Why don't you come in and do it next year?,* I said. *Well, I just might,* he answered. And so, many months later, there I stood, reading instructions on a Post-It note regarding the butt crack of the soon-to-be Mrs. Brad Pitt.

Tom Ford and I had engaged in only one prior professional outing, when I wrote an introduction to the big Rizzoli book Tom put together called, let's see, what was it . . . oh yes, *Tom Ford.* My contribution was absolutely minimal. And if there was any doubt as to just where we each were in the food chain, the title page said it all. Tom's name was in 214-point type (roughly three inches high) and mine was in 6-point type (roughly one-eighth of an inch high). That probably should have given me pause. As should have the actual layout of the introduction: it ran opposite a photograph of the backside of a man wearing nothing but a Gucci thong.

I'm sure there are some of you expecting me to say that Tom was a monster, and that I was crazy to entrust the portfolio to him. But I can't. Not to go too luvvy on you, but he was, from beginning to end, a gentleman and a wonderful collaborator. A perfectionist certainly. But funny, and entertaining, and always in good spirits. I can see why Tom has been so successful. He can focus his attention on something and hold it for a good spell. He was at all but six shoots for the portfolio, overseeing everything from location, clothes, and lighting to the position of a subject's hand.

When I would make a suggestion, he would respond professionally and quickly. At one point I suggested pulling together the members of a newly emerging acting family for a shot. Tom e-mailed back: "Let's pass on the family shots for the moment. Too wholesome for me." When I reacted to a p ticularly "fleshy" photograph, he wr "I feel a bit sad for all of you to have worry about such things. This Am can conservative thing is just so fore to me after so many years in Europ After the first few pictures had been t en, he wrote me to say, "I am think the all-nude issue. Hmm. You sho have seen Harvey and Bob [Weinste wrestling in front of the fireplace l Alan Bates in *Women in Love* . . . (J kidding about Harvey and Bob, but riously, what a GENIUS idea.) Are y having a heart attack yet? Serious please relax, as I have had a day j before. IT WILL BE BEAUTIFUL, PROVOCATIVE, AND STUNNING."

Tom spent hours in our planning room. The familiar tinkle ice in a tumbler of vodka would tell me that he and design dir tor David Harris, photography director Susan White, and featu editor Jane Sarkin had finished fidgeting with the portfolio, and was ready to walk me through it. I moved a few things around o day, prompting an exchange of e-mails that resulted in things turning to the way he had left them. The next day he wrote, "De Graydon, I know this is your way of apologizing after your see ingly caffeinated little foot-stomping display yesterday. I am also tally happy to hear your thoughts about the issue, but just not in room full of people and when you are in your boss mode."

I ran into one of the subjects in the portfolio, Philip Seymour Ho man, at a party we gave before the Golden Globes at the Sunset To er Hotel (the Argyle's new name). Mr. Hoffman, the star of *Capote,* a terribly serious young man, and in an ill-fated attempt to lighten t moment, I told him that I too do a pretty mean Truman Capote. Wh he stood there, I did my own impersonation, including the high-pitche fey, lisping voice and the waving of a crooked finger while I adjust my eyeglasses. He gave me a pissed-off look and just walked aw

Everything is about Show Business these days. When Tom left Guc in 2004 after almost 15 years, his first announcement was that h wanted to make movies. Just as we were finishing the portfolio, I w out getting the papers one morning when I saw Quentin Tarantin shamble out of my local Starbucks. As he headed home he walked pa a homeless man who has made our Greenwich Village block his wint residence. The fellow is a cheery-looking sort with a beard, a round fac and bright, animated eyes. He appeared to do a double take when th director passed by him. As I approached, he pointed and said to m "Wasn't that Quentin Tarantino?" I informed him that indeed it wa

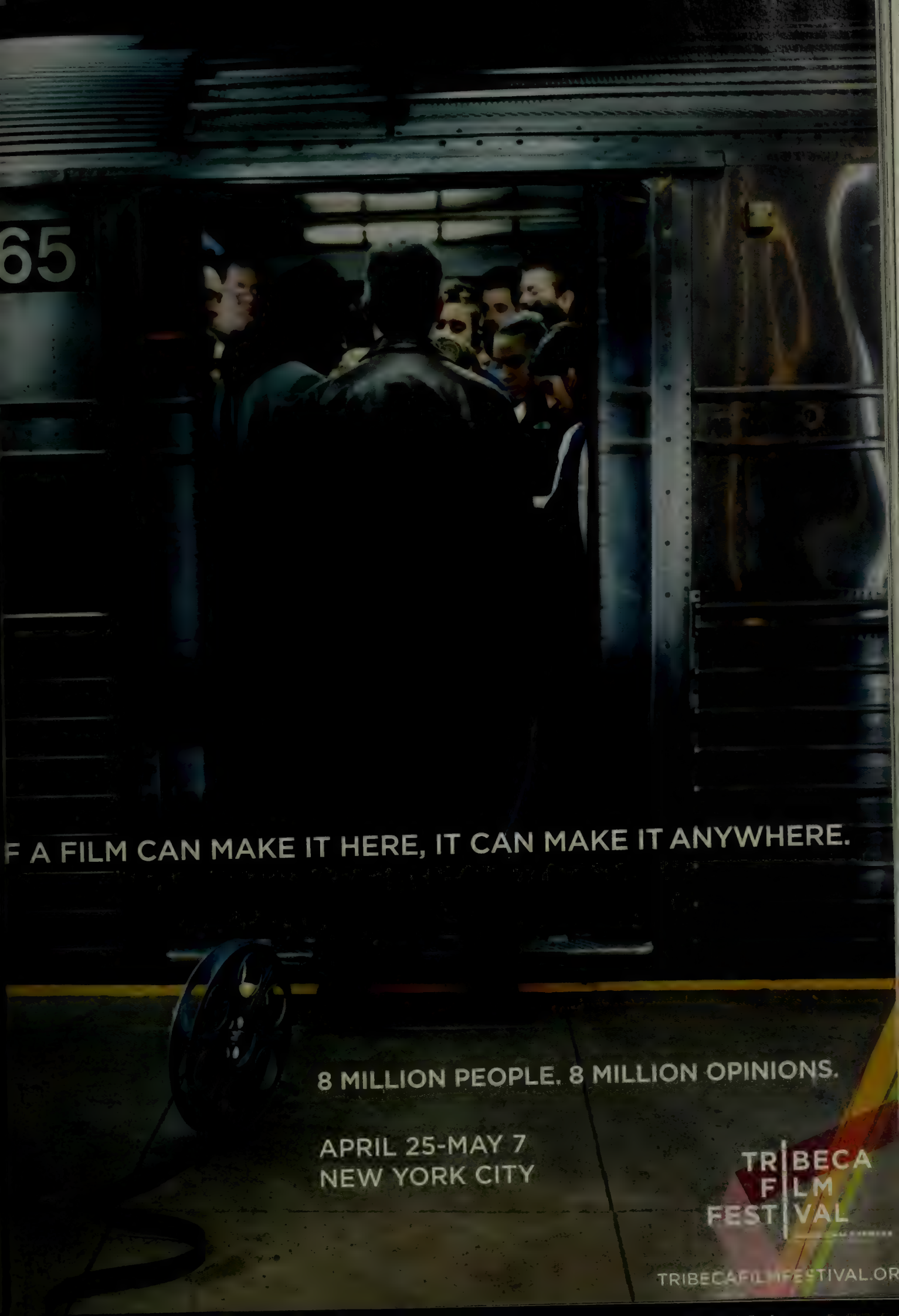
I was telling a neighbor this story a few days later, and she e plained to me that the homeless fellow, far from being the adorable e he appears, is in fact something of a local menace. During the day h turns the street corner into his bully pulpit and screams at passersb calling them all manner of expletives, including—in this, the veritabl epicenter of American liberalism—*Fucking Democrats!* The homeles fellow, it seems, is a big fan of our current president. The irony su rounding his support for the chief executive and his own current sta of affairs is apparently lost on him. As he bent over to pick up his b longings following the Tarantino sighting, his pants edged down h backside, revealing something I did not wish to see. He may not kno much about Washington, but with a butt crack like that, he migh have a future in Tom Ford's Hollywood. —GRAYDON CART


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My name ..... Ken Watanabe .....

childhood ambition ..... Trumpet player .....

fondest memory ..... I have too many good memories to remember just one .....

soundtrack ..... Warm & Cool jazz .....

retreat ..... My home .....

wildest dream ..... I would have had an answer to this question 10 years ago, but now is to find happiness in my everyday life .....

proudest moment ..... When I gain trust from someone .....

biggest challenge ..... Life .....

alarm clock ..... My child's voice .....

perfect day ..... searching for something I cannot reach .....

first job ..... dog walker, and cleaning the stairs of my home .....

indulgence ..... reading adventure novels .....

last purchase ..... Ski wear and ski hat .....

favorite movie ..... Too many to just choose one .....

inspiration ..... I am inspired by so many things every day .....

My life ..... is about taking my own path .....

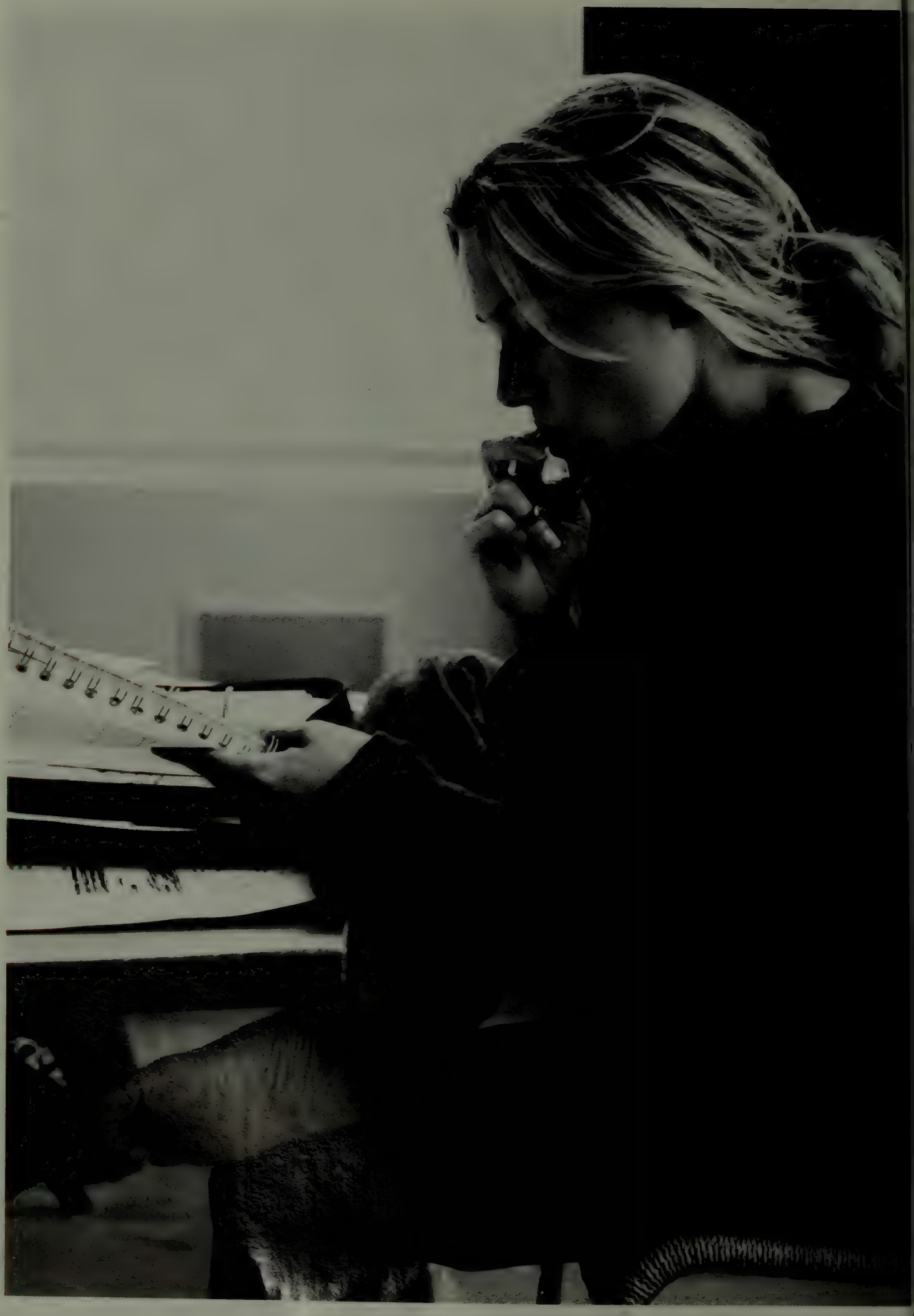
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Ken Watanabe

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My name Kate Winslet

childhood ambition To act

fondest memory Camping as a child in Cornwall U.K

soundtrack Ryan Wainwright "Poses"

retreat Any beach. Anywhere!

wildest dream A cure for breast cancer

proudest moment Giving birth to my children

biggest challenge My job.

alarm clock My son.

perfect day Sunday lunch with all the family in England

first job A kids' cereal commercial

indulgence Chocolate

last purchase Latte and a muffin

favorite movie Waiting for Guffman

inspiration My parents

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My name .....

childhood ambition .....

fondest memory .....

soundtrack .....

retreat .....

wildest dream .....

proudest moment .....

biggest challenge .....

alarm clock .....

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indulgence .....

last purchase .....

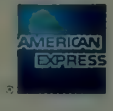
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Tom Ford, center, on the set of the George Clooney shoot, November 25, 2005.

Tom Ford

A large part of this year's Hollywood Issue rested in the hands of Tom Ford, the former creative director of Gucci and Yves Saint Laurent, who took on the monumental task of overseeing the portfolio, which begins on page 285, and the cover. "I wanted to put the glamour back into Hollywood," Ford says. "There are two Hollywoods: the real-life Hollywood, where people go to work and do their jobs, and the mythical Hollywood, which is defined by the films and images you've seen." Focusing on the latter, Ford set out to capture the vibe in today's Tinseltown. "It's one of those New Hollywood years," he says of performances that produced a fresh wave of luminaries, such as Heath Ledger's and Jake Gyllenhaal's in *Brokeback Mountain,* Reese Witherspoon's in *Walk the Line,* and Philip Seymour Hoffman's in *Capote.* "The buzz isn't around the usual suspects. My main criteria in considering which individuals to include were 'Am I tired of seeing them, or do I want to see more of them? Am I still hungry for this person?' and 'Are they part of the New Hollywood?'" Once the list was narrowed down, Ford came up with a concept for each photograph—everything from how the star should be dressed to where the shoot should take place. "I focused on personalities," he says, "or the perception of personalities." The result is a 47-page, star-studded study of contemporary glamour, an area Ford is particularly familiar with. Born in Austin, Texas, and raised in Santa Fe, New Mexico, Tom Ford is among the most highly respected and successful designers today. With the creation of influential fashion collections and provocative advertising campaigns that pushed the envelope, Ford is widely credited with reviving the Gucci and Yves Saint Laurent companies, and instituting a new industry archetype: the businessman designer. Upon his arrival at Gucci, in 1994, he turned the then nearly bankrupt label into a multi-billion-dollar empire, and, in 1999, he re-invigorated YSL when the Gucci Group bought a controlling stake in its brand. In 2004, after having won numerous design awards over the course of a decade, he parted with the two fashion houses and began his foray into film, forming the production company Fade to Black in 2005—it now has several films in development. Ford lives in London, Santa Fe, and Los Angeles and is working on his new brand, Tom Ford, which launched a beauty line with Estée Lauder and an eyewear line last year. A Tom Ford menswear collection will debut in the fall.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 112

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CONTRIBUTORS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 111



Annie Leibovitz

Contributing photographer Annie Leibovitz, whose pictures have defined *Vanity Fair*'s Hollywood Issue since its 1995 debut, captures images of a talented new generation of actors in this year's portfolio, including Dakota Fanning, Sienna Miller, Joaquin Phoenix, and Camilla Belle. Leibovitz (pictured here with Tom Ford) has been documenting the construction of Renzo Piano's *New York Times* building, on the corner of Eighth Avenue and 41st Street in Manhattan, and large photographs from the project function as an evolving display on the walls around the site. Her next book, *A Photographer's Life*—a collection of personal pictures and work done on assignment—will be published in the fall.



COREY MILLER

Jim Windolf

This month, contributing editor Jim Windolf profiles screenwriter Zach Helm ("Leaving Schmuckville," page 250), who is directing his upcoming film, *Mr. Magorium's Wonder Emporium*. Windolf, who has interviewed such intriguing writing talents as George Lucas and Sacha Baron Cohen (Ali G), was fascinated by Helm's insistence on maintaining control over his work. "He had sat down and written up a list of rules about how he was going to conduct himself in business and in his personal life," says Windolf, who also wrote all the captions that accompany this year's Hollywood portfolio. He believes that Helm will continue to direct his own projects: "The way to maintain control of your script is to direct, like Woody Allen and Paul Thomas Anderson."

Peter Biskind

Warren Beatty's sets are generally closed to journalists, so Peter Biskind was thrilled when the director allowed him to watch the filming of *Dick Tracy*, in 1989. But after numerous takes of a particular scene, a frustrated Beatty "took a piece of chewing gum out of his mouth, flicked it at me, and kicked me off the set," Biskind says. "He gave me a million reasons why I shouldn't write about *Dick Tracy*, but said he'd tell me whatever I wanted to know about [his 1981 movie] *Reds*." Seventeen years later, Biskind and Beatty finally talked about that film ("Thunder on the Left: The Making of *Reds*," page 344), the DVD of which will be released in November. Biskind is currently working on a biography of Beatty.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 114



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JOE SCHMELZER

From left: Victoria Swift, Basil Walter, Pete Barford, Sara Marks, and Brenda Bello.

Sara Marks's Team

Director of special projects Sara Marks, our own James Bond–meets–Superwoman, heads a remarkable crew who are the brains behind *Vanity Fair*'s most prestigious events, from the parties at the Cannes and Tribeca Film Festivals to our annual Oscar bash, in L.A. Architects **BASIL WALTER** and **BRENDA BELLO** conceptualize and oversee all design elements, while **PETE BARFORD** and **VICTORIA SWIFT** direct and coordinate logistics and production. Whether supervising scaffolding, tweaking table settings, or decking out restrooms, this dedicated and close-knit team finds no job too big or detail too small. With vim, vigor, and a wicked sense of humor, they often work around the clock, come rain or shine, technical problems or hangovers. It would not and could not be the same without them.



JASPER TRINGALE

Punch Hutton

When planning "It's Oscar Time! *Vanity Fair*'s Guide to a Perfect Day in L.A.," Fanfair editor Punch Hutton wanted to break away from the standard "what to do in L.A." feature. "I tried to create a different, fun, interactive way of experiencing the city," she says. "There's great potential for crossover, so you can see where each person's path might intersect with the others'." While Hutton grew up in Los Angeles and expects that the locals will identify with the spots she highlights, she says the guide is "really a resource for people who are visiting. You can hold on to it and use it over and over." Working on Fanfair each month, Hutton enjoys bringing together a variety of material in what amounts to a mini-magazine on pop culture: "I work with a great team of people. We do things a little differently each month, and that's what makes it so much fun."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 116



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Charlotte Chandler



"One must live in the present tense, but I have always lived in the present tensely," Bette Davis, who died in 1989, told Charlotte Chandler in their conversations for her new book about the movie star, *The Girl Who Walked Home Alone,* excerpted on page 256. Chandler caught Davis's iconic eyes when the actress read the author's first book, *Hello, I Must Be Going,* about Groucho Marx. She decided to ask Chandler to write her story, the title of which, appropriately, comes from a Groucho joke: "I always take out two women. I hate to see a girl walk home alone." Chandler has also written biographies of Federico Fellini (*I, Fellini*), Billy Wilder (*Nobody's Perfect*), and Alfr Hitchcock (*It's Only a Movie*). Davis and Chandler, above, were photographed by the compos Marvin Hamlisch in 1983, with a camera that he had bought specially for the occasio



MELANIE DUNEA

Michael Callahan

The naughtiness of Grace Metalious's *Peyton Place* captivated Michael Callaha as a boy. On page 332, he delves into the story behind the novel. "I have a strong memory of my mom and my aunts talkin about it in hushed tones," he says. "I finally read the book as a teenager, in the 1980s, and it's one story I've never completely forgotten." While working on the piece, Callahan—who frequently contributes to *Men's Health, Vibe,* and *Redbook*—discovered that Metalious's life, which ended abruptly in 1964, when she was 39, was just as complicated as her novel. "She didn't have the 1950s sense of propriety," he explains. "She was somebody who didn't know any other way to live but to be blunt and outspoken.

Joe Zee



In his first contribution to *V.F.,* Joe Zee worked with Tom Ford in styling many of the shoots in the Hollywood portfolio. "I tried to facilitate his vision," says the Toronto native, "to make it cohesive and streamline the message." Throughout the process, Zee remained in step with Ford's aesthetic, which Zee defines as "very glamorous, very chic, but at the same time very sexy." Unaccustomed to L.A. traffic (he's lived in New York City for the past 16 years), Zee unfortunately left Topher Grace waiting in the Hollywood Hills as he made his way from the Zooey Deschanel shoot across town. Zee was the fashion director at *W* magazine for 10 years, as well as the editor in chief of both *Vitals Man* and *Vitals Woman* until last year.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 118


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From October 6 to 8, 2005, Lancôme, Neiman Marcus, and *Vanity Fair* joined forces to offer a unique beauty experience at a specially created, Lancôme-inspired spa facility at Neiman Marcus at Willow Bend, in Plano, Texas. During the three days, guests received a complimentary, full-service skin-treatment session featuring Lancôme's latest skincare revolution, PLATINEUM HYDROXY(α)-CALCIUM™ Re-Densifying and Strengthening Cream.



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 116



JULIAN BROAD

Julian Broad

For this year's Hollywood portfolio, photographer Julian Broad shot—among others—actor Viggo Mortensen, who hesitate when first given artistic direction by Tom Fo "I think Tom was surprising everybody with what he was asking the subjects to do," Broa says. "He was very specific, and he had a vision, and most, including Viggo, fell in line Compared with past *Vanity Fair* Hollywood portfolios, this year's, Broad asserts, definitel created the most buzz. "Before, my experien were spread out over a period of time, a few subjects over a couple of months. This time it was a lot busier, and there was a lot of expectancy, chatter, and excitement about it i L.A.—it was a real pleasure to be involved."

Vicky Ward



For *V.F.*'s August 2005 issue, Vicky Ward wrote about the feud and financial woes wreaking havoc at the Guggenheim Foundation. This month, she travels to the West Coast to report on the scandal rocking the J. Paul Getty Trust. "There are similarities between the two institutions in that the world of nonprofits tends to be dominated by very big personalities," Ward says. "In the case of the Guggenheim, it was Peter Lewis versus the board. At the Getty, it was Barry Munitz against a museum staff who were resistant to his changes." Despite the trouble at the Getty, Ward still thinks the museum is enriching. "The Getty may have had a very turbulent time, but there something quite breathtaking about the architecture. No matter what the politica shenanigans, it's very uplifting to look at the buildings



MICHAEL MURPHREE

Ingrid Sischy

Throughout her career—from working as editor in chief of *Artforum* to contributing pieces on visionaries Robert Rauschenberg and Jeff Koons to *V.F.*—Ingrid Sischy has established herself as an authority on the art world. For this issue, she shared breakfast with British Pop artist David Hockney at his hotel in New York. "Hockney seems to have come out of the womb drawing," Sischy says. "Aesthetics are such an integral part of his consciousness. And there he was, squeezed into this little room like a bird in a cage." Sischy, who is the editor in chief of *Interview*, says her interest in Hockney began when he incorporated the Xerox machine into his work. "He truly is interested in all mediums, immersing himself in them until he makes up his mind about what makes the most profound art."


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DANIEL SWAROVSKI

WELCOME TO TOMMYWOOD!

V.F.'s guest editor, designer Tom Ford, was going to give the 2006 Hollywood portfolio everything he had. And if that meant filling in for the missing nude at contributing photographer Annie Leibovitz's cover shoot . . .



BARE MAXIMUM
Actresses Scarlett Johansson and Keira Knightley in all their glory at the cover shoot.

By now you've seen the cover.

There, between two of the loveliest movie stars of the moment, sits design genius **Tom Ford,** the man who rescued Gucci from oblivion, in an image captured by *Vanity Fair*'s lead contributing photographer, the peerless **Annie Leibovitz.**

For this, the 12th annual Hollywood Issue, Ford was the wild card. Editor Graydon Carter sprung him on the staff as surprise guest artistic director of the portfolio, charging him with the task of bringing his fresh eye, his sense of subtly dramatic style, and his talent for the unexpected to the proceedings.

"People won't believe me," Ford says, "but I did not plan on being on the cover. I purposefully did not want to put myself in the picture!"

But Ford is one of those people who just always seem to find the limelight . . . Or does it find him? He made quite an impression at the *Vanity Fair* offices, a workplace populated, for the most part, with sensible people toiling quietly and diligently at their desks. As the hours go by, the upcoming issue draws incrementally closer to its finished state. Histrionics are kept to a minimum. Most of the time.

Into this environment strode Ford, a glamorous throwback figure who keeps his crisp white shirts unbuttoned down to here. A model back in his New York University days, he always looks fabulous, a study in black and white (and a subtle tan). But beneath the attractive exterior is a driven man who's all about work, work, work.

Fresh off a 10-year run as creative director of the multi-billion-dollar Gucci brand (and 4 years overseeing its sibling, Yves Saint Laurent), Ford knows what he wants and isn't shy about asking for (and getting) it. People at the magazine who suspected he was going to be either an CONTINUED ON PAGE 126

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANNIE LEIBOVITZ. FOR DETAILS

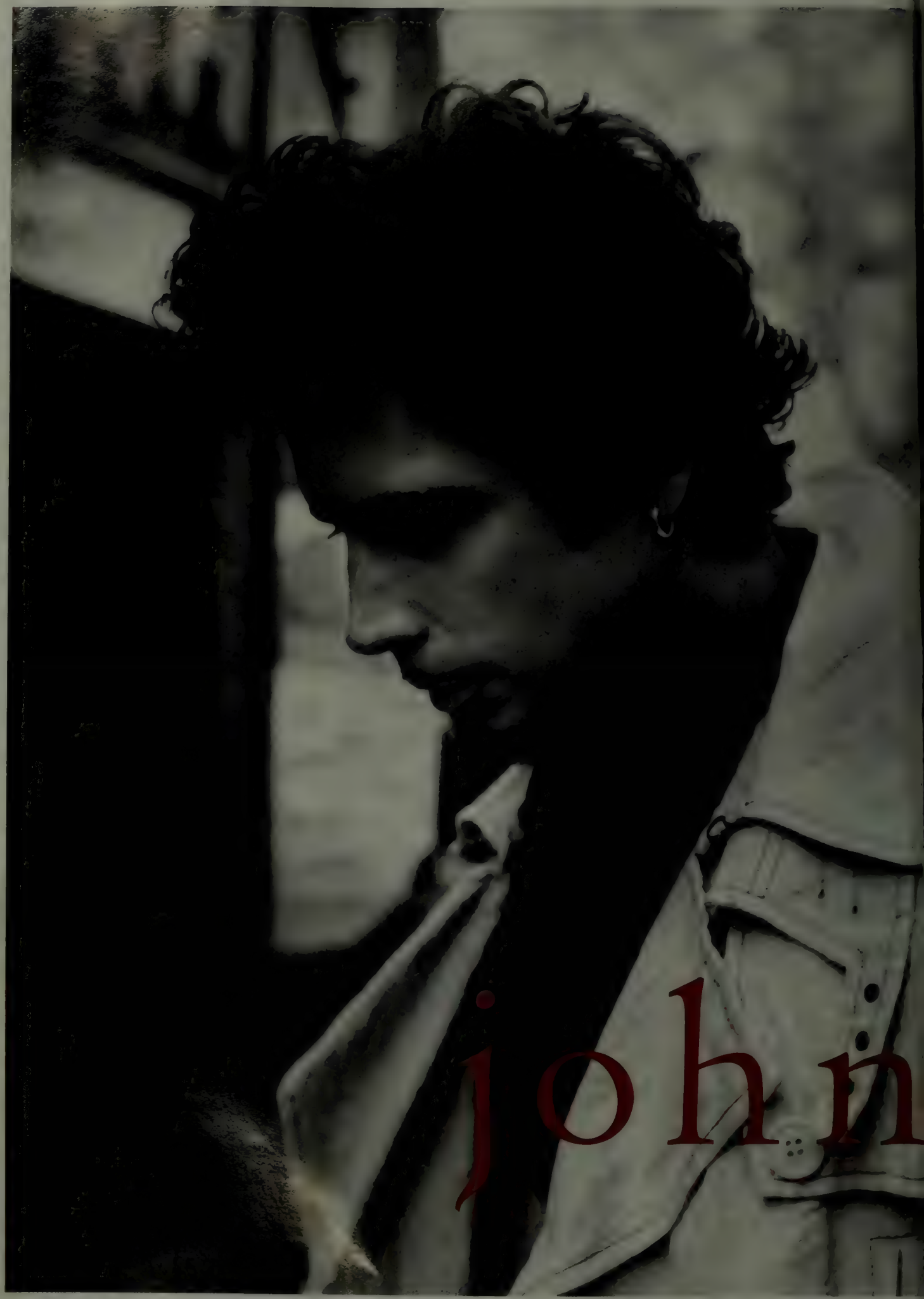
ON THE COVER

Scarlett Johansson's and Keira Knightley's makeup products by Estée Lauder.
Hair by Julien d'Ys. Makeup by Carla White. Manicures by Deborah Lippmann. Set design by Rick Floyd and Mary Howard. Styled by Joe Zee.
Photographed exclusively for *V.F.* by Annie Leibovitz at Suite A studio in New York City on November 11, 2005.


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Chris Cornell: Greenwich Village, N.Y.
Photographed by Danny Clinch, 2006

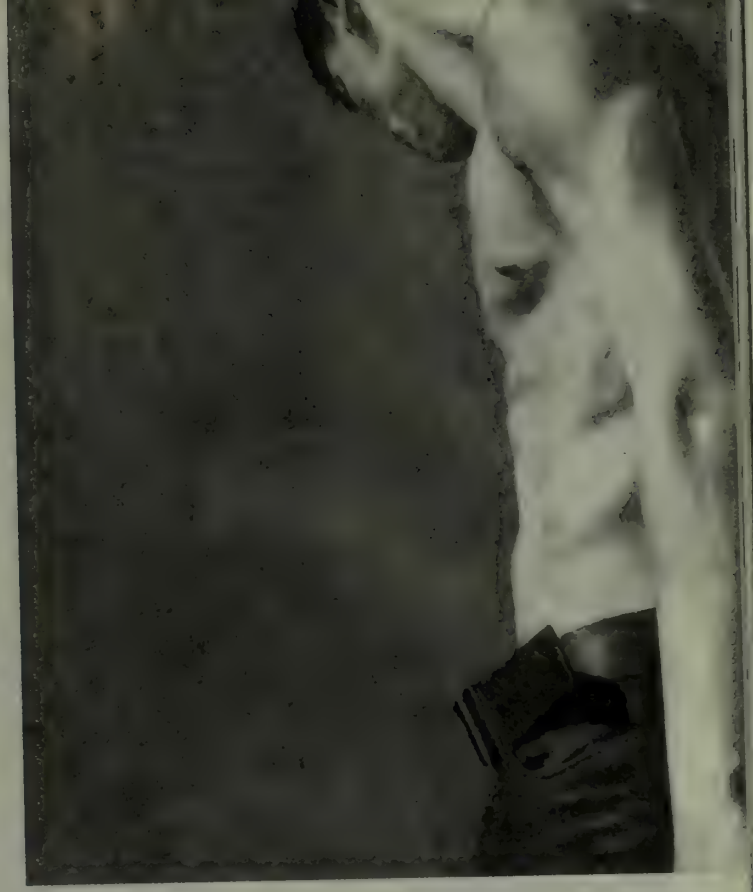

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SHOOT TO THRILL

From top: Tom Ford escorts Dakota Fanning onto the set of her shoot; George Clooney knee-deep in water with models; Clooney arrives in the environmentally friendly Tango.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 120 autocrat who doesn't play nicely with others or a dabbler who had taken on the job as a lark were very pleasantly surprised.

"Tom conceptualized almost all of the photography and went to almost every single shoot," says design director David Harris, who fielded the photos in the New York office and got them to look great on the page. "He was very hands-on and enormously dedicated."

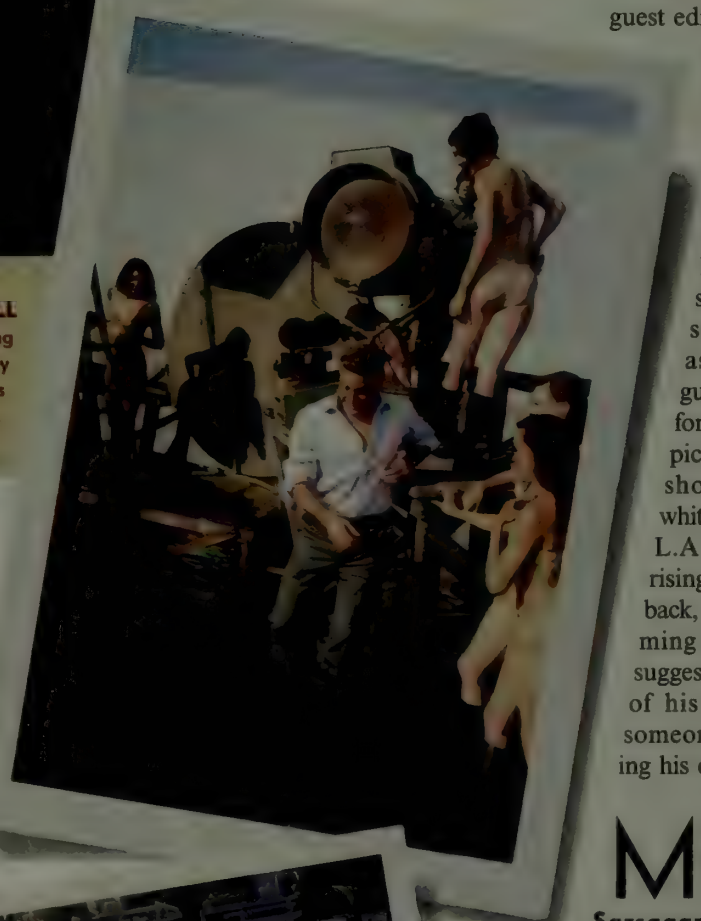
"Tom made every shoot seem as if we were producing a movie," says features editor Jane Sarkin, who pulled off the formidable task of gaining access to the photo subjects. "He was on every detail like you can't believe, from choosing the photographer to the location to the lighting to the fit of an evening gown."

"For me, it was one of the best portfolios I've worked on. Tom is so dynamic and focused," says photography director Susan White, who—along with Sarkin, features associate Emily Creed, and senior associate photo editor Sarah Czeladnicki—devoted the last few months to the grand challenge of bringing together the 47 pages of Hollywood fluff and splendor. And let's not forget Ford's personal assistant, Whitney Bromberg, who did extra duty by lending her bare legs to the **Topher Grace** photo after the original model bagged it at the last minute.

THE PICTURES REMIND US THAT THE FILM INDUSTRY REMAINS A COMMUNITY OF ARTISTS.

For Nigel Parry's photograph of movie moguls **Bob** and **Harvey Weinstein,** Ford imagined he might persuade the brothers to mud-wrestle in a send-up of their brawling image. When that didn't go over too well, he changed his mind completely and went for an elegant portrait that captures their toughness and charisma. A stickler for detail, Ford adjusted Harvey's cuffs and even got down on the floor to tie his shoe before Parry's shutter started clicking away.

Now and then the special guest editor found that his vision conflicted with certain actors' self-images—*Munich* star **Eric Bana,** for one. "I saw him in a Speedo, stretched out across the water with his body just floating, shot from above," Ford says. "I think of him as such a handsome guy, but he wasn't comfortable with that." The picture that came of the shoot, with Bana in a white robe, still smacks of L.A. fantasy. It shows a rising star, his hair slicked back, drifting across a swimming pool in a pose that suggests a man who's aware of his power rather than someone who's merely taking his ease.





Most subjects were eager to go along with Ford's plans. **Peter Sarsgaard** had no problem with being bound in ropes for Art Streiber's Japanese-bondage photo. **Jason Schwartzman** was totally cool with posing alongside a nude model for Terry Richardson's gently twisted parody of a formal portrait. And **Pamela Anderson** and CONTINUED ON PAGE 132

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KATHRYN MacLEOD; FANNING'S GOWN BY CHANEL; FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS, P. 244


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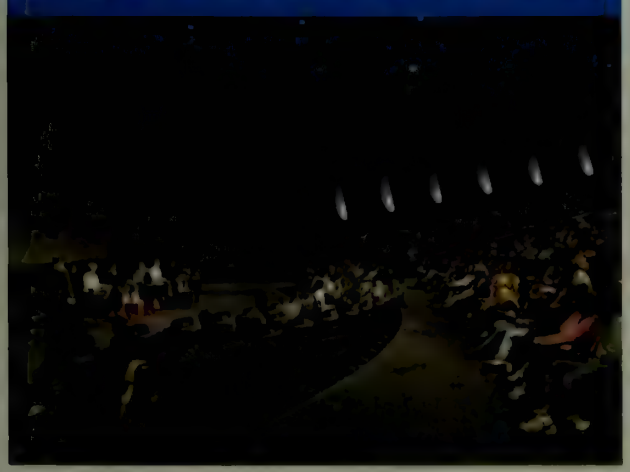
Nordstrom at Garden State Plaza, in Paramus, New Jersey, was the site of a sophisticated evening of music and martinis on Thursday, October 27, 2005. Hosted by Nordstrom and *Vanity Fair*, the event featured the sounds and stylings of the renowned Matthew Rybicki Jazz Trio, Svedka-vodka cocktails, and shopping. With their purchases, guests received an exclusive pre-released copy of *Understanding Jazz*, the new book and compilation CD produced by Jazz at Lincoln Center.


Guests enjoyed the evening.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 126 **Mamie Van Doren** wouldn't be Pamela Anderson and Mamie Van Doren if they had objected to Ali Mahdavi's cleavage-cam shot.

A motif running through the portfolio is the human body, in all its unclothed glory. "We didn't force anyone to take off their clothes," Ford says. "In a couple of instances we had to ask them to put them back on! I've always said, and I mean it, that I find people better-looking without clothes than with clothes. You can go to a gym and go to a steam room and you see someone and think, He's really handsome. Then he puts on his clothes. Some weird pants. A thumb ring. Some weird socks. And it's gone!"

Taken as a whole, the pictures remind us that, beneath the trappings of wealth and carefully tended public images, the film industry remains a community of artists. "Hollywood is a combination of seedy, sexy, and squeaky-clean," Ford says. "Behind the scenes there has always been a freedom. Think back to Ramon Novarro and Rudolph Valentino. Hollywood has always been a louche place, and it still is."

There was indeed no plan to have *Vanity Fair*'s special guest editor in bed with **Keira Knightley** and **Scarlett Johansson** for the cover, which was shot on November 11 by Leibovitz at Suite A studio, on Manhattan's Upper East Side. A certain young actress was scheduled to join Johansson and Knightley, but she bowed out when the clothes started coming off. And so Ford's plan of having a gorgeous female threesome was kaput. Leibovitz took some beautiful photographs of Johansson and Knightley as a couple . . . but something seemed slightly off.

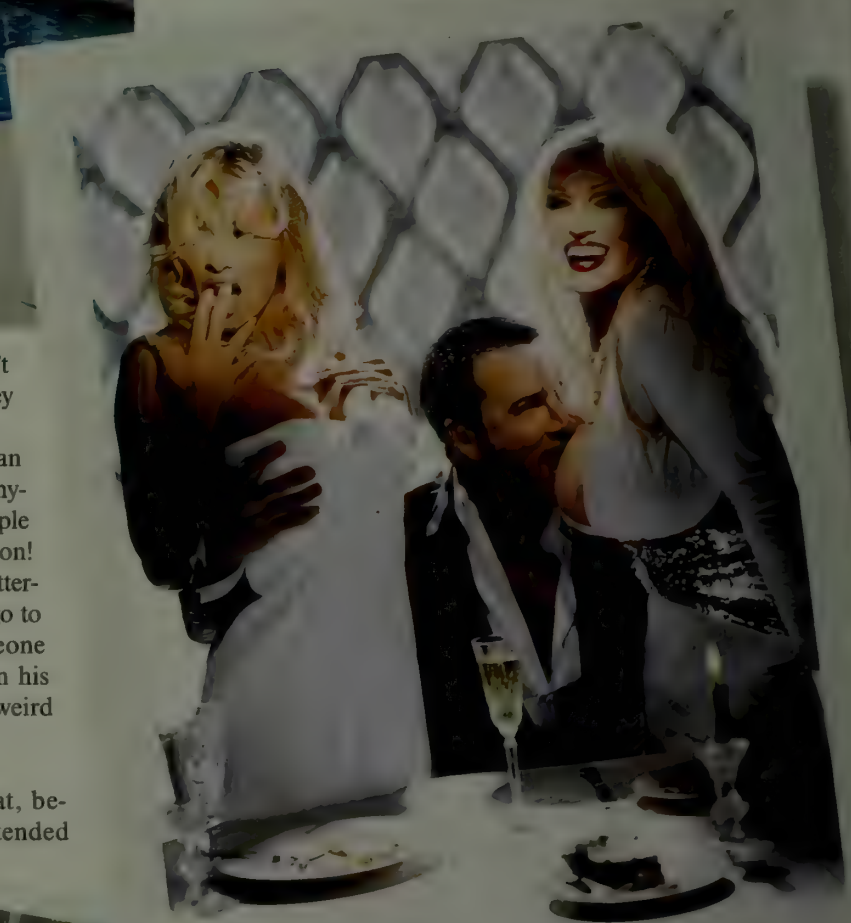
"Three girls in a bed is a bedful of girls," Ford says. "Two girls in a bed are lesbians. At the end of the shoot, Annie said, 'Can you slip yourself in there?'"

Once the pictures were in, it turned out that the ones with Ford had that mysterious something extra that makes for a lively cover image.

"Tom brought a lot of excitement and enthusiasm to the issue," Sarkin says. "We were thrilled to work with someone who was so much fun to be with."

It all came to an end over a margarita-fueled dinner at La Esquina, a speakeasy-like basement restaurant beneath Kenmare and Lafayette Streets in Manhattan. Those who had worked so hard raised their glasses to toast their newest friend and colleague.

"He was really a gentleman," Harris says. "The saddest day was the day he left, because he was so funny and glamorous. He gets his way, but he's a nice guy." —JIM WINDOLF





FORD'S THEATER
From top: photographer Terry Richardson, stylist Joe Zee (second from left), and crew prepare to capture Eric Bana in a Woodland Hills pool; Ford enjoys the company of Pamela Anderson and Mamie Van Doren; Rosamund Pike and photographer Solve Sundsbø check out Polaroids.


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LOST IN PARADISE The beach where Natalee Holloway was vacationing

HARRY BENSON

THE ARUBA MYSTERY

Readers weigh in on all things Natalee; helping the children of Uganda; Judith Miller, the scapegoat; tracking Osama's popularity; and more

Bryan Burrough's article "Missing White Female" [January] offers a refreshing look at a story that has gripped America's cable-news networks for months. Mr. Burrough details the story behind the story as well as the story seemingly missed everywhere else.

Too often, members of the American media get caught up in the art of speculation, and in reporting theories as though they were facts. This is about as far away from the craft of journalism as one can get. Countless hours of television to fill with no new news have done more harm than good to American media and those involved in the stories being covered.

The continuous speculation on the disappearance of Natalee Holloway has been a disservice not only to the American public but also to the Twittys, who still have no answers concerning their daughter's whereabouts.

Mr. Burrough isn't afraid to shatter the elements of the perfect-crime story if it means bringing some semblance of truth to Natalee's tragic story.

CAROLINE GRECH
Richmond Hill, Ontario

HOW NICE of *Vanity Fair* to help the Aruban authorities trash Natalee Holloway. What difference does it make whether she was intoxicated or not? The article reads as though she asked for it. In case you have forgotten, Natalee was only 18 when she disappeared. Please have a little respect for the victim, as she is unable to defend herself.

MICHAEL SMITH
Chula Vista, California

I WAS QUITE PLEASED to read "Missing White Female" because it gave the reader a fair and balanced view of the search for Natalee Holloway, the police investigation, and the actions of her family. Like many people, I have followed this case from the outset, but unlike others, I grew tired of Beth Twitty's use of her frequent appearances on television to spread rumors and innuendo. The shows themselves were no better, as they seemed to give her free rein to speak her uninformed mind and answer questions about subjects in which she has no expertise.

While I do feel sorry for Ms. Twitty and her family, it is not appropriate for her, members of her family, or a cable channel to arbitrarily trash the chief suspects or the justice system of a foreign territory.

JAN DASH
Brooklyn, New York

AFTER READING "Missing White Female," I probably would have been left with somewhat negative views of Beth Twitty and Natalee Holloway. Luckily, I know better. Two years ago I graduated from Natalee's high school. I, like Natalee, decided to travel to Aruba—with many of the same chaperones—to celebrate the end

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Nº 3

of high school and to reward myself for the hard work I had devoted to getting into college.

Claims made by Aruba's deputy police chief, Gerold Dompig, that the students from Natalee's group were involved in "wild partying, a lot of drinking, lots of room switching every night," and that "Natalee drank all day every day" are almost laughable. The community of Mountain Brook, the Twitty family's hometown, is a place where virginal naïveté is genuine and "cool," and drug use, sex, and wild partying are unheard of.

It is detrimental to Natalee's family and to our community when a magazine of the caliber of *Vanity Fair* seems to support the Aruban officials' claims and portray the Twittys, Mountain Brook students, and Natalee Holloway in such a negative light. If Natalee is gone forever, at least let her dignity live.

ANNA DEAN
Athens, Georgia

I ENJOYED READING your unbiased account of Natalee Holloway's disappearance. I was born on Aruba and still have family there, so I have been following the developments in the case as best I can.

I have been incensed by most of the one-sided versions put out by the American media. The call by Alabama governor Bob Riley for a travel boycott of Aruba made me especially furious. His and the Twitty family's attack on this small island, so dependent on tourism, is very damaging.

I totally acknowledge that what has happened to the family is horrible. I probably would have moved heaven and earth, too, if something similar had happened to my own daughter. However, a whole island cannot be blamed for one individual's disappearance. The majority of Arubans are friendly people who do not deserve the media witch hunt that they have had to endure.

NAHLIN BUCKLE
London, England

ANYONE with a heart must feel for a parent going through the agony of a missing child, and whatever their alleged faults or personality quirks, the Twitty family deserves consoling. You also have to sympathize with the people of Aruba, who, virtually overnight, have been thrust into the spotlight and into the maw of the "justice" shows.

But I'm just plain puzzled by *Vanity Fair*. With "Missing White Female," you have a story with a cast of characters, an exotic locale, and the fascinating yet urgent purpose of finding out what happened to this missing girl, and Bryan Burrough has constructed it around not one but several gaping holes. In the article's opening paragraphs, Burrough mentions Jody Bearman and the six other adults who accompanied these teenagers to Aruba. Except for a later mention of one other escort, that's the last we hear about any of them. In a frustratingly fuzzy reference further into the story, we learn that Beth Twitty had "asked investigators to refrain from debriefing the Alabama students." We never learn why. You can't keep one teenager quiet, let alone 123; what are they saying? We learn that Natalee has a brother, Matt, and a stepcousin Thomas, who was also in Aruba at the time. So we have seven chaperones, 122 students, and two relatives—surely one of these people can shed light on the virgin/tramp, good-girl/party-animal characterizations. Additionally, the chaperones and students must have some insight into Natalee's behavior during the four

POSTSCRIPT

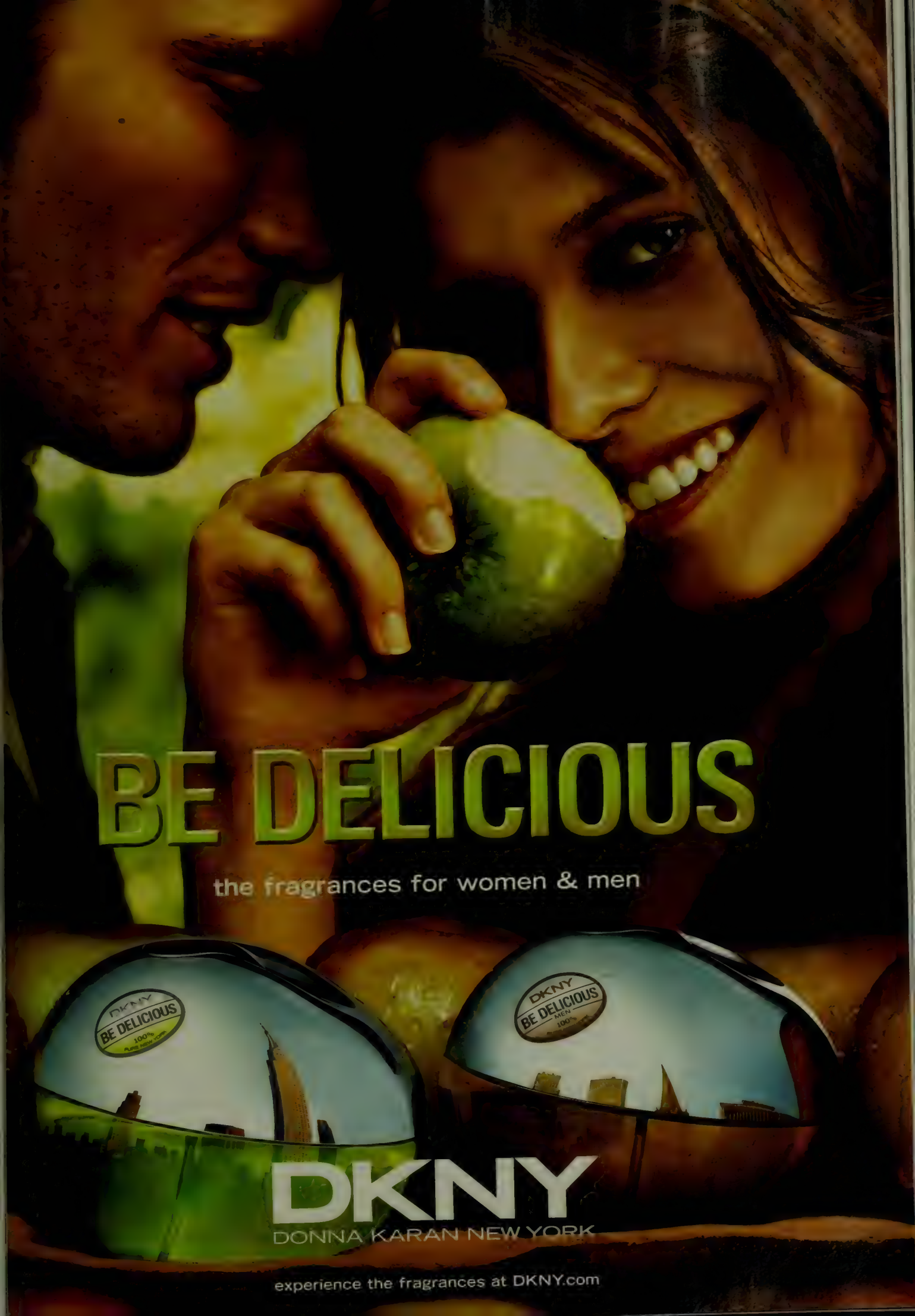


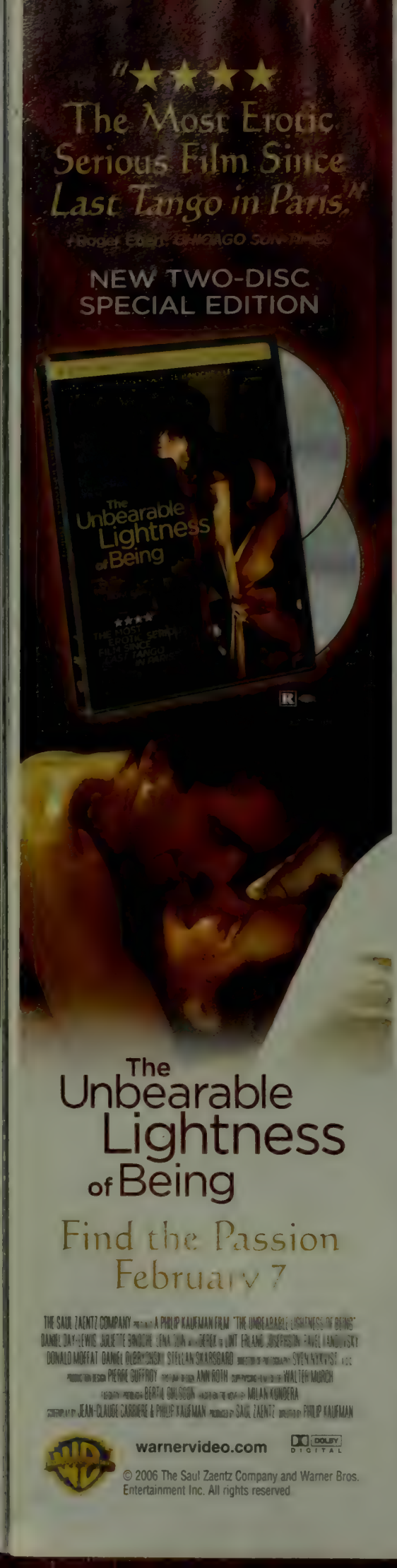
FEEL THE LOVE
Robert Evans lies with his wife, Victoria. They were married August 6, 2005, after dating for about three months.

When editor-at-large Matt Tyrnauer profiled Robert Evans for the magazine nearly 12 years ago ("Evans Gate," September 1994), the former production chief of Paramount Pictures and producer of *The Godfather* was about to publish his memoir *The Kid Stays in the Picture*. At the time, Evans was down-and-out at his Beverly Hills estate, which he could barely afford to maintain. "I went from legend to leper," Evans told Tyrnauer, giving a neat summary of his book's story line. In the years since, Evans has recaptured his status as a legend. *The Kid Stays in the Picture* became a best-seller. The book inspired a new generation in Hollywood, as did the documentary version (produced by *Vanity Fair* editor Graydon Carter), which premiered at the Cannes Film Festival and became an international hit.

Now Evans, aged 75, is putting the final touches on a second memoir, *The Fat Lady Sang*. The inspiration for the final chapter, titled "The Miracle," came last year, when he was married for the seventh time, in Cabo San Lucas, to his neighbor Lady Victoria White, who, it so happens, figured in a September 2004 *V.F.* article about a financial dispute related to the death of her stepdaughter Sita White ("White Mischief," by Vicky Ward). White, now 43, gained a substantial fortune after the death of her first husband, Lord Gordon White, in 1995. "For once, I married up," says Evans, whose marriage to actress Catherine Oxenberg lasted less than two weeks in 1998, and whose longest union was with Ali MacGraw (1969 to 1972). Married six months already, Evans says, "[Victoria] has kept her house. But since we married we have not spent one night apart."

Evans, who is almost obsessively attached to his own home, a 1941 John Woolf–designed villa, hosts his year-old, weekly Sirius radio show, *In Bed with Robert Evans*, literally from bed. He is also focused on rebuilding his once famous screening room (and pool house), which burned down in 2004. "It will be finished by this summer," he says. "As close as it was as we can get it . . . I made *The Godfather* in that room. Everyone in Hollywood had been in that room. So I want it back." With luck, it will be up and running in time for watching the dailies of what may be the next Evans-produced film: a fictionalized biography of Sidney Korshak, the late Chicago Mob lawyer, who was a mentor to Evans, and who got the Mafia to stand aside during the making of *The Godfather*. The movie is based on another *V.F.* article, "The Man Who Kept the Secrets," by contributing editor Nick Tosches, from April 1997.


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days she was in Aruba before her disappearance.

Absence of any input from these obvious potential witnesses, or an explanation for their unavailability, cripples whatever investigation there is in this investigative report.

MIKE DAVITT
Saline, Michigan

UGANDA'S ENDLESS NIGHTMARE

FIRST, I want to commend *Vanity Fair* for printing an article discussing the nightmarish situation in northern Uganda ["Childhood's End," by Christopher Hitchens, January]. I'm confident that your readers will be moved and will want to get involved. However, the article did not supply any information on how to help. To that end, I would like to direct your readers to a project called Invisible Children (invisiblechildren.com), which a group of college students from Southern California have started. I am very proud to say that one of my students will be traveling with Invisible Children to Uganda this summer to work with the children; I know they can use more support.

CRYSTAL COUCH
Orange, California

FOR SOME REASON, perhaps because these children do not have a voice, we have missed this madman, who is committing gross crimes against humanity. The entire world should rise up, remove Joseph Kony, and bring some peace and justice to this tormented land. Thank you, Christopher Hitchens, for shining a light on a very dark period in our humanity.

MICHAEL McCARTHY
Miami Beach, Florida

I READ WITH GREAT INTEREST Mr. Hitchens's article on the night commuters in northern Uganda. I lived in Entebbe from 1996 until 2003, doing H.I.V. research. My two-year contract turned into seven years simply because I fell in love with the country and its people. What Joseph Kony is doing to Uganda needs to be shouted from the rooftops, and I thank Mr. Hitchens for bringing this story to the people of the U.S. Kony is a terrorist and an overall vile human being. It has always seemed to me that it would not be difficult to remove him—his whereabouts are not unknown! However, the Ugandan government does not seem interested in doing this, as the "rebels" of northern Uganda keep the public eye off the corruption in Kampala. The U.S. is not interested in getting rid of Kony, either, because there's no oil in Uganda.

For 19 years, governments have turned a blind eye and allowed this "rebellion" to continuously murder, kidnap, rape, and savagely attack countless Ugandans. We should be ashamed of ourselves.

MARY SULLIVAN
Monkton, Maryland

THANK YOU very much for your article on the horrific plight of Uganda's children at the hands of Joseph Kony and the Lord's Resistance Army. It is embarrassing and dangerous how ignorant we are to the atrocities happening outside our tiny personal circle of concern. But can you ask Christopher Hitchens to please leave out his editorializing? The facts speak for themselves without Mr. Hitchens's demonstrating to the reader his interpretive prowess with his smug, witty commentary.

BRUCE NACHBAR
Los Angeles, California

IF MORE ARTICLES like Christopher Hitchens's were written, perhaps those of us in the Western, privileged world would care just a little bit more about those children who have lost their innocence, whether in Uganda or in other war-torn countries. Why are men like Joseph Kony allowed to terrorize whole populations?

Thanks, Mr. Hitchens, for bringing the plight of these lovely children to light. I pray that something will be done to stop the madness.

LORNA JEROME
Waldorf, Maryland

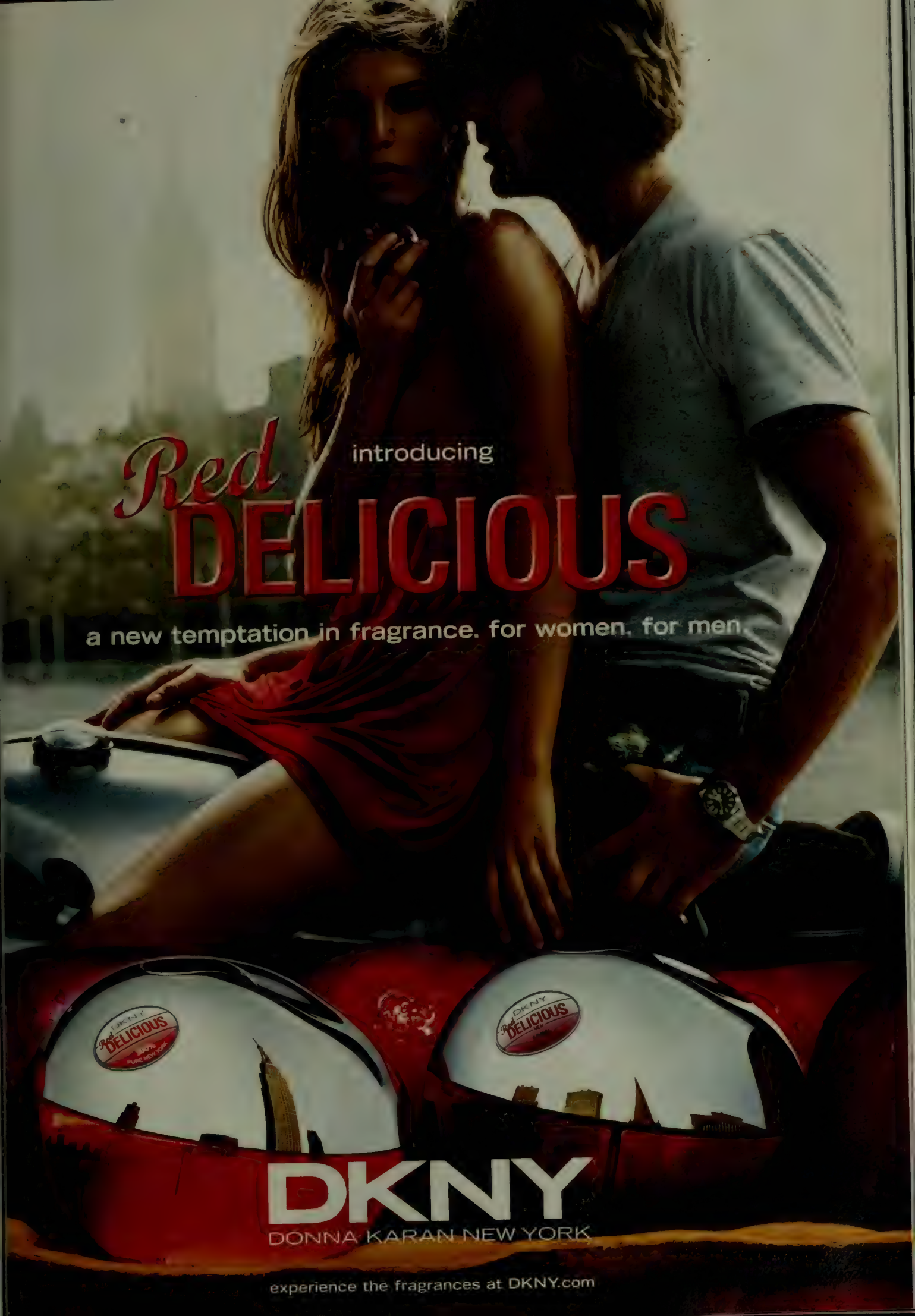
GRAY LADY DOWN

SETH MNOOKIN'S article on Judith Miller ["Unreliable Sources," January], while illuminating about the inner workings of *The New York Times,* misses some important points.

First, to suggest that Miller's reporting about weapons of mass destruction prior to the invasion of Iraq somehow contributed to the unfortunate decision to go to war assigns to Miller and the press in general a power and authority they simply do not possess. George W. Bush is solely responsible for this decision—not Judy Miller, not the *Times,* and not other news outlets. The press should be clear about this and not let Bush off the hook. Turning the spotlight of criticism on Miller certainly did accomplish one objective of the Machiavellian Bush P.R. policy: when the administration commits an error, shift blame to someone else. Unfortunately, the *Times* and much of the U.S. press were accomplices in this ruse.

Finally, if the circumstances surrounding Miller's refusal to testify before the grand jury and her subsequent arrangement to do so did indeed require an "investigation," the *Times* was not the organization to conduct it.

Institutions such as the *Times,* or a pres-


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idential administration, are simply not capable of investigating themselves. I would have thought that the *Times* had learned this lesson from the Jayson Blair scandal. The better course for [*Times* publisher Arthur] Sulzberger and company would have been to get out from the middle of the whole Miller affair and let an independent body do the investigating. But the best course would have been for the newspaper to have stiffened its spine and not let the spotlight shift to Miller in the first place.

DAVID R. BROUSELL
New York, New York

DOES ANYBODY other than journalism professors and television pundits really give a damn about the professional ethics of a *New York Times* reporter or the bad judgment of her publisher?

Will tens of thousands of *Times* readers switch en masse to the *Post* (Washington or New York)? Will the *Los Angeles Times* become "the paper of record" for liberals?

Though every Pulitzer may bring new readers to the *Times*, I'll bet it doesn't lose current ones to the sleaziness of a Jayson Blair scandal or the baroque (and somewhat opaque) insider maneuvering of a Judith Miller.

When the *Times*'s circulation-trend line begins to point south, or when there are four consecutive quarters of declining advertising revenue, wake me up. Until then, what happens behind the scenes at the Old Gray Lady is as scintillating as the private life of Special Counsel Patrick Fitzgerald.

STEVE LEVINE
Orlando, Florida

THE SAMPLE TRUTH

ALTHOUGH THE SHOW of support for Osama bin Laden in the Pew Global Attitudes Project cited in the excerpt of Peter Bergen's upcoming book certainly illustrates the vast chasm between public opinion and regime policies in the Middle East (the true hallmark of an authoritarian regime), these numbers tell only a small part of the story ["From the Shadows: An Oral History of Osama bin Laden," January].

First, in the Pew polls, approximately 40 percent of respondents in both Morocco and Jordan had an unfavorable opinion of bin Laden. I am currently working on a project with the University of Maryland and Zogby International which asks a similar question. However, instead of providing respondents with a list of names, we ask them to offer the names of leaders they admire. The name that tops the list in all six Arab countries surveyed is French president Jacques Chirac. Bin Laden gained a significant percentage (and then just 8 percent) only in the United Arab Emirates, and our survey also included Morocco and Jordan. Although any show of support for bin Laden is unsettling, I think the most shocking finding of the Pew polls is that nearly 10 percent of Americans don't know who either Tony Blair or Jacques Chirac is.

SHANA MARSHALL
Bethesda, Maryland

PERILS OF ST. PAUL'S

I WAS OVERWHELMED with sympathy for the alumni of St. Paul's School after reading Alex Shoumatoff's article ["A Private-School Affair," January] detailing the appalling events that have been curdling the caviar at the exclusive institution. His account of financial malfeasance, staffing problems, hazing incidents, a drowning, sexual shenanigans, and just plain bad manners over the past few years reminded me of my own high-school days, except at my parochial school such events happened every day, along with stabbings, muggings, and a couple of drive-by shootings to round out the afternoon.

While the alumni of this prestigious institution gnash their teeth over never having graduated a U.S. president from its hallowed halls, my class is still trying to find someone who can qualify for the police force.

Shoumatoff seems to imply that the decline at St. Paul's began, as it did for so many institutions, in the 60s, when a class staged a revolt not against the Vietnam War, not against a denial of civil rights, but against the dress code. These brave individuals threw off the shackles of their suit coats and ties and bravely embraced the sweater-vest and jeans. After that it was anarchy—women and minorities were admitted, and the whole place went to hell in a handbasket, leading to the current spate of skulduggery and sacrilege, the most serious involving, of course, money.

It just goes to show that the rich, with all their wealth and education, are as clueless as the rest of us when it comes to their kids and not a whole lot smarter about whom and what they throw their money at. They just get to be stupid in better surroundings, with a better class of people.

TINA DEARING
Fort Wayne, Indiana

SOMETHING ABOUT CINDY

NO IMAGE has driven home the cost to Americans of the current administration's ill-advised and deceptive war more than Jonas Karlsson's photograph of Cindy Sheehan



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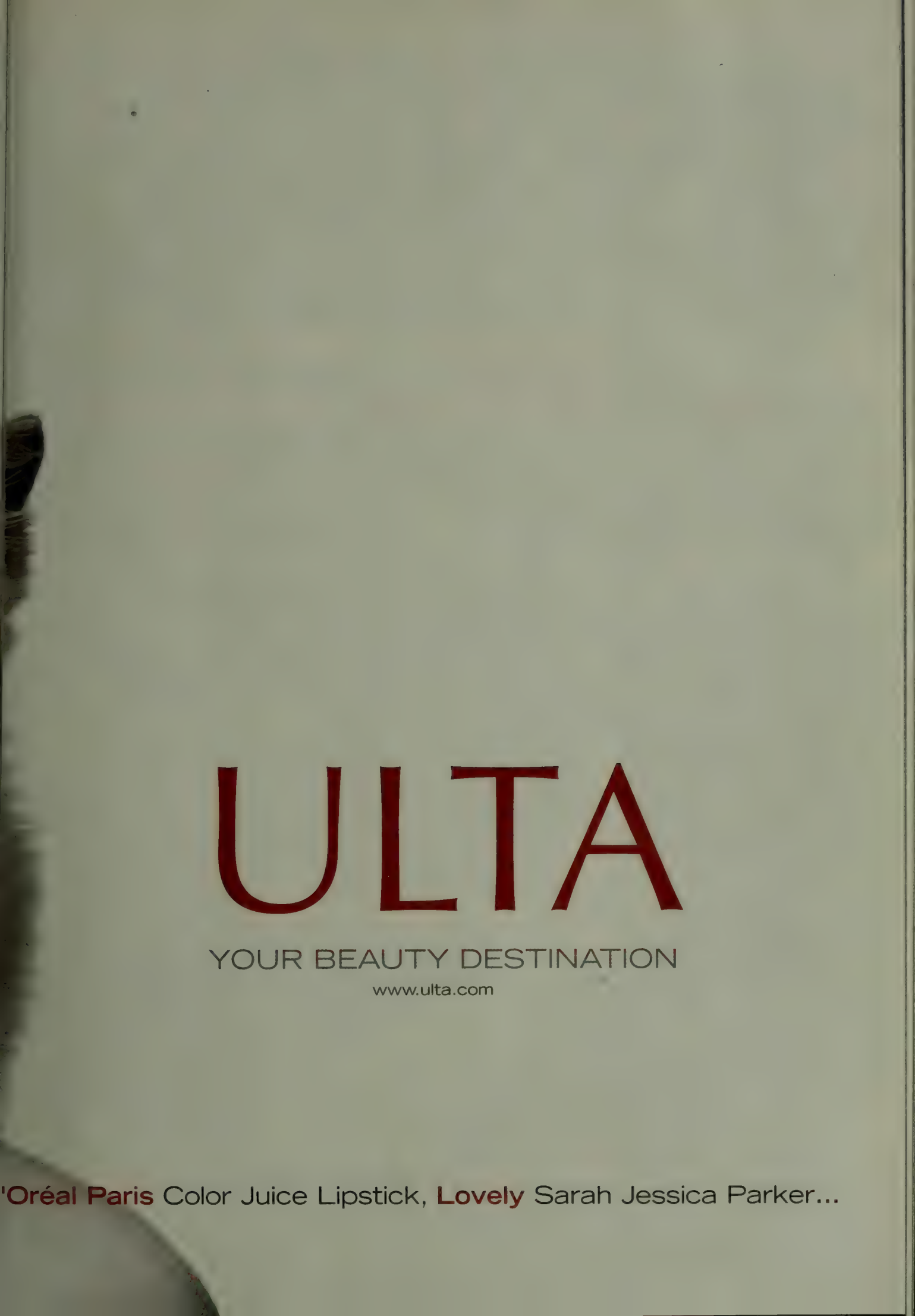
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Nicollette Sheridan (center) with her friends



Nicollette Sheridan blows out the candles.



Mark Moses, Teri Hatcher, and Richard Burgi

A BIRTHDAY FÊTE

On November 19, 2005, the Diamond Information Center and *Vanity Fair* hosted a private birthday celebration for Nicollette Sheridan at Il Sole Restaurant in West Hollywood. An intimate group, including Sheridan's *Desperate Housewives* co-stars Marcia Cross, Teri Hatcher, Brenda Strong, Mark Moses, and Richard Burgi, gathered to toast Sheridan over dinner, and raise awareness for the nonprofit Best Friends Animal Society. In addition, Sheridan's agent, Marcia Hurwitz, presented her with a three-carat Neil Lane Diamond Right-Hand Ring, and Sheridan presented Best Friends with a Diamond Right-Hand Ring to be auctioned at the charity's 2006 gala.

lying prone on the grave of her son ["The Best of the Best 2005," January]. I'll read the rest of the issue as soon as I stop crying.

JILL COZZI
Washington, New Jersey

YOUR PHOTOGRAPH of Cindy Sheehan relaxing on her son's grave was inappropriate and grotesque. In a time of war, when many young men and women are fighting for our freedom, Sheehan should not be recognized as "the best of the best" of anything—except, maybe, setting a bad example.

My stepson recently rejoined the Marine Corps, as part of the reserve, eight years after his four-year enlistment ended. He will be deployed to Iraq in March. He is a patriot, making his own choices. We support our son. Cindy Sheehan should uphold her son's memory by supporting his love of America and by remembering all the freedoms won for her, and for all of us.

SUE REED
Reno, Nevada

CORRECTION: On page 155 of the January issue ("The Road to Kong," by Krista Smith), we misstated actor Andy Serkis's nationality. He is English.

Letters to the editor should be sent electronically with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number to letters@vf.com. Letters to the editor will also be accepted via fax at 212-286-4324. All requests for back issues should be sent to subscriptions@vf.com. All other queries should be sent to vfmail@vf.com. The magazine reserves the right to edit submissions, which may be published or otherwise used in any medium. All submissions become the property of *Vanity Fair*.

MORE FROM THE *V.F.* MAILBAG

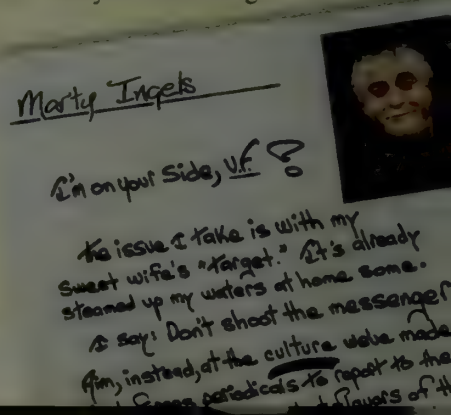
"If you haven't already done so, please cancel my subscription." There is an undeniably bizarre, downbeat charm to that sentence. Do we really come across as the sort of magazine that goes around pre-emptively canceling people's subscriptions? Cool.

The letter to the editor we printed in December from Shirley Jones (*that* Shirley Jones) has elicited a rebuttal from Marty Ingels (*that* Marty Ingels), her husband. That's right—pull up a chair. Ms. Jones wrote that she loves *V.F.* but objected to the magazine's having put a "porn star" on its October cover. (Don't bother rummaging for that issue: she meant Paris Hilton.) Now Mr. Ingels, also from Encino, California, writes, "I'm on your side, *V.F.*! The issue I take is with my sweet wife's 'target.' It's already steamed up my waters at home some." Ingels's point: "Don't shoot the messenger. Aim, instead, at the culture we've made that forces periodicals to report to the planet what its own hot flavors of the week are." We like his point. We liked her letter. But we nevertheless want to discourage other spouses from thinking that it's now acceptable to communicate with each other via the Letters pages of glossy monthlies. Because *To the Editor: Please CANCEL my subscription, and tell Fred to pick up a quart of skim milk on his way home. I DARE YOU TO PRINT THIS* is but a short, depressing step away.

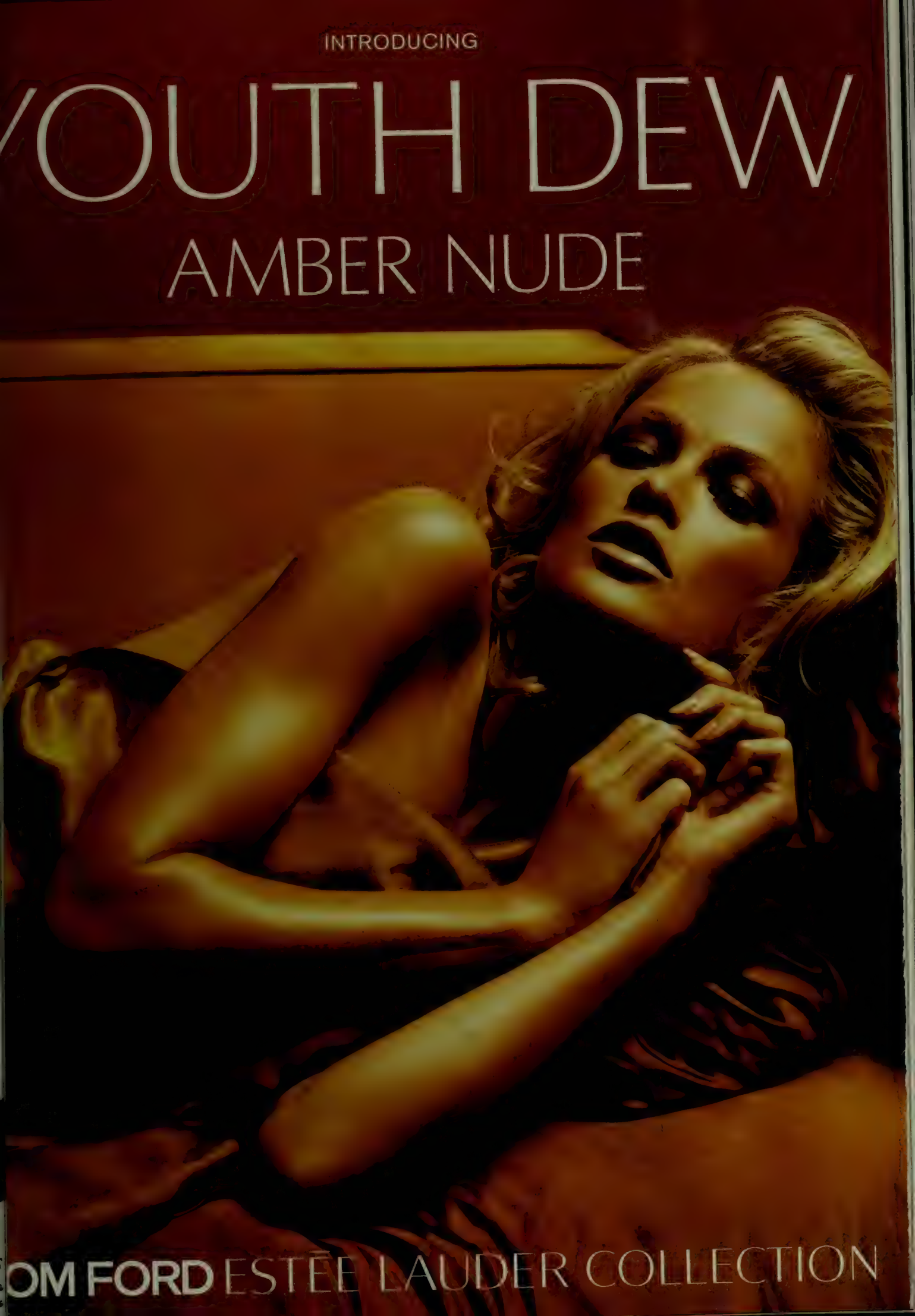
"I find it intriguing that *V.F.* continues to explore and uphold the ideas of blue-bloodedness at the same time as you offer hard criticism of our president, a sure product of country-club upbringing," notes Jen Cowan, of Telluride, Colorado, referring to Alex Shoumatoff's piece on St. Paul's. "In fact, the idea of a 'legacy' . . . is exactly the kind of antiquated, un-American idea that led a man of negligible intellect to garner a presidential election." Negligible intellect? Have you *seen* him stride across that White House lawn?

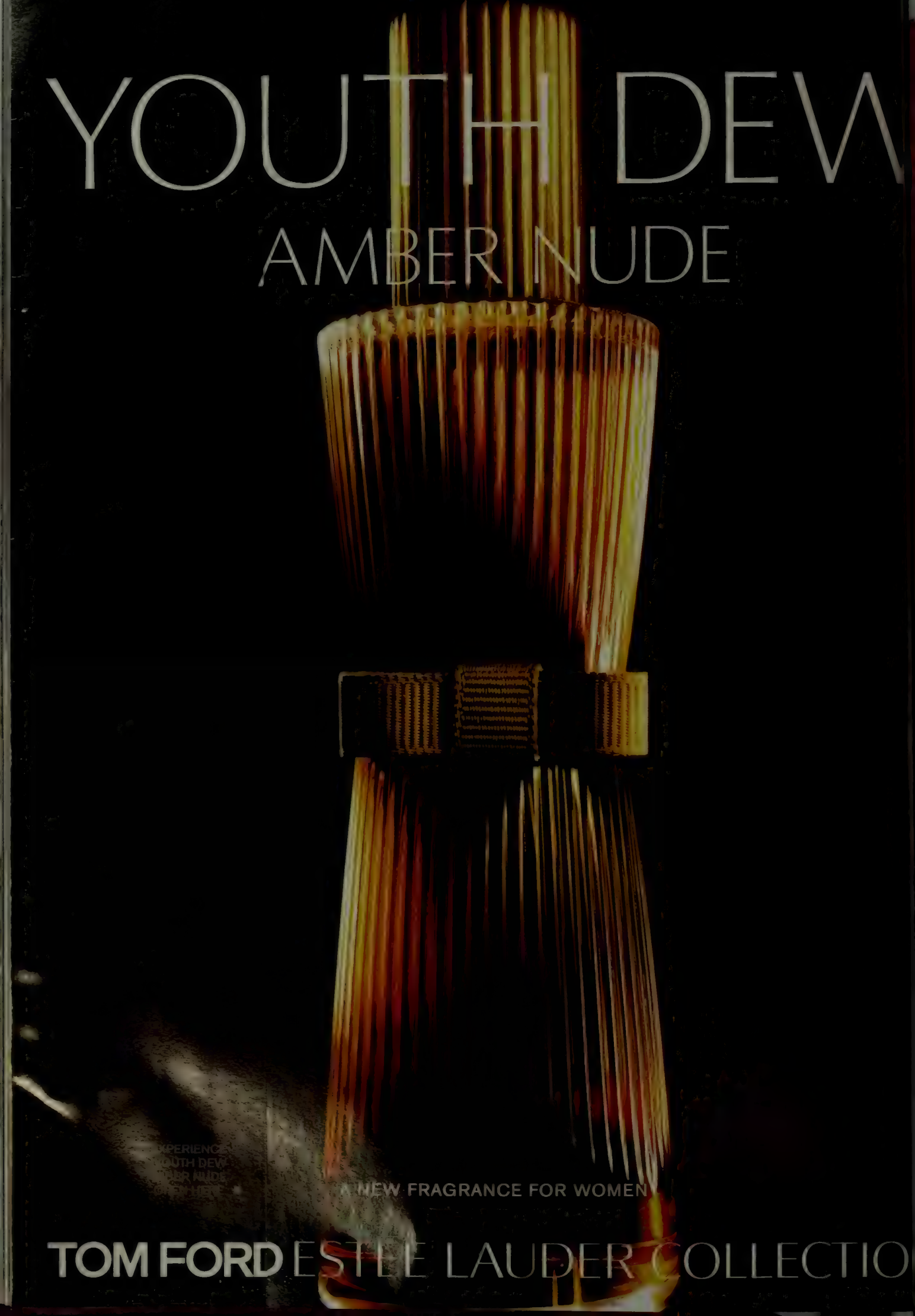
Mail this month arrived not only from *V.F.* readers but also from *V.F.* listeners. "I've heard a lot about the story attacking Beth Holloway," goes one. Another: "I don't have to read your article to know how disappointed and angry I am with your 'story.'" Well, we don't have to read our magazine to know that they're talking about the Bryan Burrough investigation of Natalee Holloway's disappearance in Aruba. Some who actually read the story found it "disturbing." Still, another reader—Anonymous, from Washington, D.C.—said, "Great job sorting out fact from fiction. You can't slam the cable channels hard and long enough for the lack of dignity they bring to their profession."

Finally: "Has *Vanity Fair* ever published an issue that did not contain the word *Zeitgeist?*" Well, Gail Snyder of Woodstock, Georgia, this *might* have been the one—until you came along.

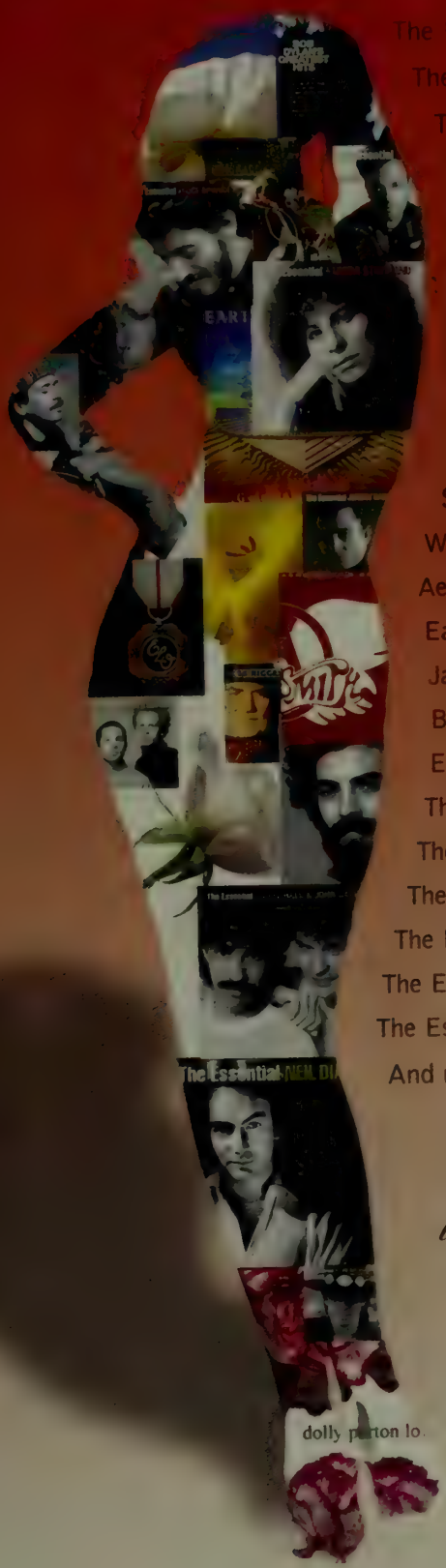


FROM THE DESK OF . . .
A peek at Mr. Shirley Jones's personal stationery.


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FEND

FANFAIR

March 2006

31 Days in the Life of the Culture



Original Player

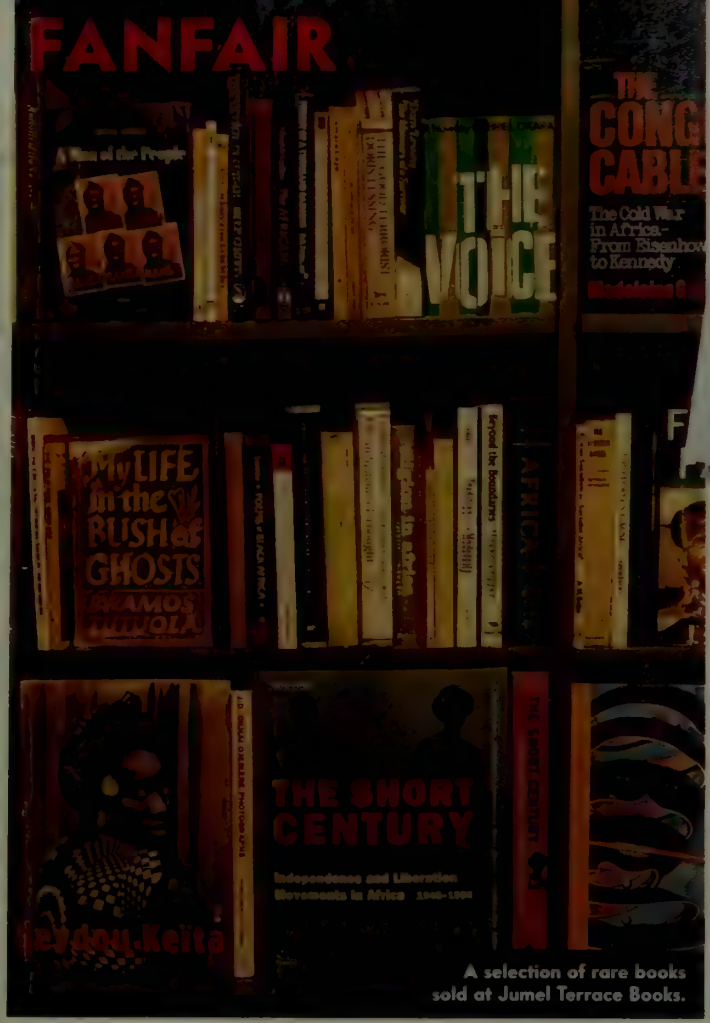
Actor Farley Granger signed on as a Samuel Goldwyn contract player in the early 1940s. He has starred in such films as Nicholas Ray's *They Live by Night* (1949) and Alfred Hitchcock's *Rope* (1948) and *Strangers on a Train* (1951). Photographed in N.Y.C. on December 15, 2005.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRUCE WEBER

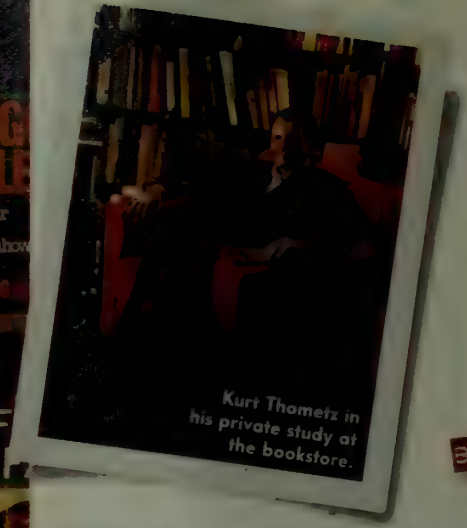

FENDI

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FANFAIR



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Kurt Thometz in his private study at the bookstore.

LITERARY AWAKENING

Duke Ellington wasn't the only one who took the A train—a whole generation of artists and writers went uptown and made Harlem their home. Now, decades after this Renaissance, the Sugar Hill section is humming again. On the quaint tree-lined blocks surrounding the Morris-Jumel Mansion (where **Aaron Burr** lived), book-lovers and history buffs are finding their way to **Kurt Thometz's** spectacular **Jumel Terrace Books,** a three-story brownstone full of titles on subjects as diverse as Cuban Santeria and blaxploitation. (jumelterracebooks.com.)

REEL MUSIC

■ **Michel Gondry** directs ***Dave Chappelle's Block Party,*** a combination of the comedian's stand-up routines and musical performances by artists and bands such as **Mos Def** and **the Fugees** (Rogue Pictures, March 3).



■ **The Cary Grant Boxed Set**—*His Girl Friday, Only Angels Have Wings, The Talk of the Town, Holiday,* and *The Awful Truth*—is now available on DVD from Sony Pictures Home Entertainment.

MARCH

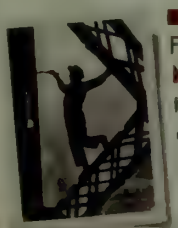
THE CULTURAL DIVIDE

JON STEWART HOSTS THE 78TH ACADEMY AWARDS, SUNDAY, MARCH 5.



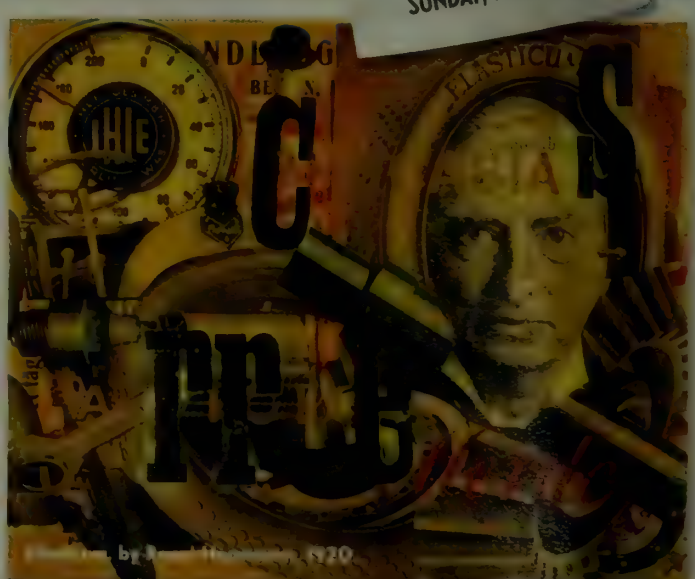
ART OPENINGS

■ The **Annie Leibovitz**–curated **"The City,"** a student showcase from the South Bronx offshoot of N.Y.C.'s International Center of Photography, is featured at Artexpo New York (3/2–3/6).


The Eiffel Tower, by Riboud, 1953.

■ A retrospective of French photojournalist **Marc Riboud's** globe-trotting work, which earned him two prestigious Overseas Press Club awards, opens at the Minneapolis Institute of Arts (3/11–5/14).

■ Hauser & Wirth London presents more than 300 **Warhol** photographs depicting the vibrant social scene surrounding the famed artist (1/27–3/11).

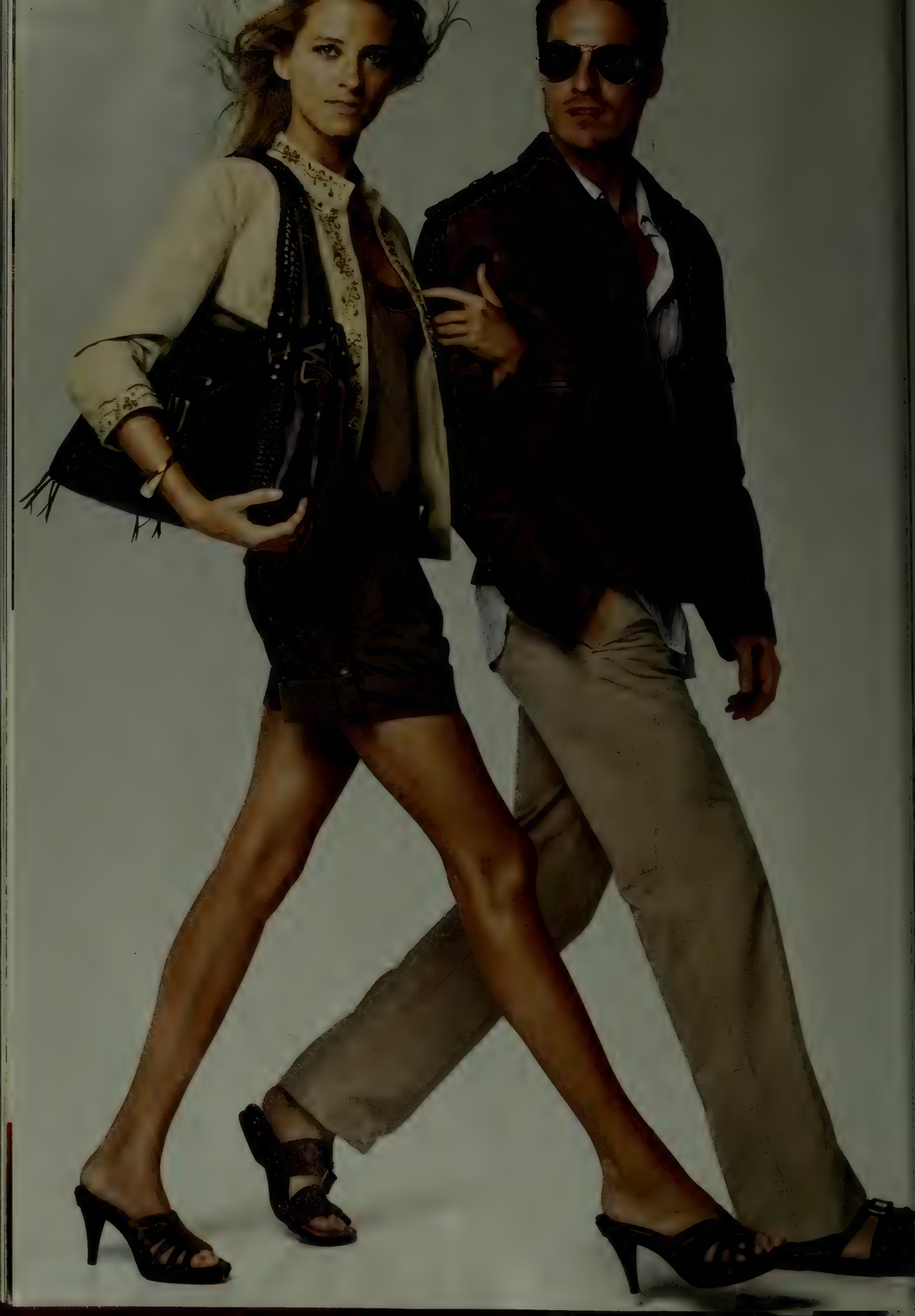

The most comprehensive exhibition of Dada, the art and literary movement born during W.W. I, ever to come to a U.S. museum opens at the National Gallery of Art, in Washington, D.C. (2/19–5/14).

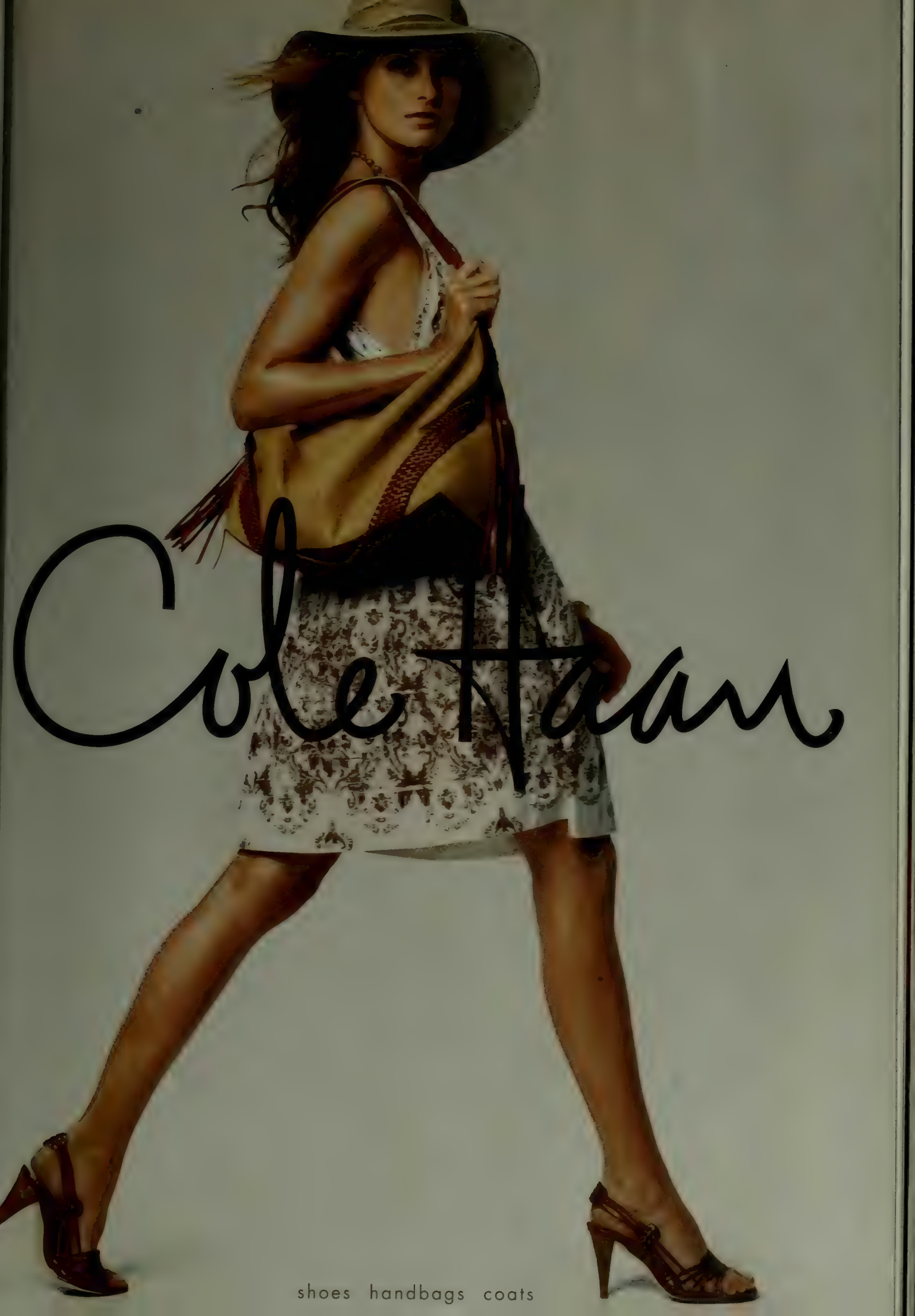
■ **David Wallace's** vibrant coffee-table book ***Dream Palaces of Hollywood's Golden Age*** (Abrams) provides an all-access tour of 25 fabulous homes, hotels, restaurants, and theaters from the 1920s to the 1940s.

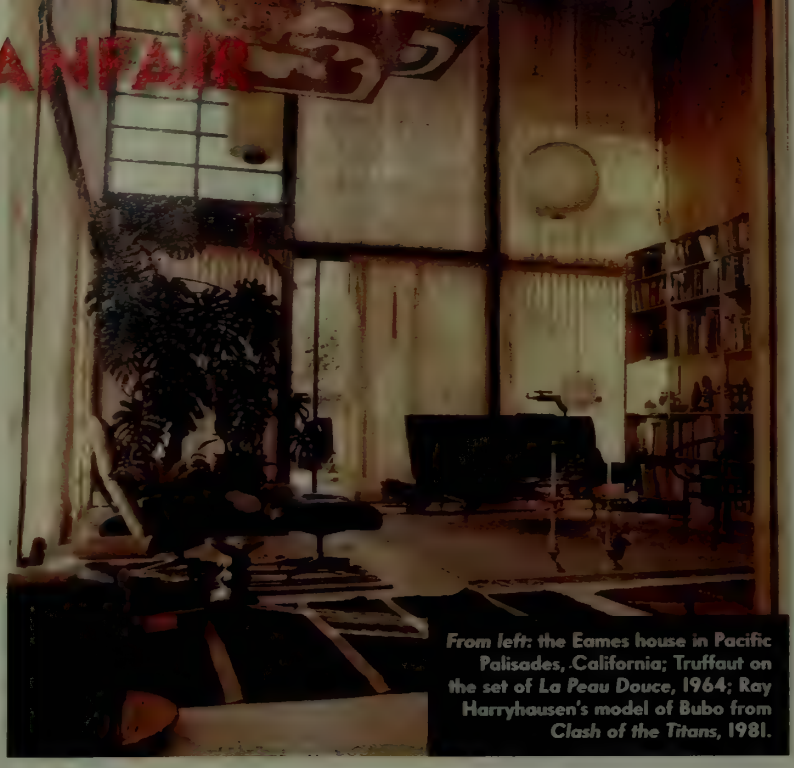
■ ***Through Georgia's Eyes*** (Henry Holt), a picture-book biography of artist **Georgia O'Keeffe** by **Rachel Victoria Rodríguez,** coincides with the 20th anniversary of her death and Women's History Month.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BROOKE SLEZAK (JUMEL BOOKSTORE).


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From left: the Eames house in Pacific Palisades, California; Truffaut on the set of *La Peau Douce*, 1964; Ray Harryhausen's model of Bubo from *Clash of the Titans*, 1981.

HOT TYPE

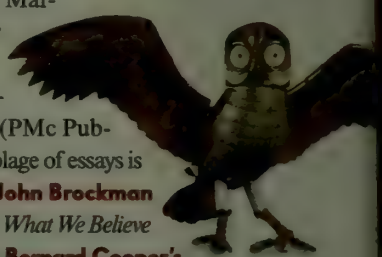
ELISSA SCHAPPELL

Praise be! After the death of his lovely devil-may-care wife, a grieving Maine minister finds his faith rent asunder, his child ostracized, and his once devoted flock feeding wildly on gossip and suspicion. **Elizabeth Strout's** greatly anticipated second novel, *Abide with Me* (Random House), is an answered prayer.

When fate threw sportscaster Howard Cosell and boxer Muhammad Ali together, the upshot was, as **Dave Kindred** reports, all *Sound and Fury* (Free Press). From his druggy childhood in both a Harlem ghetto and the Hotchkiss School to a life as both an award-winning TV writer and a Bellevue patient, **Dennis Watlington** has always been *Chasing America* (Thomas Dunne). An eccentric father and his six scheming daughters populate fledgling novelist **Galt Niederhoffer's** clever comedy of manners, *A Taxonomy of Barnacles* (St. Martin's). **Danielle Trussoni's** vivid memoir of life with her divorced, alcoholic, Vietnam-vet dad, *Falling Through the Earth* (Henry Holt), makes plain that the horror of war doesn't end in the trenches. In the war on sex and women's freedoms, **Christina Page** trumpets *How the Pro-Choice Movement Saved America* (Basic Books). In *The Weather Makers* (Atlantic Monthly Press) the unimpeachable **Tim Flannery** provides proof that the climate is changing for the worse. Drawn by strains of Gypsy rumba music, **Fernanda Eberstadt** dances into *Little Money Street* (Knopf). Phaidon Press zooms in on the life of François Truffaut in *Truffaut at Work*. The last volume of **Taylor Branch's** sweeping history of the civil-rights movement finds America *At Canaan's Edge* (Simon & Schuster). Novelist **Heather McGowan,** a high queen among prose stylists, presents her *Duchess of Nothing* (Bloomsbury USA). **Kim Barnes** and **Claire Davis,** editors of the anthology *Kiss Tomorrow Hello* (Doubleday), mine women's tales from the "midlife underground," while editor **Leslie Morgan Steiner's** stay-at-home mummies face off against career moms in *Mommy Wars* (Random House). Sock it to me, Mama!



Fast-forward: **Roger Rosenblatt's** fiction debut is the satirical *Lapham Rising* (Ecco). **Jackie Collins** spreads her talent in *Lovers & Players* (St. Martin's). *The Art of Ray Harryhausen* (Billboard) freeze-frames on the father of special effects. **Cindy Adams** is *Living a Dog's Life* (St. Martin's). Pull up *The Eames Lounge Chair* (Merrell). Celebsnap artist **Patrick McMullan** captures the high art of the *Kiss Kiss* (PMc Publishing). **William H. Gass's** assemblage of essays is *A Temple of Texts* (Knopf). Editor **John Brockman** sent top-ranking eggheads to explore *What We Believe but Cannot Prove* (Harper Perennial). **Bernard Cooper's** new memoir is *The Bill from My Father* (Simon & Schuster). And, just in time for Oscar-night parties, *V.F.* contributing editor **David Kamp** and **Lawrence Levi** roll out *The Film Snob's Dictionary* (Broadway), an arsenal of insider info designed to insulate you from indie poseurs and simpering cinephiles. Hallelujah!



Calling All Superheroes

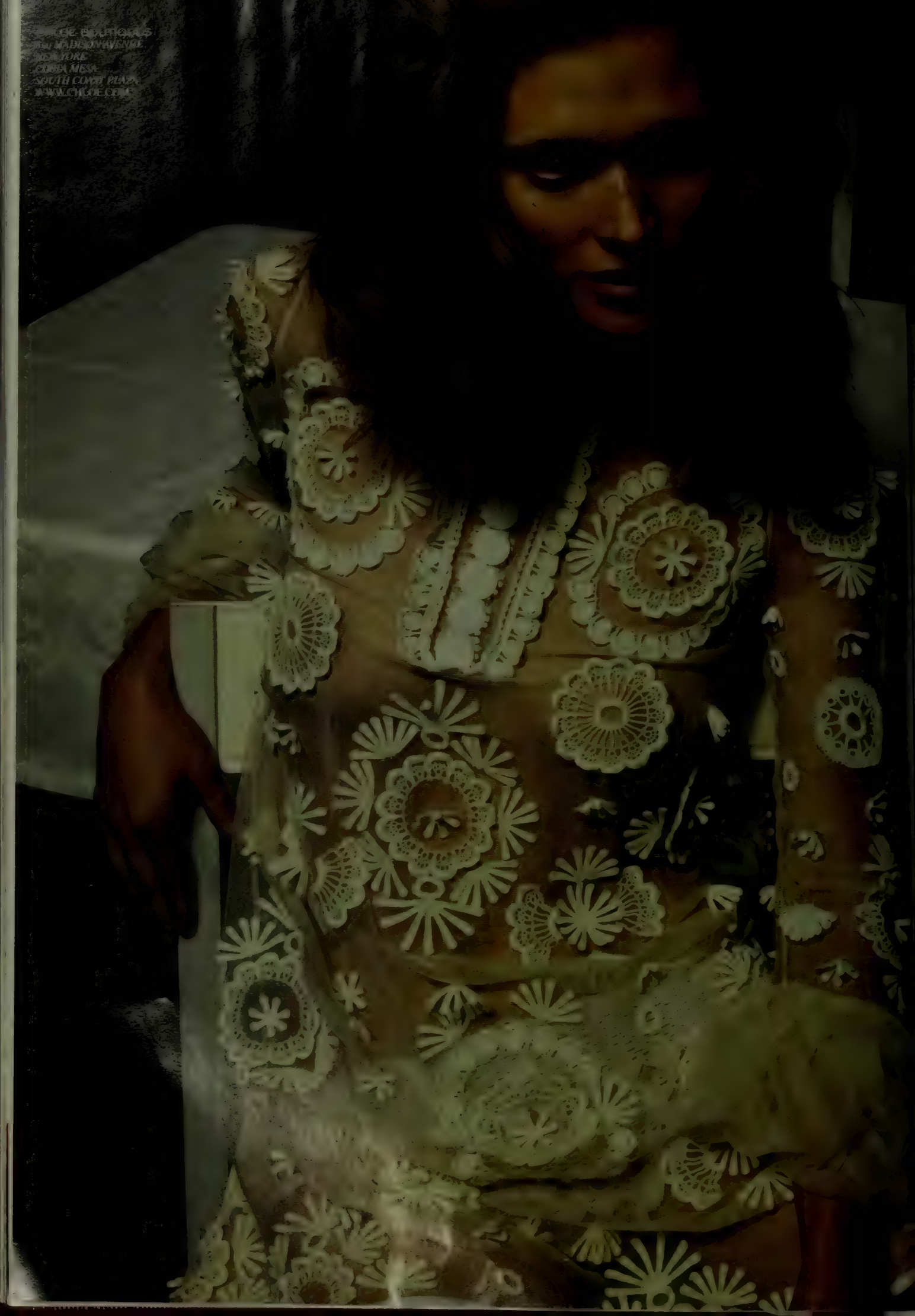
DEBORAH EISENBERG'S LATEST TRIUMPH

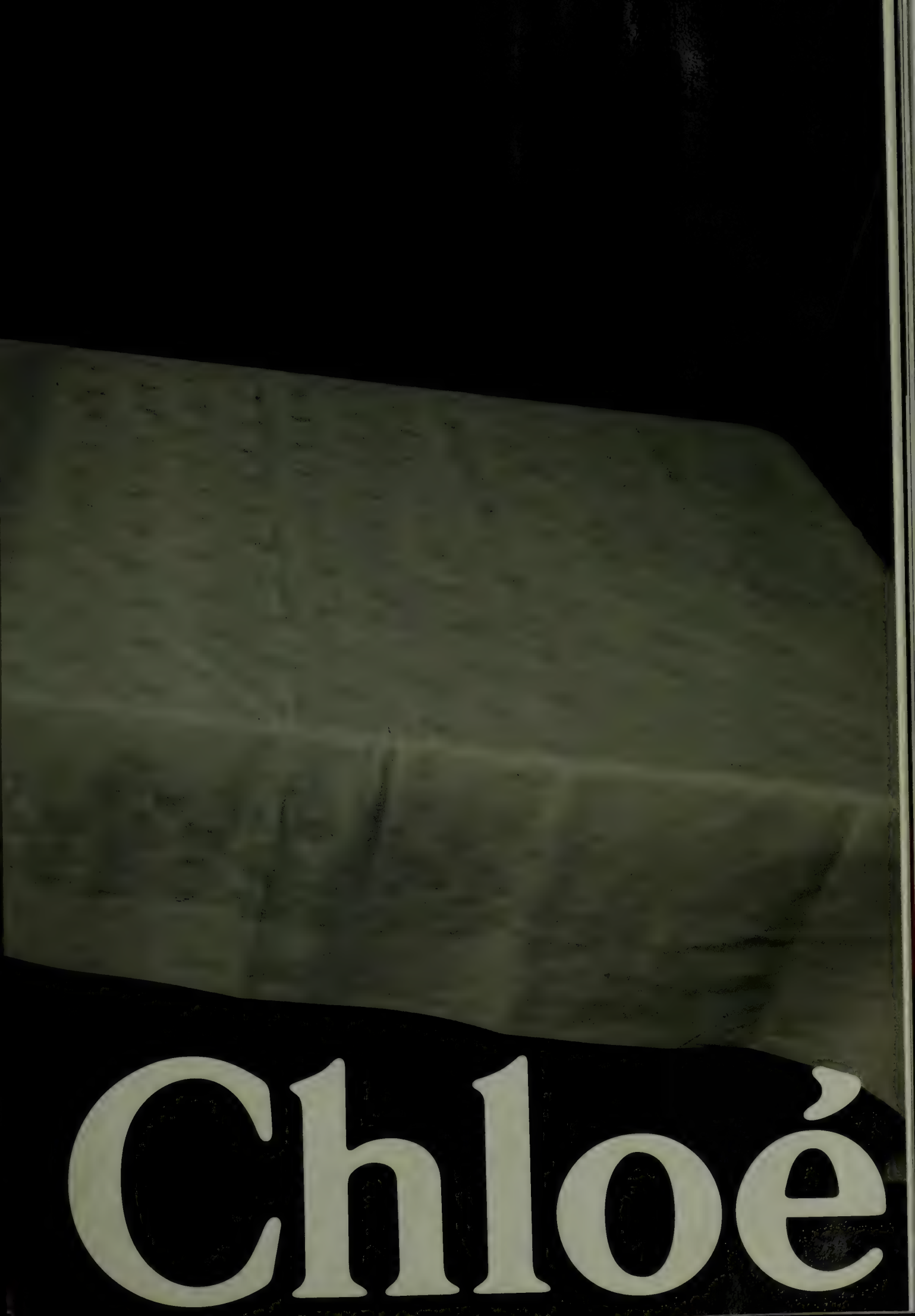
The next time some lit-crit nincompoop pronounces the short story dead and proclaims the novel to be *the thing*, one need only point out that **Deborah Eisenberg** has just published her seventh stunning collection, *Twilight of the Superheroes*, and proved that the form is very much in the pink. The new book, from Farrar, Straus and Giroux, demonstrates Eisenberg's astonishing ability to create stories brimming with big ideas and deft social commentary. In prose that is comic, elegant, and pitch-perfect, Eisenberg illustrates the lives of people rubbed raw by what the Fates have sent them. A young woman falls for an arms dealer and his toddler son, a brother is pained by his relationship with his schizophrenic sister, and in the title story a group of postcollegiate pals witness the terrorist attacks of 9/11 up close. In pared-down, lucid language Eisenberg distills the horror of the day when "something flashed and something tore, and the cloudless sky ignited." But most astutely she captures the way that, while a disaster changes you forever, the ordinariness of life—working at a job, coping with family, falling in love—goes on, which is both necessary and sad. In each story Eisenberg articulates a facet of human experience that seems beyond words. Tell me that isn't a superpower. —E.S



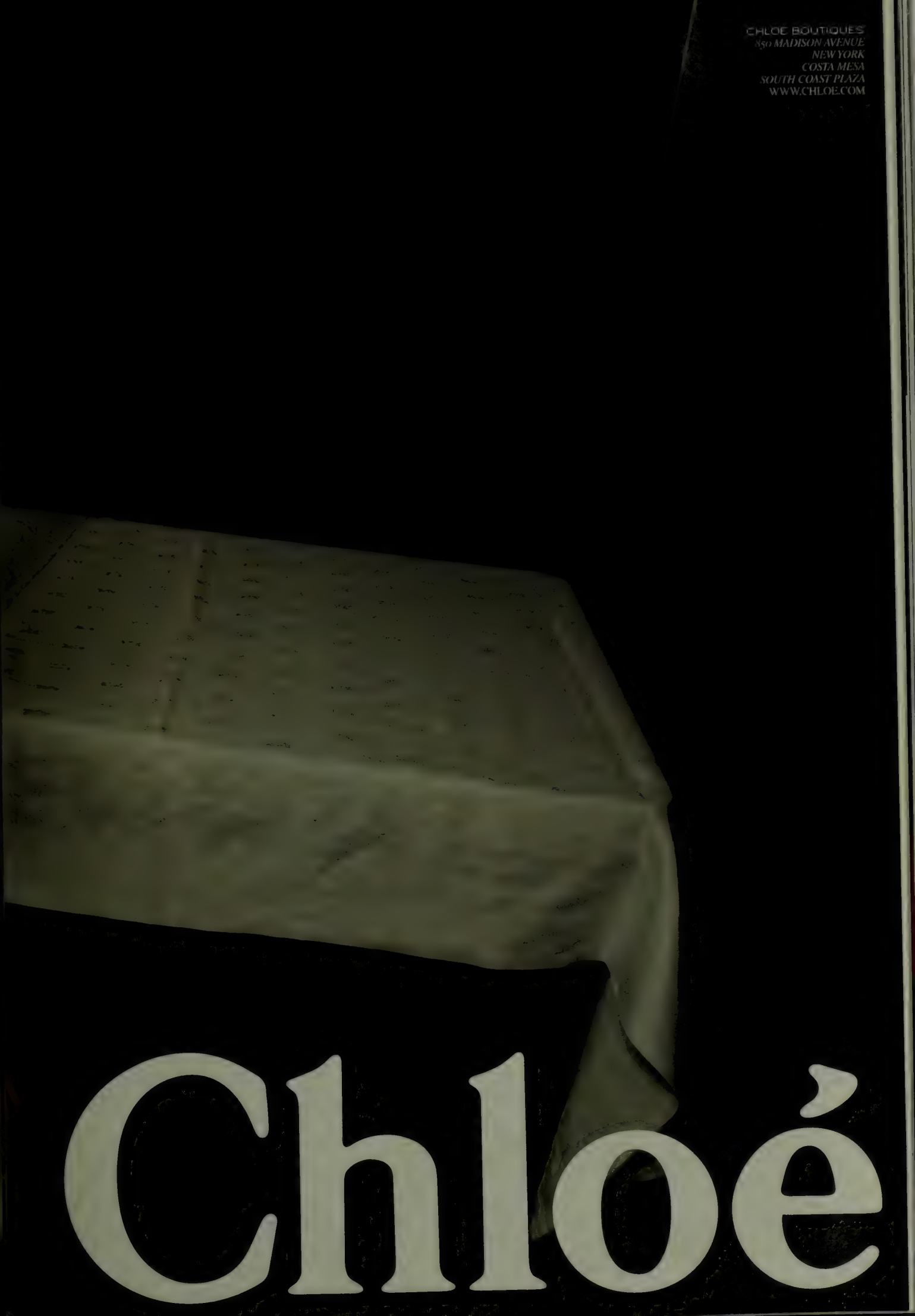
PHOTOGRAPHS: BOTTOM LEFT, BY DAVID LAWRENCE; BOTTOM RIGHT, BY DIANA MICHENER


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Morimoto's roasted lobster épice masala with seasonal vegetables and crème fraîche.

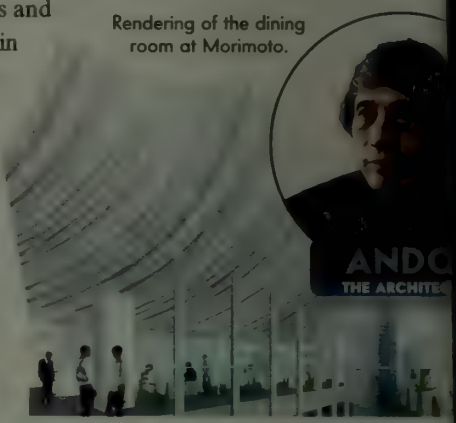


Morimoto N.Y.C.

A SPECTACULAR PAIRING OF FOOD AND DESIGN

Following his *Iron Chef* stardom, and a run as the executive chef at Nobu, in New York City, the stoic pro fryer and sushi laureate **Masaharu Morimoto** moved, somewhat unpredictably, to Philadelphia, where, in November 2001, he launched an eponymous restaurant, one of the few jewels in the eastern-Pennsylvania culinary crown. Recently, chef Morimoto took his nori wrappers and saucepans north, and opened a branch of his restaurant at 88 10th Avenue, in New York's Meatpacking District, right below the soon-to-be-prettified High Line railroad viaduct. For the design of the Manhattan Morimoto, the chef turned to Osaka-based **Tadao Ando,** the hyper-Minimalist architect who is famous for his poetic use of concrete and natural light. The restaurant is Ando's first work to be built in New York. (In this country he is best known for his 2002 Modern Art Museum of Fort Worth.) As is fitting for a formerly industrial neighborhood, Morimoto's façade is made of a sheer sheet of steel, punctured by an archway. Inside will be the largest Japanese *noren* curtain ever to obstruct an entrance. From that point on, Ando-esque serenity will prevail, with glass privacy walls between tables and a ceiling that looks like a suspended raked sand bed for a Japanese rock garden. "I am trying to express Japan as a place of outstanding natural beauty," Ando says. "My aesthetic inspiration comes from Japanese scenic images. The fabric ceiling expresses the breath of wind, and a wall made of bottles expresses water." —MATT TYRNAUER

Rendering of the dining room at Morimoto.



THE ARIZONA INN
PINK PARADISE

We wanted to go hiking in the Tucson area's 75-degree, sunny winter days, but we didn't want to sleep in a tent. Then we heard that former editor of French *Vogue* **Joan Juliet Buck** prefers **the Arizona Inn** to the **Hotel du Cap,** in Antibes. A pink Spanish-colonial fantasy of 86 rooms on 14 palm-studded acres, the Arizona Inn feels like an intimate version of the Beverly Hills Hotel. Founded in 1930 by the remarkable **Isabella Greenway,** a friend of **Eleanor Roosevelt's,** the inn is now run, with a staff of 210, to gleaming perfection by her great-grandson **Will Conroy,** a screenwriter and the son of writer **Frank Conroy.** The lovely rooms are filled with fine furniture and artwork, tea with cucumber or caviar sandwiches is served afternoons in the library, and there's a 60-foot pool, which is also a good place to sample cinnamon toast and homemade orange marmalade at breakfast. —DOUG STUMPF



DESERT PALACE
The Greenway House Gardens, at the Arizona Inn.



ARTIST'S SPACE
Enoc Pérez, photographed in New York City on January 4, 2006.

Nostalgic Triumph

PÉREZ'S DREAMY DESTINATIONS

Enoc Pérez is an artist obsessed with love, with the intangibility of experience and all that is elusive or ephemeral. His is the palette of memory. At 38, the Puerto Rican–born Pérez paints without brushes; his images are produced using a hybrid frottage technique, building the painting layer upon layer and color on color, a process not unlike the mechanical method of Warhol's silkscreens, or the frame-by-frame construction of a film. His paintings—portraits of women and renderings of buildings such as grand hotels and of resort architecture of the 1950s and 60s—echo like snapshots or diary entries, dreamlike, fractured, full of desire, infused with Utopian hope and a late-20th-century sense of loss. "I wanted to affect the way the medium was used from within," says Pérez, who describes himself as a melancholy romantic with a deeply Latin-American sensibility. "When you affect the way things are made, you can create work that can be radical without being blatantly radical." A show of his works on paper opens this spring at New York's Faggionato Fine Art, and in the fall an exhibition of paintings will be displayed at Mitchell-Innes & Nash; a 2007 project for Lever House is also under way. "I hope to be remembered as an artist who discovered a new way of making paintings," Pérez continues, "a technique that allows me to eliminate gesture, leaving only color and line." —A. M. HOMES



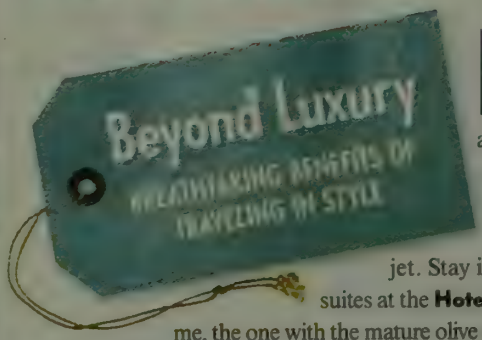
Normandie, 2003.



Ponce Inter-Continental Hotel, Puerto Rico, 2003.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ERIC MCNATT

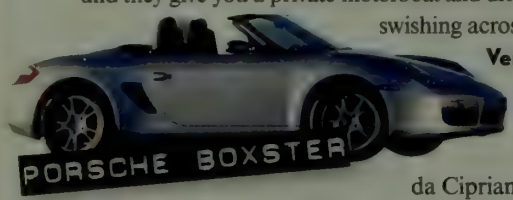

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Luxury is fabulously cheap if you are extravagant. Spend a million taking a week at **Lajitas,** the 25,000-acre Texan resort ranch, and they will chuck in a private jet. Stay in one of the two penthouse suites at the **Hotel Martinez,** in Cannes—trust me, the one with the mature olive tree flown in by helicopter has the best view of the Croisette—and a drop-top Porsche or Mercedes is yours to re-create that *To Catch a Thief* chic on the Côte d'Azur.

The rich are different; they don't have to pay for anything. The most flamboyant current example of this maxim is **Steve Wynn's** villas at **Wynn Las Vegas.** They're beyond price, because there is no price for these spacious extravaganzas, with private pool and NASA-like technology, right off the golf course. They're for the high rollers. You have to be invited. And I thought Wynn had reached the ultimate with his Italianate mini-palazzi at **Bellagio,** with Renaissance garden, indoor-outdoor fireplace, east wing, west wing, gym, his-and-her bathrooms, 24/7 hairdressing salon, and constant drip-feed of caviar.

Check into the Palladio Suite at the **Hotel Cipriani,** in Venice, and they give you a private motorboat and driver. It's so Nicole—swishing across the lagoon to the **Venice Film Festival** on the Lido, or out to a lazy lunch on Torcello, at Locanda Cipriani. "Always divine," wrote **Peggy Guggenheim** in the guest book in 1949, and it still is; the spirit of **Ernest Hemingway,** who wrote much of *Across the River and into the Trees* there, exists remarkably peacefully with the presence of **Joan Collins.** Replete with *vitello tonnato,* you can cut a swath back to the Palladio's private dock.



To receive is better than to give. One might have thought that one's cup was full just sitting on the loggia of the **Villa San Michele,** in Florence, drinking honeyed wine while looking out on the Duomo. But no, San Michele longs to whisk you to a secret apothecary in Tuscany to have your own scent made. Entirely their treat. Take any suite at the **Peninsula Beverly Hills** and they will press a 400-series Lexus upon you. Be their guest—and just so you get the picture, your pillowcases will have been monogrammed with your initials before you check in. **The Ritz-Carlton** hotels play the dog card: arrive with your best friend and R-C gives you an embroidered dog bed that could accommodate a sleepover by King Kong. **The Balmoral,** in Edinburgh, provides canine guests with squeaky sheepskin dog toys in the shape of bones—believe me, this means more to besotted owners than motorcars or yachts. And then there's **Hugh Grant** and **Jemima Khan,** who had hardly walked through the door of **Le Sirenuse,** in Positano, before they were offered a classic Riva boat for a trip to Capri, picnicking, lazing, swimming, whatever. It's the price of fame to have largesse thrust upon you. Think Oscar goody bags.

But I can't stop thinking, *Where will it all end?* I know we've only just begun, but I bet **Gérard Depardieu** and **Carole Bouquet** never use the topless Porsche when they go to the penthouse at the Martinez; I bet guests at Lajitas often give their handmade gold and silver bracelets to the maid: the rich are great at re-gifting. However, regardless of the fact that Lexuses may remain unused at the Peninsula because all Academy Award nominees have a driver, I bet the coffee will be a winner. Have breakfast at the Peninsula, and if you're desperate for that Starbucks fix, a darling waiter will pop across the street for a decaffeinated skinny latte. Private jets aside, it's still the little things that matter.

—VICTORIA MATHER







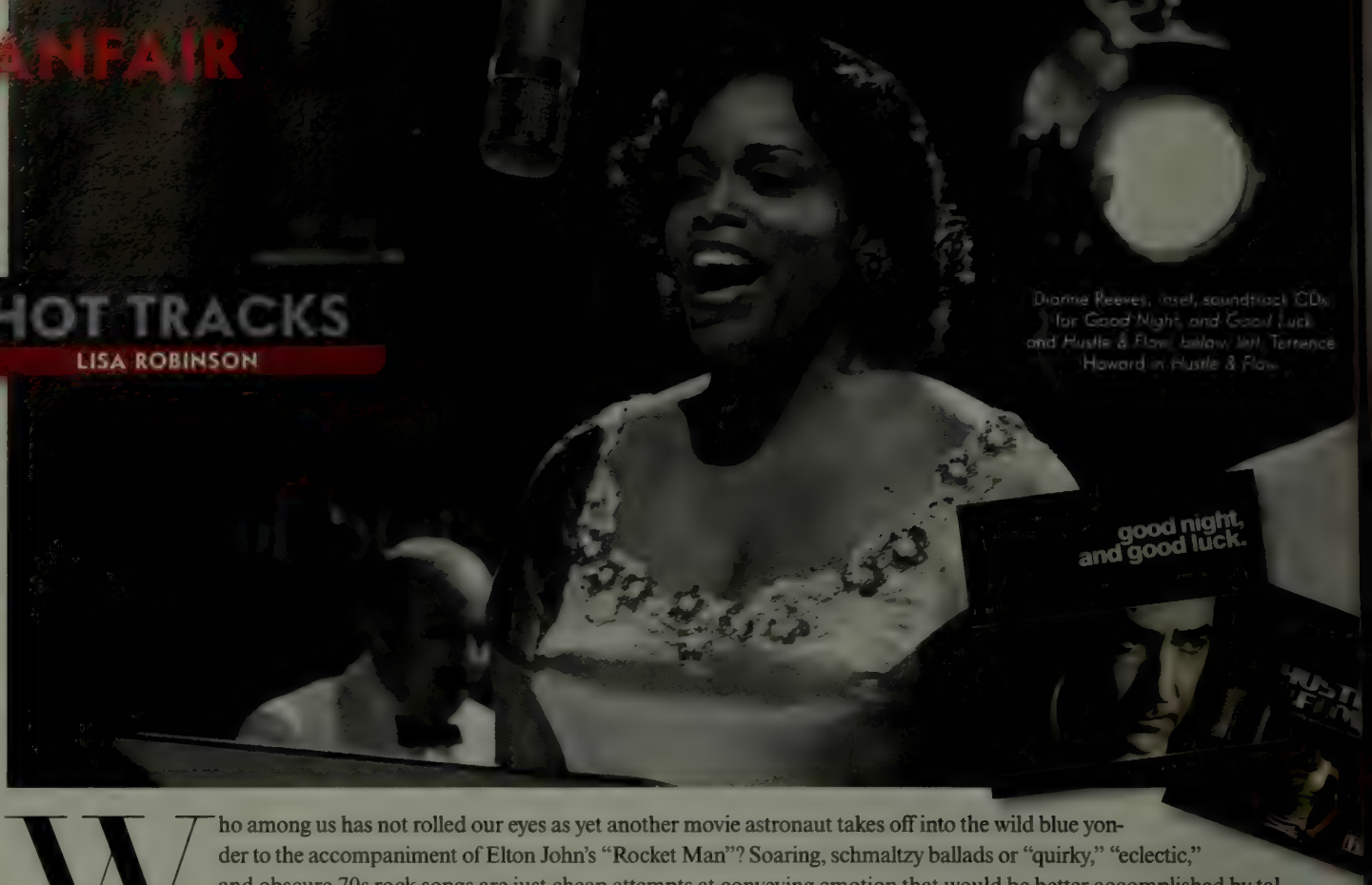





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HOT TRACKS

LISA ROBINSON



Dianne Reeves, inset, soundtrack CDs for *Good Night, and Good Luck* and *Hustle & Flow*; below, left, Terrence Howard in *Hustle & Flow*.

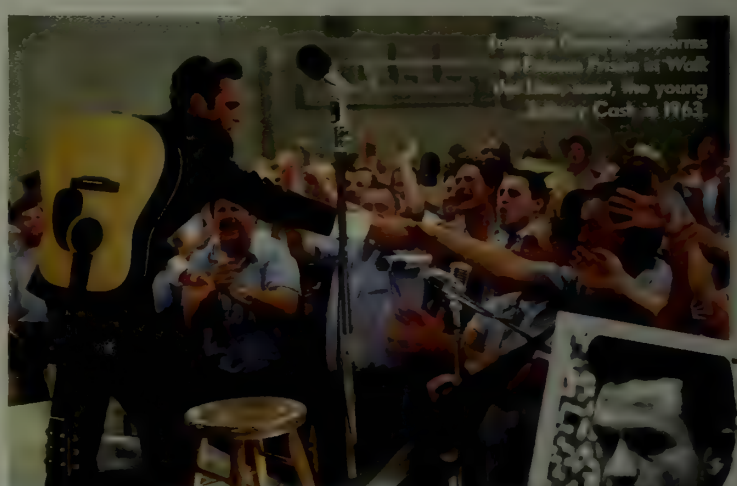
Who among us has not rolled our eyes as yet another movie astronaut takes off into the wild blue yonder to the accompaniment of Elton John's "Rocket Man"? Soaring, schmaltzy ballads or "quirky," "eclectic," and obscure 70s rock songs are just cheap attempts at conveying emotion that would be better accomplished by talented actors or well-written scripts.

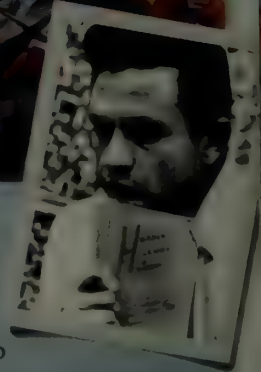
A major exception in this year's batch of irritating soundtracks and cornball scores is the fantastic music in the George Clooney–helmed *Good Night, and Good Luck.* Smart, smoky, and sophisticated, this CD is one that jazz fans would be advised to actually purchase, old-school-style, in a *store.* Or copy or burn or download to your iPod or whatnot. It includes real standards ("How High the Moon," "One for My Baby," "Straighten Up and Fly Right") written by talented composers (Nat King Cole, Cole Porter, Peggy Lee, Harold Arlen) and sung by the great jazz singer **Dianne Reeves**—who actually appears in the movie. Reeves is seen in subtle transitional segments throughout the film, and it's a device that cleverly evokes the mood of the era without hitting you over the head. It's solid, swinging stuff. Kudos to Clooney.



It would be a shock if the song "It's Hard Out Here for a Pimp," from the Terrence Howard starrer *Hustle & Flow,* gets a nod from the Academy for best song. But I defy anyone to name another tune as catchy from any of this year's movie melodies. Audiences came out of the megaplexes *humming* it—along with "Whoop That Trick," from the same film. Both are included in the CD of music "from and inspired by" this feel-good movie about a pimp. Also for hip-hop aficionados: the *Get Rich or Die Tryin'* soundtrack has 18 numbers from **50 Cent** and his **G-Unit** posse. For the Bevhillbilly set: country music's First Lady, **Dolly Parton,** wrote "Travelin' Thru" for Felicity Huffman's transgender tour de force, *Transamerica;* **Emmylou Harris, Willie Nelson,** and **Steve Earle** contribute to the music of *Brokeback Mountain;* and **Dwight Yoakam, Merle Haggard,** and **Freddy Fender** add country (and western) authenticity to the soundtrack of Tommy Lee Jones's *The Three Burials of Melquiades Estrada.* Worth noting: *No Direction Home,* the companion CD to Martin Scorsese's wonderful **Bob Dylan** documentary; **Yo-Yo Ma's** and **Itzhak Perlman's** performances in John Williams's score for *Memoirs of a Geisha;* **Nathan Larson's** *Filmmusik,* with music he did for films such as *Boys Don't Cry, High Art, Dirty Pretty Things,* and *The Woodsman.* And even though *Derailed* derailed, check out the soundtrack produced by **the RZA.** And a saving grace in *Bewitched,* the Will Ferrell pic that be-tanked, is **Frank Sinatra's** "Witchcraft."

No one understands a life like Frank's.





The decision to have Joaquin Phoenix and Reese Witherspoon actually sing rather than lip-synch in the biopic *Walk the Line* may have been a creative one—or quite possibly a legal one—but it works. Up to a point. The acting is so good that while the two are on the screen you forgive and forget that it's not really **Johnny Cash** and **June Carter** singing. Music producer T Bone Burnett does an admirable job of conjuring up the roots of country and rockabilly and the early days of Sun Studios and Jerry Lee Lewis, Elvis Presley, Waylon Jennings, and Cash. But when the credits roll at the end of the movie and the real Johnny and June sing "Long Legged Guitar Pickin' Man," the desire for authenticity takes over. To satisfy that longing, get one of their great boxed sets: two of the current best are Johnny Cash's *The Legend* and June Carter Cash's *Keep on the Sunny Side.* —L.R.


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CLASSIC GROOMING
The entryway to the Shave of Beverly Hills; right, the barber station.

The Men's Club

A NEW TWIST ON THE TRADITIONAL SALON

If **the Beatles** killed the barbershop in the U.K., then 1975's *Shampoo* put an end to those enclaves of bay-rum machismo in Los Angeles. Prior to that, Hollywood had had a thriving tonsorial culture. **Larry Gelbart** got his start when his father, a Beverly Hills barber, pitched his son to patron **Danny Thomas.** And the late **Harry Drucker** clipped **Frank Sinatra** and **President Ronald Reagan.**



As with Rat Pack swagger, the vintage barbershop is having its comeback in the form of **the Shave of Beverly Hills.** At this storefront on South Beverly Drive, talent agents, producers, and other unisex-salon refugees sit in antique barber chairs and get straight-razor shaves. Comely female manicurists relieve the stresses from hours of thumbing the BlackBerry. Flat-screen TVs play ESPN. Cocktails are served. For celebrities, there's the Icon Room, with a private entrance off the back alley—which comes in handy, particularly if you're in for a back wax, listed discreetly on the bill of services as "Sweater Removal."

The Shave is the brainchild of two former film-distribution executives, 36-year-old **Adam Dishell** and **Bill Sanders,** 40. The duo decided to open their gentlemen's emporium after a revelatory moment under a hot towel at a New Orleans barbershop. "Bill dragged me to **Aidan Gill's,** and it changed my life. Prior to that, I wore what I'd call an organized scruff," says Dishell. Adds Sanders of the epiphany, "Shaving with a Bic and a can of foam is like eating at McDonald's."

The entrepreneurs figured there was a silent majority of like-minded Hollywood he-men who would support a clubhouse where a shave and a haircut cost $90, and a $4,000 annual membership fee guarantees clients unlimited grooming services, shoeshines, and a place to kibitz between meetings.

—JOHN BRODIE



HERBAL REVIVAL
Items from the Springdale Wellness Services kit.

PERSONAL APOTHECARY

There's this fantastic little holistic health center, **Springdale Wellness Services,** in York, Pennsylvania, that specializes in all types of traditional Chinese medicine—most notably acupuncture and herbal remedies. But if Route 83 doesn't intersect with your travel plans, owner **Jenny Zimmerman Ruffin** will create custom-made apothecary kits and ship them anywhere in the U.S. A consultation enables Ruffin to understand exactly what your needs are—**Ravensara Oil** may be your best defense against catching a cold on an airplane, **Xiao Yao Wan** softens muscle tension and calms anxiety, **Po Sum On Oil** is the perfect liniment for sore muscles and tight necks, **Yunnan Paiyao** helps with bruising and pain, and **Green Tea Extract** provides the perfect boost of energy and antioxidants. Ruffin includes instructions and descriptions in each kit. Prices start at $100; custom packages vary in price. (yorkneedles.com; 877-846-6609.)

—PUNCH HUTTON

Kitchen Confidential

DINING WITH THE DE LAURENTIISES

It's not an affectation, the funny, oft commented-upon way that **Giada De Laurentiis** says "spaghetti": spa-GIT-tee, in quick, syncopated, Italianate syllables. The 35-year-old Food Network star spent her first seven years in Rome, relocating to Los Angeles with the rest of the De Laurentiis clan when its patriarch, **Dino,** her film-producer grandfather (*Barbarella, Serpico, Blue Velvet, La Strada*), shifted his operations to the United States. "That's the way my grandfather says 'spaghetti,' and he ought to know, because his father owned a pasta factory," says Giada. Though she studied at Le Cordon Bleu, in Paris, and is therefore equipped with "strict, classical-French Escoffier training," De Laurentiis has increasingly come to embrace her Italian heritage. Her new cookbook, *Giada's Family Dinners* (Clarkson Potter), inflects American culinary traditions with Italian accents—her Thanksgiving-turkey stuffing, for example, is made from *ciabatta,* pancetta, and chestnuts. "There's still a long way to go to show Americans that Italian cooking is more than just red sauce," she says. And evidently there's still a long way to go in convincing the 86-year-old Dino, an Italian-food purist, that it's O.K. to make concessions to modern health concerns and the American marketplace. "I did a recipe for meatballs with dark turkey meat and a little bit of ketchup," Giada says. "My grandfather wanted to die. He wanted to die!"

—DAVID KAMP



COOKING SIREN
Giada De Laurentiis.

PHOTOGRAPHS TOP



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SCHUR THING
Stephanie and Jordan Schur, photographed at their home on December 23, 2005.

The Next It Thing

A SCHUR MATCH OF MUSIC AND COUTURE

They seem an unlikely pair. She's an up-and-coming fashion designer, specializing in smart, feminine looks that are prized for their aura of chic refinement. He's the music-biz whiz who gave the world such fist-pumping, heavy rock acts as **Limp Bizkit** and **Staind,** bands without a shot glass of refinement between them. She's inspired by the 1920s and the Abstract Expressionist **Mark Rothko;** he's all about the pop-culture present. He used to book clubs; she's *in* a book club.

It was love at first sight.

Stephanie and **Jordan Schur**—the designer of the **Michon Schur** clothing line and the president of **Geffen Records,** respectively—met in 2001. The alternative-rock band **Weezer** was releasing a new record, in honor of which Jordan threw one of his infamous Hollywood parties—a moonlit bacchanal for some 600 guests. "I remember thinking it was horrible," says the more low-key Stephanie. "And they ran out of champagne." The night wasn't a total loss, though: she eventually met the host, who plied her with his secret stash of Dom Pérignon. Within a week, she'd moved in. "Stephanie changed my life upside down and backwards," Jordan says.

They were married in 2003 and had a son, Jake, soon after. Stephanie—who'd studied fashion in college before working as a stylist's assistant and a salesgirl at Fred Segal—pulled out her old sketchpad. "I really needed a creative outlet," she says of her first, tentative designs, which she then hired a local seamstress to translate into silk georgette and satin. Encouraged by friends, Stephanie launched Michon Schur (Michon is her middle name), with a showing of just 10 pieces at a modest get-together at the Chateau Marmont. Stylist **Christina Ehrlich** took a few pieces with her when she left, and within weeks **Penélope Cruz** was wearing the black velvet skirt and green chiffon top from the neophyte designer's debut collection, and **Rosario Dawson** was photographed in a cream-colored satin dress by a bedazzled international press corps at the *Alexander* premiere, in November 2004. Other fans now include **Mischa Barton** and **Kirsten Dunst,** and the line is carried by Intermix and Stephanie's former employer Fred Segal.

When they're not traveling for work—Stephanie to France, where she supervises the fabrication of her collection by the same company that handles manufacturing for Chanel and Rochas, and Jordan all over the place in support of Geffen's artists, from the ethereal art-rock group **Sigur Rós** to **Ashlee Simpson**—the Schurs can usually be found at their Spanish Revival villa in Santa Monica Canyon, a four-story hillside showpiece featuring breathtaking views of the Pacific from two wraparound balconies. Under Stephanie's influence, Jordan now entertains on a gentler scale. Their intimate dinner parties are among the most coveted invitations in town. —AARON GELL

PHOTOGRAPH BY JASON BELL



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STYLED BY AMY HALL



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BY PUNCH HUTTON



Credits: Cover photograph by **Stephanie Rausser.** Styled by **Janine Israel** for celestineagency.com. Hair products by Kérastase Paris. Hair and makeup by **Cheryl Marks** for cloutieragency.com. Props styled by **Fi Campbell Johnson** for Stillsets. The 2006 XK8 by Jaguar. Characters illustrated by **Monica Lind.**

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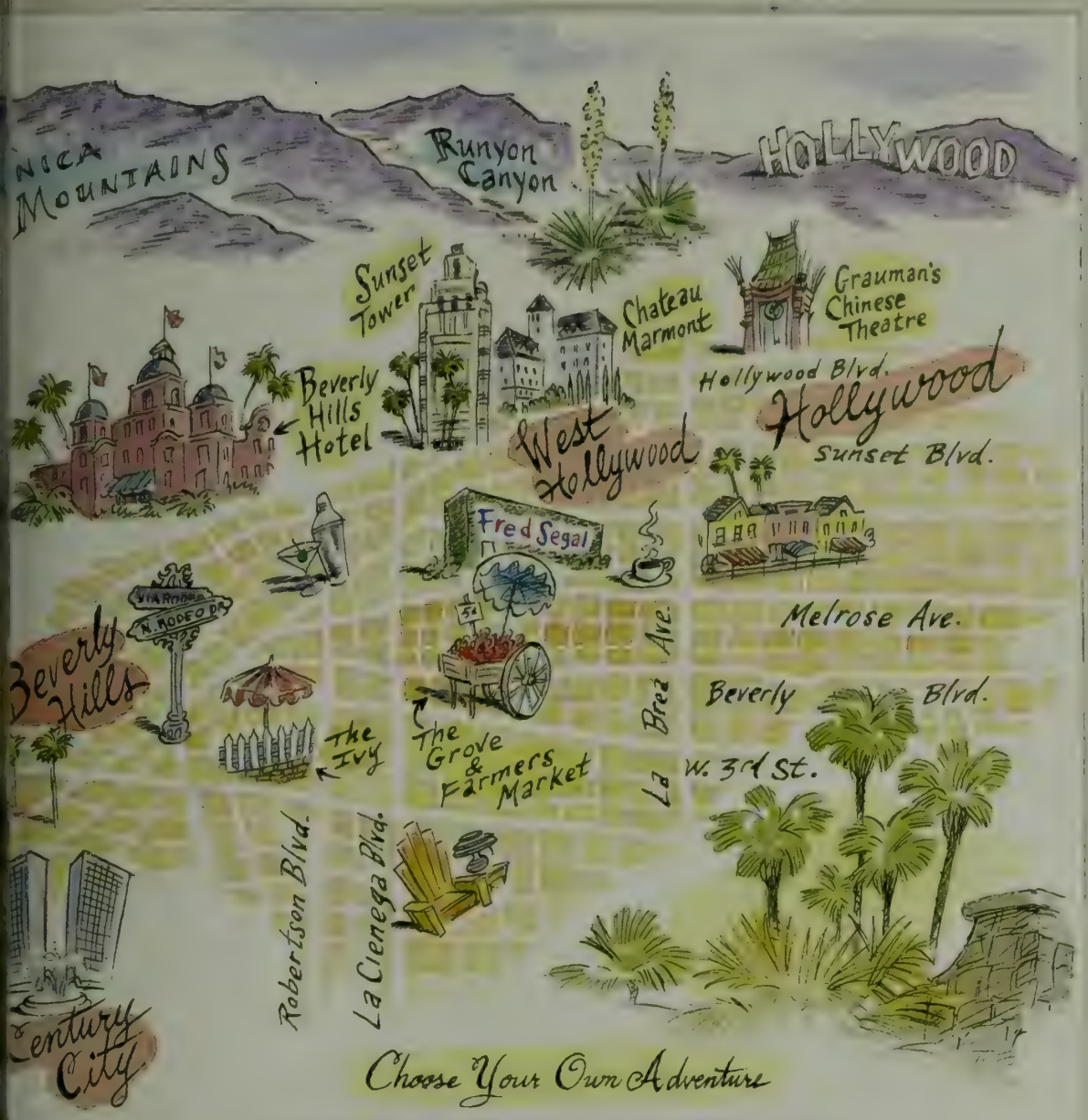
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STYLED BY AMY HA



YOU NEVER KNOW WHAT YOU MIGHT DO OR WHOM YOU'LL RUN INTO



SINGLE GIRL
Home: New York City
Job: Film publicist
Romantic status: She's looking ...
Age: 30

COUPLE WITH COLLEGE-AGE SON
Home: Montecito, California
Job: He is a semi-retired money manager; she does nonprofit work.
Romantic status: Celebrating their 25th anniversary.
Son goes to college: U.C.L.A.

SINGLE GUY
Home: San Francisco
Job: Graphic designer
Romantic status: Has a boyfriend.
Age: 35

YOUNG COUPLE WITH SMALL CHILDREN
Home: Chicago
Job: He is an architect; she owns a clothing boutique.
Romantic status: Married
Children's ages: Four and six

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Penelope Cruz wears #5W, Medium Golden Brown
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BY CHRISTIAN LOUB

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STYLED BY AMY HALL

PHOTOGRAPH BY JASON BELL

Single Girl

Wakes up at the **Sunset Tower Hotel,** formerly called the Argyle (8358 Sunset Blvd., West Hollywood; 323-654-7100).

Bonus: The landmark Art Deco hotel has amazing views of L.A., and it allows pets. The building is next to **Hart Park,** which has a beautiful dog run. This is perfect for Single Girl because she never travels without her Maltese.

MORNING: Goes to the **Coffee Bean & Tea Leaf** for a large sugar-free, nonfat vanilla latte (7915 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles; 323-851-8392).

Takes a yoga class at **Equinox.** She is so happy that her New York membership is transferable! (8590 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles; 310-289-1900).

Visits the **Face Place** for a galvanic facial (8701 Santa Monica Blvd., Beverly Hills; 310-855-1150).

Goes to **Kinara Skin Care Clinic and Spa** for a mani-pedi and Botox (656 N. Robertson Blvd., West Hollywood; 310-657-9188).

LUNCH: Outdoor patio at the **Polo Lounge** in the Beverly Hills Hotel for the McCarthy salad and an order of fries (9641 Sunset Blvd., Beverly Hills; 310-276-2251).

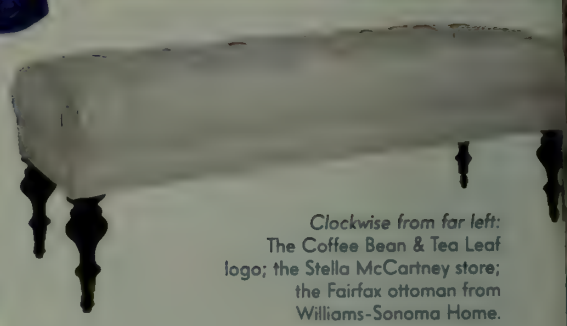
Gets a sassy haircut and blowout by Neil Weisberg, co-owner of **Neil George** salon. She passes the Olsen twins on her way out (9320 Civic Center Dr., Beverly Hills; 310-275-2808).

AFTERNOON: Hits the clothing boutiques along Robertson and 3rd: **Kitson** (115 S. Robertson Blvd., Beverly Hills; 310-859-2652) and **Satine** (8117 W. 3rd St., Los Angeles; 323-655-2142). Then **Lily et Cie** (9044 Burton Way, Beverly Hills; 310-724-5757), **Stella McCartney** (8823 Beverly Blvd., Los Angeles; 310-273-7051), and **Tracey Ross** (8595 W. Sunset Blvd.; 310-854-1996). Then swings by the Melrose shops: **DVF** (8407 Melrose Ave.; 323-951-1947), **Fred Segal** (8100 Melrose Ave.; 323-651-4129), **Marni** (8460 Melrose Pl.; 323-782-1100), **Marc Jacobs** (8400 Melrose Pl.; 323-653-5100),



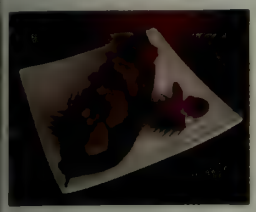
The Sunset Tower Hotel.





Clockwise from far left: The Coffee Bean & Tea Leaf logo; the Stella McCartney store; the Fairfax ottoman from Williams-Sonoma Home.

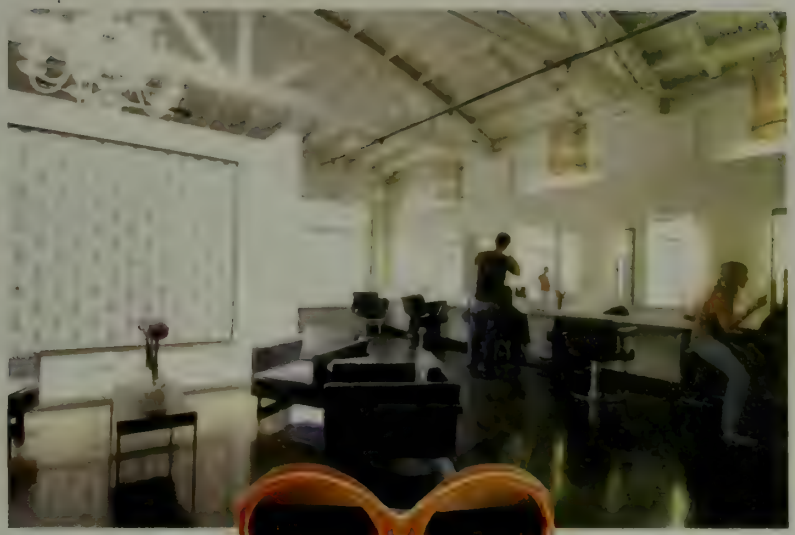
Clockwise from below: Spicy tuna on crispy rice from Koi; the Neil George Salon; sunglasses from the Marni collection; the Fred Segal sign.



and **Temperley** (8452 Melrose Pl.; 323-782-8000). And doesn't leave out her favorite vintage stores, **Decades** (8214 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles; 323-655-1960) and **Cherry West** (8250 Santa Monica Blvd.; 323-650-4698).

PICK-ME-UP: Meets a friend for tea in the outdoor garden at **Elixir Tonics & Teas** (8612 Melrose Ave., West Hollywood; 310-657-9300).

Single Girl accompanies friend—who is furnishing her new apartment—antique shopping along La Cienega Blvd. and down Melrose at high-end furniture showrooms. They end up at the fantastic new **Williams-Sonoma Home** store and are ecstatic because they can finally afford something (8772 Beverly Blvd., West Hollywood; 310-289-2420).







Stops by **Kate Somerville Skin Health Experts** and contemplates getting eyelash extensions from Dionne Phillips—it's all the rage—for $350. Decides against it (8428 Melrose Pl., Los Angeles; 323-655-7546).

DINNER: Koi (730 N. La Cienega Blvd., Los Angeles; 310-659-9449).

LATE NIGHT: The Dime (442 N. Fairfax, Los Angeles; 323-651-4421).

NIGHTCAP: Mood (6623 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood; 323-464-6663).

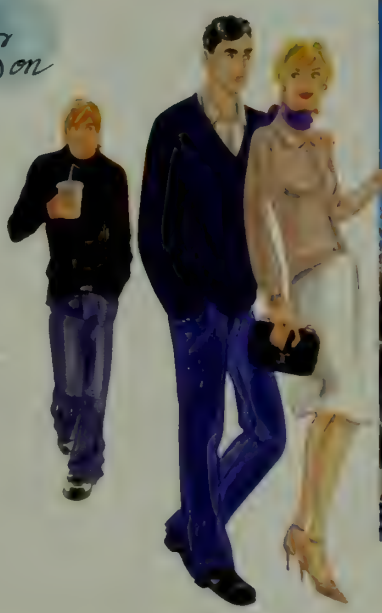
Couple with College-Age Son

Arrive at the **Beverly Hills Hotel** (9641 Sunset Blvd., Beverly Hills; 310-276-2251).

Bonus: No place like it.

MORNING: Couple takes tennis lesson with Alex at the B.H.H.

Son goes downstairs to the **Fountain Coffee Shop,** where Victor and Julio—who





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STYLED BY AMY HA

PHOTOGRAPH BY JASON BELL



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remember him from last year (they never forget a face!)—serve him THE BEST straight-from-the-grill banana pancakes and bacon.

Mom goes to Ken Aloni at **Umberto Beverly Hills** for eyebrow shaping (416 N. Canon Dr.; 310-274-6395), **Frédéric Fekkai** for a haircut and highlights (444 N. Rodeo Dr.; 310-777-8700), and **Chanel** for a new purse (400 N. Rodeo Dr.; 310-278-5500).

Father and son go shopping for suits and sweaters at **Barneys New York** (9570 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills; 310-276-4400), **Ermenegildo Zegna** (301 N. Rodeo Dr.; 310-247-8827), and **Ralph Lauren** (444 N. Rodeo Dr.; 310-281-1500).

LUNCH: The Ivy (113 N. Robertson Blvd., Beverly Hills; 310-274-8303).

AFTERNOON: Son meets up with friend for sneaker shopping at **Sportie LA** (7454 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles; 323-852-8262) and **Undefeated** (112½ La Brea; 323-937-6077), which is bigger than the one in Santa Monica (2654B Main St.; 310-399-4195). Then to **Amoeba Music,** the best music store ever (6400 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood; 323-245-6400).

Couple goes to the **Getty Center** for the Robert Adams photography exhibition (1200 Getty Center Dr., Brentwood; 310-440-7300), then for tea at the **Hotel Bel-Air,** which is where they were married 25 years ago (701 Stone Canyon Rd., Los Angeles; 310-472-1211).

EARLY EVENING: Father has a massage at **La Prairie Spa** (310-887-2505) at the B.H.H.

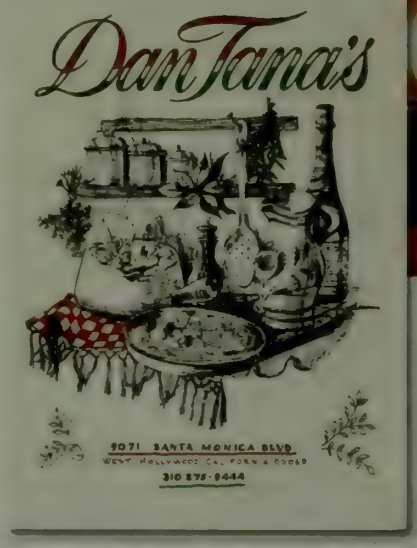
DINNER: Dan Tana's for steak and martinis (9071 Santa Monica Blvd., West Hollywood; 310-275-9444).

LATE NIGHT: Parents: The **Polo Lounge** at the B.H.H.

Son: **Teddy's** at the Roosevelt Hotel for sightings of *US Weekly* cover girls (7000 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood; 323-769-8888).

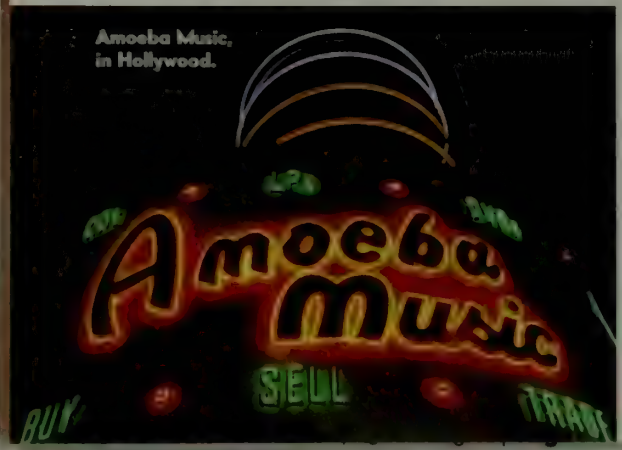
NIGHTCAP: The Dime (442 N. Fairfax, Los Angeles; 323-651-4421).







Clockwise from left: The Dan Tana's menu; the bar at Dan Tana's; the Converse All-Star Ox in Gold Metallic, available at Sportie LA.





The M

A SCHUR MA

They seem an unlik signer, specializin their aura of chic r the world such fist-pumping bands without a shot glass the 1920s and the Abstrac the pop-culture present. H

It was love at first sight. **Stephanie** and **Jorda** clothing line and the presic 2001. The alternative-rock in honor of which Jordan th a moonlit bacchanal for sor rible," says the more low-ke The night wasn't a total loss, though: she eventually met the host, who plied her with his secret stash of Dom Pérignon. Within a week, she'd moved in. "Stephanie changed my life upside down and backwards," Jordan says.

They were married in 2003 and had a son, Jake, soon after. Stephanie—who'd studied fashion in college before working as a stylist's assistant found at their Spanish Revival villa in Santa Monica Canyon, a four-story hillside showpiece featuring breathtaking views of the Pacific from two wraparound balconies. Under Stephanie's influence, Jordan now entertains on a gentler scale. Their intimate dinner parties are among the most coveted invitations in town. —AARON GELL

STYLED BY AMY HALL; BY CHRISTIAN LOUB

Single Guy

Checks into **Chateau Marmont** (8221 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles; 323-656-1010).

Bonus: His friends live in the nearby Hollywood Hills, and he can walk to **Crunch Fitness** (8000 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles; 323-654-4550) or **24 Hour Fitness** (6380 W. Sunset Blvd., Hollywood; 323-461-2024), the gym across the street from the **ArcLight,** where the city's best movie theaters are (6360 W. Sunset Blvd.; 323-464-4226).






Chateau Marmont.









Counterclockwise from top left: A banana tart from Mäni's; an iPod Nano; Zegna accessories; Ammo restaurant.

BREAKFAST: Loves the protein scramble with turkey sausage at **Toast.** Runs into practically everyone he knows (8221 W. Third St., Los Angeles; 323-655-5018).

SHOPPING: Wouldn't dare miss stopping by **Fred Segal** (8100 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles; 323-651-4129), **Maxfield** (8825 Melrose Ave.; 310-274-8800), **Marc Jacobs** (8409 Melrose Pl.; 323-866-8255), **Costume National** (8001 Melrose Ave.; 323-655-8160), and **John Varvatos** (8800 Melrose Ave.; 310-859-2970).

LUNCH: Urth Caffé for good food and fantastic people-watching (8565 Melrose Ave., West Hollywood; 310-659-0628).

AFTERNOON: Buys new speakers to plug into his iPod Nano at the **Apple Store** in the **Grove** (189 the Grove Dr.; 323-965-8400). Remembers when the Farmers Market was the only thing across the street from CBS.

Stops by **Mäni's Bakery Café** to pick up sugar-free cake and cookies for friend's birthday party later (519 S. Fairfax Ave., Los Angeles; 323-938-8800). Gets a massage at **Burke Williams** on Sunset, where the city's prettiest boys relax (8000 W. Sunset Blvd., West Hollywood; 323-822-9007).

Twilight hike in **Runyon Canyon** (where Franklin St.

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I-Candy lounge.

and Fuller Ave. intersect).

DRINKS: Tower Bar at the Sunset Tower Hotel (8358 Sunset Blvd., West Hollywood; 323-838-6677). Catches up with maître d' Dimitri, who used to take care of him at Diaghilev, which is no longer.

DINNER: Ammo for great Italian food (1155 N. Highland Ave., Los Angeles; 323-467-3293), then stops by tapas hot spot **Cobras & Matadors** for the birthday party (7615 W. Beverly Blvd. Los Angeles; 323-932-6178)

LATE NIGHT: I-Candy for great-looking crowd and décor. This is the place that *Open Bar*, the new show on the GLBT Logo network, is modeled after (7929 Santa Monica Blvd., West Hollywood; 323-656-4000)

Young Couple with Small Children



Open their doors onto the patio at **Shutters on the Beach** (One Pico Blvd., Santa Monica; 310-587-1717).

Bonus: Views of the Pacific Ocean, and the rooms, recently renovated by designer Michael Smith, are fantastic.

BREAKFAST: Back on the Beach for amazing pancakes and Eggs Benedict, and you sit in beach chairs literally on the sand (445 Pacific Coast Hwy., Santa Monica; 310-393-8282).

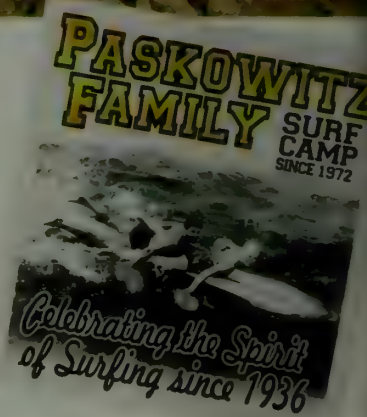
Drive up the coast to the **Country Mart** and **Cross Creek,** in Malibu. The shops, which include **James Perse** (310-456-0354), **Planet Bleu** (310-394-0135), **Ron Herman** (310-317-6705), and **Crush** (310-317-8475), open onto a courtyard that has a sandbox, swing set, and jungle gym.

LATE LUNCH: The Apple Pan for hickory burgers and apple pie (10801 W. Pico Blvd., Los Angeles; 310-475-3585).

AFTERNOON: Walk to the **Santa Monica Pier** for roller-coaster and carousel rides and 30 turns on the Ferris wheel.

Dad takes a surfing lesson from the inimitable Paskowitz







Top to bottom: Surfboards on Santa Monica Beach; Paskowitz Family Surf Camp advertisement; a hickory burger and fries from the Apple Pan.

The M

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STYLED BY AMY HA
BY CHR STIAN



Shutters on the Beach.





Clockwise from left: Pacific Park, on the Santa Monica Pier; Ron Herman hangers; a bucket of T-shirts from Landes Daily.



clan (paskowitz.com) and then needs a massage from Igor or Michael at **One,** the spa at Shutters, which looks like the interior of a boat (One Pico Blvd.; 310-458-0030).

Mom looks for Paige jeans at **Fred Segal's** jeans bar, then buys those scratch-and-sniff T-shirts her kids are obsessed with (in peppermint and strawberry, made by Landes Daily) across the street at **Fred Segal Fun** (500 Broadway, Santa Monica; 310-458-9940).

DINNER: Nanny takes kids to the Third Street Promenade for dinner at **CPK** (California Pizza Kitchen) (214 Wilshire Blvd., Santa Monica; 310-393-9335) and a movie at the AMC theaters (1310 3rd St. Promenade; 310-395-3030).

DRINKS: Ivy at the Shore for fresh *mojitos* and crab-cake appetizers at the bar (1541 Ocean Ave., Santa Monica; 310-393-3113).

LATE DINNER: Giorgio Baldi (114 W. Channel Rd., Santa Monica; 310-573-1660).

NIGHTCAP: Couple contemplate meeting friends at **Beechwood** (822 Washington Blvd., Venice; 310-448-8884) but decide instead to tuck into a corner couch at the **Casa Del Mar** bar (1910 Ocean Way, Santa Monica; 310-581-5533), which is next door to their hotel.

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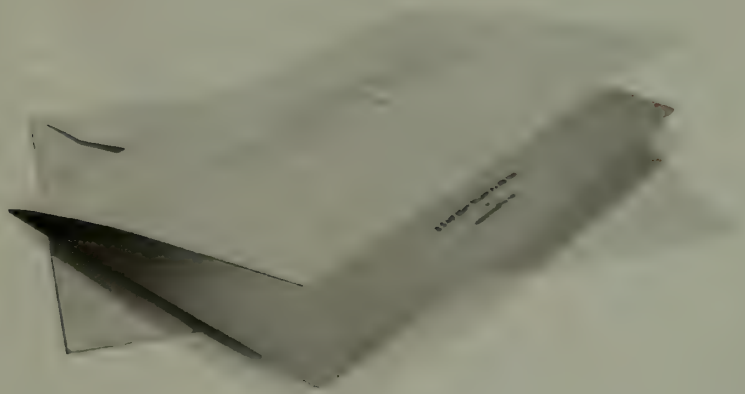
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Country Makes Its Case

ANTI-'S REBEL-ROOTS STAR

If you loved *Walk the Line* but couldn't pick **Kenny Chesney** out of a sheriff's lineup, singer-songwriter **Neko Case** has the album for you. Case started out as a punk-rock drummer, then made a name for herself as an alt.country bad girl with such unladylike antics as peeling off her shirt during a sweltering outdoor concert in Nashville. In 1997 she took an indie-rock turn, adding her kooky-redhead sex appeal and virtuosic vocals to **the New Pornographers,** but she'll return next month with her first solo studio recording in nearly four years. While *Fox Confessor Brings the Flood* (on the Anti- label) draws on rock influences (**Garth Hudson,** of **the Band,** plays keyboard on several songs) as well as the folk traditions of her Ukrainian ancestry, it beats with a stripped-down country heart that's more exhilarating and offbeat than anything you'll see on CMT. "I don't understand Nashville or what happens there or why," says the ever outspoken Case. "I still love phrasing and I still love reverb and I still love string sections and I still love steel, so I think the Nashville side is there. It's just the Nashville that isn't happening now." —MICHAEL HOGAN

Journey of a Lifetime

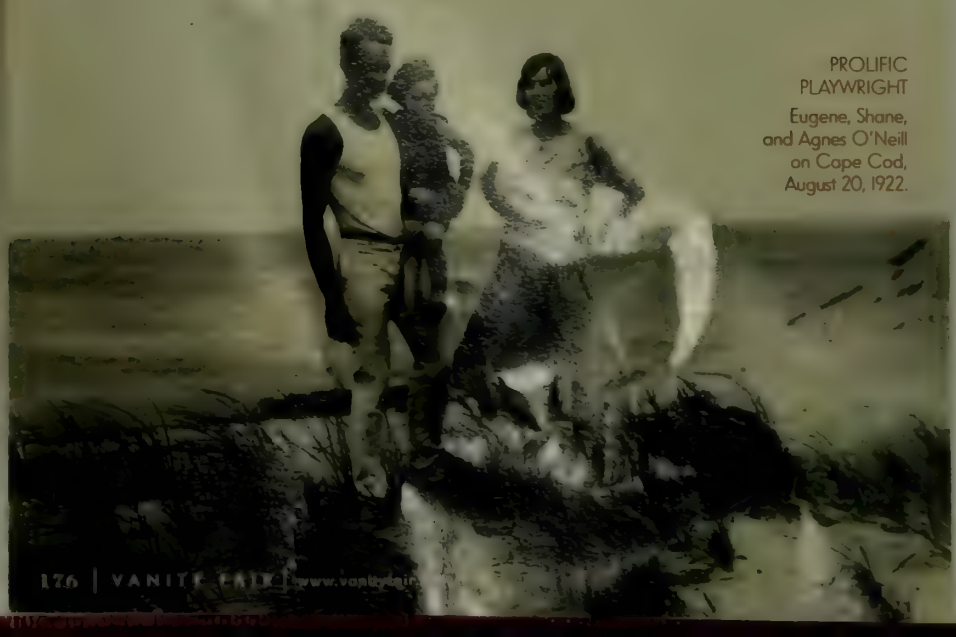
RIC BURNS ON PLAYWRIGHT EUGENE O'NEILL

Champagne toasts are in order for the magisterial "Eugene O'Neill: A Documentary Film," directed by **Ric Burns** and co-written with O'Neill biographers **Arthur** and **Barbara Gelb.** As part of the *American Experience* series, it will be shown on PBS in March.

O'Neill, America's first great playwright, won four Pulitzers and a Nobel Prize. Writing at a ferocious pace, he revolutionized Broadway starting in 1920, ultimately completing 49 plays—among them *Anna Christie, The Iceman Cometh,* and *Ah, Wilderness!*

An obsessed, tormented man, he caroused in bars and went off to sea. After coming close to death, he began to write and never stopped writing or insisting that he wouldn't sell out. He ultimately eliminated everyone he regarded as irrelevant to his work—he left his first two wives and rejected his children.

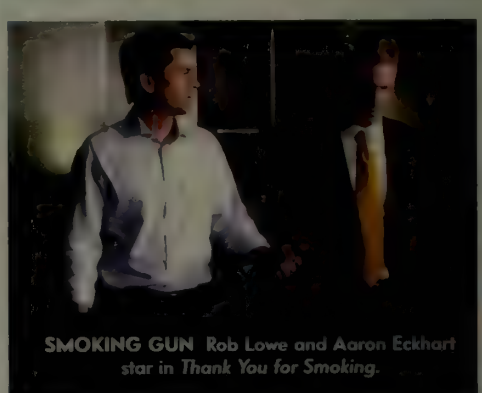
This is more than a biography—the documentary segues back and forth in time, with passages from his work brought memorably to life by **Al Pacino, Vanessa Redgrave,** and **Christopher Plummer.** And there are amazing comments from **Tony Kushner, John Guare,** and **Sidney Lumet,** especially about O'Neill's last years, when, haunted and sick, he shut himself off and wrote plays that are considered masterpieces—among them *Long Day's Journey into Night.* —PATRICIA BOSWORTH



PROLIFIC PLAYWRIGHT
Eugene, Shane, and Agnes O'Neill on Cape Cod, August 20, 1922.

WAITING TO EXHALE

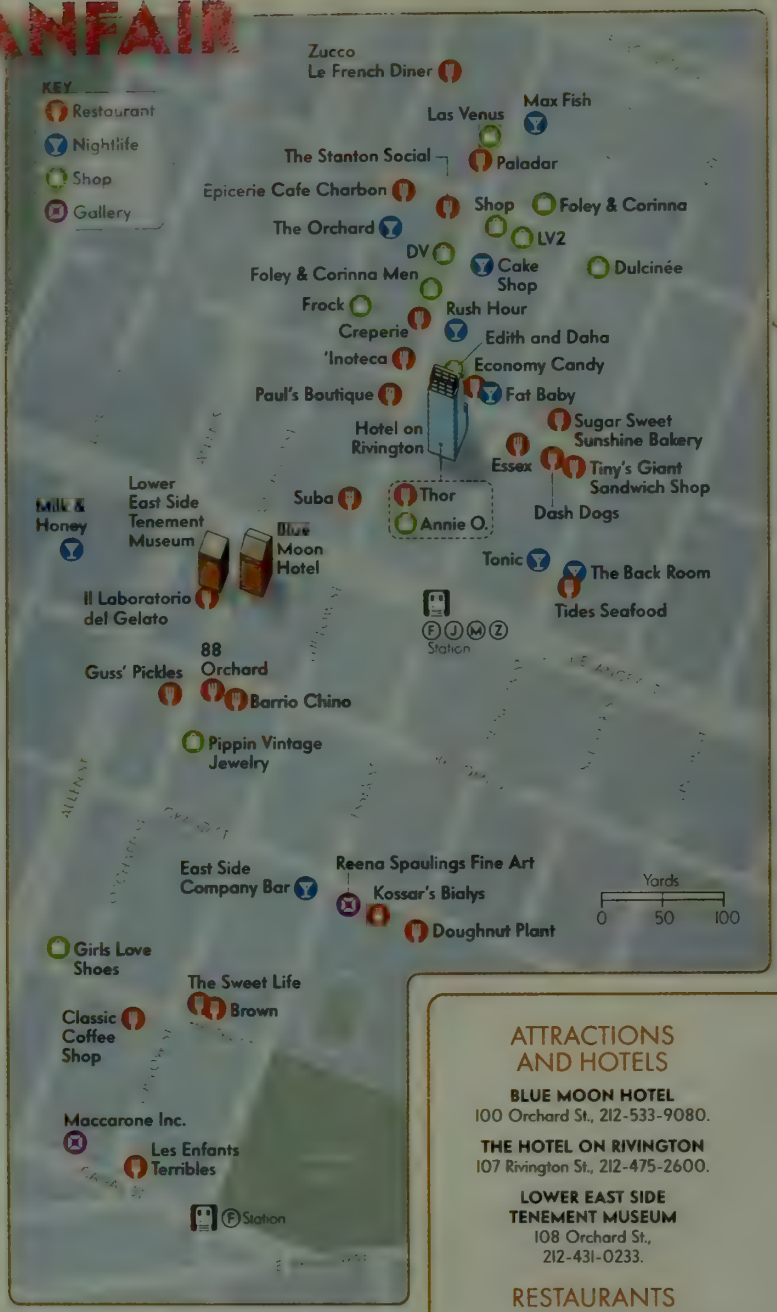
A 12-year-old boy asks his father what he thinks makes America the greatest country in the world. Without even thinking, Dad snaps, "Our elaborate system of appeals courts." That's an honest answer coming from a lobbyist for the tobacco industry, and indeed Nick Naylor, as played with confidence-man charisma by **Aaron Eckhart,** provides the moral center, such as it is, in *Thank You for Smoking,* a very funny Beltway satire adapted by first-time writer-director **Jason Reitman** (Ivan's son) from the novel by



SMOKING GUN Rob Lowe and Aaron Eckhart star in *Thank You for Smoking.*

Christopher Buckley (William F.'s son). Abetted by a wonderful cast (**Robert Duvall, Maria Bello, William H. Macy, Rob Lowe, Katie Holmes**), the film works best as a kind of taxonomy of contemporary business-political-media sleaze, though beneath the shiny, cynically amused surface, deep down where its vestigial heart clings to some outmoded notion of offering a moral, *Thank You for Smoking* works up more outrage at nanny-state regulators than it does for Big Tobacco's death dealing—which is refreshing, in its way. Not my politics, or maybe yours, but we do-gooders already had *The Insider.* —BRUCE HANDY

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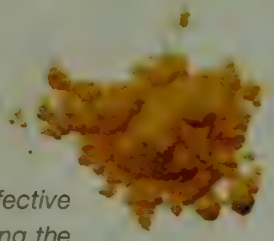
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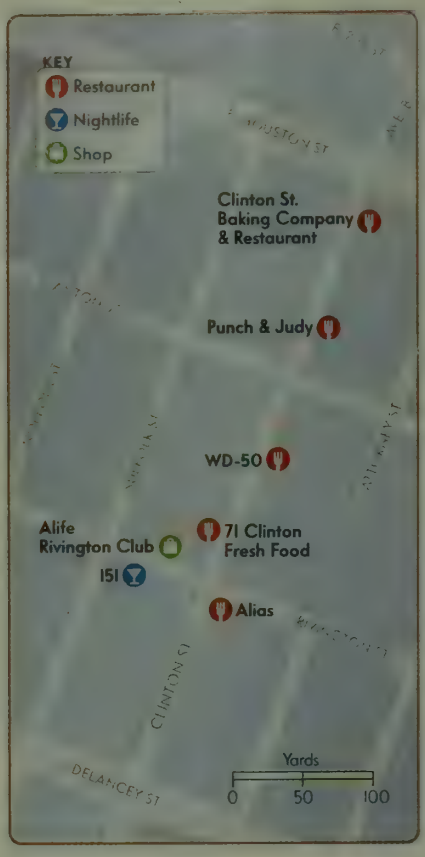
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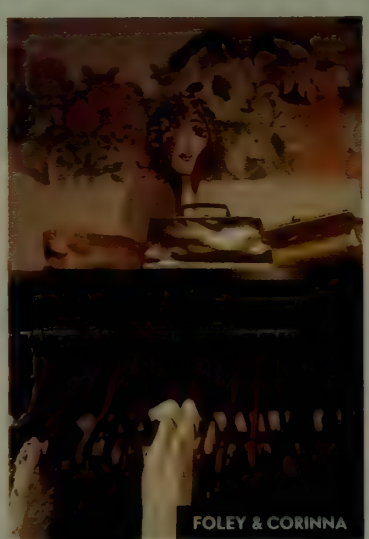
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LAS VENUS


'INOTECA

speakeasy **Milk & Honey; Fat Baby;** and **Max Fish,** the Ludlow Street bar that remains the meeting place for musicians, artists, skateboarders, and bohemians now considered tribal elders. Below Delancey, where Chinese gangster boys with one single long fingernail draw on strong cigarettes, is **Brown,** a cozy and fecund restaurant; **Girls Love Shoes;** and **the Sweet Life,** where anything that can be dipped in chocolate is. At the periphery of the area, galleries **Maccarone Inc.** and **Reena Spaulings Fine Art** form New York's latest art enclave. Whatever your pleasure may be, so be it. "Williamsburg was only ever a place for out-of-towners," artist **Nico Ponce de Leon Dios** believes. "Manhattan never stopped being cool." —EDWARD HELMORE


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LOVELY HEIR
Rebecca Korner; *inset*, Mme. Korner's Budapest clinic, in the 1930s.

KORNERING THE BEAUTY MARKET

Rebecca Korner grew up steeped, quite literally, in the family business, and she has the petal-soft skin to show for it. More than 100 years ago, her Eastern European grandmother founded her first spa in Europe, and in the 50s she followed her son, a cosmetics chemist, to Sydney, saving the sunspotted skin of Australians with a chain of salons, beauty colleges, and labs. "My sisters and I grew up with my father's creams," says Korner, whose mother still works in the business.

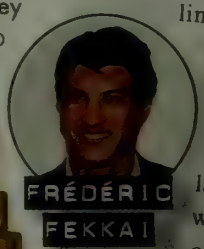
Korner's new skin-care line combines native Australian botanicals (such as lilly pilly, wattle seed, and lemon aspen) with other exotics. She travels constantly to search for the next high-performing ingredients.

Her products are compactly chic, with travel-friendly packaging. Jet-setting Korner is her own best guinea pig, rotating among her London home, Paris labs, and the various high-end shops (Colette, Selfridges) that have recently debuted her serums. In February, she launched her line in the U.S. exclusively at Bergdorf Goodman, in Manhattan. And when she finds time, she'll return to Sydney, "which can be extremely dry and then like the tropics," she says. "Your skin goes nuts." Luckily, she has just the remedy—Körner Skincare Radiate Presence Day Cream, $120, with protective minerals and soothing essential oils. "Our clients are more and more demanding," she says, "and so they should be, because life is more demanding."

—MARIA RICAPITO

CHIC ACCENTS

Hairstylist **Frédéric Fekkai** a celebrated jeweler **H. Stern** ha teamed up to create a dazzlin line featuring diamond in hair-colored hues The collection, Fré déric Fekkai by H Stern, includes neck laces and earrings, as well as eye-catching hair accessories such as exquisite combs, glittery clips, and suede ribbons. —JESSICA FLINT



HOT LOOKS

Make sparks fly with In Love Again Edition Jasmin Étoilé, a fruity and floral **Yves Saint Laurent** fragrance in a heart-shaped bottle.... Daydream about **Annick Goutal's** deliciously sweet-smelling Songes.... **Ferre,** a seductive scent stemming from the iris flower, evokes a sophisticated, feminine sense of beauty.... The earthy blend of **Hermès's** Terre cologne for men will make him even more irresistible.



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BRITISH AIRWAYS

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AmericanAirlines

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AIR FRANCE

CLARINS PRODUCTS Eau Dynamisante (water mist), Facial Cleanser, Moisture Quenching Hydra-Care Cream, men's Fatigue Fighter.

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LATHER PRODUCTS Lemongrass Wasabi Hand Wash, Yuzu Bergamot Moisturizing Lotion, Cucumber Ginseng Facial Mist, Lip Conditioning Balm.

A great way to fly
SINGAPORE AIRLINES

BVLGARI PRODUCTS Gel Eye Mask, Lotion pour le Corps (body), Baume pour les Levres (lips), Eau de Parfum, Emulsion Après Rasage (aftershave), Eau de Toilette, razor.

QANTAS

L'OCCITANE PRODUCTS Shea-butter face cream, hand cream, lip balm; Olive Daily Face Cream; Aromachologie Revitalizing leg gel; also included, toothbrush, toothpaste, razor, shaving cream, mints, earplugs, eye masks.



Dear Ketel One Drinker
Not everyone likes Ketel One.
Then again, not everyone's
tried it.

PLANETARIUM

MICHAEL LUTIN


Rupert Murdoch

PISCES FEB. 19–MARCH 20

Try as you might to be efficient and hardworking, there's no denying that your head is somewhere else. And the distractions keep coming. To outside appearances, you're flush with vitality and can laugh at almost anything. Inwardly, it's a different story. Planetary transits in your solar 12th house can fill you with secret feelings of uncertainty and dread. But while all that spiritual stuff may seem better in theory, this *is* your opportunity to learn how to love without getting attached.


Catherine Keener

ARIES MARCH 21–APRIL 19

Wonder why you're still at the same job you swore you were going to abandon? With Mars, your ruling planet, in Taurus, and Venus occupying your solar 10th house, you still like the income and the status—and don't feel up to telling the boss to shove it. The activity in your 11th house, however, suggests that you're more excited about life outside the office. No matter how long it takes, you are changing course. The trick is to do so without losing money.


Bettie Page

TAURUS APRIL 20–MAY 20

One would think that keeping your mind focused, your ethics impeccable, and your energy up would be enough to make you a smashing success—especially now that Venus and Mars are in earth signs. Sometimes, though, political factors you would never in a million years consider important creep in to gum up the works. Your solar midheaven in Aquarius is now being visited (one might even say invaded) by forces in the form of people who will call your competence into question. Right or wrong, that's got to sting.


Nicole Kidman

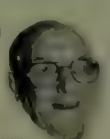
GEMINI MAY 21–JUNE 21

Ever since last summer, you've been hassled, harried, and even mentally tortured, thanks to Mars's transit of your solar 12th house. The backstabbing and manipulation were enough to drive even the sanest Gemini over the edge and make you afraid to make any move at all. That's just about over now, and before long you'll come out swinging again. The situation directly ahead may call upon you to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but. Sounds easy, but for many Geminis that could present a major moral crisis.


50 Cent

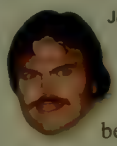
CANCER JUNE 22–JULY 22

Talk about loyalty. Once you bond with somebody, you stick closer than a tick in a dog's fur. Companionship and passion, however, don't always go together, especially when you're coping with 7th- and 8th-house planets. In fact, with Chiron now approaching Neptune, you may have difficulty finding guilt-free ways to get relief. You're still as loving as ever, and that's not going to change as long as Jupiter is transiting your 5th house. It's just that there are a few messy emotional and financial issues that, damn it, won't go away.


Friz Freleng

LEO JULY 23–AUG. 22

Call it a paradox, but it should be perfectly clear to you that *nothing* about relationships is clear right now. For one thing, a new moon between Chiron and Neptune in your solar 7th house shows you just how complicated people can be. If they are withdrawn and wounded, the best you can do is stand by them without hoping to "cure" them. Besides, you can't spend too much time and energy worrying about saving others. The retrograde of Saturn in your sign means you've got plenty to worry about on your own.


Jack Black

VIRGO AUG. 23–SEPT. 22

Your unflagging loyalty and need for love make it hard for you to extricate yourself from the emotional morass you've been sucked into thanks to Venus in your 5th house ruled by Saturn in your 12th. That, in turn, makes it hard to feel inspired about a creative commitment that demands your full concentration. Try to shift your focus away from emotional responses and develop a more detached approach to your work and your health. That will help you go from screaming hysteria to efficiency.


Ang Lee

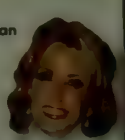
LIBRA SEPT. 23–OCT. 23

Love: It's the trip everybody wants to go on. Only when they get there do they complain about all the stuff that was *not* in the brochure. With planets in your 5th house, you have something in common with the mother whose elation at holding her adorable, sweet-smelling newborn blinds her to the knowledge that the same bundle of joy may turn into a bratty teenager 15 years from now. So if you're just starting a romance, don't think ahead. It could spoil the fun.


Frances Marion

SCORPIO OCT. 24–NOV. 21

Why you continue to dwell on personal issues when you know how high the professional stakes are right now is a mystery. The presence of Chiron and Neptune in your solar 4th house can be a powerful distraction, but you can't let it erode your desire for success and distract you from your career, which requires all your attention right now. There's nothing productive about obsessing over your love life. You might as well sit in the bathroom, stare at the faucet, and wait for it to start leaking.


Felicity Huffman

SAGITTARIUS NOV. 22–DEC. 21

Congratulations on surviving the 2nd-house nightmare over money. Now you can glimpse a shiny bauble in a store window and not tear your hair out lusting after it. You can see a picture of a sunny Greek island and be confident you could visit it if you wanted to. In fact, you suddenly have so many options that you can barely decide where to sleep tonight. What you should do, though, is address this issue of wanting it all. How long can you go on living two lives—the one everyone knows about and the one in your head?


Diane Keaton

CAPRICORN DEC. 22–JAN. 19

It's a blessing when Venus moves forward in your solar 1st house. After months of feeling like a total troglodyte (look it up), you have regained your social confidence and are back in the race. You actually feel beautiful again. You're still a Capricorn, however, so you can't spend too long just looking gorgeous. It's time to look squarely at your finances and not shove the checkbook, unpaid bills, and statements into a drawer. Your stock may have gone down, but it's not hopeless. Just find a new angle. You're good at that.


David Strathairn

AQUARIUS JAN. 20–FEB. 18

The black-and-white picture you used to think of as your life has become a blurred, abstract wash of color. Turns out you're more complicated than you realized. With an asteroid and an outer planet in your sign, part of you still wants to fight to the bitter end to maintain your position, while another part would like to doze off in a hammock and forget the whole damned thing. If *you* don't know what you want, how are loved ones and co-workers supposed to figure out whether to hold on for dear life or let you go?



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CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

Scoundrel Time

Part James Bond, part Bertie Wooster, Flashman has whored, drunk, and weaseled his way through 12 adventures set in British imperial times. As Flashy's creator, George MacDonald Fraser, enters his 80s, his addictive brew of fact and fiction points up the dangers of "the Great Game" that now ensnares America





TRUTH OR FLASHMAN? George MacDonald Fraser at the Mount Murray Hotel and Country Club, on the Isle of Man, December 2, 2005; *left*, four Flashman novels.

In the last but one of his 12 novelistic gallops through history and imagination, *Flashman and the Tiger,* George MacDonald Fraser does something at least as daring as anything that his poltroonish hero has ever ventured. He inserts his main character smack-dab into the middle of a failed assassination attempt. Colonel John Sebastian Moran, a pitiless killer and big-game hunter, is drawing a bead from a window in London at a silhouette across the ghostly street. And just as old Flashy is drawing his own bead on Moran, there is a wild commotion when an austere, gaunt private detective, a bluff old physician, and a squad of bobbies come piling into the room.

Some of you will have seen this coming: it is the climactic moment of "The Adventure of the Empty House," the momentous story in which Sir Arthur Conan Doyle recalled Sherlock Holmes from the dead and then saved him from the bullet of Professor Moriarty's vile associate. In other words, Fraser has succeeded not just in making his creation the familiar Zelig of high-Victorian imperial history, but in giving him a cameo part in late-Victorian fiction as well. Flashman is everywhere. And why should this not be so? Tourists visit Baker Street every day to see where Sherlock Holmes "actually" lived and pondered, shooting cocaine and sharing rooms with a chap. (That was in 221B, which never existed.) George MacDonald Fraser has never claimed to be anything but the editor of the "Flashman papers," discovered by luck during an auction at an English country house. When the first "packet" of papers was published, in 1969, several wellgulled reviewers genuinely hailed it as a grand literary discovery (one of them going as far as to say that there had been nothing like it since the unearthing of Boswell's diaries). It is the deftest borrowing since Tom Stoppard helped himself to the walk-on parts of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

George MacDonald Fraser was 80 on his last birthday ("same day as Charlemagne, Casanova, Hans Christian Andersen, and Kenneth Tynan," as he tells me) and is celebrating the publication of a round dozen of edited Flashman papers. I dip my colors in a solemn salute. It makes me whistle when I think how I grabbed the first of his published efforts right off the bat in 1969. Even now I


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can tell a fellow addict at 10 paces. Those of us who have tried to cover the new "Great Game" as it has unfolded on the Pakistan-Afghanistan border have forgathered in Flashman's Hotel, situated in the Pakistani Army's post-colonial garrison town of Rawalpindi, and in the Flashman Restaurant of the Gandamack Lodge, in Kabul (Gandamack Lodge being old Flashy's ill-gotten mansion in rural Leicestershire). These are places where the borders are "porous," as the newspapers like to say, but where the boundary between fact and fiction is the most porous of all. It is Fraser's huge achievement to have smuggled his main man across that frontier, in both directions.

Victorian empire ("the greatest thing that ever happened to an undeserving world," Fraser asserts) was largely dedicated to Lord Macaulay's belief in progress and improvement: a civilizing mission that would gradually spread light into the dark places of the earth. It involved the Whig theory of history and was supposed to operate according to a near-providential plan. Well, that's all balls for a start, as Flashman stoutly observes: "In my experience the course of history is as often settled by someone's having a belly-ache, or not sleeping well, or a sailor getting drunk, or some aristocratic harlot waggling her backside."

In a way—and there's no shame in this—Fraser works according to a formula. There is, in every Flashman story, a horrific villain, a brush with an unthinkably agonizing death, and a bodacious female. Pure Ian Fleming, you might murmur, and indeed Fraser himself was a screenwriter for *Octopussy*. Why read the James Bond series if not for the certainty of being transported into a reliable parallel universe where there is no Goldfinger without a corresponding Pussy Galore? Ah, but the men Flashman vanquishes, and the women he tumbles, are for the most part "real." And so are the events depicted. Fleming on his best day would never have dared match James Bond with the modern equivalent of Otto von Bismarck or send him into the sack with Queen Ranavalona of Madagascar, let alone have succeeded in making it so believable that some readers still do truly believe it. (When Flashman sees Oscar Wilde at the theater, in the course of his authored but unauthorized invasion of that Sherlock Holmes story, and marvelously describes the poet of decadence as resembling "an overfed trout in a toupé," we can *hear* his crusty, clubland grunt.)

> There is, in every Flashman story, a horrific villain, a brush with death, and a bodacious female.

But, on the other hand, James Bond did have a license to kill, and a thirst to employ it, whereas Flashman is a cowering impostor who prefers whoring and bullying to any risking of his skin on the thin red line. Thus, every novel must begin with a *mise en scène* that shows not just history as a chapter of screwups and screwings but also Flashman's own participation as an unlucky accident. The anti-hero doesn't begin by calling coolly on "M" to be briefed on his latest lethal assignment. He begins by running away in the wrong direction. So, to the drama of Bond, Fraser brilliantly adds the absurdity of Bertie Wooster. When Fraser first ushered his Homeric duffer onto the stage, P. G. Wodehouse was tempted into a rare comment, saying, "If ever there was a time when I felt that 'watcher-of-the-skies-when-a-new-planet' stuff, it was when I read the first Flashman."

Well, just as Wodehouse could have quoted the whole of that Keats poem with ease, one imagines that Flashman (or his creator) knows better in the 12th and latest novel, *Flashman on the March*, when he remarks that the British government is caught "between Scylla and t'other thing." This is Wooster to the life, half remembering something from the schoolroom until corrected by Jeeves. As Bertie ruefully phrases it, never learning from his mistakes, it is just when you are stepping high and confident that Fate waits behind the door with a stuffed eelskin. And here goes old Flashy:

> My spirits were rising as we set off down the bank, the birds were carolling, there was a perfumed breeze blowing from the water, we were within a few miles of journey's end, I was absolutely humming 'Drink, Puppy, Drink,' the larks and snails were no doubt on their respective wings and thorns, God was in his heaven, and on the verge of the jungle, not twenty yards away, a white-robed helmeted lancer was sitting his horse, watching us.

Or as Bertie inquires in *The Code of the Woosters:*

> "But the larks, Jeeves? The snails? I'm pretty sure larks and snails entered into it."
> "I am coming to the larks and snails, sir. 'The lark's on the wing, the snail's on the thorn—'"
> "Now you're talking. And the tab line?"
> "'God's in His heaven, all's right with the world.'"
> "That's it in a nutshell. I couldn't have put it better myself."

Instead of Aunt Agatha, Fraser has placed a sinister and armed horseman at the terminus of his idyll, but then, Raymond Chandler (an old schoolmate of Wodehouse's at Dulwich College) made it a maxim that when action was flagging you could always have a man enter the room carrying a gun.

To say that Fraser can so easily juggle Conan Doyle and Holmes, Fleming and Bond, Wodehouse and Wooster, and Chandler and Marlowe is, I hope, to offer reasonably high praise. But just to pile on the admiration for a bit, I know some eminent historians who have pored over Fraser's footnotes and appreciated details about, say, the Charge of the Light Brigade that are known to few. The battle scene at Balaklava is meticulously done, and if his own mad charge is started by Flashman himself, who panics his horse by farting so loudly with sheer hangover and pure fear, why then it's hardly less of a fiasco and a shambles than the real thing turned out to be.

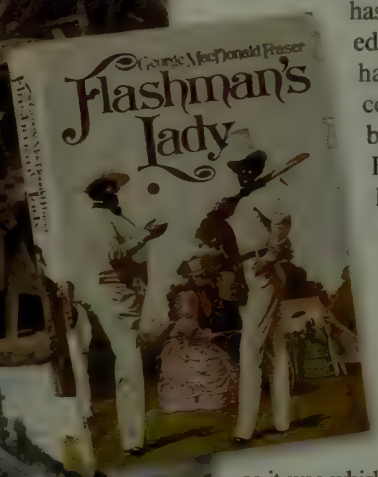
I am not looking for faults after all this drooling on my part, but there is one problem that needs to be faced squarely. In the earlier stories, Flashman is a sadist and a brute as well as a rascally coward and goof-off. He takes positive, gleeful pleasure in the misfortunes of others, especially if he can turn those misfortunes to his own account. In the very first book, he tells us, within months of joining his first regiment, "Myself, I liked a good flogging, and used to have bets with Bryant, my particular crony, on whether the man would cry out before the tenth stroke, or when he would faint. It was better sport than most, anyway." Some volumes later, in *Flash for Freedom!*, he is on the Mississippi and running away with the beautiful slave girl Cassy, who has been his bedmate and his companion in adversity. The brutal slave-catchers corner them, and she is "quivering like a hunted beast." Our hearts are in our mouths as he ponders what to do.

> "Cassy!" I snapped. "Can you use a gun?"
> She nodded. "Take this, then," says I. "Cover them—and if one of them stirs a finger, shoot the swine in the stomach! There—catch hold. Good girl, good girl—I'll be back in an instant!"
> "What is it?" Her eyes were wild. "Where are you—"
> "Don't ask questions! Trust me!" And with that I slipped out of the door, pulled it to, and was off like a stung whippet. I'd make quarter of a mile, maybe more, before she would twig, or they overpowered her.

This gave new significance to the old phrase "self-preservation." All you needed, in order to anticipate old Flashy's moves, was


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TWITTISH EMPIRE
From above: British officers in 19th-century India, the setting for Flashman and the Mountain of Light and Flashman in the Great Game; Flashman's Lady; the Summer Palace in Peking, featured in Flashman and the Dragon; the seventh Earl of Cardigan, under whom Flashman fictionally serves in Flashman at the Charge.



Flashman prefers whoring and bullying to any risking of his skin.

to guess at the lowest possible motive. And then, unaccountably, our hero started to go soft. In *Flashman and the Dragon,* he is the captive of the sinuous Chinese courtesan Yehonala:

> When two of her eunuchs caught some crows and released them with firecrackers tied to their legs so that the birds were blown to bits in mid-air, Yehonala had the culprits' backsides cut to bloody pulp with bamboo whips, watching the infliction of the full hundred strokes with smiling enjoyment. You may say they deserved a drubbing, but you didn't see it.

The earlier Flashman would (a) not have thought the cruel eunuchs "deserved a drubbing" for their ingenuity, and (b) not have given a damn about their punishment. He would have relished both scenes. Deplorable signs of weakness were already evident in *Flashman's Lady,* where he burdened himself with a white woman while trying to escape the horrifying soldiers of Queen Ranavalona. On that occasion the inconvenient lady was also his wife, so conceivably an exception can be made. But by the time of *Flashman and the Tiger* the plain fact had to be faced: the old boy had gone positively mushy with emotion and was prepared to risk his own skin—his own skin, mark you—to save his granddaughter's honor. There was some muttering in the ranks of the fan base. One blushed to see the pitiful wreck of what had once been such an ignoble man. It is therefore a real pleasure to be able to record a corking return to form in the latest book. Flashman has been chivied all over Abyssinia and saved repeatedly by the exquisite Uliba, an African princess who has acted as his guide, protector, and lover. There comes the moment, however, when their canoe has been swamped, the deadly waterfall is just ahead, Flashman has contrived to catch hold of an overhanging bough, and she has managed to seize one of his legs. As he reflects,

> There was only one thing to be done, so I did it, drawing up my free leg and driving my foot down with all my force at Uliba's face staring up at me open-mouthed, half-submerged as she clung to my other knee. I missed, but caught her full on the shoulder, jarring her grip free, and away she went, canoe and all, the gunwale rasping against my legs as it was whirled downstream. One glimpse I had of the white water foaming over those long beautiful legs, and then she was gone.

Now, *that,* you will have to admit, is a damn sight more like it. "Yes," sighs Fraser, "a lot of readers thought he was going soft, or even getting braver. In fact, he can only display the courage of a cornered rat. And my daughter Caro—she's also a novelist—told me how delighted she was that this time he'd definitely turned nasty again."

Historians and critics will never stop arguing about the worthwhileness of it all: that amazing conquest and settlement of the known globe by the aristocrats and peasants of a rain-sodden archipelago in the North Sea. Fraser makes Flashman face it in all its squalor and grandeur: the British-owned slave ships, and the British vessels that put down the slave trade; the destruction of dens of tyranny in India and Abyssinia, and the hideous vandalizing of the Summer Palace in Peking; the serf armies and pirate navies that needed crushing, and the magnificent peoples—Zulus, Sikhs, Afghans—who the British had finally to admit were unconquerable. The empire on which the sun never set was also the empire on which the gore never dried. Only a few decades ago, when the Flashman papers were first unwrapped from their oilskin, all this seemed to have vanished like blood off a bayonet. But now British and American soldiers are back in Afghanistan and Mesopotamia, and George MacDonald Fraser, who is known as a curmudgeonly Tory war veteran and staunch hater of Tony Blair, is not best pleased. "Tony Blair," he snorts down the phone, "is not just the worst prime minister we've ever had, but *by far* the worst prime minister we've ever had. It makes my blood boil to think of the British soldiers who've died for that little liar." Even so, in *Flashman on the March,* he ends his footnotes on the Abyssinian campaign ambiguously by noting that, although the British overthrew a crazed despot and then withdrew, "if Britain had stayed, revisionist historians would certainly have condemned it as another act of selfish imperialism."

This is the morally fraught terrain, between the first sound of the bugle and the news of triumph or disgrace, which it takes a serious man to cover, whether saddled on a mettlesome charger or flourishing only a pen. And, since history is often recounted by the victors, why not have it related for once by one who is something worse than a loser? Imagine if King Hal had kept Falstaff on hand as his bosom chum until the eve of Agincourt and you have a sense of Flashy's imperishable achievement. □


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JAMES WOLCOTT



BRAVE NEW WARDROBE
George W. Bush's fantasy vision of himself as army-man-in-chief

DRESSED TO KILL

From that macho, "Mission Accomplished" aircraft-carrier strut in 2003 to his recent "Plan for Victory" speech, at the U.S. Naval Academy, George W. Bush has used the military as no other modern president has done–for P.R. and partisan politics. His [illegible]eorge performances would be scary, if th[illegible]eren't so hollow

President Bush loves to get duded up and play G.I. George. Whenever his poll numbers dip below the equator or the War on Terror needs a mule kick, Bush whips out his Members Only country-club commando jacket with the presidential seal and epaulets and, shoulders squared, hits the tarmac to rally the troops. It's really himself he's rallying. He feeds off the approval of those young men and women as if it were a hormone injection, a feel-good shot. The president didn't get the jazzing he needed peeing away valuable time, taxpayer money, political capital, and tons of jet fuel on his endless Social Security *Antiques Roadshow* tour in the first half of 2005. Joshing with audiences of snowy-haired and henna-rinsed seniors as he tried to explain the salient features of Social Security reform without tangling himself up in garden hose, Bush was as informal and chatty as a morning-talk-show host (Regis without a Kelly Ripa to keep him percolating). These hand-picked oldies from the Greatest Generation were as nice as pie, God bless 'em, but they didn't make for a solid congregation. Military audiences do. They're a sounding board whose echo sends a solid wallop.

"Few audiences are as predictably friendly as military ones," wrote the A.P.'s Tom Raum, "duty-bound to show respect for their commander-in-chief, often bursting into raucous whoops." And not just any whoop, but a gung-ho "Hooah" or, in the case of the Marines, "Oo-*rah*." (Which mustn't be confused with Al Pacino's lusty "Hoo-hah!" from *Scent of a Woman*.) Bush's heart beats to the tom-tom of those hearty Hooahs. It's the rhythm stick that revives his step. These televised rallies with the troops foster the illusion that Bush, whose own military record is a bit smudgy and lacking in heroics, is truly one of them in body, mind, and spirit—a fellow warrior. It

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EXECUTIVE PRODUCED BY ELIZABETH KARLSEN PAM KOFFLER AND CHRISTINE VACHON INSPIRED BY THE BOOK "VERY MUCH A LADY" BY SHANA ALEXANDER WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY PHYLLIS NAGY

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would be a narcissistic joke if it weren't being carried to such delusional extremes. The psychoanalyst Justin Frank, author of *Bush on the Couch* and a frequent contributor to the online Huffington Post, characterized Bush's flamboyant photo op as a fighter jock on the deck of the U.S.S. *Abraham Lincoln* in 2003 to announce the end of major hostilities in Iraq as a Tinker Bell flight of magical thinking. "The action-figure toys made of Bush in his flight suit are inadvertently accurate interpretations of his behavior, the concrete personification of a childish fantasy." Although the grandiosity of Bush's "Mission Accomplished" moment became an embarrassment as the insurgency swung into ruthless action and the casualty toll mounted, Bush's childish fantasy has remained intact, intensified. A Martian viewer of cable news over the past year could be forgiven for believing that the U.S. was under military rule, a banana republic with better production values.

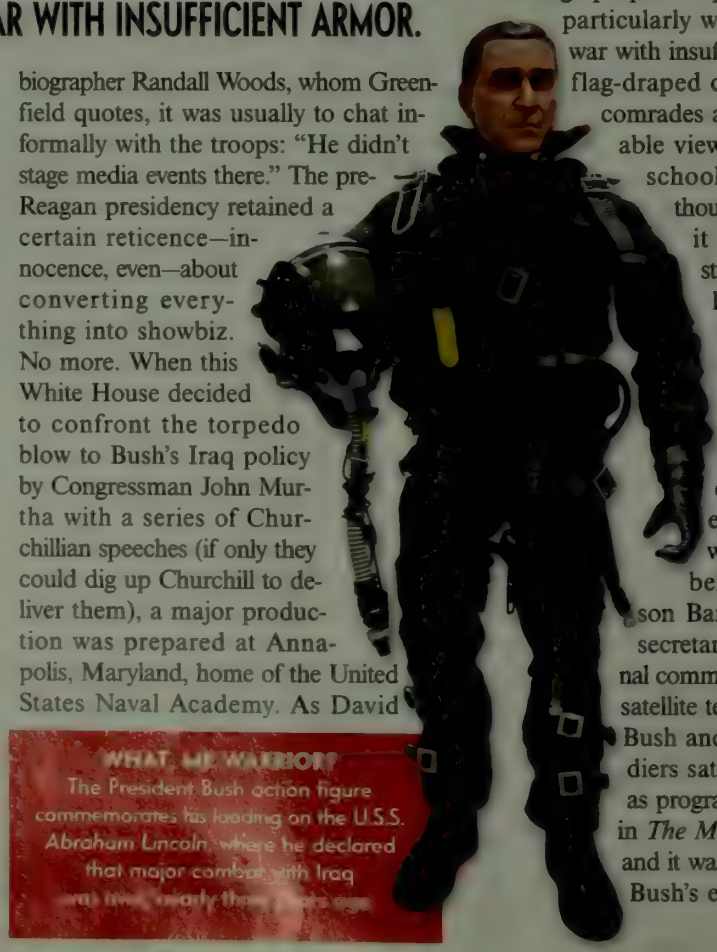
Until Bush, modern presidents were prudent about trick-or-treating around in military rig. They respected the separation of the civilian and uniformed ranks, recognizing that militarizing politics and politicizing the military endanger the Republic, invite tyranny. The White House is meant to be a temporary residence, not a dictator's palace. No modern president boasted a handsomer military record than Dwight D. Eisenhower, the chief of Allied forces in Western Europe in World War II, and he took extra caution to comport himself as a retired general, not someone itching to climb back into the jeep. (His preferred mode of presidential transport was a golf cart.) Jack Kennedy, decorated for heroism as a P.T.-boat commander in the Pacific theater, wore a presidential seal on his sailing jacket, a jaunty touch that no one mistook for a naval insignia. Richard Nixon, another veteran of the Pacific campaign (who cleaned out his buddies at the poker table), conducted his entire public life as if he had been born in a mortician's suit. Former navy lieutenant Jimmy Carter, a graduate of the Naval Academy and a protégé of Admiral Hyman Rickover's, kept his dress whites in the closet while in office, and Bush's father, George H. W., a bomber pilot who flew nearly 60 combat missions during World War II and earned four medals, including the Distinguished Flying Cross, managed to oust Saddam Hussein from Kuwait without pimping himself as a War President. His son has no such scruples. The only inhibitions this Bush respects are the ones he enforces on himself. Outfitted with an expanding wardrobe of olive-green tops with embroidered nametags, Bush is flouting tradition and precedent as he pursues his Place in History, garnishes his legacy, and blurs divisions between military and civilian authority. In an online forum, *Washington Post* reporter Dana Milbank said, "As for wearing military garb, the experts I checked with said it is unlikely any president had done that since Teddy Roosevelt, and that was before such images would be broadcast into millions of homes." One of the books that Bush reportedly was reading over the holiday season was Patricia O'Toole's account of Teddy Roosevelt's post-presidential years, *When Trumpets Call.* (An admirer of T.R., around whom he has modeled much of his presidency under Karl Rove's tutoring, Bush must have skipped the bits about T.R.'s conservation reforms.)

Bush's quest to shore up support for the war in Iraq and earn his stripes in history is taking on the pomp of a Prussian operetta. As CNN senior analyst Jeff Greenfield writes on *Slate,* Lyndon Baines Johnson toured the bases when his Vietnam policy hemorrhaged in the polls, but with this crucial difference: when President Johnson visited bases, according to L.B.J. biographer Randall Woods, whom Greenfield quotes, it was usually to chat informally with the troops: "He didn't stage media events there." The pre-Reagan presidency retained a certain reticence—innocence, even—about converting everything into showbiz. No more. When this White House decided to confront the torpedo blow to Bush's Iraq policy by Congressman John Murtha with a series of Churchillian speeches (if only they could dig up Churchill to deliver them), a major production was prepared at Annapolis, Maryland, home of the United States Naval Academy. As David Sanger reported in *The New York Times,* "Mr. Bush chose his venue carefully: the midshipmen at the Naval Academy cheered his arrival, a military band punctuated his arrival and departure, and the stage of a huge hall on the famous campus was adorned with a giant background emblazoned with the words, 'Plan for Victory.'"

IT'S PATRONIZING TO USE THE ARMED FORCES AS STAGE PROPS IN A PERMANENT CAMPAIGN, PARTICULARLY WHEN THEY'RE SENT INTO WAR WITH INSUFFICIENT ARMOR.

Unlike Bush's other military audiences, the midshipmen conducted themselves with proper formality and resisted coming down with gospel fever. The result was a bit flat. A disappointed Kathryn Jean Lopez, writing on *National Review Online*'s group blog, pouted, "If you have CSPAN and such on in the office like we tend to here you see a lot of Bush speaking in front of military audiences. And he tends to rock. Feeds off the audience, they feed off him. I see none of that this morning." It's that rocking rapport Bush fans crave from their Commando in Chief. Even more unpopular than Bush, Vice President Dick Cheney got into the act last winter, headlining four rallies for the troops at various military installations. To his credit, he had the modesty not to deck himself out in one of General Schwarzkopf's old uniforms (he has much to be modest about, given that he was the beneficiary of five deferments when he was eligible for the draft during Vietnam), but you still sensed that these events were more for White House P.R. than for military morale.

It's patronizing to use the armed forces as stage props in a permanent campaign, particularly when they're sent into war with insufficient armor, and the flag-draped coffins of their fallen comrades are considered unsuitable viewing. This isn't some school play being put on, though you wouldn't know it from the ridiculous stunt of sticking a cook's hat on Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld and having him dish out Christmas Eve dinner in the mess hall in Mosul, Iraq, or the *Wag the Dog* episode where soldiers were caught on-camera being coached by Allison Barber, deputy assistant secretary of defense for internal communications, preceding a satellite teleconference between Bush and the troops. The soldiers sat as stiff and sounded as programmed as the captives in *The Manchurian Candidate,* and it was no more animated at Bush's end. "The president's



WHAT, ME WARRIOR? The President Bush action figure commemorates his landing on the U.S.S. Abraham Lincoln, where he declared that major combat with Iraq [illegible]

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Webster Stone
Film Producer, Publisher
This non-stop creative talent produces smart action films while writing and editing bestsellers for his publishing company, Rugged Land Books. Accordingly, his style straddles day-to-night and East-to-West coast. "I try to dress in clothes that will take me from a breakfast interview in New York straight through to a late night pitch in LA," Stone explains. "Though I've been known to change an entire outfit in the back of a taxi." His Ray-Ban frames are one of many styles that keep him looking book smart and Hollywood cool.
His frames: RAY-BAN 6076
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Irina Dvorovenko
Ballerina

American Ballet Theater principal and a red-carpet regular, Dvorovenko is quite literally always on her toes. Before summer's end she'll perform in Swan Lake, Romeo and Juliet, Giselle and Le Corsaire. Off stage and on the run her look is graceful and chic. "Ballerinas are always on point when it comes to style," Dvorovenko laughs. "Even if I'm just running to the store with no time for makeup, I'll wear a stylish pair of frames and grab just the right bag."

Her frames: RAY-BAN 6067

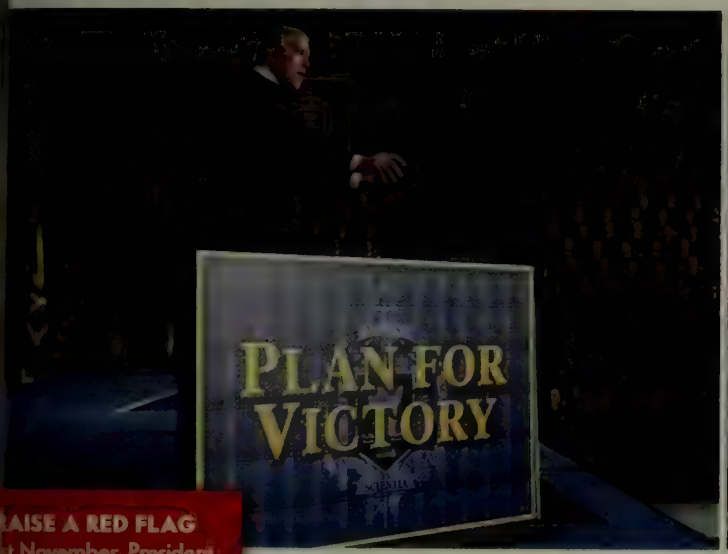
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Tracie Thoms
Actress
Not only did this Juilliard grad play Joanne, the Harvard educated legal aid lawyer in the film adaptation of Rent, but she has recently joined the cast of CBS's Cold Case as detective Kat Miller. The style parallel? The normally casual Baltimore native has embraced the power suit. "I used to think that wearing a suit would feel uptight and uncomfortable," Thoms explains. "But with a great tailor, you can look strong and sexy."
Her frames: VOGUE 3539
LENSCRAFTERS

delivery was choppy," critiqued *The Washington Post,* "as he gazed frequently at his notes and seemed several times to be groping for the right words."

It's always an adventure when Bush goes verbally groping. If you don't knit the Churchillian cadences into his text, he tends to slide back into his comfort zone of framing the War on Terror in nursery-school homilies of bad people doing bad things to good people, or else he's glib to the point of being obtuse. On New Year's Day of 2006, the president made a stop at Brooke Army Medical Center, in San Antonio, an episode that would go down in infamy if infamy weren't already fully booked. Making a mock-heroic allusion to his brush-clearing exploits, Bush told the staff and patients, "As you can possibly see, I have an injury myself—not here at the hospital, but in combat with a cedar. I eventually won. The cedar gave me a little scratch. As a matter of fact, the colonel asked me if I needed first aid when she first saw me. I was able to avoid any major surgical operations here, but thanks for your compassion, Colonel." I bet the amputees found that hilarious.

THESE TELEVISED RALLIES WITH THE TROOPS FOSTER THE ILLUSION THAT BUSH, WHOSE OWN MILITARY RECORD IS A BIT SMUDGY, IS TRULY ONE OF THEM.





RAISE A RED FLAG In November, President Bush gave speeches at the U.S. Naval Academy in Annapolis, *left,* and Elmendorf Air Force Base in Anchorage.

Perhaps the queasiest aspect of Bush's khaki campaign is that on military bases he has begun lobbing partisan grenades at his political opponents. This is more than a break with tradition. It's a breach of military protocol. In December 2005, Fox News reported, "Twice last month in speeches to military audiences [at Elmendorf Air Force Base, in Alaska, and the Army Depot in Tobyhanna, Pennsylvania], the president attacked Democrats and fired back at their accusations that pre-war intelligence was manipulated by his administration.... The attacks against critics in military settings may have put troops in the awkward position of undermining their own regulations. A Department of Defense directive doesn't allow service members in uniform to attend 'partisan political events.'" A retired Marine general quoted in the Fox piece considered Bush's politicking on military bases bad juju. "This is the sort of thing that you find in other countries where the military and certain political parties are aligned." A former navy lawyer, echoing the general's qualm, said, "Where you have our uniformed members being put in a position where it looks like they're rooting for one side or another is very disconcerting." Not disconcerting to Fox News, the brass section of the Republican Party propaganda machine, however, which went on to reassure its viewers: "In recent decades, rank-and-file military members have generally become more decidedly Republican.... Many asked in an unofficial survey told Fox News that they don't have a problem from when or where this president attacks Democrats." Let's face it, Bush supporters wouldn't care if he attacked Democrats while sitting on Abe's marble lap at the Lincoln Memorial. The rest of us—who constitute a majority—should. That the military is trending Republican and that Bush and Cheney are showing less and less compunction about exploiting that trend by slamming Democrats as feckless and squeamish should ring alarm bells. U.S. armed forces are not meant to be loyal to one party, the red states' private militia. That's how Fascism takes form.

I myself don't fear boots in the night. There's something too flimsy behind all this chesty posturing and proclaiming, a hint of overcompensation peeking out from the flak jacket. Bush's overcompensation reflects not only his insecurities but also the nation's. Just as Bush is playing at being a Jedi warrior, the U.S. itself seems to be playing at being an empire, trying to convince itself it's still cock of the walk. With its global constellation of military bases and high-tech weaponry, it's pretending at a high performance level of intensity and extension, but without the stomach and stamina it takes to establish an imperium. It wasn't that long ago that neoconservative triumphalists such as Charles Krauthammer were hailing America as the New Rome, its power and influence unrivaled in world history, Western civilization's crowning achievement. Neoconservative boosters such as Max Boot and liberal hawks such as Michael Ignatieff exhorted pundits and policymakers not to shun the word "empire" but to wrap their spindly arms around it with pride and dedication. Imperialism had gotten a bad rap. Ours was an enlightened imperialism, exporting democracy and free markets to those still in sandals. It was our duty to go forth and civilize the natives. Hooah! Significantly, the other book Bush reportedly consumed over Christmas break was Robert Kaplan's recently published battle-torn travelogue *Imperial Grunts,* a book meant for Bush's heart. It turns the empire project into a John Ford saga. In *Imperial Grunts,* the booby-trapped badlands teeming with terrorists and brigands are the new "Injun Country," and the elite units tasked to subdue them the U.S. Cavalry reborn. "The War on Terrorism was really about taming the frontier," Kaplan argues. How could Bush resist such a cowboy serenade? It's a romance for the ages, the bond between Kaplan and the imperial grunts with whom

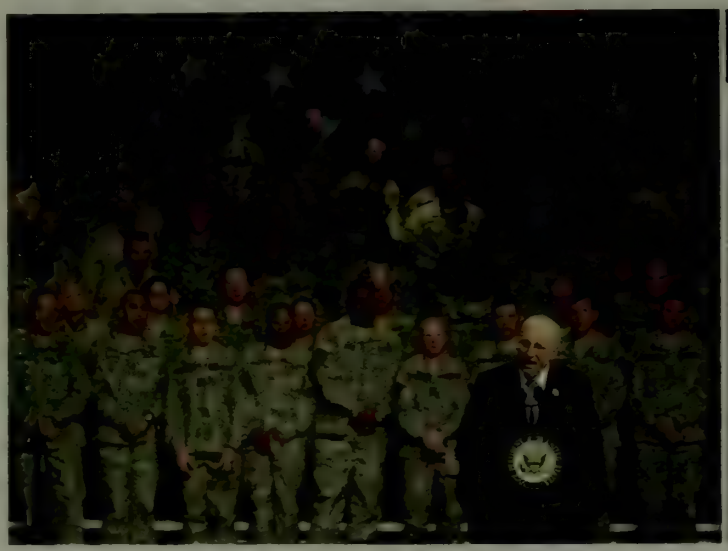
he was embedded rivaling that of *Brokeback Mountain* for laconic splendor.

But as the historian John Gray observes in *The New York Review of Books* in his assessment of *Imperial Grunts,* the U.S. lacks the essential skill set to regiment a true empire. We're too insular and creature-comforty a nation, complacently ignorant about the history, culture, and geography of the countries we invade and occupy, to administer a colonial setup. We don't know nuthin' and that's how we like it. We don't even train our lethal professionals to master foreign languages, preferring to let them gesture and point their weapons in staccato bursts of loud sign language. Of Kaplan's observation that few of the counter-intelligence officers he met in Afghanistan were able to converse in the local tongue, Gray dryly notes, "In a 'global war on terror,' which relies on good intelligence, a lack of linguistic skills must count as a serious liability." Yup. Far from being imperial grunts, most men and women in uniform are, to quote another phrase from Kaplan's book, "tourists with guns," itching to scram as soon as their rotations are up. Kaplan heralds the "unpretentious willingness to die" of the imperial grunts, but most Americans are rather attached to their lives and would prefer to leave the sacrificial stoicism to the hard core. Or to the beefy-bicep'd cadres of mercenaries and private contractors, who are at least making serious money as heavy-metal samurai. The high price of being unpretentious is more than most Americans are willing to pay.

Lacking popular will and spare bodies, the American Empire is grudgingly receding. Behind Bush's bold show of staying the course, refusing to cut and run, and settling for nothing less than victo[illegible] the U.S. military is [illegible] Iraq, planning an orderly pullout no one will interpret as retreat. One purpose of Bush's Victory Tour through military installations is to provide him showy cover as he bows to the inevitable. To have him leaning forward onstage while offstage the machinery of withdrawal goes into low gear. As the historian Immanuel Wallerstein observed, "While Bush is staunchly refusing to set a timetable for downsizing the troops, this is a sham front for the obvious fact that the U.S. and all its allies intend to withdraw substantial numbers of troops in 2006, and long before what Bush had set as the base point—the point when the forces of the Iraqi government can deal militarily with the forces of Iraqi resistance." The U.S. has also abandoned any pretense of nation building, deciding not to renew fund allocations for reconstruction programs, leaving Iraq with the multi-billion-dollar burden of restoring its ravaged infrastructure and picking up the pieces of unfinished projects. In news that received little notice, the U.S. military is also backpedaling out of Afghanistan, where the Taliban are waging a sporadic comeback and an increased tempo of violence reflects the importation of insurgency tactics from Iraq. In his contrarian study *After the Empire,* Emmanuel Todd prophesies that George W. Bush and his neoconservative helpers, far from being the architects of hegemony, will "go down in history as the grave diggers of the American empire," and the earth is being spaded as we speak. Some worrywarts fear that as the Bush regime loses its grip abroad it will clench its fist at home, with Bush and Cheney wreaking vengeance on the domestic [illegible] they will blame for frustrating their [illegible]gns. After all, there are only so [illegible]oor countries abroad to bomb, and Bush is not the sort of lame-duck president to quack quietly into that good night.

Absent another 9/11, however, this strikes me as a low-probability scenario. A crisis mode cannot be sustained indefinitely, and Bush has already milked it for all it's worth. Bush Fatigue has set in, and Bush himself may be the worst sufferer, his lined, strained face occasionally bruised from his latest bike spill. His safe zone of zero dissent and unconditional acceptance is shrinking into a bubble the size of a diving bell. Protests wherever he goes, his ranch in Crawford, Texas, staked out by Cindy Sheehan, and now even the troops are losing that loving feeling. A *Military Times* poll released on January 3, 2006, revealed that Bush's status as big daddy among the troops was slipping. Support for his Iraq policy had dropped to 54 percent from 63 percent a year earlier; only 56 percent of those queried felt the U.S. should have gone to war in Iraq; and, most damning, only 58 percent believed Bush had the military's best interests in mind, a sharp falloff from 69 percent a year ago. If Bush no longer felt comfortable using military bases as theatrical soundstages for fear he wouldn't get a meaty serving of "Hooah!"s from the chorus, he'd have only Republican fund-raisers where he'd be assured a friendly reception, and he can't model his signature collection of military sportswear in hotel ballrooms. Wouldn't be apropos. It'd be a pity to let all those embroidered jackets go to waste, but that could be the wan fate of G.I. George as he finds himself all dressed up and nowhere to go. □

TO VICE PRESIDENT DICK CHENEY'S CREDIT, HE HAD THE MODESTY NOT TO DECK HIMSELF OUT IN ONE OF GENERAL SCHWARZKOPF'S OLD UNIFORMS AT THE TROOP RALLIES





MESSAGE ACCOMPLISHE[illegible]
Left, Cheney at a mi[illegible] rally at Fort Drum, N[illegible] York, December 6, 20[illegible] Right, Secretary of De[illegible] Donald Rumsfeld ser[illegible] Christmas dinner to so[illegible] in Mosul, Iraq, 200[illegible]



Jess Jackson, Camelot Highlands Estates, Santa Maria Valley

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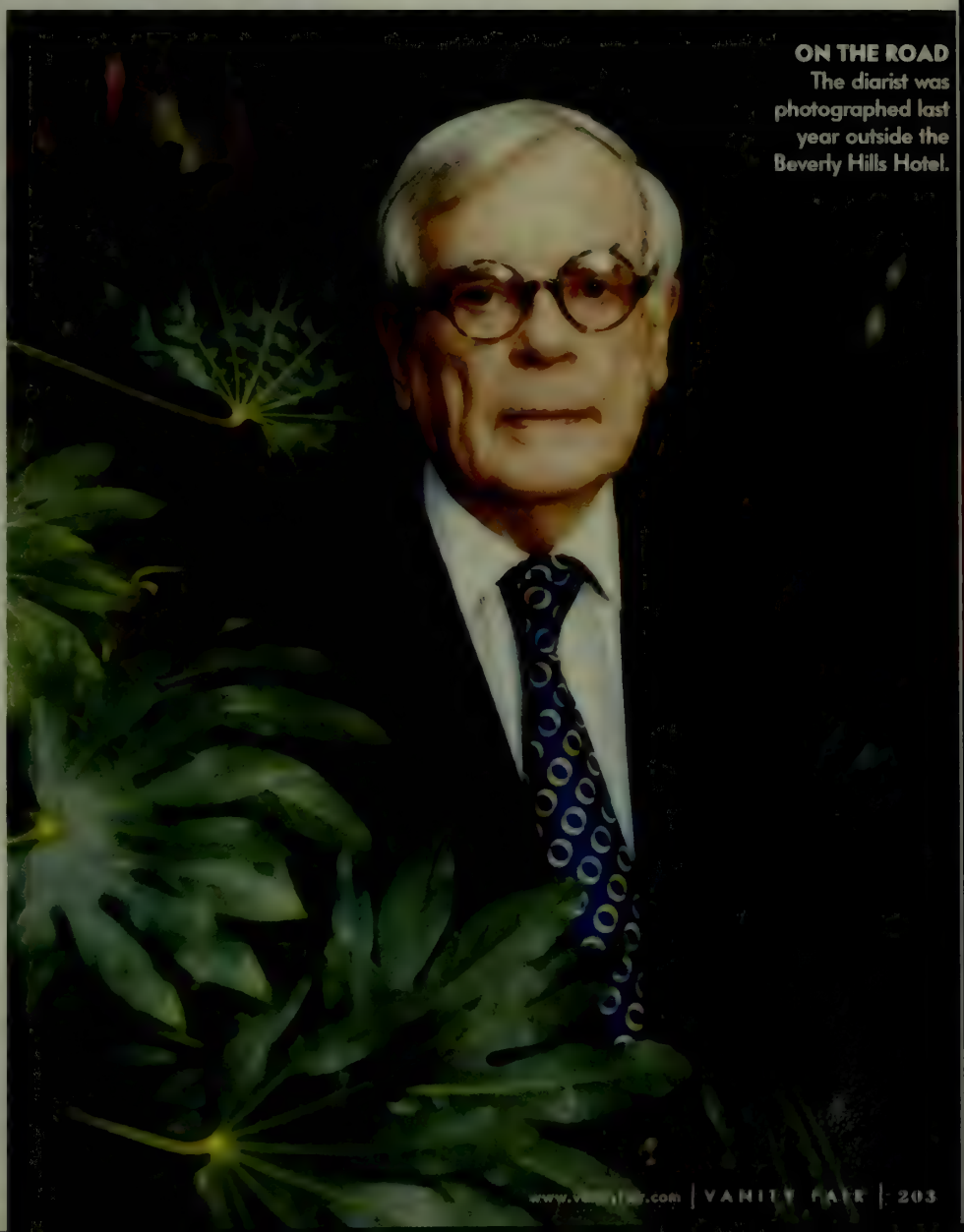
Billionaire indictments are a dime a dozen. What the author finds fascinating is how the high-flying tycoons he knows and their glamorous wives—Oscar and Lynn Wyatt, Lord Conrad and Lady Barbara Black, and Barbara Davis, widow of Marvin Davis—conduct their lives in the shadow of pending trials

F. Scott Fitzgerald was right: the rich *are* different. And the *very* rich are *very* different. I have frequently had occasion to move in their rarefied world, and I never cease to find it fascinating. Fortunes today are so staggeringly large that the word "billionaire" has become commonplace, and yachts, private jets, private islands, and villas in foreign countries are little cause for excitement. In some cases, however, no matter how much money there is, it's not enough, and the constant yearning for more leads to what is politely called financial malfeasance. There are a slew of such cases going on or coming up in our courts, beginning with the current trial of Enron chairman Kenneth Lay and C.E.O. Jeffrey Skilling, and there have been so many indictments of billionaires lately that they have lost their shock value.

I happen to know a number of the people involved in some of the biggest cases, including the Houston octogenarian oil-and-gas tycoon Oscar Wyatt, the international press lord Conrad Black, and the family of the late Beverly Hills oil-and-real-estate titan Marvin Davis. These men possessed three of the great fortunes of our time, and their grand lifestyles were thoroughly documented in the press. I have been to their houses and dined at their tables, and I am fond of all three wives, who are now living with huge black clouds hanging over them. What I find most interesting is the way they go on with their lives during the long waiting period leading up to a courtroom and a trial.

After Oscar Wyatt, 81, was indicted, along with five others, by a grand jury in New York for his alleged involvement in a scheme to pay Iraqi officials "millions of dollars in secret kickbacks" under the United Nations oil-for-food program, five F.B.I. agents showed up before dawn on October 21 at his home in the ritzy River Oaks section of Houston. When Wyatt protested, they put him up against a wall and handcuffed him. Though he is free on $2.5 million bail, if convicted he could face a sentence of up to 62 years. It has become known that he maintains dual citizenship and that at his arraignment he surrendered both his U.S. and Austrian passports. A friend in Los Angeles says that Oscar's wife, Lynn, told her that he is going to sue the U.S. government, which could be a smart strategy, at his advanced age, to stall the proceedings and stay out of prison.

Lynn Wyatt is a popular figure in society here and abroad, with friends in high places, and she always shows up for the important events. I've been friendly with the Wyatts for a long time, especially Lynn. I've been to their old house in Houston and to the new one. I've been to their villa in the South of France, where Prince Albert of Monaco is a frequent guest, as was Prince Rainier before him. Lynn and I were in a group that went to Russia a couple of years ago, so I've had breakfast, lunch, and dinner with her, and she wears well. She has never lost her Tex-

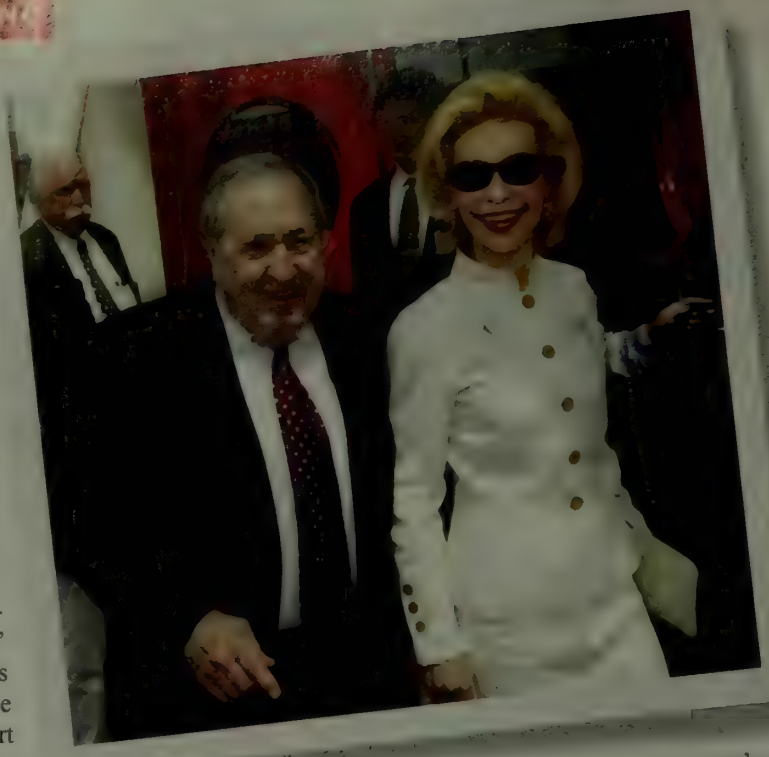


ON THE ROAD The diarist was photographed last year outside the Beverly Hills Hotel.

PHOTOGRAPH BY PATRICK DEMARCHELIER

as accent. She's an immensely loved woman, a fast friend, and a fashion icon. Oscar, who is not interested in society, is less loved and knows it. A lady I know was once seated next to him at a dinner in New York. He said to her, "The hostess mustn't like you very much if she seated you next to me."

Following Oscar's indictment, an item appeared on "Page Six" of the *New York Post* saying that Lynn had gone into seclusion and was seeing no one but her hairdresser. "Oh, that's bullshit," said one of her friends. "She's there for Oscar whenever he needs her. Whether it's a court appearance or a subpoena appearance, Lynn is right there. She supports him 110 percent." Shortly after the indictment, Lynn flew to Los Angeles to attend a Rolling Stones concert at the Hollywood Bowl as a guest of Mick Jagger and his girlfriend, L'Wren Scott. She also attended the wedding of Elton John and David Furnish, in England, where she ran into Sarah, Duchess of York, better known as Fergie, who once had a well-publicized romance with Lynn's son Steve Wyatt.



STAND BY YOUR TYCOON Oscar Wyatt and his wife, Lynn, leaving a meeting of his company's shareholders in Houston, June 2003.

With the help of Mark Seal, who lives in Texas and wrote the article on Marvin Davis in this magazine in November, I got in touch with a number of Texans who know the Wyatts. John W. Mecom Jr., an oilman and former owner of the New Orleans Saints, grew up with Lynn. Like so many in Houston, he was not stunned by the revelation of Wyatt's alleged involvement in the financial scandal. "I don't think it was a big surprise to anybody that Oscar was indicted," he said. "Oscar dealt with Qaddafi when it was illegal. Oscar can handle it.... I don't think anyone ever compared Lynn to Oscar. She's his wife, but beyond that he does his thing and she does her thing. I don't think there's anything in the world that Lynn can't handle—probably better than Oscar."

The Wyatts have appeared around Houston just as they did before, except for the night of the arraignment. Lynn was scheduled to be one of 35 honored guests at a benefit for the Friends of the Texas Medical Center Library, advertised as "Dinner with Houston's Most Fascinating." Betsy Parish, the former society writer for the now defunct *Houston Post,* who chaired the event, said, "Lynn called me and said, 'I just cannot come. There's just no way I can do it, out of respect to Oscar.' I was impressed that she had the courtesy to call. She could have just not shown up, which everybody would have understood." Parish added, "We've only heard one side of this story. Houstonians are so used to having their contemporaries indicted, it's just part of the daily activity here. We've gone through Enron! An indictment is normally shocking and terrible, but once this community went through Enron, nothing surprises us anymore."

The socialite wife of another oilman said, "The Wyatts were at the Mosbachers' Christmas dinner this year. [Robert Mosbacher was secretary of commerce under Bush 41.] I have to give it to her. She holds her head high, as if she were made out of Teflon. What a great, regal attitude, not one of arrogance but of sheer, beautiful strength. It takes you back to Scarlett O'Hara: *I'll never be hungry again.* It's not celebrity, it's not wealth—it's just . . . *it.* Lynn and Oscar have made such a Beauty-and-the-Beast pair for so long. He's *expected* to offend people; people *expect* him to be a rogue. She's the exact opposite. She knows how to work the media. It's an art."

Richard Flowers, an event planner in Houston, said, "There's basically been no real reaction to Oscar's indictment, and we've heard only one side of this. Lynn Wyatt is Lynn Wyatt. She's been an icon in Houston forever. She set the standard when it comes to fashion, entertaining—everything. People aspire to be like Lynn. Indictment? That's just the oil business. It won't affect the way people talk about Lynn in any way. She and Oscar recently chaired the gala for the Houston Grand Opera and raised something like two and a half million dollars—more than had ever been raised. Whatever her husband did or didn't do in business, that has little to do with Lynn Wyatt. She's a very strong Texas woman. She'll stand by him and continue to do whatever she can to make Houston a great city."

"Oscar's *expected* to offend people. She's the exact opposite."

Susan Glesby, a close friend of the Wyatts', said, "I saw Oscar and Lynn at three Christmas parties. Honey, people were swarming around them. So neither is hiding. Lynn's not saying a word. Nothing. Look, if I didn't read the newspaper, I would never know anything was wrong." Subsequently, Lynn denied to Glesby that Oscar was going to sue the U.S. government.

Some people I talked to think Oscar Wyatt will get off. Some think he'll wind up paying a fine. Most people, however, think that he will not go to prison.

Unlike the Wyatts, the Blacks have virtually closed the door of their gated mansion in Toronto's exclusive Bridle Path district, which is also called Millionaires' Row. Now known as Lord Black of Crossharbour—he gave up his Canadian citizenship for the English title—the former C.E.O. of Hollinger International was arraigned in Chicago in December on 11 counts charging him and three associates with grand fraud in diverting $83.8 million of their shareholders' money. Free on $20 million bail, Conrad Black has more recently been charged with additional crimes. According to Tim Arango in the *New York Post,* "The new charges include racketeering, obstruction of justice, money laundering and wire fraud, stemming from an alleged massive fraud that allowed Black and his cohorts to loot company coffers of more than $80 million." These charges could add another 50 years in prison to the 40 Black is already facing. The Blacks' double-fronted mansion in Kensington, in London, has been sold, as has their Park Avenue apartment. Their $36 million oceanfront estate in Palm Beach has been seized, and trucks have been

HARRY WINSTON

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NEW YORK BEVERLY HILLS LAS VEGAS TOKYO OSAKA TAIPEI PARIS GENEVA BAL HARBOUR HONOLULU

spotted removing antiques and artworks from the Toronto house.

Just contemplating the legal fees of such a case boggles the mind. I was recently at a Park Avenue dinner party attended by several of the business moguls who are regularly written up in the financial pages of *The New York Times*, the *New York Post*, and *The Wall Street Journal*. Their chic wives, in black dresses by Oscar de la Renta and jewels by JAR of Paris, play active parts in the city's charities. I congratulated one financier on his acquisition of a company, which I had read about that morning in the *Times*. "Oh, don't congratulate me when I buy a company," he said. "Anyone with money can *buy* a company. Congratulate me when I *sell* the company. That shows the kind of businessman I am."

At one point in the evening, the subject of Conrad Black and his mounting legal woes came up. One of the guests said, "Have you heard about the letter that Conrad wrote to [he named a prominent businessman]?" He informed us that Black had written to the man, who was known to everyone in the room, to ask him to round up all their old friends to chip in to help pay Black's legal bills, with the guarantee that each person would be paid back. Everyone looked around at everyone else. No one spoke. The conversation went on to other things.

When the going was good, Black and his beautiful wife, Barbara Amiel, who wrote a political column for London's *Daily Telegraph*, were society's darlings in New York, London, and Palm Beach. They moved effortlessly and elegantly in the highest power circles. They exuded glamour. "The Blacks are coming," hostesses would say when they invited people to dinner—code for an important evening ahead—and Conrad was invariably seated to the right of the hostess. At 61, he's a commanding presence and looks great in a dinner jacket. He's also an admired historian and a dazzling public speaker. I have seen him hold the attention of a dinner table of 16 for 20 minutes, during the main course, as he discussed the war in Iraq. But that is no longer the case. Neither he nor his wife is in social demand anymore. They have been dropped. As one newspaper put it, the Blacks have been blackballed. Their spectacular social and financial fall reminds me of that of Augustus Melmotte in Anthony Trollope's great novel *The Way We Live Now*.

In their high-flying days, Lady Black was a radiant partner. Bright, funny, dishy, admittedly extravagant, gorgeously dressed in couture from Paris, still sexy at 65, she was as much of an asset to a dinner table as her husband was. She once told me, at a Thanksgiving dinner the Ahmet Erteguns gave in Paris, that she really wanted to write books, as I do, but that, with the life she and Conrad lived, there never was time. Well, now there's time, plenty of it. Conrad's trial in Chicago won't begin until March 2007. What a social history she could write of her own experience! I firmly believe that Barbara Black has got another [illegible]

her, and I sense that she is more realistic about their situation than Conrad is. The last time I saw him was in the barbershop at Claridge's, in London. You would never have known from talking to him that he was facing dire legal difficulties.

"There's no truth or substance whatever to these charges," he told reporters at a book-launch party at the Albion Club in Toronto in December. "This has been one massive smear job from A to Z, and it will have a surprise ending, a complete vindication."

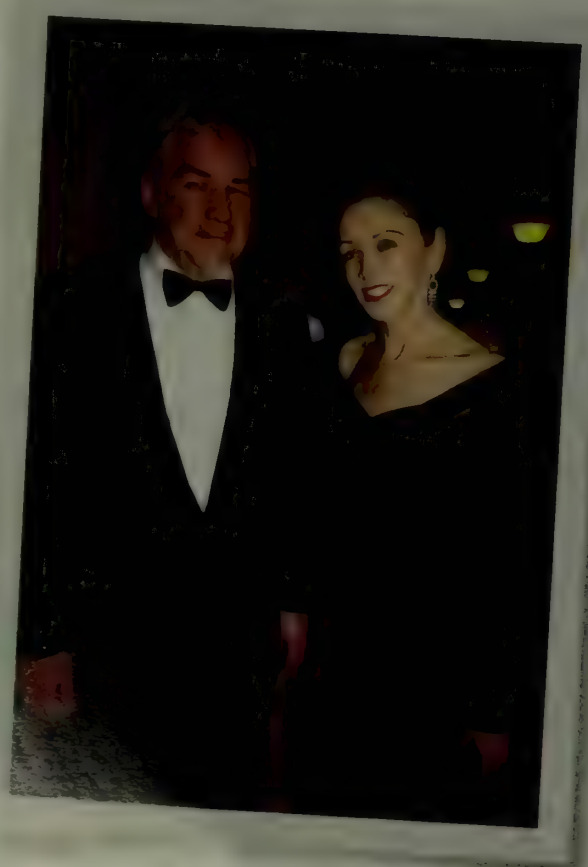
Like Lord and Lady Black, Marvin and Barbara Davis were powerful activists in their social life, out every night that they weren't entertaining at home, and they entertained more than anyone else in Beverly Hills. Marvin was an interesting, complicated man, a genial host who could be terrifying in business. The list of people who dealt with him in the oil, movie, and real-estate businesses and ended up hating him is long, and their names are well known. There were jokes about Marvin's weight and his gargantuan appetite. People said that he had bought the Beverly Hills Hotel, which looks like a pink wedding cake, so that he could eat it. The Davises gave incredibly lavish parties at the Knoll, their 45,000-square-foot mansion in Beverly Hills, and the Carousel of Hope Ball they gave every other year to raise money to fight childhood diabetes became the last word in over-the-top extravagance, with treasure-filled goody bags on the back of every chair.

Barbara, weighed down in diamonds, moving from group to group, introducing celebrities, kissing, and laughing, was a nice lady and a very good hostess. Marvin, a 350-pound hulk with a bad toupee who was thought to be worth billions, was always part of the show at their parties. One night, as we were sitting down to dinner, he called over to me from his table, "Hey, Dominick, you're getting fat," which is not exactly what you want to have yelled at you in a room full of movie stars. Though I had put on a good 25 pounds or more, I was still as thin as a reed compared with Marvin. And while I'm pretty good with zingers at such moments, and I had a great one on the tip of my tongue, I didn't say it, not because I was such a gentleman, but because his scary look was just daring me to come back at him. That look probably worked wonders in business deals.

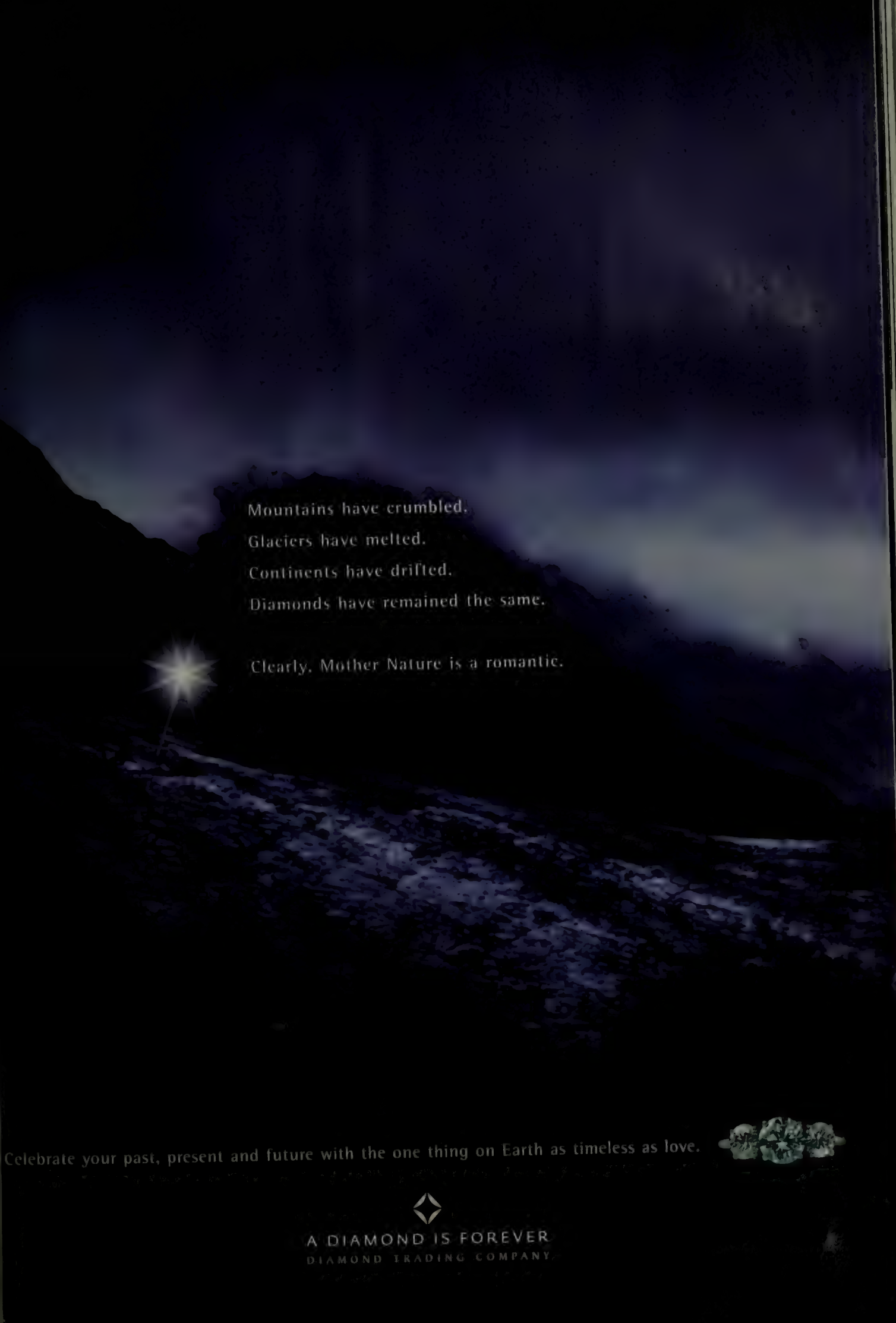
The charges that the Davises were guilty of fiscal misconduct came from a most unexpected source, their daughter Patricia, in a 169-page lawsuit brought last October, a year after Marvin's death, which begins:

This is a case about greed, theft, and betrayal. This is a case about how Marvin Davis, who was one of the wealthiest men in America, systematically stole hundreds of millions of dollars from the trust created for his oldest daughter, Patricia Davis Raynes, to finance his own business inter-

As one newspaper put it, the Blacks have been blackballed.

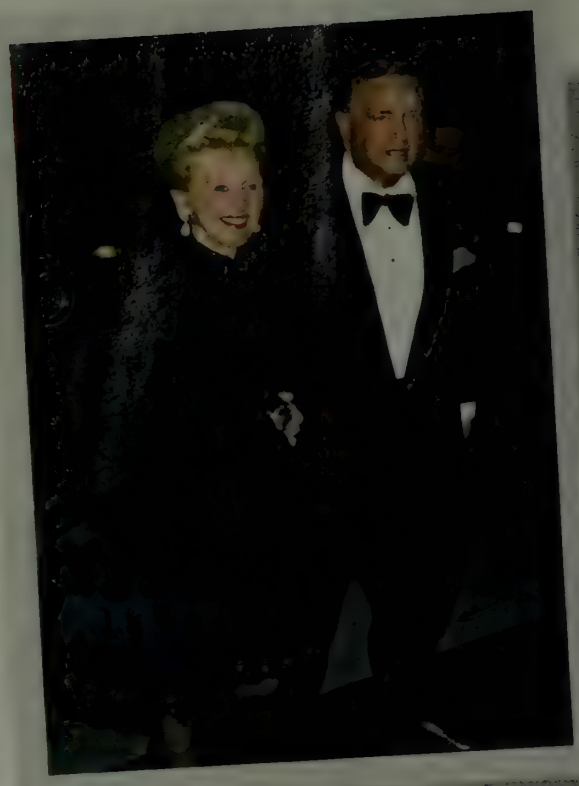


SMILING THROUGH Conrad Black and his wife, Barbara Amiel, make a rare public appearance, at a publishing gala in Toronto, November 2005.


Mountains have crumbled.
Glaciers have melted.
Continents have drifted.
Diamonds have remained the same.
Clearly. Mother Nature is a romantic.
Celebrate your past, present and future with the one thing on Earth as timeless as love.
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ests, the business interests of his two favored sons, and a lavish lifestyle for himself, his wife Barbara Davis, and his other children. Acting out of greed, spite, and malice, Marvin Davis and his close cohort of co-conspirators abused, isolated, and stole from Patricia because she dared to question Marvin Davis, and dared to leave Colorado for New York to live her own life. Patricia's brothers and sisters knew about, took advantage of, and greedily accepted the benefits from the wrongful, illegal acts of Marvin Davis, Barbara Davis, and their coterie of advisers and sycophants.

The shocker in Patricia's lawsuit was that Marvin Davis was not worth $4.9 billion, as *Forbes* magazine had declared in its 2004 list of America's richest people, but instead had suffered incredible reversals. "Marvin turned out to be 350 pounds of baloney," said one of his Beverly Hills friends. After Marvin's death, Barbara had one last grand party at the Knoll and then put the mansion up for sale. A lady friend of mine, wise in the ways of Beverly Hills social life, told me that in years past the Davises had always bought two $50,000 tables for fashionable charity dinners and balls and filled the tables with their friends, but that in the last couple of years they had bought just two tickets. Clearly, their social situation had been going through great changes.



GLORY DAYS
The late Marvin Davis and his wife, Barbara, at a pre–Grammy Awards party at the Beverly Hills Hotel, 1996.

"Marvin Davis turned out to be 350 pounds of baloney."

The lawsuit will affect Barbara Davis most, because it accuses the immediate family of acts of greed and treachery and therefore belies the picture she and Marvin always sought to create, of a happy family dining and laughing together at an enormous table at Mortons or Spago. There seems to be no doubt that she is already suffering severely. "Barbara's a complete and total wreck," said a friend who asked not to be named. "Mother saw her yesterday at the Tamarisk Country Club, in Palm Springs, where she was vacationing with her son Gregg and his wife and children. This has just devastated her."

"Barbara is keeping a stiff upper lip and never lets down her guard," another friend told me. "She has said, 'It's very hurtful, what Patty is doing, and that's all I want to say about it.'"

Barbara is certainly not hiding. She recently flew to London for a wedding, and she was in Washington in December for the Kennedy Center Honors. She has hired a new publicist, and her family intends to fight the charges.

In my opinion, the family should settle with Patricia and not allow the case to go to trial. Patricia has great representation in the firm of David Boies, who wouldn't take on a case he didn't feel strongly about. If this family winds up in a Los Angeles courtroom, there will be broken hearts, unhealable wounds, and daily embarrassments in the press coverage, which their friends and enemies alike will devour.

Imagine my amazement when I picked up the phone one night and heard the voice of Ralph Fiennes, whom I didn't know but had just seen in *The Constant Gardener*. It turned out that he knew my son Griffin, who had told him to call me because I had known the character Fiennes was playing in *Bernard and Doris*, the movie he was shooting for Trigger Street Independent in New York. Doris is Doris Duke, arguably the richest woman in America for decades, who was romanced by a lot of gold diggers, and whose second husband was the notorious playboy Porfirio Rubirosa. She is being played in the film by Susan Sarandon. Bernard is Bernard Lafferty, Duke's Irish butler and confidant, who became so close to her in her last years that she named him the executor of her billion-dollar estate. Duke died in 1993 of cardiac arrest caused by progressive pulmonary edema, but many people suggested that Lafferty had injected the morphine shot that killed her. I told Fiennes, "I went to his funeral, at Elizabeth Taylor's swimming pool. Yes, I'll have dinner with you and Bob [Balaban, the director] at Il Cantinori and tell you my Bernard Lafferty stories."

I met Lafferty at a lunch at Elizabeth Taylor's house one Sunday during the O. J. Simpson trial. I was amazed to see him there, and when at one point he went to the bathroom, I said to Elizabeth, "Isn't he supposed to have killed Doris Duke?" "Absolutely not," said Elizabeth, who is always fiercely loyal to her friends. She was promptly seconded by her husband at the time, Larry Fortensky, the construction worker she had met at Betty Ford's clinic.

Six months before Duke died, she made her last will, leaving Lafferty an executor's fee of $5 million and a lifetime annuity of $500,000 a year. One month before she died, Duke left $1 million to the AIDS foundation of Elizabeth Taylor, Lafferty's favorite movie star. It was an ingenious move, for it was helping a worthy cause and at the same time helping Lafferty befriend his idol. After he was replaced as executor, he moved to Los Angeles and became a regular at Elizabeth Taylor's house. They grew very close, and I could see in their relationship the kind of intimacy he must have shared with Doris Duke. I had several conversations with him, and in time I ceased to believe that he had administered the shot that killed the heiress. I actually came to like him in the long run. He died in 1996 of natural causes.

What I didn't know until Bob Balaban and Ralph Fiennes told me at dinner was that Bernard Lafferty in his will had returned the $5 million to the Doris Duke Foundation. I said to Fiennes, "He was always a servant. He had the mentality of a servant. Even sitting next to Elizabeth, he was a servant sitting down at a table. He never referred to Doris Duke as anything other than Miss Duke."

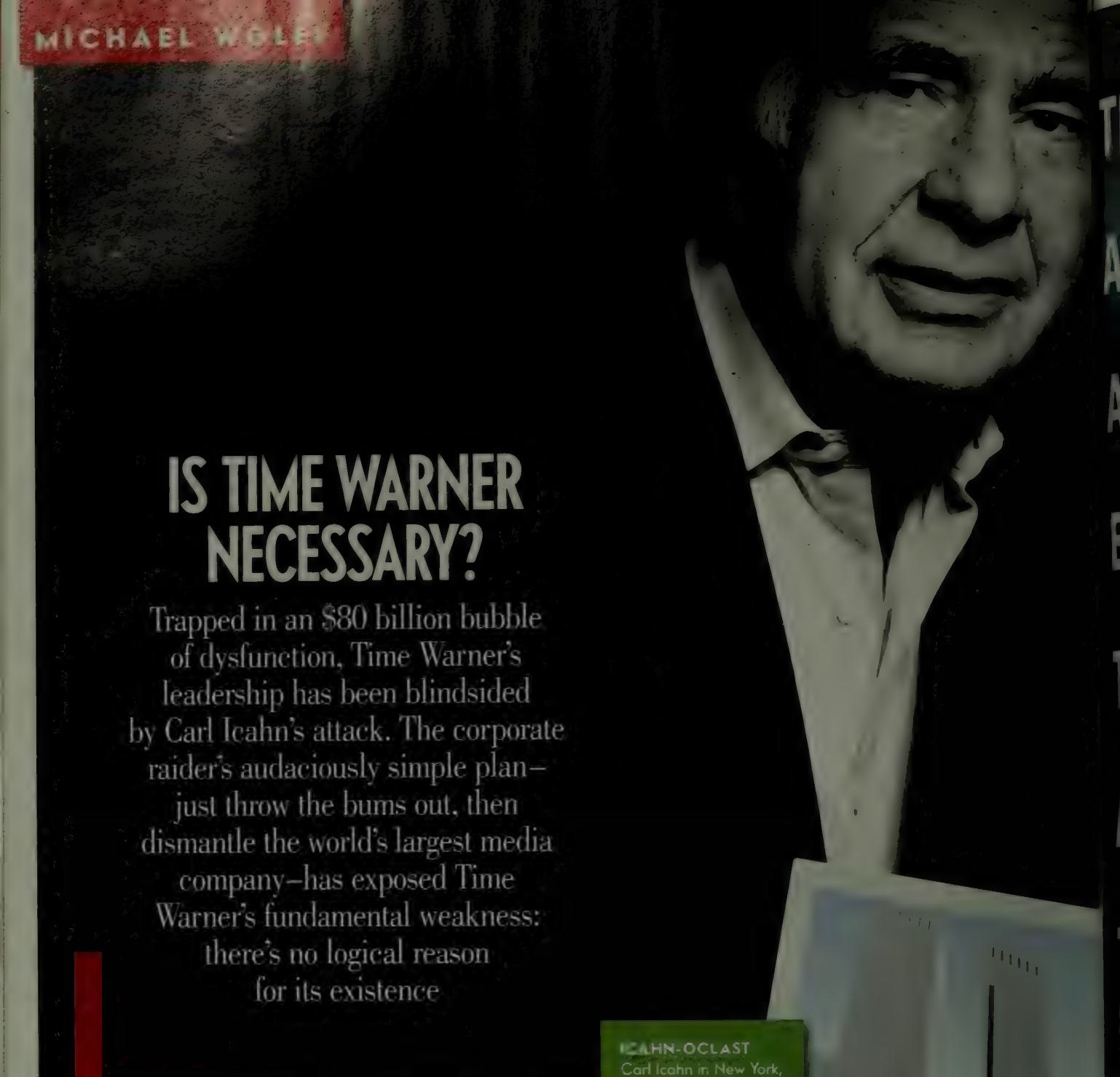
We had a very good time at dinner, and I ended up with a bit part in the movie, as one of the five men on Duke's board of directors. Our first scene is with Susan Sarandon, and it was meant to show how well Duke managed her money. In our second scene, Lafferty is meeting with the board for the first time since Duke's death. Ralph Fiennes, as Lafferty, was wearing Doris Duke's mink coat over his shoulders, a lavender blouse, and huge pieces of jewelry. As he removed his dark glasses, revealing mascara and eye shadow, he smiled winningly at us and said in a dainty voice, "Gentlemen, I would like to make a donation of a million dollars to AIDS." □


CAMPARI
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MICHAEL WOLFF

IS TIME WARNER NECESSARY?

Trapped in an $80 billion bubble of dysfunction, Time Warner's leadership has been blindsided by Carl Icahn's attack. The corporate raider's audaciously simple plan—just throw the bums out, then dismantle the world's largest media company—has exposed Time Warner's fundamental weakness: there's no logical reason for its existence



ICAHN-OCLAST Carl Icahn in New York, January 9, 2006. *Inset,* the Time Warner Center, on Manhattan's Columbus Circle.

I've been talking about Time Warner, world's biggest media company, and its borderline personalities, its cockamamy synergies, its obdurate fiefdoms, about the very preposterousness of its existence, for half of my career. This has, I confess, been lots of fun—people inside the company and people outside the company competing to describe T.W.'s most exasperating dysfunctions—except for the fact that somewhere along the way virtually everybody associated with the place (and everybody in the media business *is* associated with the place) seems to have come to the self-fulfilling belief that the company formerly known as AOL Time Warner is the natural media state.

But here I was with a person who could remove this neurotic condition from all of our professional lives. In a certain light—from his great office lair, with the glow of Manhattan and New Jersey illuminating his messy gray hair—he seemed not only like a man with a preternatural ability to make this company, or any company, disappear from the earth, but like a slightly mad doctor. At wit's end, you agree to have Dr. Icahn perform his radical therapy.

I kept going back and forth between feelings of awe at the idea of no more Time Warner—vanished like ITT or Pan Am or, in fact if not in name, AT&T—and wonder at the casualness, the nonchalance, the shoot-from-the-hip-ness of the guy who was proposing to disappear the place (or, to continue the other metaphor, cure us of the malady).

Honestly, it's hard to imagine anyone spending five minutes with Carl Icahn who wouldn't regret at least a little not becoming a corporate activist (as they're now called) or raider (as they used to be called). It's not just the $8.5 billion Carl's made for himself taking over compa-



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nies (TWA, Blockbuster, Texaco, among others) and the Fifth Avenue offices so large that he asks me please not to describe the place that make you realize you've lived your life inadequately, but his naturalness. His boyish enthusiasm at 69. His carefree spontaneity. The naked Icahn.

He makes taking over a company seem so easy—so basic. It certainly doesn't seem like hard work. Icahn himself appears to have no unique talents, no special knowledge, no larger plan—and to need none. What he does is just see the obvious and align himself with the inevitable.

You expect a war room—lots of shirtsleeves-rolled-up Wall Street types analyzing data and amassing proxies, lots of really expensive lawyers plotting their moves in Delaware courts, M.B.A.'s of all sorts sweating the small stuff. But what you get, in this very big office, is an embodiment of the peanut gallery, raining down litter and catcalls on the stage, a man in a figurative Barcalounger in front of the television set shouting, "Throw the bums out!"

"[ICAHN] CALLED US MORONS," SAYS MY FRIEND, AN UPPERMOST TIME WARNER GUY. "CAN YOU BELIEVE THAT? THERE'S NO EXCUSE FOR NAME-CALLING."

This is mostly the way the top dogs at Time Warner—largest magazine publisher, second-largest cable company, parent of CNN and HBO and AOL, home of Warner Bros.—see him: Carl Icahn is a difficult guy with lots of time on his hands, writing the company obnoxious letters. (Time Warner Cable probably gets hundreds of letters like this every day.)

In early December, shortly after Icahn began assailing the company, I ran into an uppermost Time Warner guy whom I've known for many years as he came out of his dentist's office on Madison Avenue. I gently teased him about Icahn's being a particularly brutish sort of dentist. "It's not funny," said my friend. "He called us morons. Can you believe that? There's no excuse for name-calling. It's not professional."

For more than two decades, the business world has been in something like a civil war. It's capital against capital. Any weakness in the value or the defense of your capital means a move against you by someone else's capital. Wars like this have been fought with such frequency and ferocity that very few companies are caught by surprise. The rules of attack and counterattack are clear and ritualized. An entire industry—the merger-and-acquisitions business on Wall Street—has been built around anticipating (or precipitating or benefiting from) a capital war.

And yet Icahn truly seems to have surprised Time Warner. This is surprise in a more complex sense than just suddenness. It's surprise in the sense of disbelief. And hurt.

There's something about Time Warner's response to Icahn's threats of a takeover that goes back to the earliest days of the capital wars—innocent times—when corporations believed that their respectability, that being part of the Establishment, that simply ignoring your inferiors, was the best defense. Such country-club manners, and temperamental disinclination to put up much of a fight, made possible, among other things, the rise of a whole generation of Carl Icahns as well as the fall, for better or worse, of so much of white-shoe corporate culture. Indeed, Richard Parsons, Time Warner's C.E.O., a tall, convivial former bank president—he's famous for table-hopping through Midtown media restaurants, hugging and clasping and rubbing nearly everyone—recalls nothing so much as the civic-minded, let's-all-get-along, golf-buddy C.E.O.'s of the past. His fundamental defense is, in fact, not about Time Warner as a hard-hearted business proposition but about Time Warner as an institution, as a pillar of the community, as an entity and organizing principle which it is hardly possible to imagine life without.

Parsons has a point. Time Warner, in any conventional terms, is pretty much unassailable. Even trading at slightly under $18 a share, the desultory price around which the company has been stuck for the better part of the last four years, Time Warner is worth more than $80 billion—too big to buy or control. After 15 years of mergers and other complicated financial swaps, many of them for Time Warner shares, nobody owns enough of the company to make much of a difference. It does revert in that sense to an old-style company: the very weight of its existence protects and ensures its inefficiencies and independence—certainly against Carl Icahn's (and his associates') measly 3 percent.

That's what's puzzling—and, for Time Warner management, infuriating. Why is Icahn, who must've learned a thing or two as he amassed his $8.5 billion taking over companies, trying to take over a company that can't be taken over? What gall.

Speaking of gall, when Icahn talks about T.W. or the media business in general, what's most clear is that he doesn't have much patience for any of it. Content? Distribution? Feh! It's a sinkhole. He's brought in the investment bank Lazard and keeps saying the guys there will come up with the plan of what to do. When pressed by literal-minded people about whom exactly he might get to run Time Warner were he to actually take it over, he shrugs—then talks about media executives as if he were playing some version of Rotisserie baseball, inviting everyone else to participate. (Together we handicap the chances of getting Meg Whitman to leave eBay.)

There's something so *unbusinesslike* about Icahn's proposed takeover—that's the disconcerting thing for businesspeople. He doesn't have the shareholder clout, nor does he seem to have much of a strategic game. Rather, he's like a Washington outsider storming the Beltway establishment. He has no program, no plan, no method, just moral virtue (a corporate raider claiming moral virtue, at that). It's virtue that derives simply from the fact that he's not them. That it's their mess, not his. That it's their head so far up their ass.

On the other hand, no one at Time Warner would exactly, or credibly, defend the idea of Time Warner, either. Perhaps no company has ever been in such a long-term existential tailspin—everybody questioning how it got to be, nobody feeling he has to take responsibility for it.

In some sense, the best that people can say about Time Warner is it is somehow not like other companies—which are fundamentally about ownership and control. It's a postmodern entity: the inevitable result of consolidation is that everything is connected in such a tortured and ham-handed way that nothing is quite connected.

It's appropriate that Time Warner is the great New York company—the hometown company. The sense that nobody is really in charge makes it very New York. It isn't top-down. It isn't run by a true mogul. It isn't one man's enterprise—there's no Mr. Time Warner. (The legacies of Henry Luce, who founded Time Inc., and Jack Warner, who ran Warner Bros., and even Steve Ross, the parking-lot king who reconstituted Warner Bros., have long been subsumed in the pileup of so many disparate companies.) In fact, there's no real leader—no one is really

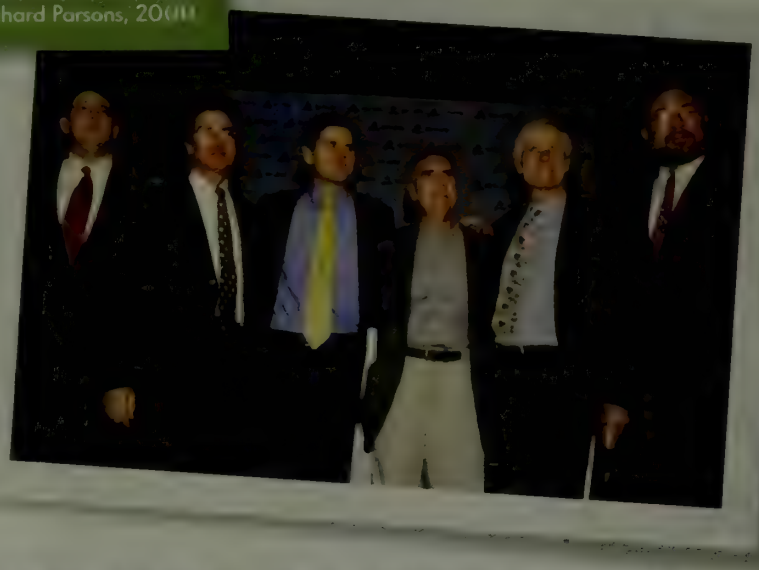
JIL SANDER

calling the shots. That means, however, that the main explanation for its existence is that somehow, for better or worse, it just came to exist. The biggest media company in the world, arguably one of the world's most influential entities, is a happenstance historical by-product.

And yet, the blow-by-blow facts of its existence are not hazy or vague. Everybody involved with Time Warner is always telling the story of Time Warner. Not, mind you, to argue its virtues but rather to rehash or fill in more nuances of the essential comedy of Time Warner's 15-year history.

Among the high points: there was the loopy and in many ways still-unresolved original marriage of the Ivy League Time Inc. culture with Warner's semi-outlaw Hollywood culture; there was the crazy and unmanageable financial structure put in place to facilitate the Time and Warner deal that the company would spend years never quite satisfactorily undoing; there were the Warner toughs grabbing power from the Time sissies, but then the untimely death of the Warner boss, Steve Ross, which enabled, from the Time side, the rise of Gerald Levin, everybody's least favorite C.E.O. Paranoid and isolated, Levin famously protected his position by both letting strong executives go their own way and killing any executives who might want more central authority, replacing them with courtiers and weaklings. Levin, in part to head off criticism of a stagnating share price (a persistent theme), bought Turner Broadcasting (CNN, the Turner cable stations, and MGM's film library), another merger never wholly digested. (This is from the C.E.O. rule book: You can't fire a manager who has just done a complicated acquisition.) Then Levin secretly engineered the AOL merger (in which AOL actually bought Time Warner), which [illegible] the appellation "worst deal in history" and caused the [illegible] than $200 billion in [illegible] his job (he's now involved with a health spa in California) over AOL but [illegible] less, got to appoint his successor—the glad-handing Parsons.

Still, the overriding sense among current T.W. management is that that was then. That some Rubicon separating the present years from those crazy years has been crossed. That the company now, with pretty-good Dick Parsons in charge, supported, until recently, by that solid and reliable fly fisherman Don Logan as the C.O.O. of half of the company and the handsome and astute Yale guy Jeffrey Bewkes as the head of the other half, has been sober for five years. If they haven't built a financial juggernaut, if they haven't exactly returned value, they have avoided . . . the abyss. All of T.W.'s parts are, more or less, in running order—and the people at the top (in the new showcase headquarters at Columbus Circle) aren't nutters. That's not nothing. Hence, they ought to catch a break.



LET'S MAKE A DEAL Time Warner's Michael Kelly and Robert Pittman AOL's Steve Case, and Time Warner's Gerald Levin, Ted Turner, and Richard Parsons, 20[illegible]

WHEN ICAHN TALKS ABOUT TIME WARNER OR THE MEDIA BUSINESS, WHAT'S MOST CLEAR IS THAT HE DOESN'T HAVE MUCH PATIENCE FOR ANY OF IT.

While Carl Icahn may not know much about the media business, his plan of attack is all media strategy. Indeed—and this isn't a small character note—he has no P.R. firm. He'll go so far as to tell you that he has no P.R. firm because that's *his* job—the main job, in other words.

One evening after work I go over to talk to him, and we sit in his office studying a [illegible] of the [illegible]ble Parsons on CNBC and [illegible] on-air response, appealing in its off-the-cuff-ness (everybody's trying to play [illegible] in this drama). Icahn tries to feed me a few lines for a spot of commentary I'm scheduled to do on CNBC—it's his idea that Time Warner is like the PBS series *I, Claudius,* with Levin as Livia, dispatching everybody who might be strong enough to run ancient Rome and leaving only the hapless Claudius, who is Parsons. (I demur.)

But it's not about just ink and airtime. His is rather, in a higher media sense, a *Zeitgeist* play.

Carl Icahn is trying to say what everybody is thinking (a little ahead of someone else's saying it—that's what you get the big bucks for).

As it happens, this isn't so hard to do. In the case of Time Warner, it's perfectly obvious what everyone is thinking. Obvious enough that Icahn doesn't need to have legions of M.B.A.'s telling him what's up. No investor, man on the street, politician with his finger in the wind, or employee would tell you differently: Time Warner, along with all the other centralized, vertically integrated, horizontally organized, multiplatform-function media companies, is just too big. The idea of agglomeration without limit turned out not to be such a good one. A no-brainer bad one.

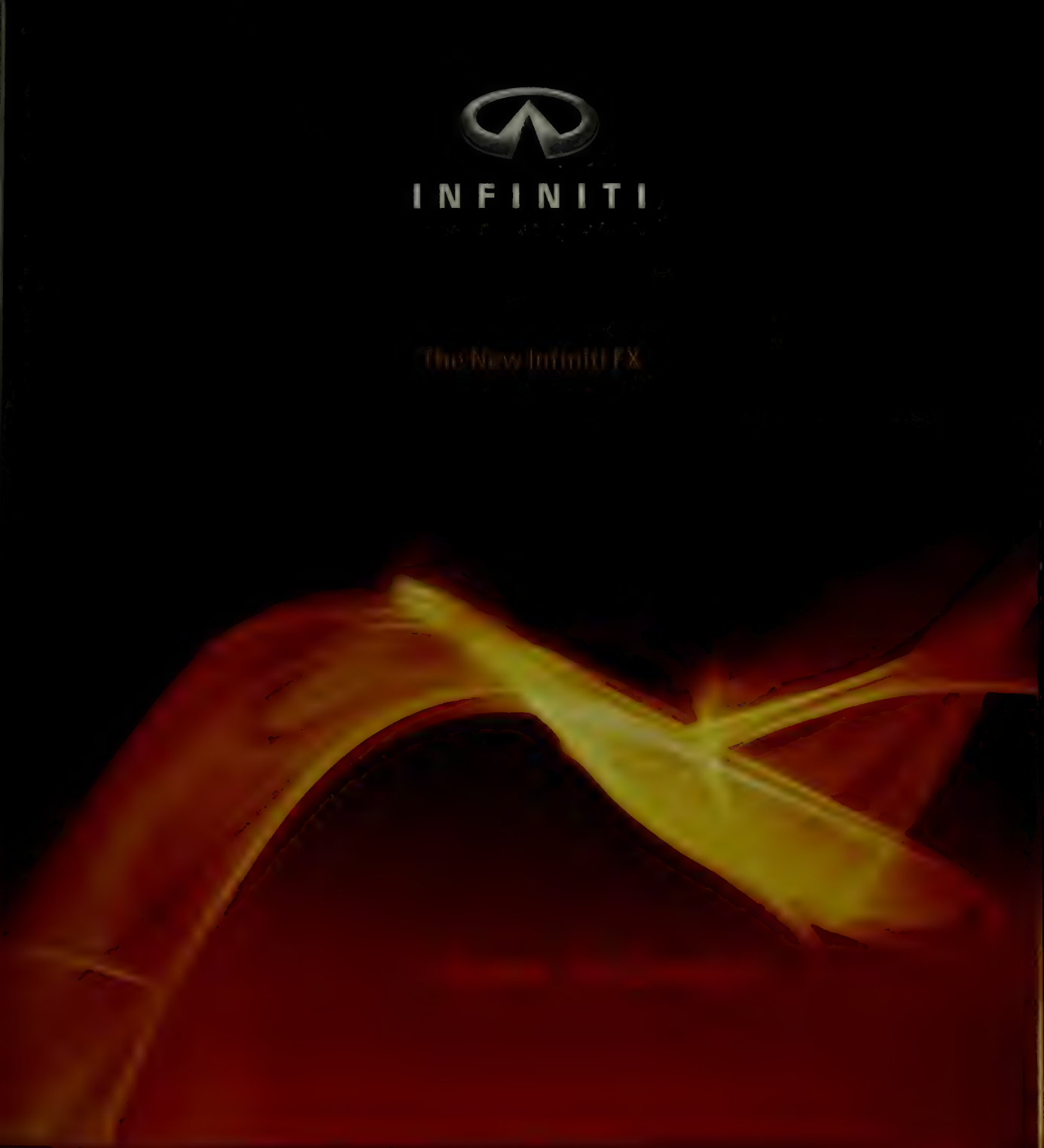
Indeed, this revisionism is a notion on the verge of becoming as philosophically respectable as the-bigger-the-better theory itself once was. It's called disestablishment or decapitalization. The advantages gained by aggregating businesses across the horizontal and vertical axes of an industry (owning the studio that makes the content that is then shown on the television network) are illusory ones, at best moving money from one pocket to another, while the disadvantages are magnified—so many of your wins occur because another of your companies loses (Time Warner Cable's high-speed Road Runner service grows at the expense of AOL).

Viacom, one of T.W.'s competitors, has broken itself into two. The radio giant Clear Channel has broken itself up as well.

The ever popular Jeffrey Bewkes—who, in

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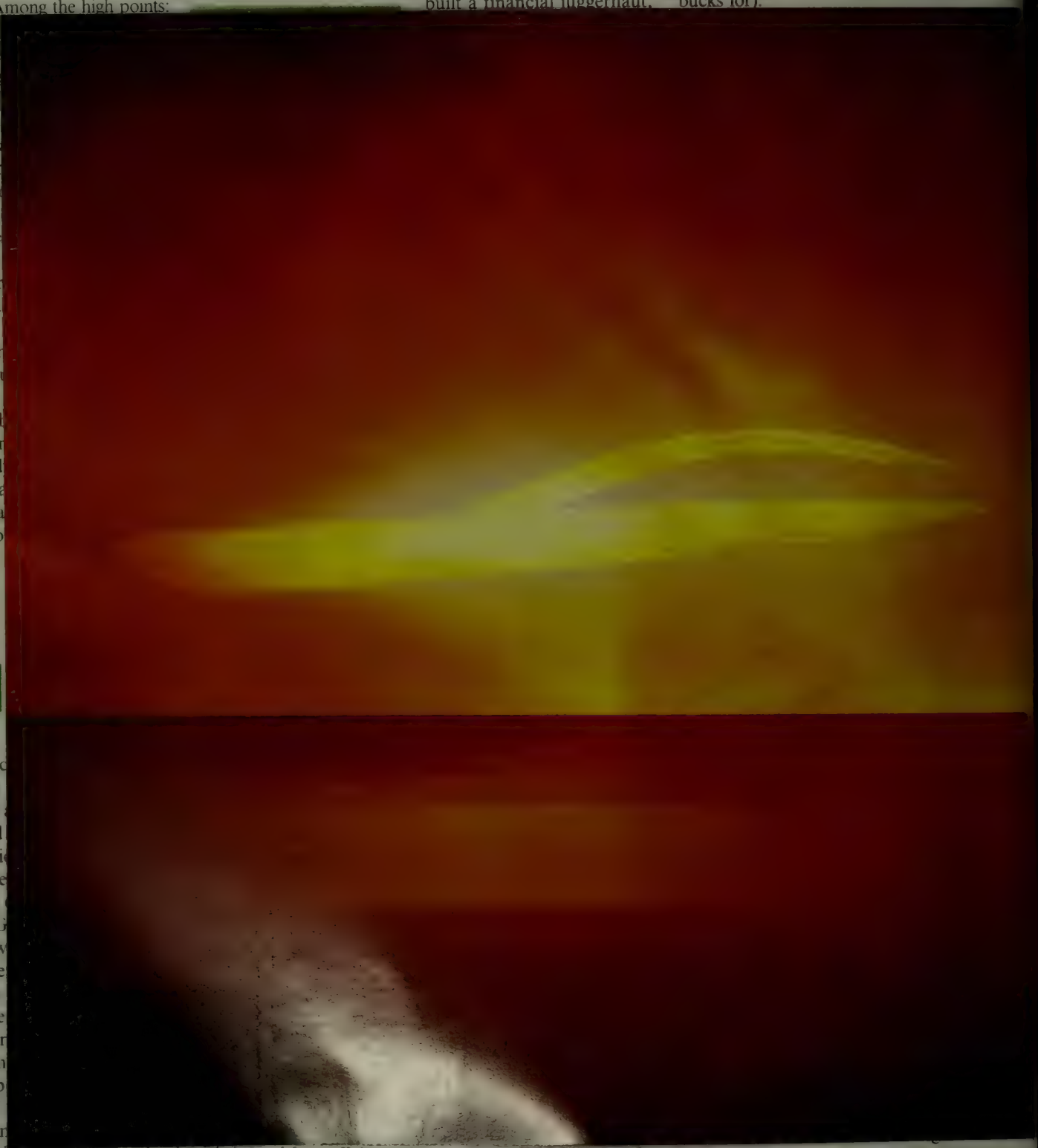


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The ever popular Jeffrey Bewkes—who, in

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Alive. By Design.

Like every Infiniti, the FX began as a gesture. Two brushstrokes that, together, define the soul of the vehicle. With a flat, horizontal line racing out into the distance and a low-slung roofline giving it an aggressive posture, this gesture served as the inspiration for every decision made along the way to building the SUV inspired by sports car design.

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And yet, the blow-by-blow facts of its existence are not hazy or vague. Everybody involved with Time Warner is always telling the story of Time Warner. Not, mind you, to argue its virtues but rather to rehash or fill in more nuances of the essential comedy of Time Warner's 15-year history.

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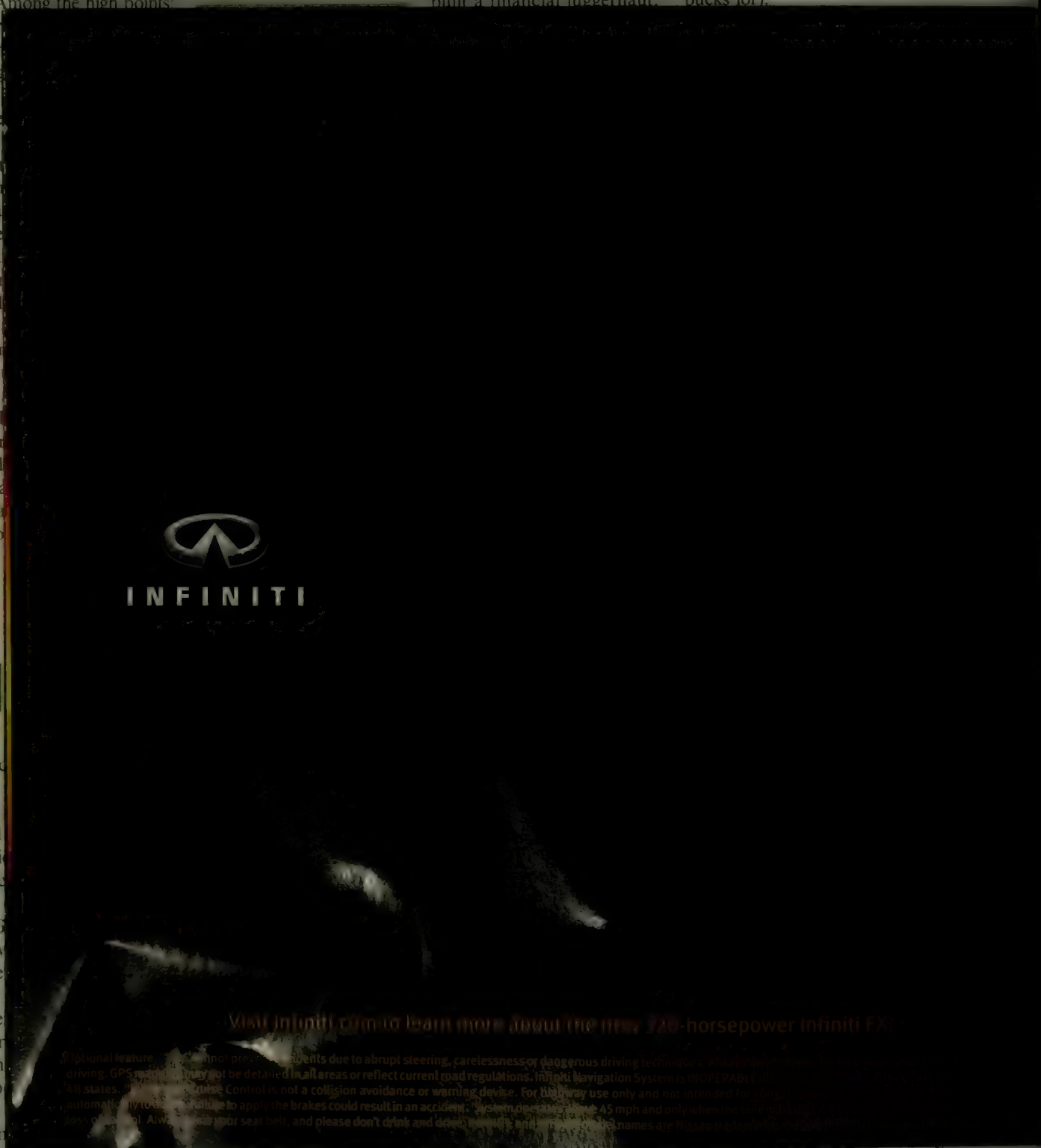
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With its low-slung roofline designed to give it an aggressive posture. And its flat, horizontal line designed to portray motion, even at rest. The Infiniti FX is not just an SUV. It's the SUV inspired by sports car design. With 20-inch wheels* pushed to the edges of the vehicle for a more fluid ride. The engine positioned nearer the center of gravity for exceptional balance. And a sport-tuned exhaust system whose throaty growl serves as a constant reminder that the FX is, in fact, more than just an SUV. Visit infiniti.com.

a move the company says has nothing to do with Icahn, was elevated to the sole No. 2 position in the company last month, at the height of Icahn's criticism of Parsons—was one of the executives closely involved with the sale of Warner Music to Seagram heir Edgar Bronfman Jr. At the time of the deal Bewkes acknowledged that T.W. might get more if it carried the company longer, but, given all the aggravations of the music business, he said, "who has the stomach for that?" Likewise, Bewkes has joked with his friend Tom Freston, who now runs the MTV-focused half of the old Viacom, that they should join T.W.'s gem HBO (which Bewkes used to run) and Viacom's MTV and escape from everything else. (Icahn is a company that's bid on almost every magazine property that's been for sale in the last two years—an inside track on the magazines. So much for Time Inc. What else might Icahn have to give?

Icahn likes the Barry Diller card. Diller, the former entertainment mogul who now controls vast online resources, could join Icahn's bid, take over at Time Warner, accomplish the disassembling of the company, and get AOL for his trouble. That's something that would surely appeal to the institutional and hedge-fund investors Icahn needs to vote in his slate. But Diller is already a billionaire—he'd probably need at least another billion from the deal. (Perhaps, Icahn speculates, the whole process would best be served by a less sentimental breaker-upper. Not a media-mogul type at all but a heartless outsider—who might work for a few hundred million.)

Indeed, as to bad habits: The company's most recent deal was the sale to Google of a piece of AOL. Now, the belief here, on the part of the collective, is that it can gain vital knowledge about things it's been too dumb to figure out for itself (i.e., the Internet) by getting close to savvy, smart people who know what there is to know. Hence, the dumb guys (T.W.) get into bed with the smart guys (Google). Similarly, in 1994, Time Warner began its relations with AOL, resulting, six years later, in the business world's most fabulous rout. And now, again, here we are. Google buys 5 percent of AOL for a billion bucks (AOL, formerly worth $170 billion, is now worth $20 billion). Think of it as something like a billion-dollar Trojan horse: Having insinuated themselves, the smart guys are able to figure out how really dumb the dumb guys are. Likewise, the dumb guys almost always come to see the smart guys as smarter than they are.

Play this out. The Icahn logic that breaking up the company is better than not breaking it up is not only irrefutable but, in Icahn's hands, relentless, bound to finally unnerve everybody at Time Warner (they're media guys—if they can do nothing else, they should be able to read the *Zeitgeist*) and, at the very least, pique the curiosity and whet the appetite of everybody else in the media business—investors, managers, media writers, all reading the *Zeitgeist* as well—causing the bright people at Google to morph into white knights, offering their overvalued shares for a decisive chunk of T.W. as an ultimate defense against Icahn.

Carl will be happy, because he can cash out. But as for the rest of us in this business . . . well, I certainly have no reason to believe that logic and good sense and a generally healthy outlook will ever prevail, not here anyway, at Google Time Warner. □

"THEY'RE THE BIGGEST MEDIA COMPANY IN THE WORLD, BUT NOBODY AFFORDS THEM THAT RESPECT. THEY'RE AT THE BUTT END OF EVERY DEAL."

little worried that Bewkes could be perceived as the guy who would do what Icahn would do, just in a more leisurely way.)

Parsons himself, opening a wide window on the company's conflicting ambitions, not that long ago pronounced AOL to be the future of the company while at the same time announcing that he'd be delighted to sell a nice chunk of it.

There may be nobody who actually believes in big media anymore.

But it's Icahn's special genius to be a bitch about it.

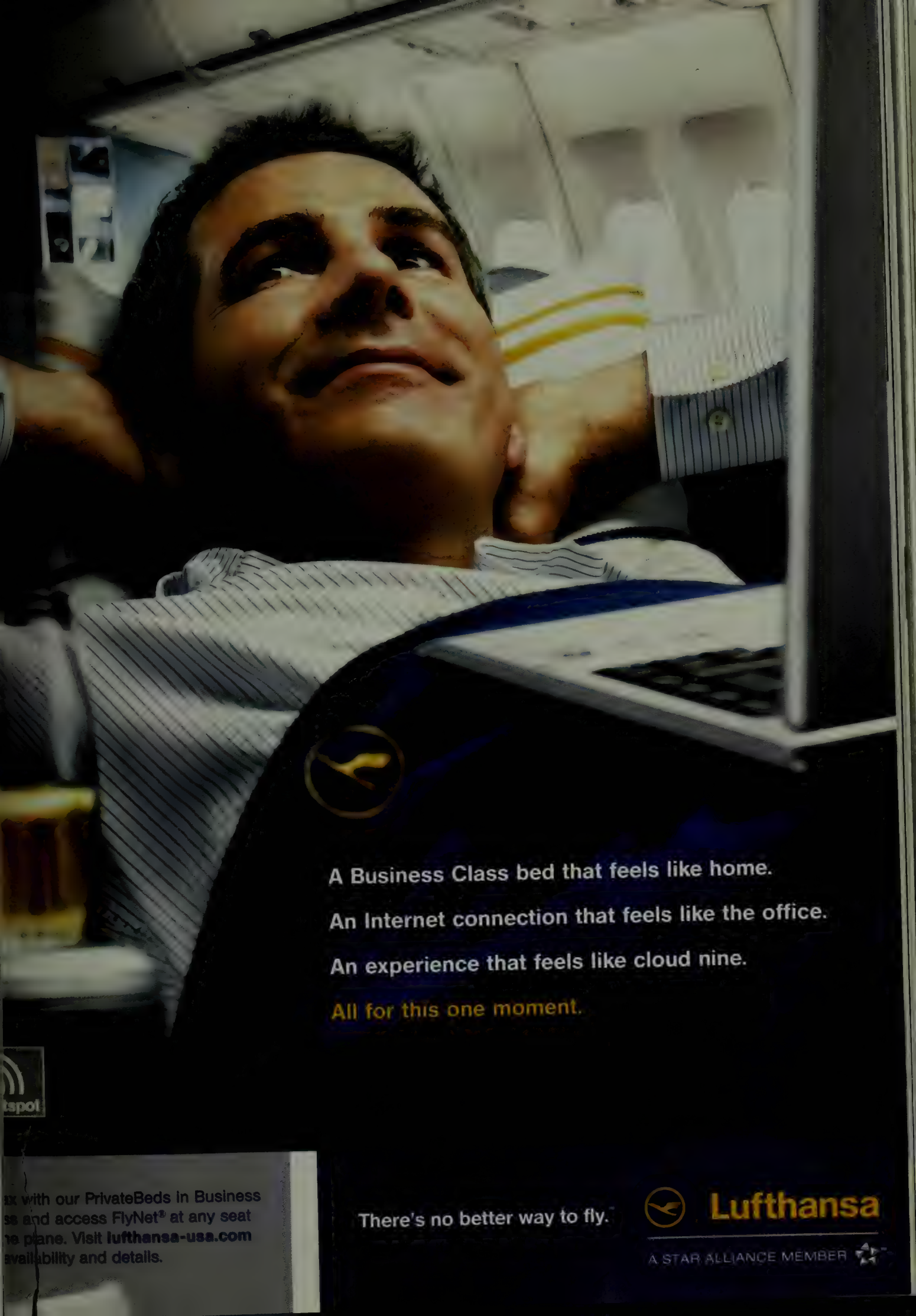
Still, it's probably a good idea to remember that Icahn is not a reformer. He's a troublemaker.

And he's cheap—you don't make $8.5 billion by giving it away.

His plan is to put an alternative slate of directors up for election at the Time Warner annual meeting in May, get them voted in, take over the company, and then parcel it out, collecting $25, $26, maybe $27 a share for the individual pieces. The problem is that it's incredibly expensive to pull this off, and then, if you do pull it off, you have to actually deal with the place. (It's always important to remember that T.W. is a company made up of some of the world's most adept backstabbers. The people who've been done in there are legion.)

To really pull this off Icahn will have to take in partners—and partners mean splitting profits. He's already had to bring in, at no small cost, Lazard and its chairman, Bruce Wasserstein, to make his campaign [illegible] serious. There's lots of speculation [illegible] remuneration, Icahn m[illegible] W[illegible]stein -who own

What Icahn has to do, in other words, is just keep calling attention to the unlikely thing we've all somehow [illegible] used to living with. Why, for the love [illegible] God, does Time Warner, and by extension every other media holding company, actually exist? What do they do for anybody? O.K. . . . News Corp. may exist because Rupert Murdoch controls it (he's the horse you put the money on), but since nobody controls Time Warner, why continue to let it exist? What does the collective—the corporate bureaucracy and, in essence, the corporate brain—offer, except a long history of bad habits and an unproven (if not, in fact, disproved) theory about eventual mutual synergies?


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An Internet connection that feels like the office.
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All for this one moment.
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A STAR ALLIANCE MEMBER

The Getty's Blue Period

The president of the world's richest art institution, the $9 billion J. Paul Getty Trust, Barry Munitz is on the ropes, with the press lambasting his tenure, California's attorney general investigating, and former Getty antiquities curator Marion True on trial. In a tearful interview, Munitz tries to set the record straight

By Vicky Ward



THE NEW YORK TIMES, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 2005

Art Museums Being Pressured on Collecting Practices

Continued From First Arts Page

future acquisitions — and to return prized works acquired in past decades

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the public. "We've got to take a position," he said. "We can't just lie low

EXHIBIT A *From above:* the newly reopened Malibu Getty Villa; newspaper headlines about Getty scandals; former Getty antiquities curator Marion True on trial in Rome.

A4 WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 2005 LOS ANGELES TIMES

Greece Vows Legal Action Against Getty

Officials say they are tired of waiting for the museum to respond to their requests for the return of four allegedly looted artifacts.

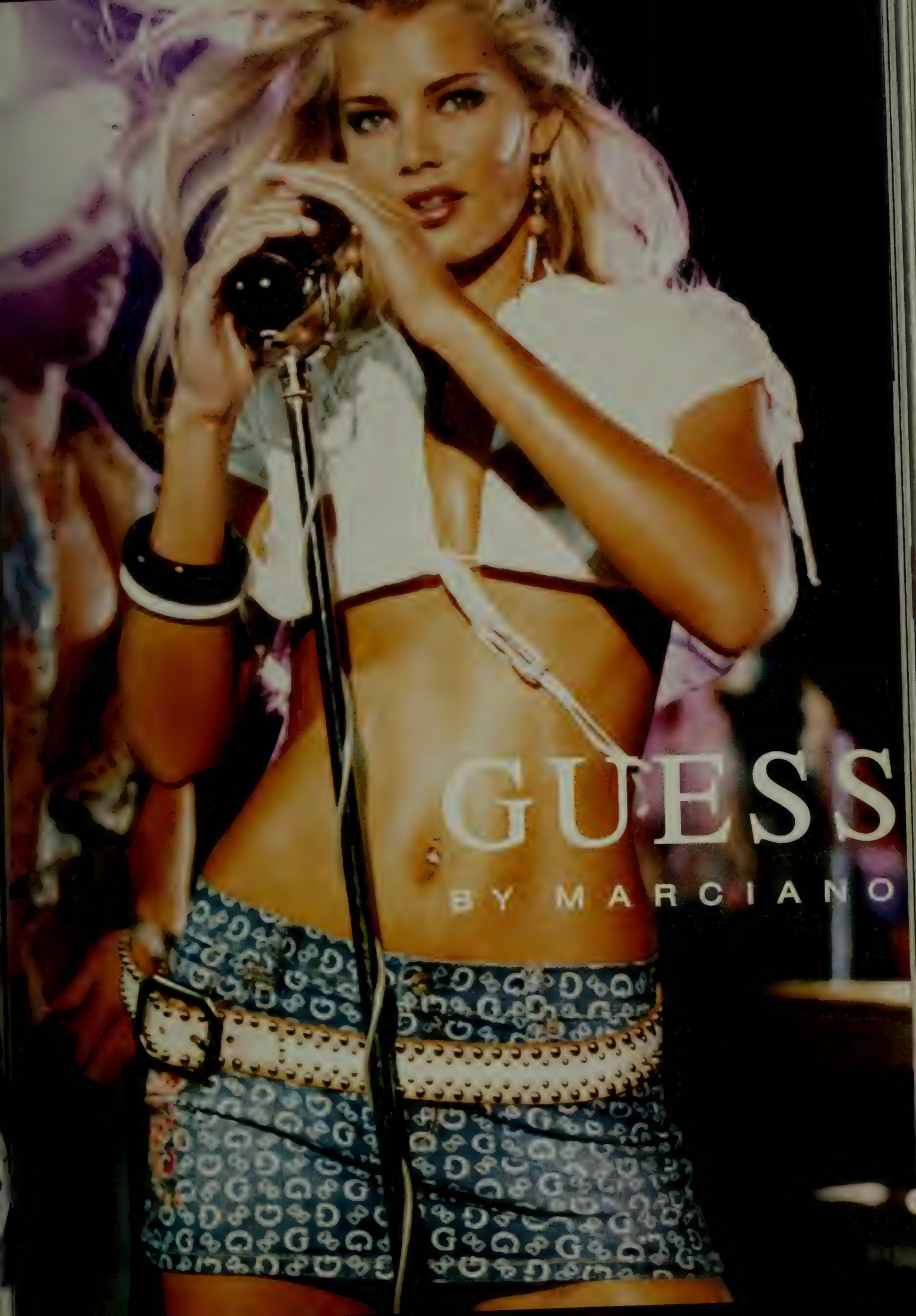
By Ralph Frammolino and Jason Felch

United States and in Europe and Asia.

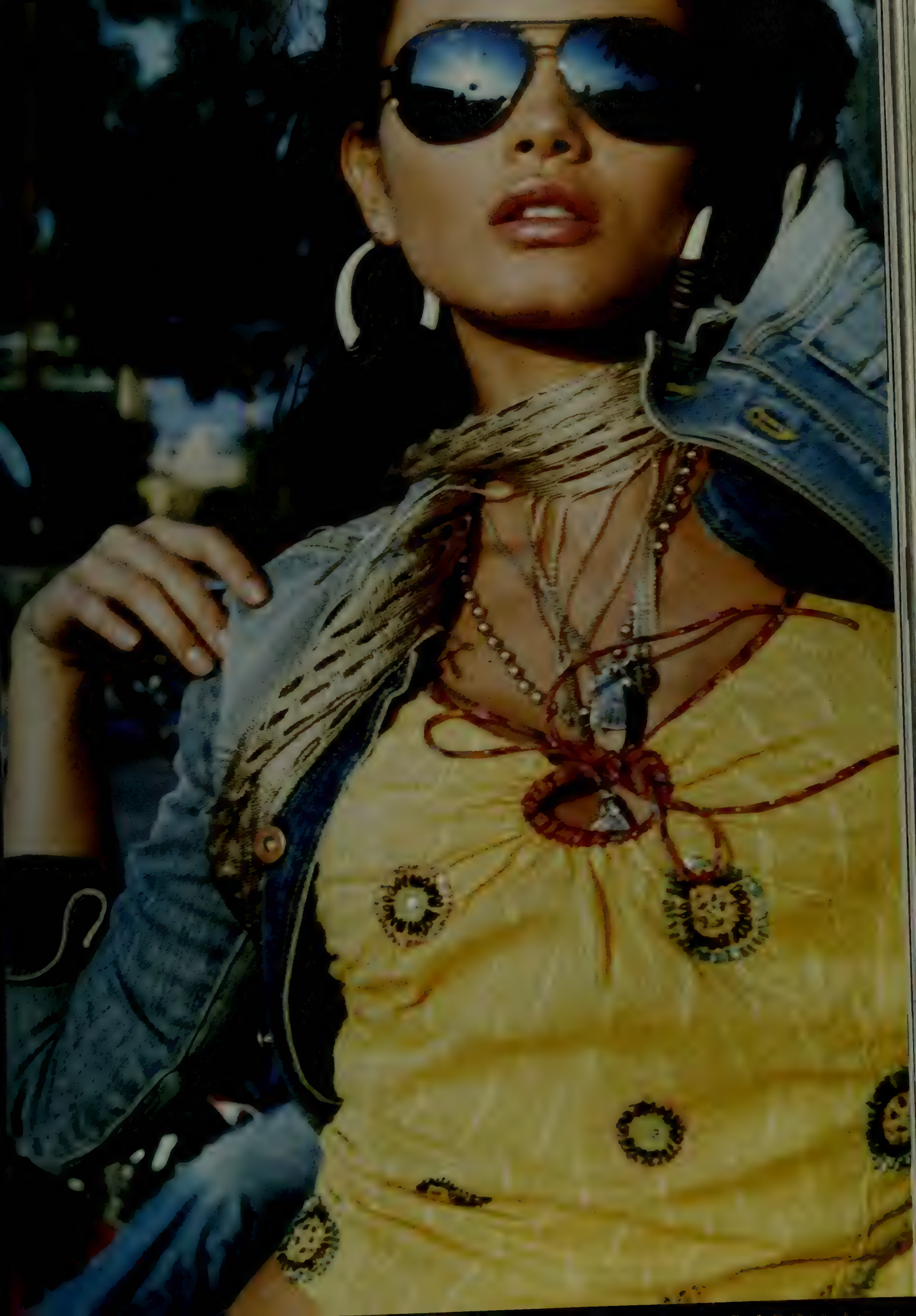
of 15 ancient silver vessels

On an unusually hot day for January in Los Angeles, with the mercury hitting 90 degrees, Barry Munitz, the president of the $9 billion J. Paul Getty Trust, the world's richest art institution, was doing his best to strike a pose to match the sunshine.

"Hi, I'm Barry Munitz. I provided the weather," he says, pumping my hand in the parking lot of the J. Paul Getty Museum's magnificent Roman-style Getty Villa, in Malibu. Situated on 64 hillside acres overlooking the Pacific, it stands just in front of the ranch house that once belonged to the collection's founder, the industrialist Jean Paul Getty. The site of the original Getty Museum, the Villa was closed for eight years for a $275 million renovation so it could house the Getty's collection of ancient artifacts. The January 28 reopening was meant to be the jewel in the crown for Munitz, 64, who was appointed president and chief executive officer of the Getty Trust in 1997. That same year the Getty's collection


GUESS
BY MARCIANO






GUESS
USA

of European paintings, drawings, manuscripts, decorative arts, and photography was relocated from the Villa to the Getty Center, Richard Meier's famous, $1 billion complex of structures, clad in white travertine marble and white metal panels, in Brentwood.

Munitz, slight and lean, with a gray mustache, is wearing a purple jacket that matches the color of his car—a 1996 Chevrolet Camaro convertible. When people talk about Barry Munitz, they talk about his snappy dressing, dynamism, and charisma; some speak with enthusiasm, some witheringly. "I think he spends more time picking out his wardrobe than he did trying to understand the issues and politics of C.S.U.," says one of the latter, a former colleague from Munitz's days as chancellor of the California State University system.

"I'm a communicator," says Munitz later, sitting at a table in the Villa's sunlit conference room. We've just finished a tour of the place, and Munitz has, with his trademark puppy-dog enthusiasm, pointed out its highlights—particularly the technology that enables the temperature and humidity of the earthquake-proof display cases to be monitored from a central station. Already, he claims, museum officials from around the world have come to look and learn about the technology. "The point of the Getty is about sharing," he says.



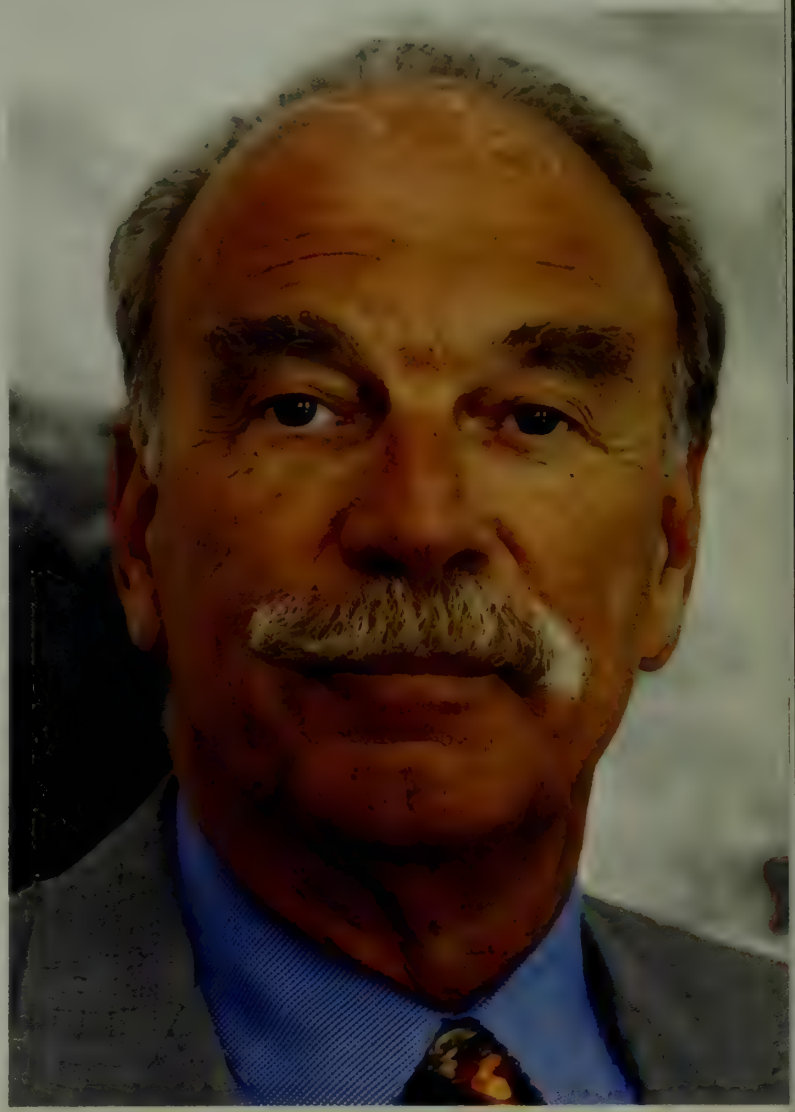
"Barry was never going to fit well with the museum types, because he didn't have an arts background," says an art dealer.

But there is a nervous energy in his voice which increases as he talks; one is not altogether surprised when, toward the end of the interview, in which he protests that "it's been a painful personal year, but a remarkable professional year," Munitz bursts into tears.

The painful part starts with his former curator of antiquities, Marion True, 57, who is on trial in Rome, accused of conspiring to acquire illegally 42 ancient objects now in the Getty's possession. She knew, it is claimed, that they had been unearthed by looters—*tombaroli* (tomb raiders), as they are known. (Italy's 1939 antiquities law says that the Italian state rightfully owns all objects proved to have come out of its ground after 1902.) Also on trial is Robert E. Hecht Jr., an 86-year-old Paris-based art dealer, accused of selling to True many of the antiquities, sometimes through other dealers—although True should have known, according to prosecutors, that they were in fact coming from Hecht and that he dealt in illicit trade.

True was indicted last April by Paolo Ferri, a tenacious Italian prosecutor who had been working on the case for many years. The primary evidence was Polaroid photos of thousands of allegedly looted antiquities, some still covered in dirt, which had been discovered in a Swiss warehouse belonging to Giacomo Medici, a Maserati-driving Italian dealer. While True is the only major museum curator to have been indicted by Ferri, the Getty is not the only U.S. museum to own objects that appear in the photographs. So do New York's Metropolitan Museum, Boston's Museum of Fine Arts, the Minneapolis Institute of Arts, the Toledo Museum of Art, and the Princeton University Art Museum, according to Italian court records. However, True's case was not helped by a 2001 raid on Hecht's Paris apartment, where Ferri came across a diary, the entries of which he claims confirm the links among Medici, Hecht, and True.

True's indictment, however, was only the start of Munitz's problems. In June, the *Los Angeles Times* ran a profile that characterized him as a fast-talking operator who in 2003, while cutting jobs and budgets, was receiving an annual compensation package worth more than $1 million. The article detailed a trip on a yacht with former Los Angeles mayor Richard Riordan and



KING OF THE HILL *Top,* Richard Meier's Getty Center, in Brentwood, California. The 945,000-square-foot complex of white travertine marble, metal, and glass cost $1 billion and took 13 years to complete. *Above,* Barry Munitz at a museum opening in Germany in 2004.

his wife, and lavish Getty-financed junkets to Cuba and Greece. Munitz's contract allows him to fly first-class, and he did so with gusto—taking 30 trips between 1999 and 2002. Also, he purchased, on the Getty's dime, a $72,000 Porsche Cayenne, which he had souped up with the "best possible sound system, the biggest possible sunroof," and "power everything." (The car was justified as being for board members when they visited.)

Perhaps most serious, the article accused Munitz of unloading a piece of Getty land for what was alleged to be $700,000 less than market value to his friend the wealthy philanthropist Eli Broad. (In a strongly worded response to the paper, the Getty's board denied that the sale price was beneath market value; in fact, they said, they were pleased to be able to unload it, because the land has restricted access and they saved a broker's fee.)

Also controversial—actually, it's the main gripe of many of the Getty employees interviewed by *V.F.*—was that Munitz hired as his chief of staff Jill Murphy, now 33, whom he had discovered waiting tables when she was a student at Cal State Sacramento and he was the C.S.U. chancellor. Not only her lack of background in the arts but her management style offended many people. "She's the type who would [figuratively] kick you in the kneecaps," says one person.

There has been a steady trickle of senior executives out the door. In 1999, the general counsel of the Getty Trust, Christine Steiner, left amid rumors about a conflict with Munitz. In 2002, acting general counsel Penny Cobey and longtime executive and chief operating officer Stephen Rountree both departed. In August 2004, the museum's associate director for administration and public affairs, Barbara Whitney, resigned. Two months later, Deborah Gribbon, the museum's director, left amid reports that she and Munitz had philosophical clashes. "I think she left because she no longer had any faith that the Getty was being run according to sound principles," says John Walsh, Gribbon's predecessor. In September 2005, her successor, acting museum head William Griswold, quit to take the reins at the Minneapolis Institute of Arts.

Whitney was outspoken in her criticism of how the Getty was being run. "Barry and his key staff members not only lack the expertise but have little regard—and actually seem to have contempt—for those who do have it," said Whitney.

"I'm concerned that the Getty board has been spending [too much] time watching old episodes of *Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous,*" commented Iowa senator Charles Grassley, the chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, which oversees tax-exempt organizations, after he read the June 2005 L.A. *Times* story about Munitz's alleged extravagances. According to a staffer, Grassley's office is considering writing a letter of complaint to the Getty board.

Munitz's reaction to the L.A. *Times* article, he says now, was astonishment. He was particularly hurt by the implication that his wife is a diva in the mold of the Joan Collins character in *Dynasty.* "I'm sure you've heard from others she is the most caring, modestly living person," he says.

But more shocks were in store; just four months later, in October, an L.A. *Times* investigation cited information from confidential documents, widely thought to have been leaked by a former [redacted] showing, among other problems, that [redacted] been given a loan of nearly $400,000 for a house on the Greek island of Paros by an associate of London art dealer Robin Symes, who had sold objects to the Getty in the late 80s and early 90s. (Symes spent seven months in jail last year for perjury after he lied about two antiquities sales worth more than $2 million.) The next year, True borrowed another $400,000 from the collectors Barbara and Lawrence Fleischman to repay the loan just three days after she and the Fleischmans sealed a huge deal for 334 Greek, Roman, and Etruscan antiquities to fill in gaps in the Villa collection. Evidently, senior Getty executives had received a tip about the first loan as long ago as 2002, but did nothing about it. By last fall, California attorney general Bill Lockyer had begun a formal investigation into the finances of the J. Paul Getty Trust, including the pay and perks received by Munitz.

Meanwhile, the Getty tried to take control of events. In October, True retired, although the Getty is still paying her legal fees for the ongoing trial. She was, say sources, disinvited from the reopening of the Villa. (A Getty spokesperson says True is welcome at the Villa at any time and does not need an invitation.)

"The board voted me in . . . in 2004," says Munitz. "It pains me I missed the opportunity to be a better communicator."

In October the board of the Getty Trust set up a five-member team to conduct an internal investigation, spearheaded by Ronald L. Olson, a high-profile Los Angeles lawyer who has represented former Hollywood superagent Michael Ovitz and investor Warren Buffett. Both Olson and the board chairman, John Biggs, who is head of the new team, claimed that the investigation would be entirely "independent." The L.A. *Times* and *The New York Times,* however, pointed out that most of the board members, and especially those on the five-member investigative team, were friends or appointees of Munitz's. (Olson said that anyone with conflicts of interest would be removed from the investigation.)

Then, in late December, the Washington, D.C.–based Council on Foundations, an advocacy group for nonprofits, announced it was placing the Getty Trust on a 60-day probation pending the delivery of documents answering allegations of financial misconduct. It is tantamount to a notice that the trust is "not in good standing," said president Steve Gunderson.

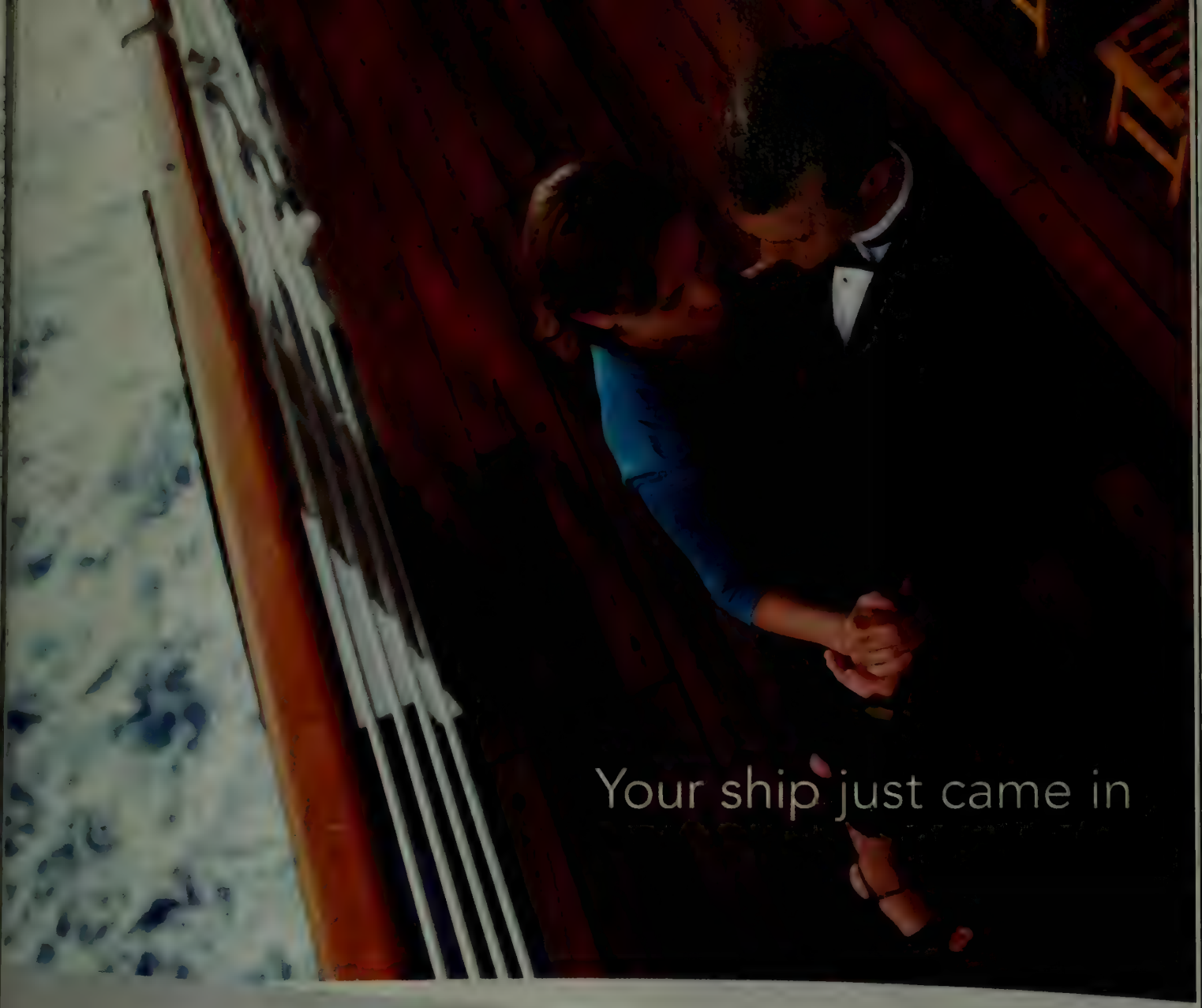
Still, the media assaults on Munitz kept coming; a November *New York Times* piece claimed he had greatly upset Getty museum officials by moving two 17th-century drawings by the Dutch artist Herman van Swanevelt to a room without climate control for a dinner with former Paramount head Sherry Lansing and her husband, the director William Friedkin, who collect Dutch art.

"Could all this stuff in the paper possibly be true?" wondered an old friend of Munitz's. It was a question many of Munitz's friends were mulling.

"The person that I have been reading about is not the person I know," says Sherry Lansing.

"It's a miracle," says Munitz of his journey to the Getty from Brooklyn, where he was born. His father, an accountant, walked out on his mother, his sister, and him when Barry was seven, and disappeared. When Munitz is asked about the impact this had on him, his voice cracks, and tears well up and roll down his cheeks. "There was no role model," he says. "There were mentors who were crucial to me . . . and that's become my life. I mean the driving theme was outreach and education and . . . giving back."

Significantly, perhaps, despite four marriages, he has never had



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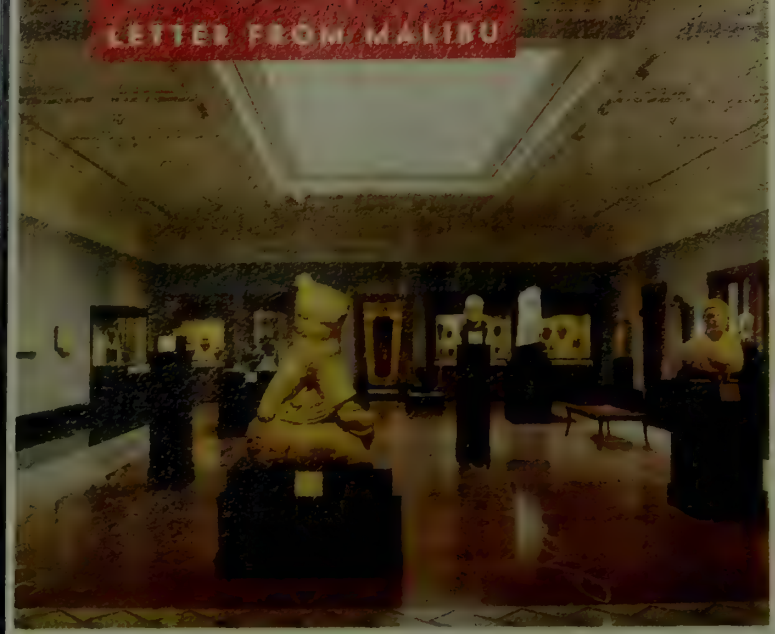
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OUR CROWD *Clockwise from above:* Getty antiquities; from left, Richard Meier, Getty board members Robert Erburu and Harold M. Williams, and Getty Center director John Walsh, 1997; Munitz, ex–chief of staff Jill Murphy, and filmmaker Davis Guggenheim, 2001; J. Paul Getty in 1966.

children of his own. When asked once by Lansing's 12-year-old stepson, Jack, why not, he replied, "Well, I just think I would worry all the time that something would go wrong, and I would be so pained for them.... If something would hurt them, I think I couldn't exist." To me he says, "Clearly, when you've been raised with that kind of dysfunction and challenge, you want to try to lessen the likelihood that it's going to happen to others."

Munitz was married briefly to his college sweetheart. He got his B.A. at Brooklyn College and then went on to Princeton for his Ph.D. in comparative literature. He started teaching at the University of California at Berkeley, where he married a former student. He worked on the president's staff at the Carnegie Foundation Commission on Higher Education for two years and then moved to the University of Illinois, where he eventually became a vice president. There he broke up with his second wife and embarked on an affair with Martha Sanford, the beautiful and intelligent wife of a wealthy local businessman. Seven years Munitz's senior, Sanford was interested in education and knew her way around university politics. "I think I was useful to him in that sense," she says now. But she was also the mother of three daughters, and her friends were concerned she was making a mistake in divorcing her husband to marry Munitz.

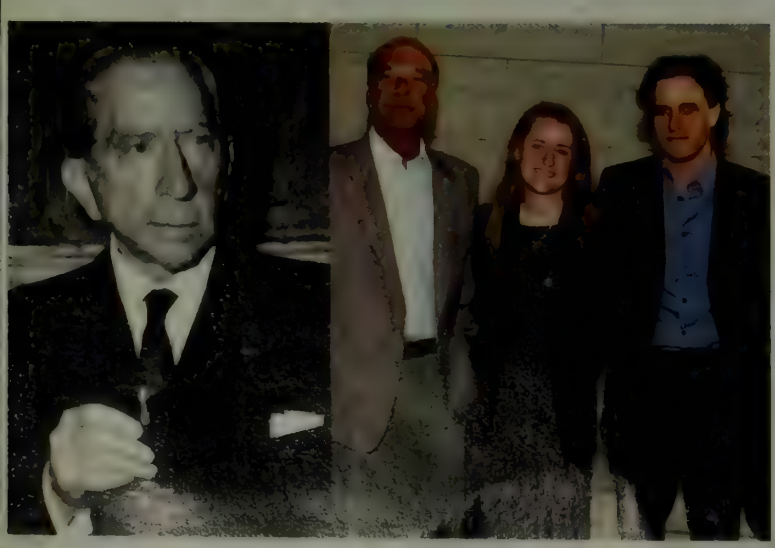
"It was quite the scandal," Sanford remembers. "But at the time Barry dazzled me."

The pair got married in September 1971. Sanford remembers that even back then Munitz had "a different vision from most people in academia ... he basically became unwelcome in Illinois—although that was never made public," she says. Another person there recalls, "He didn't quite fit, in my opinion, in the academic life. I think he was very ambitious and often didn't recognize when he was crossing a line. I don't know that he was told to leave. I know that he might have been encouraged to look at his options."

In 1976, the couple relocated to Houston and a year later Munitz became president of the University of Houston's 30,000-student central campus. There he got involved with the Houston Grand Opera, where he met wife number four, Anne, who worked in the music and production departments. Friends say Martha Munitz was very hurt by the way he flaunted his new girlfriend in public.

In 1980, Charles Bishop was appointed chancellor of the Uni-

"How could the Getty be run by someone who would not be allowed to work in a bank?" asks one employee.



versity of Houston system. He and Munitz, evidently, were like oil and water, and few were surprised when, in 1982, Munitz decided to go into the private sector, after his tennis buddy, local business executive Charles Hurwitz, threw down the gauntlet, saying, "You think you're so smart, why don't you come in and try to do this?"

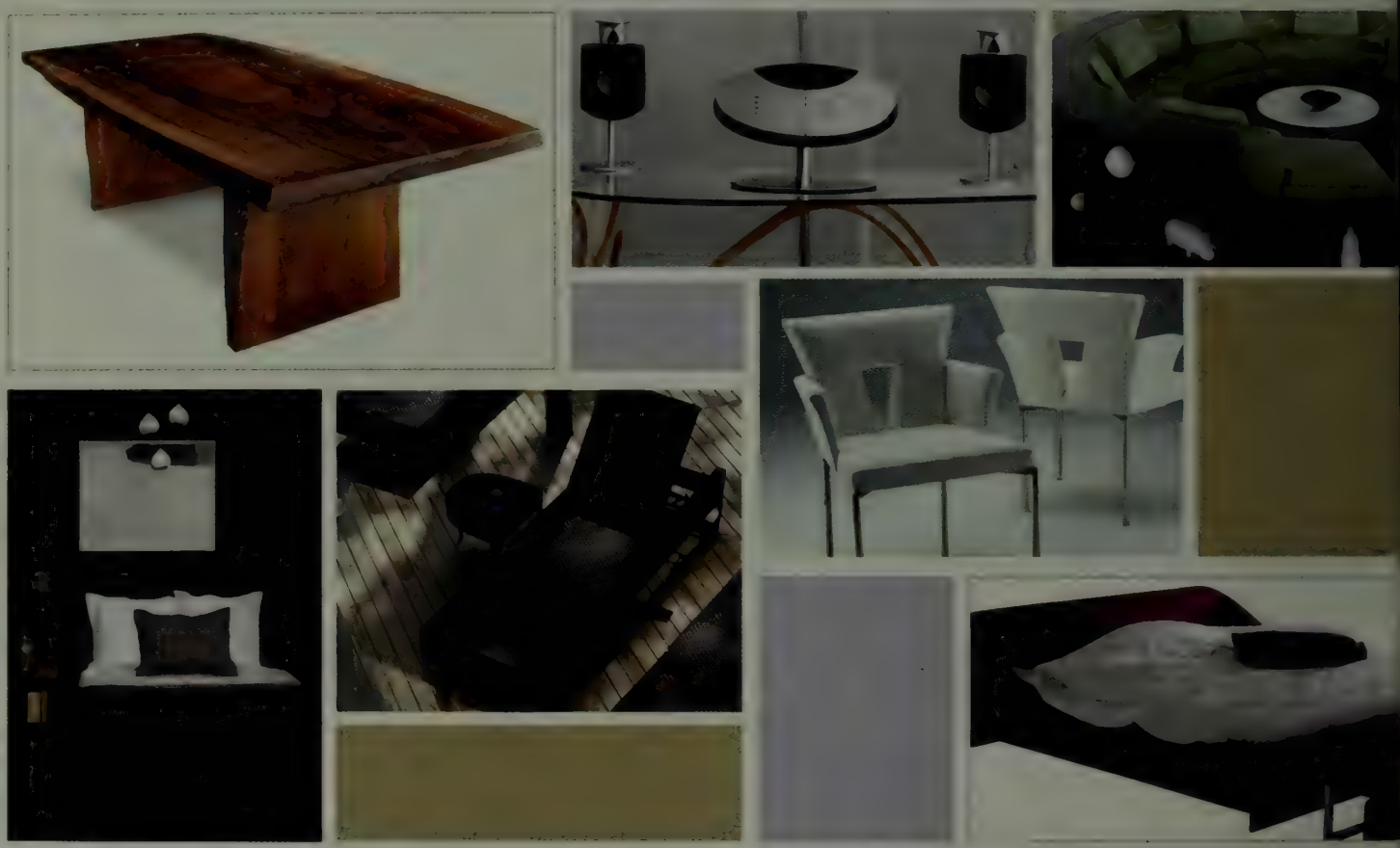
In 1982, Hurwitz made Munitz a senior executive of Maxxam Inc., a large shareholder in the United Financial Group (U.F.G.). Unfortunately, Hurwitz had gotten involved with the notorious head of Drexel Burnham Lambert's bond-trading department, Michael Milken, and soon Munitz was caught up in one of the country's costliest and thorniest savings-and-loan disasters.

Using the United Savings Association of Texas (U.S.A.T.), the principal subsidiary of U.F.G., Munitz and Hurwitz bought nearly $1.8 billion of Milken's junk bonds and other Drexel-brokered securities, while Hurwitz was pursuing aggressive takeover schemes with Drexel financing, including the acquisition of Pacific Lumber,


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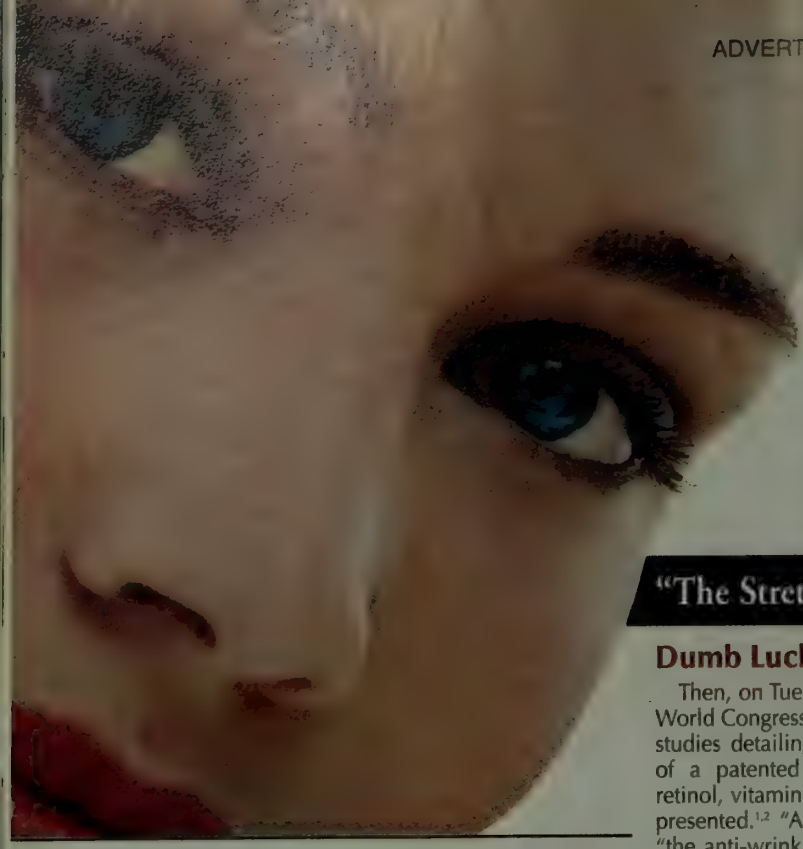
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Dr. Daniel B. Mowrey, PhD, Klein-Becker's Director of Scientific Affairs, says, "Clearly, people were seeing results, but we didn't have a scientific explanation as to why this wrinkle-reduction was occurring. However, based on the incredibly positive reports, I started using it myself — applying StriVectin to my face after shaving." Dr. Mowrey adds, "On a personal note, my wife tells me I haven't looked this good in years."

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Then, on Tuesday, July 2, 2002, at a meeting of the 20th World Congress of Dermatology in Paris, France, a series of studies detailing the superior wrinkle-reducing properties of a patented oligo-peptide (called Pal-KTTKS) versus retinol, vitamin C, and placebo, on "photo-aged skin" was presented.[1,2] "As luck would have it," Dr. Mowrey states, "the anti-wrinkle oligo-peptide tested in the breakthrough clinical trials turned out to be a key ingredient in the StriVectin cream."

In the trials, subjects applied the patented peptide solution to the crows' feet area on one side of the face, and a cream containing either retinol, vitamin C, or a placebo to the other side.

Subjects in the Pal-KTTKS/retinol study applied the cream once a day for 2 months and then twice a day for the next 2 months. Using special image analysis, the study's authors reported "significant improvement" in the appearance of both overall skin tone and unsightly wrinkles for those women using the peptide solution.

Better yet, at the 2-month halfway point, the peptide solution worked nearly 1.5 times faster than retinol (in measured parameters), and without the inflammation retinol often causes in sensitive skin. As was expected, the results of the remaining studies confirmed that the Pal-KTTKS solution's effectiveness at reducing the appearance of fine lines and wrinkles far exceeded both vitamin C and placebo.

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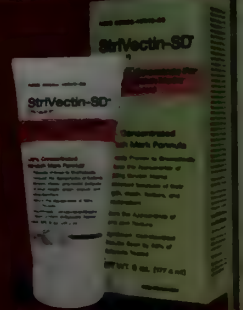
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[1] PO-38 ... wrinkle treatment of a peptide: 4 months clinical ... double-blind study vs excipient." 20th World Congress of Dermatology (60 subjects, 4 mos.)
[2] PO-37 ... improvement in human photoaged facial skin." ... World Congress of Dermatology (204 subjects, 14 weeks)

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where he compiled a controversial environmental record and closed down the company's pension fund. In 1990 the government had to spend $1.6 billion to bail out U.S.A.T., and in 1995 the U.S. Office of Thrift Supervision filed a civil suit against Maxxam, Hurwitz, Munitz, and other parties who it said had contributed to U.S.A.T.'s failure. In addition to charging that Hurwitz and Munitz and the others who controlled U.S.A.T. ran it into the ground with decisions that were "unsafe and unsound," the government accused its senior management of taking excessive bonuses and severance packages before its collapse. According to the Office of Thrift Supervision, Munitz was, in 1989, 1990, and 1991, "unjustly enriched" by a salary which totaled $959,876, paid from assets that should have gone toward maintaining U.S.A.T.'s net worth.

Munitz and four others settled with the government for more than $1 million in 1999, a year after he arrived at the Getty. All five were prohibited for three years from working at a federally insured bank or similar business. (Hurwitz settled the charges against him in 2002 and then won $72.3 million in sanctions for the government's having brought a frivolous lawsuit. The government is appealing the sanctions, and evidence has emerged that California Republican congressmen John T. Doolittle and Richard W. Pombo joined forces with former House majority leader Tom DeLay to pressure the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation to cease its investigation, which it did in 2002. Hurwitz contributed thousands of dollars to all three, including donations made while the F.D.I.C. case was ongoing, and he has given $5,000 to DeLay's current legal-defense fund.)

The irony of the troubled years spent with Hurwitz is that without them, Munitz agrees, he would not have had sufficient business experience to run the Getty. "If I had it to do over again I absolutely would have taken a detour in business," he says. When asked if he would repeat the Hurwitz experience, he says, "I'm not at all prepared to say absolutely not. I don't know. Because life doesn't present you those retroactive choices. You know, sometimes you learn more from the painful pieces."

Bruce Rinaldi, the federal regulator who deposed Munitz, says, "My feeling was that while Barry Munitz certainly had close involvement with Charles Hurwitz—his office was virtually next door—he wasn't the one with the financial wherewithal or expertise behind these mortgage-backed securities. Munitz played more of a front-man role."

That role, however, had its own problems in that it required Munitz, in his capacity as a director of Maxxam, to be associated with two controversial projects—the clear-cutting of ancient redwoods on land owned by Pacific Lumber and the construction of a luxury hotel in Rancho Mirage, California, on lambing grounds for the now endangered Peninsular bighorn sheep. These would plague Munitz when he returned to academia. Appointed chancellor of the C.S.U. system in 1991, he was nicknamed "the Texas chain-saw chancellor" by environmental activists, and there was a series of demonstrations against him on campuses. At one meeting, he recalls, demonstrators dressed up as trees and fell down when he entered the room, so he addressed them, "Ladies, gentlemen, and trees . . . "

Munitz says he made no attempt to hide his past controversies from C.S.U. "It was very public," he says. "Everybody had a chance to take a shot at me in 1991. There were long newspaper stories about Maxxam. . . . And what I said to them, and I guess successfully to be hired, is 'Here's who I am. These are what my values are.'"

California state senators Tom Hayden and John Vasconcellos were among the most vocal opponents of Munitz because of the Maxxam experience. Munitz says they were "unbelievably tough on me in the beginning [but] interestingly, I got to be pretty close to both of them."

"I loved him. I trusted him," says Vasconcellos. The key issues facing C.S.U. at the time were "diversity and quality of faculty. . . . I thought Barry was so bright and so charming. . . . He was a spectacular chancellor."

Blenda Wilson, president of Cal State Northridge until June 1999 and a former board member of the Getty, adds, "We needed someone with the skills to be able to talk to everyone to raise awareness within the legislatures so we'd get the necessary funding. Barry is great at that."

Not all the members of his faculty and staff loved him, however. "I've just blurred that from my memory as just a bad dream," says a former colleague. Even so, the articles about Munitz at the time were flattering, bordering on unctuous. A *Los Angeles Times Magazine* cover story gushed, "He quotes William Butler Yeats, rock star Bob Seger and IBM chairman Lou Gerstner. Speaking without notes and unaccompanied by handlers, he is charming, even entertaining."

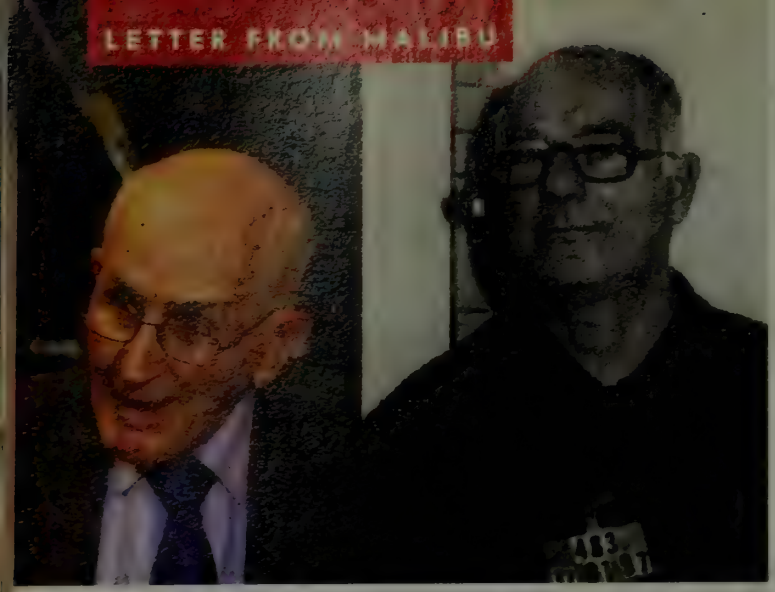
"I loved him. I trusted him," says State Senator John Vasconcellos. "I thought Barry was so bright and so charming."

It was this article, people assume, that brought Munitz to the attention of Robert Erburu, the chairman emeritus of the Times Mirror Company, which then owned the *Los Angeles Times*. Erburu also happened to be chairman of the board of the Getty, which was then looking to fill its top job. To his surprise, says Munitz, he got a call from a recruiting firm, but initially he wasn't interested. "Ironically, you're usually a lot more effective when you don't think you either want or are going to get the job," he says.

In the interview he said that the Getty was widely seen as too elite and that it needed to have greater outreach and fiscal reworking. He argued that the trust's wealth should be used to spread excellence around the world—by sharing with other cultural institutions. He placed emphasis on education rather than art, although the museum, he realized, would always be the most visible part of the trust. The search committee voiced its concerns about Maxxam, just as C.S.U. had. When asked now why the board was prepared to offer the post of president to someone who would a year later be barred from working in a bank, a Getty spokesperson said that assurances from C.S.U. lawyers satisfied them.

When Munitz was offered the post, Sherry Lansing says, she told him not to take it. "Sherry argued in the most caring way. It wasn't so much an argument. It was basically 'O.K., tell me again why you think this is a good idea given what you care about and given what your values are,'" says Munitz. But the Getty, he says, told him, "We don't think you understand what the job is. . . . We are committed to having this be an educational institution."

When J. Paul Getty died, in 1976, the irascible, unpredictable oil magnate, who had never liked any of his children—or, indeed, any of his five wives—left $700 million, the bulk of his fortune, to a trust for funding a museum to be started with his antiquities collection: around 9,000 or so



pieces he had collected and housed at his Malibu ranch, which he opened to the public. The first curator of antiquities was Jiri Frel, who left the Getty amid allegations of buying fakes and overvaluing donated artworks.

In 1981, Harold Williams, a mild-mannered lawyer who had headed the Securities and Exchange Commission under President Jimmy Carter, was brought in to take charge. Williams did not know much about art, but he hired experts considered to be the best in their fields. Premier among these was John Walsh, an expert in 17th-century Dutch paintings, who was appointed the museum's curator in 1983. He, in turn, hired Deborah Gribbon as his number two, and the pair were widely admired by the museum staff. "John Walsh was the kind of person who wrote endless handwritten notes," remembers one person. "He was a very serious academic. Debbie was the perfect counterpart for him. They even began to talk alike, they worked so closely together."

"He basically became unwelcome in Illinois," says Munitz's third wife, Martha Sanford, "although that was never made public."





UNDERGROUND ART *From top:* art dealers Robert Hecht Jr., *left,* in 2006, and Giacomo Medici after a 1997 police raid on his Geneva warehouse; former Getty antiquities curator Marion True; Italian prosecutor Paolo Ferri.

But there was friction at the Getty even then. The seven departments jostled one another for money, and such internal divisions were exacerbated by the fact that the departments were located in assorted buildings around Los Angeles, while the museum was housed in the Malibu villa. Williams and the board had the vision of uniting the branches at the Brentwood Getty Center, a sprawling campus where every building—each housing a faculty—is visible from all the others. In 1984 they commissioned Meier, whose design beat out those of I. M. Pei, Frank Gehry, and Philip Johnson, among others.

In 1997, at a cost of $1 billion, the Getty Center opened, and soon after, Williams retired and was replaced by Munitz, whose arrival was greeted with suspicion. "Barry was never going to fit well with the museum types, because he didn't have an arts background," says a prominent art dealer. "People in the museum world are particularly resistant to change and are very snobbish."

Munitz initially seemed not to care. He introduced himself in a speech in front of all 1,200 employees in the courtyard at the Getty Center. Someone who was there recalls him making promises that might be difficult to keep. When a senior executive pointed that out, Munitz allegedly said, "Theater, it's theater." ("Why would I say that?" Munitz asks now.)

Sources said that it was apparent early on that many people would be leaving. "As a change agent . . . I said to them [the staff], 'Strap on your seat belts'—not that I was looking forward to having a conflict," Munitz says, adding that the number of people who have left the museum under his watch is proportionally very small.

Some of the worst resentment was caused by Munitz's chief of staff, Jill Murphy. For one "entire meeting Jill sat in a leather chair [at] a huge conference table," says a Getty employee. "She had her legs in a lotus position, sort of cross legs. She was wearing a little skirt. And she spent the whole meeting pushing herself off the table and twirling around in the chair . . . like a little kid." (Murphy did not respond to requests for comments.)

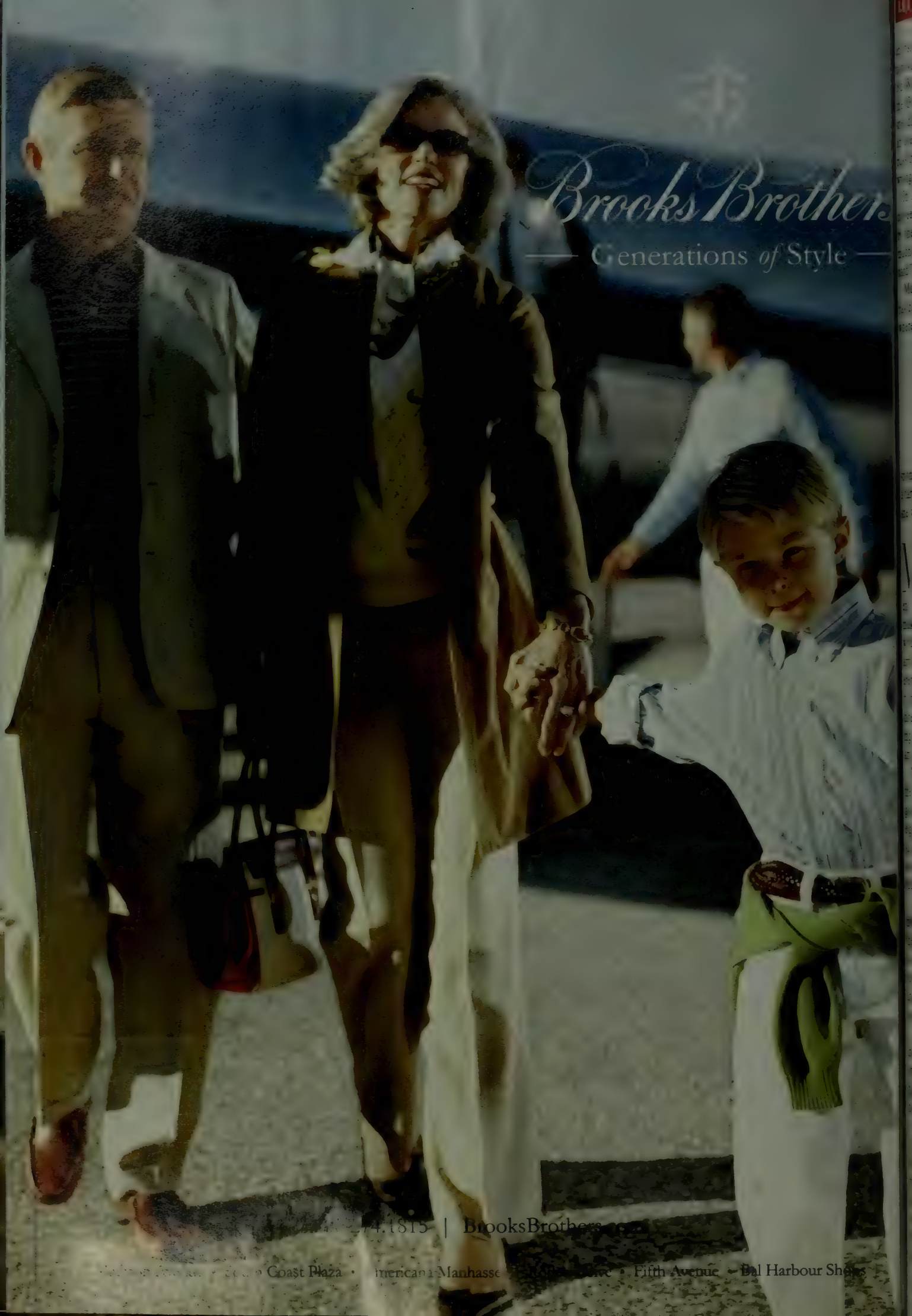
Munitz was evidently aware of Murphy's shortcomings—he later described her as having "sharp elbows"—but he didn't want to confront her about them.

"To have this twentysomething ex-waitress who really didn't know squat about the art world . . . would be forgivable," says


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an insider, but "the perks issues are so offensive in combination with everything else.... If it was a John Walsh, or a Harold Williams, someone who was passionately committed to the Getty's mission, who was tooting around the world, spending big bucks, doing all that stuff, nobody would blink an eye. No one would care. It's because he [Munitz] is not passionately committed, everyone feels he is there for the wrong reasons."

In August, "amid much rejoicing," according to one employee, it was reported that Murphy would be leaving the Getty by the end of the year to fight world poverty. "We all pretty much fell on the floor and wept because we were laughing so hard," says a current employee.

Munitz believes Murphy was unfairly demonized: "She was basically a very, very smart, very young woman in a setting where some people had trouble with that.... She was my responsibility, she was my staff person, and maybe she became a target because some people didn't want to fight with me. But she wasn't out there by herself making decisions."

"It's because Munitz is not passionately committed, everyone feels he is there for the wrong reasons," says an insider.

Meanwhile, the unhappiness spread at what was seen as Munitz's selfishness. "The Getty, in order to act responsibly with its wealth, had to have a very transparent and careful process of deciding [in] what areas it would make grants and what its criteria would be for deciding who would get them," explains a former employee. "With Barry's arrival, suddenly he brought a sense of kind of personal preference and interest to things that everybody else at the Getty had worked really hard to suppress.... The film [*First Year,* directed by Davis Guggenheim, about education, having nothing to do with art] was seen as a vehicle for Barry's personal ambitions."

Munitz says that in retrospect he misunderstood the nature of the institution. "What I hadn't really fully thought through was going from the underdog institution to the elite institution. And eight years later I'm still not sure I have fully realized it," he says. "It becomes very political and very personal when a mission and a priority decision is undertaken in an institution of such relative wealth."

Munitz says he had a moment of realization a few months into the job, after he gave a radio interview in which he said that the Getty would now consider fund-raising and development work. "It was a front-page story," he says. Whereas at C.S.U., he says, he "could have declared the world was coming to an end and it would be maybe a little box on page 137 of the *Los Angeles* or *The New York Times.*"

"After the board had voted me in for a five-year term, in 2004," says Munitz, "that was the opportunity to really spend an enormous time in-house talking to everybody.... It pains me that I missed the opportunity to be a better communicator."

Lack of explanation from the top is indeed one of the woes cited by Munitz's detractors, who felt, in particular, that when the Maxxam case was settled, in 1999, he should have been more forthcoming about what had happened. "Instead," says one employee, "you had this terrible atmosphere with everyone wondering what it meant. How could the Getty be run by someone who would not be allowed to work in a bank? It was very demoralizing."

Last year the Getty returned three artifacts to the Italians, and few people thought that the matter would get as far as an indictment. "Many antiquities in the market have falsified backgrounds," comments Maxwell L. Anderson, the former director of New York City's Whitney Museum and a principal at AEA, an arts consulting firm. "Museums have had few means to determine the accuracy of a purported provenance, apart from writing government officials in those countries from which objects can be assumed to have been excavated, to see if they have information about a work or works gone missing. The problem is, if an object was spirited out of the ground in the cover of darkness, the government in question will, of course, have no record of its disappearance."

Marion True, it's been argued by defenders such as Malcolm Bell III, a University of Virginia art-history professor and vice president of the Archaeological Institute of America, was actually one of the profession's moral innovators. "The Getty policy is arguably the strongest of any major American museum, and as far as we know it has not been violated. Other museums, including the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, and several major university collections (Princeton and Harvard among them), instead follow the policy adopted by the Association of Art Museum Directors, which allows the purchase of undocumented antiquities if the museum believes acquisition is justified," Professor Bell wrote in a *New York Times* op-ed piece.

True's peers believe that in part she was targeted because of the Getty's vast wealth. Its operating budget of $250 million a year means it can buy just about anything it wants. But other U.S. museums are staying vigilant. In November, Philippe de Montebello, the director of the Metropolitan, met in Rome with officials of Italy's Culture Ministry, and in January the Italians proposed that the Met return 15 pieces of disputed Hellenistic silver and other artifacts in exchange for a series of future long-term loans.

"The antiquities issue is going to affect all museums, not just us," says Munitz.

True, meanwhile, faces a possible 10 years in prison if she is convicted in Italy. In January she sold her Santa Monica condominium for just under $1 million and went to live in northern France with her husband, Patrick de Maisonneuve, an architecture professor.

At the end of our time Munitz shows me back to the parking lot, where he is eager to point out his car—the Camaro, not the Getty Porsche. Once again Munitz has a swing in his step as he takes in the ravishing scenery.

Does he have an idea of what he might want to do after his time at the Getty? He has a tenured teaching spot at C.S.U., he says, and he might want to do that.

He describes what he thinks of as the most magical moment of his career. "When you stand up at a podium as the head of the campus or the head of the [university] system, and you say, as I would do all the time, 'Would everybody in the audience ... whose child here is the first person in the family to graduate from college stand up and stay standing.' And then, 'Everybody in the audience who wasn't born in this country, please stand up.' And you look out, and there's hardly anybody sitting down. And then I would say to myself, 'It was worth it.'"

His eyes tear up again. □



OLD-SCHOOL SPIES

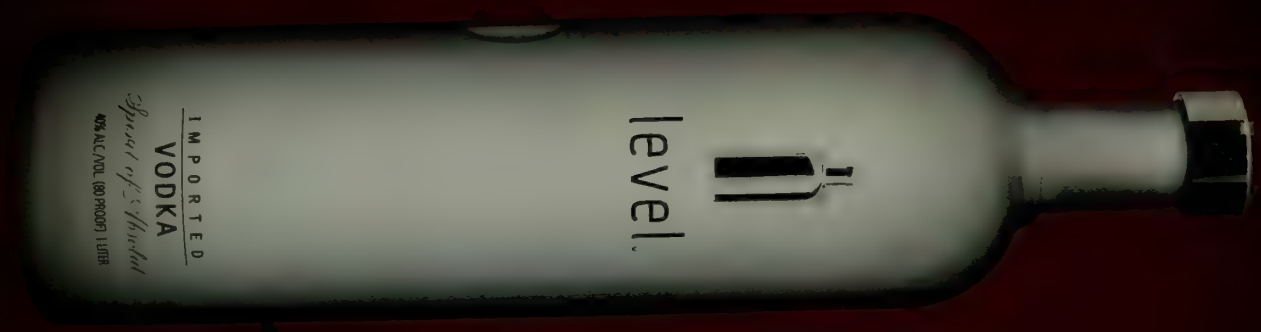
Angelina Jolie and Matt Damon, photographed on the set of *The Good Shepherd* on Long Island, New York, December 2, 2005.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD

Robert De Niro's *The Good Shepherd* is based on the improbable, stranger-than-fiction career of James Jesus Angleton, the C.I.A.'s head spy catcher for many years, and himself a possible K.G.B. double agent, as some fevered minds at the agency suspected, though it's more likely he was just deranged by the puzzle palace of it all. (At one point, Angleton named Henry Kissinger, Averell Harriman, Olof Palme, and Willy Brandt as Soviet spies.) The script, by Eric Roth (*Forrest Gump, Munich*), kicked around Hollywood for years. It gained a reputation for being one of those mythic "best unproduced" screenplays, but at the same time one that was too hot to handle, until De Niro—who has for years been fascinated by the period—decided to direct it. He attracted an all-star cast, headed by Matt Damon, whose wholesome, boy-next-door innocence balanced on the knife edge of the dark side, is perfect for the part, while Angelina Jolie plays his wife. The rest of the cast includes Michael Gambon, John Turturro, William Hurt, Joe Pesci, Alec Baldwin, and De Niro himself. The picture fleshes out the early years of the C.I.A., tracking the journey of Damon's character (renamed James Wilson) from his rah-rah years at Yale, through World War II—when the good guys were really good and the bad guys were really bad—into the newborn agency, where he lost himself in the maze of the Cold War years, looking for moles who may or may not have existed. As luck would have it, the decade or so it took Roth's script to get to the screen has been serendipitous—from the filmmakers' point of view, if not from the intelligence community's—with the picture coming out at a time when the C.I.A. is under more hostile scrutiny than it has been at any point since the Church Committee hearings, in the mid-1970s. The film's theme of idealism gone wrong—if idealism is the word for it—couldn't be more timely. We're not in Tom Clancyland anymore.

—PETER BISKIND

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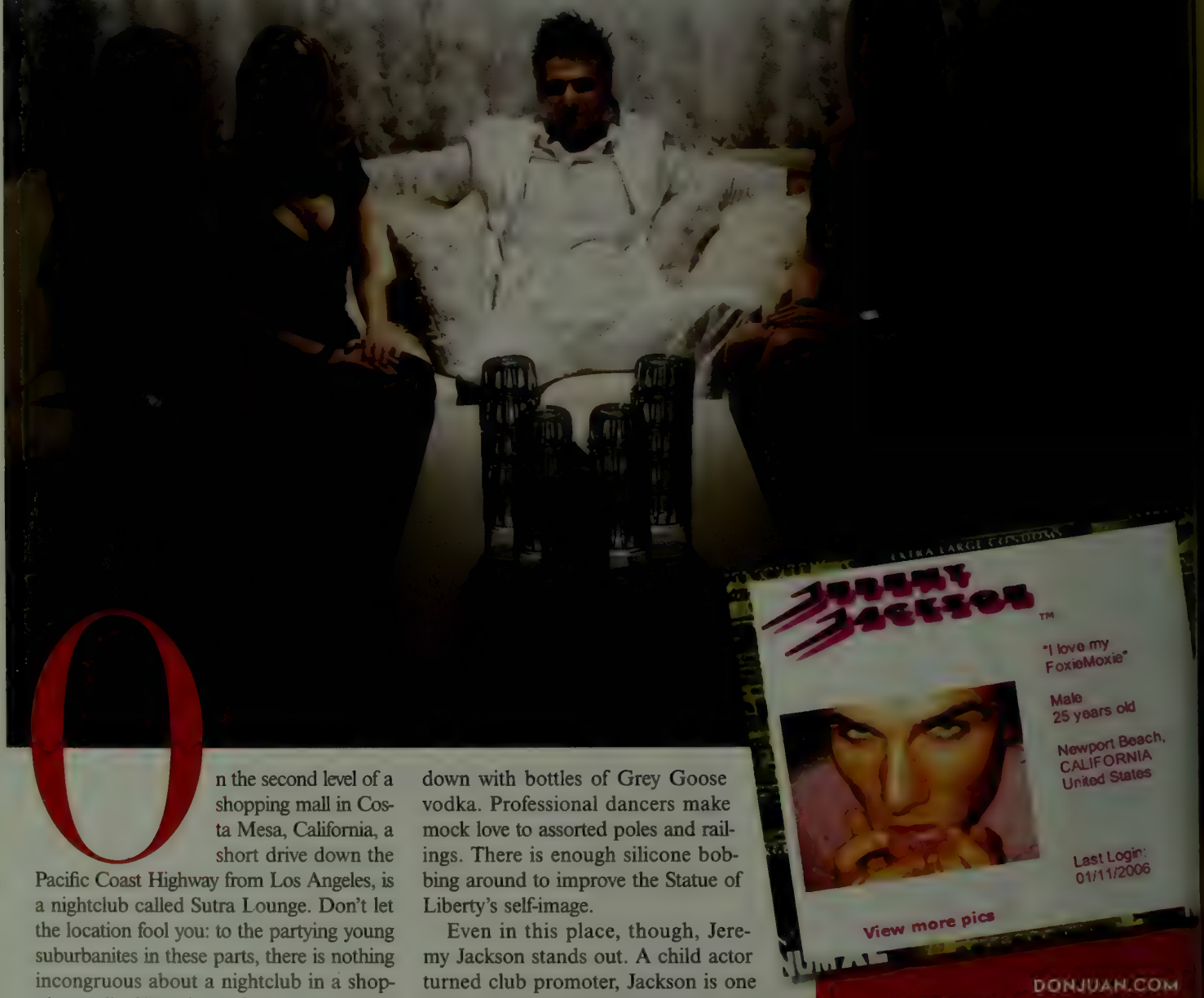
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Will Success Spoil MySpace?

In two years, MySpace has become the most popular social-networking site on the Web, a virtual city of sex and youth culture, with its own celebrities, Casanovas, and con artists. But MySpace's most unlikely character may be its conservative new owner: Rupert Murdoch

By James Verini



DONJUAN.COM
Former *Baywatch* cast member Jeremy Jackson at Tentation Ultra Lounge in Newport Beach, California. Inset, part of Jackson's MySpace profile page.

On the second level of a shopping mall in Costa Mesa, California, a short drive down the Pacific Coast Highway from Los Angeles, is a nightclub called Sutra Lounge. Don't let the location fool you: to the partying young suburbanites in these parts, there is nothing incongruous about a nightclub in a shopping mall. (Shopping is fun; clubs are fun; there you have it.) And anyway, once you're inside Sutra, you could be anywhere—anywhere in the vicinity of Los Angeles, that is.

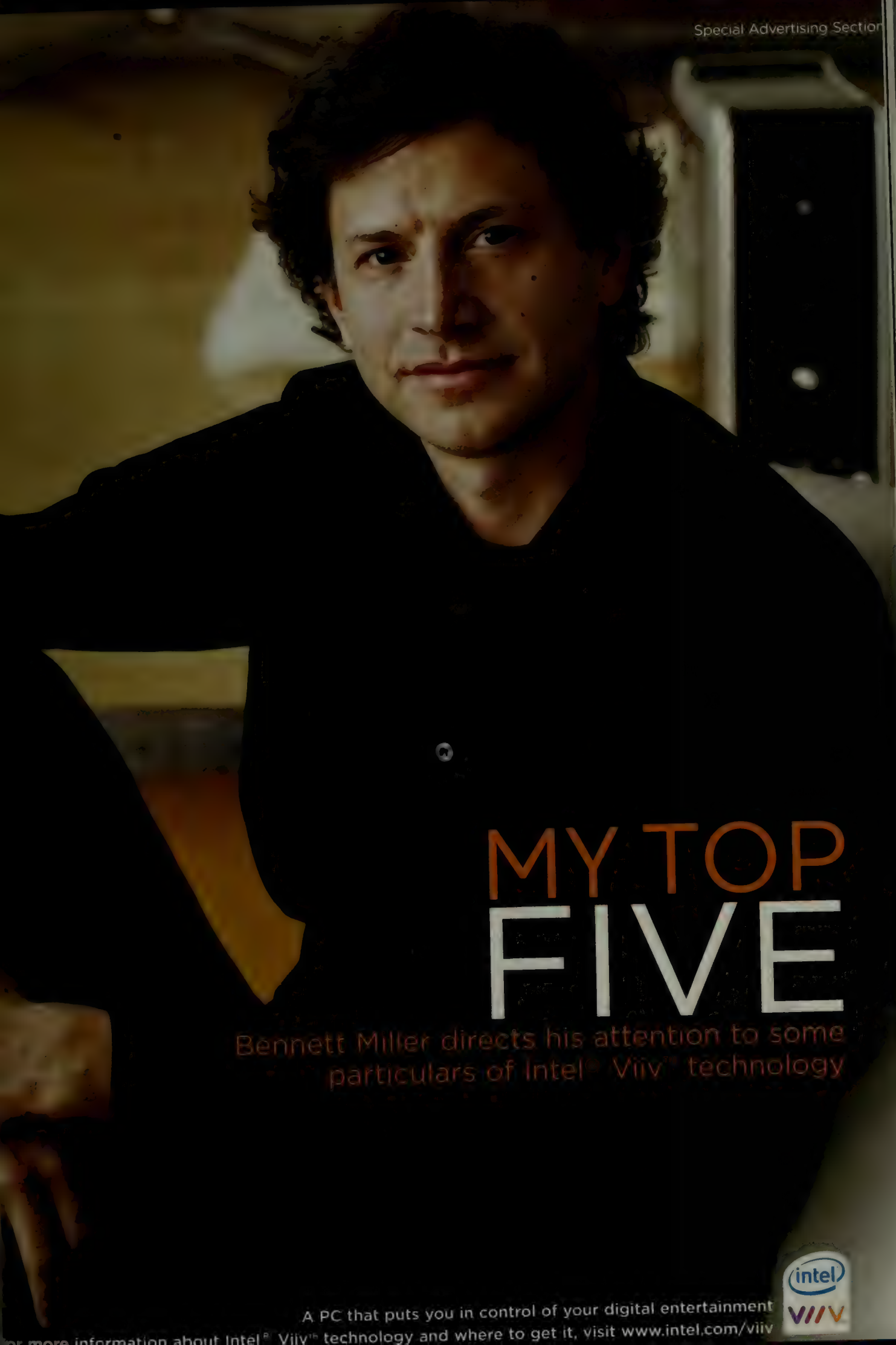
At around one A.M. on a Monday, Sutra is pulsing with that special brand of synthetic Southern Californian abandonment. Tanned, toned girls in denim skirts no wider than cummerbunds rub up against surfers and real-estate pashas as actress-waitresses [illegible] by carrying trays loaded down with bottles of Grey Goose vodka. Professional dancers make mock love to assorted poles and railings. There is enough silicone bobbing around to improve the Statue of Liberty's self-image.

Even in this place, though, Jeremy Jackson stands out. A child actor turned club promoter, Jackson is one of the most shameless voluptuaries on MySpace, the social-networking Web site that, according to ComScore Media Metrix, had more page views in November than Google or eBay.

And even on MySpace, a haven for shameless voluptuaries, Jackson stands out. His profile page is plastered with photographs of him out on the town in a series of increasingly preposterous getups, like a walking *Zoolander* outtake, accompanied by one busty woman after another—some of his 1,818 "friends." His name assaults you in an oversize pink-and-black font that could have been ripped from a Def Leppard album cover.

Jackson, 25, does not disappoint in per-

PORTRAITS BY SUSANNA HOWE



MY TOP FIVE

Bennett Miller directs his attention to some particulars of Intel® Viiv™ technology

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BENNETT MILLER THE BIG PICTURE

***Capote* director Bennett Miller has launched his directorial career with a bang.**

With the stunning *Capote*, his first feature, Bennett has steered an independent film on a relatively tight budget to a starting spot in the race for the Oscars. The accolades still rolling in — among them "top newcomer" from The New York Film Critics Circle; the San Diego Film Critics' best director; the Toronto Film Critics Association's prize for best first feature; a 2006 Independent Spirit Awards nomination for Best Feature Film; the 2005 Gotham Awards' Best Feature Film; and a place on the top 10 list of the American Film Institute — Bennett's deft handling of the curious and conflicted Truman Capote seems destined, like the author himself, to become iconic in American culture.

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son. He meets me at the door of Sutra clad in a designer camouflage-pants-and-jacket number, a handcuff awash in gold and bling on one wrist and a watch with a giant fake-gold dollar sign covering its face on the other. Jackson's hair is exactly as advertised on MySpace: a spiked mullet that adds four or five inches to his stature.

"Wassuuuup!?," Jackson yelps in a boyish voice that calls to mind his best-known character—David Hasselhoff's son, Hobie, on the syndicated lifeguard drama *Baywatch*. Leading me through the labyrinth of sofa-lined alcoves, he makes it known that he is the toast of the club. Every passerby high-fives or hugs him. He breaks out into a spontaneous dance every few seconds. And, before long, he is extolling MySpace.

"I met half of these people on there," he says, waving an arm. "MySpace is about the *ass*. There's an unlimited supply of ass. It's ridiculous!"

He dashes off, and returns a moment later with a towering blonde.

"I met her on MySpace," he says, and winks. "I e-mailed her."

"What did he write?," I ask the blonde.

"Something perverted!" she giggles. Moments later, Jackson is back with another blonde, this one not quite as tall. She makes up for it with a general lack of fabric on her upper body. We'll call her Jennifer.

"She found *me* on MySpace," Jackson says.

Jennifer shakes my hand and says matter-of-factly, "I just want you to know I'm probably the only girl in here who hasn't fucked Jeremy yet."

This is very possibly true. A few nights earlier, Jackson took me to the Shark Club, a nearby spot he also promotes, where a small army of women he'd bedded with the help of MySpace were in attendance.

"I fucked this girl off MySpace!" he announced, indicating Loraine, a dark beauty. She smiled and spelled her name. Next was a striking Romanian woman, and after her a more matronly catch, whom we'll call Chrissy.

"Chrissy is the one I was telling you about today—the ejaculator!" Indeed, earlier that day, Chrissy had called Jackson while he was trying on a pair of pink cowboy boots at a boutique in Hollywood. After describing to me her signature sexual skill, he'd jumped up and launched into an interpretive pelvis-thrusting jig as an oblivious Japanese family looked on, nodding amusedly.

Chrissy rolled her eyes and tried to swat Jackson, who bounced off again in search of more conquests.

"He's so fucking funny!" she said. Chrissy, it turned out, was a mother in her 30s.

All in all, it is an astounding display. Part of the credit goes to Jackson himself: charming, unrepentant, he is impossible not to like, even when he's vulgar, which is often. But the general atmosphere of permissiveness owes just as much to MySpace, which in its short existence has emerged as a new breed of communication medium for the Internet Age, a place where identity and performance mingle wantonly.

"People are just way more comfortable on MySpace," Jackson says the morning after our Sutra expedition. He'd ended up going home with Jennifer at 3:30 A.M. Her roommate had walked into her room at eight A.M. and asked, "Is that Hobie?"

"I know guys who are not even as good-looking as me who get laid like *crazy* because of MySpace," Jackson goes on. "I'm actually shy. There are women I wouldn't go up to at a club. But I'll e-mail them on MySpace. For some reason you get on there and all the barriers come down. Girls will say things they'd never say to you in public. And there is the mystery element—the intangible thing. 'Is he real?' It makes them want you more."

"I know guys who are not even as good-looking as me who get laid like *crazy* because of MySpace," Jackson says.

As if overnight, MySpace has become an Internet phenomenon. Launched in January 2004 on a shoestring budget, it now claims more than 50 million registered profiles, about half of which seem to belong to regular users. According to Nielsen/NetRatings, in November there were 24.5 million unique visitors. Each day, 170,000 new members sign up, creating their own pages, filling out profiles, uploading photos, and linking to an extended network of like-minded others. The average MySpace user spends over two hours a month on the site. One analyst estimates MySpace took in $30 to $40 million in 2005, and says that number will likely triple this year.

What's more startling is the way MySpace has already soaked in to acquire a potent social currency. It is a taste-making force in music, fashion, and other cultural ephemera and a de facto dating service that generates more carnal energy than Match.com or Nerve on their best days. And in the way that Google, Craigslist, and eBay have changed how people share and absorb information and goods, MySpace has changed how people, particularly young people (25 percent of users are under 18), share and absorb one another. They blog, flirt, and diarize, post pictures, videos, personal artwork, songs, and poetry, and generously distribute compliments and insults.

With its infinitely customizable profile pages, like interactive headshots in some central-casting department of life, MySpace has become essential to its users' notions of themselves and their tribes. It is where they concoct alternative personas and download new friends, most of whom they know only online, like so many new MP3s or JPEGs.

Faster than would seem possible, MySpace has become a "lifestyle choice," as co-founders Chris DeWolfe and Tom Anderson, otherwise unpretentious guys who occasionally lapse into marketing-speak, like to say.

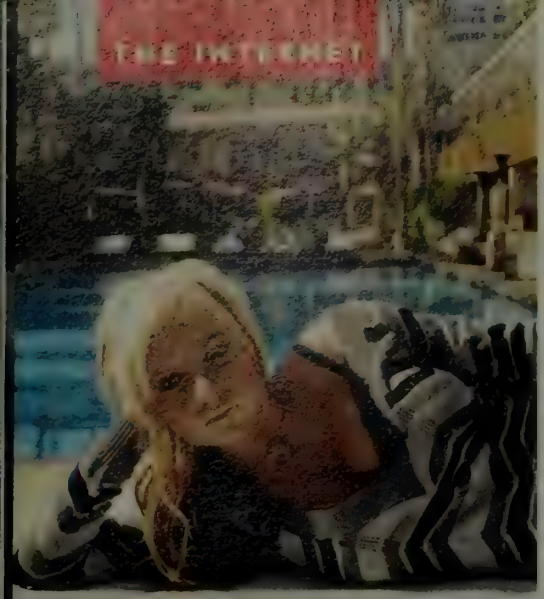
Similar ventures—the Globe among the first generation of Web sites, Friendster among the second—have tried and failed at this. What distinguishes MySpace from them? It's the same archaic characteristic that distinguishes MySpace from the Web itself: a sense of place. If the Web has rendered geography obsolete, as is often said, DeWolfe and Anderson have turned the telescope around. They have rendered one bit of psychic geography—Los Angeles, Hollywood—supreme.

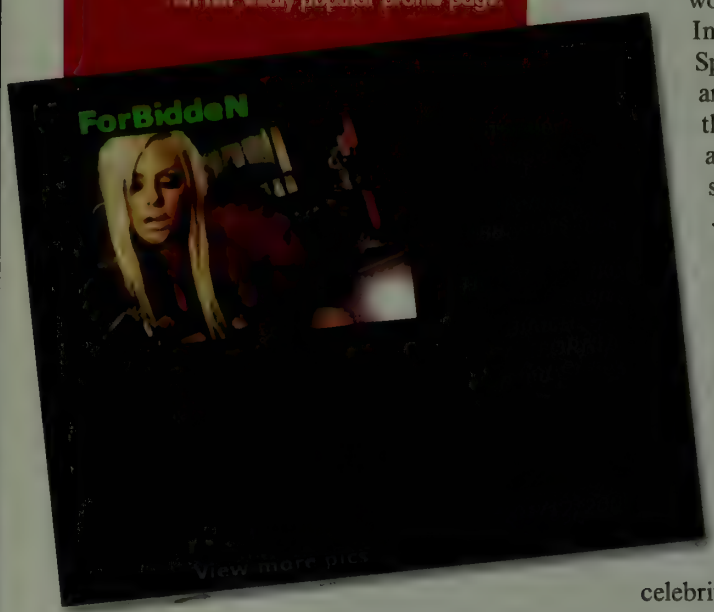
"This generation wants to be known, they want to be famous," DeWolfe, whose official title is C.E.O., says. "MySpace facilitates that. This generation is self-involved, but they're also self-aware."

"I think of it as the reality TV of the Internet," adds Anderson, the company's president. "Or like a nightclub."

Indeed, the more popular it becomes, the more MySpace exudes L.A.—the city and the idea. It is a Sunset Strip for virtual boulevardiers, a hall of mirrors for fame seekers, where the shy, the neurotic, and the desperately run-of-the-mill go to become exhibitionists and tarts. You cannot peruse the site for long before coming upon hordes of would-be models in thong bikinis and tweens posing in their underwear. Their comments and biographies, open for all to see, are composed in a syntax-challenged, !!!-riddled new argot of desire and frustration.

It is a place where lonely songwriters,





TWENTY-FIRST-CENTURY FOX Christine Dolce, known to thousands of MySpacers as ForBiddeN, above, at the Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel, and, below, on her wildly popular profile page.

brooding would-be thespians, reality-TV personalities, millionaires' kids, drag racers, drag queens, religious nuts, D.J.'s, rock stars, stalkers, wrestlers, Marines, gangsta rappers, recovering addicts, active addicts, porn stars, fashion designers both talented and horrible—and legions who are just pretending to be those things—go to be seen. There are also plenty of seemingly well-adjusted users, fascinating if only for their normality, as well as successful musicians, artists, and authors. For all of them, it is a stage and a confessional, turgid with the promise of sex and as omnivorous and refractory as pop culture itself.

It goes even farther: when the criminal defense lawyer Robert Shapiro's 25-year-old son, Brent, a popular fixture around town, died of an Ecstasy overdose in October, his MySpace page became an interactive memorial.

Martin Scorsese once said of the cinema that it answers "an ancient quest for the common unconscious. [It fulfills] a spiritual need that people have to share a common memory." MySpace might be said to do the same thing, only in real time, and perhaps without the spiritual part.

And, in a twist as predictable as any Hollywood movie (and a MySpace movie will no doubt be made someday, perhaps even by MySpace), DeWolfe and Anderson find themselves at a moment of reckoning just as they reach liftoff.

Mainstream culture is catching on. The Black Eyed Peas, Neil Diamond, and Depeche Mode are among the musicians who've previewed new albums on MySpace. Much of its ad revenue comes from Hollywood studios. In November, Interscope joined with MySpace to form a record label, and a film imprint at Fox is in the works. Casting directors and reality-show producers scour its pages for subjects. Janice Dickinson uses her MySpace profile to announce casting calls for her new modeling show on Oxygen.

On the one hand, this is what DeWolfe and Anderson wanted. They based MySpace in L.A. to get away from Silicon Valley and draw on celebrity and industry capital. They even created their own celebrity in Anderson, who, in an inspired ploy that must have competitors kicking themselves, magically appears as the first friend of all new subscribers. Peering coquettishly over his shoulder from every profile page, he has attained an almost mystical status—somewhere between Jim Morrison and Steve Jobs. At MySpace's two-year anniversary concert, outside Dodger Stadium in October, the crowd gasped in awe and then dissolved in adulation when he took the stage.

On the other hand, if they're not careful, or even if they are, DeWolfe and Anderson run the risk of alienating the misfits who make the site such a rare commodity and keep them afloat.

The fact that they now work for Rupert Murdoch heightens that risk considerably. In September, the Australian media mogul's News Corp. finalized the purchase of MySpace's parent company, Intermix Media, Inc., in a $580 million cash buyout. The price now seems like a bargain for what Murdoch is getting: a gold mine of market research, a microscope into the content habits and brand choices of America's capricious youth market—not to mention millions of potential new customers for News Corp.'s Fox subsidiaries. Murdoch claims he wants MySpace to continue to grow on its own, and DeWolfe and Anderson have been voicing the party line. But at least one insider claims the partners opposed the sale and are wary of News Corp.

Here's a more pressing matter: will Murdoch, a byword of conservatism, know what to do with the louche compendium of subcultures on MySpace? If only he could take the time to come to L.A. and test out his new toy firsthand, he might rethink the deal. Or he might resign, leave his wife, and move permanently to the West Coast.

He might meet Christine Dolce, probably the best-known MySpacer after Anderson. If Dolce were the only person on the site, she'd be evidence enough that it is changing the nature of celebrity, ushering Andy Warhol's concept of baseless stardom into a bizarre new realm. Better known as ForBiddeN, Dolce is an Orange County woman, allegedly 24, who, for reasons no one save herself seems able to discern, has racked up 706,000 friends, including the rock star Dave Navarro and the band Nine Inch Nails. With not much more than a housepainter's flair for eye shadow, a distaste for grammar, and cavernous cleavage that she shows off on her page in an array of custom-torn T-shirts, Dolce has also turned herself into a business. From the site she's spun off a clothing line, Destroyed Denim, and attracted a manager and a retinue of hangers-on. They refer to themselves as Camp ForBiddeN. They have a rival gang in the circle of Tila Tequila, a West Hollywood woman who looks like a sex-crazed Asian Kewpie doll and boasts 760,000 friends.

Dolce has such a following that DeWolfe and Anderson asked her to introduce one of the headline acts at their two-year anniversary concert. (It was a fitting choice, since she has musical as well as acting ambitions.) She showed up with her own camera crew.

"We're turning her into a brand," says Keith Ruby, her manager. "I'm her Karl

The more popular it becomes, the more MySpace exudes L.A



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Rube. It's like beauty meets the brains. But she has the brains, too."

Though most have never seen her, her fans are devoted: She gets hundreds of e-mails a day, the correspondence ranging from touching to deranged. Ruby claims she receives five marriage proposals per week. In October, a soldier in Iraq sent her a congratulatory letter. It seems his platoon had arranged a virtual beauty contest, Ms. Ramadi Iraq 2005. Dolce was pitted against Pamela Anderson, Jessica Simpson, and the porn star Jenna Jameson (who is on MySpace), and won. A few weeks later a young Pennsylvania man sent an earnest query letter asking if Dolce could help him break into the adult-film industry. He included nude photographs taken from various angles.

Moving on from Camp ForBiddeN on his tour of L.A.'s MySpace diaspora, Murdoch might find himself, as I did late one night, hurtling at 60 m.p.h. through the pitch-dark canyon roads of Malibu in the passenger seat of a stripped-down 1986 BMW 325e driven by an underground road racer named Schotz. A mechanic by day, Schotz spends several hours a week storming up these hairpin turns, once blackened by Steve McQueen and the original Hells Angels.

Like many underground racers, Schotz and his crew communicate and recruit new drivers primarily via MySpace. He finds rare parts, discusses technique, shit-talks rivals. Thanks in part to Anderson's affinity for car shows, where he gets the full V.I.P. treatment, MySpace has helped revivify California's car culture.

Or, had Murdoch been in town a week earlier, in the small hours of a Sunday morning, he might have found his way to a house, hidden behind a thick sheet-metal gate, among a very different but just as populous MySpace circle: the S&M enthusiasts. The house, on the outskirts of North Hollywood, had been converted into an underground bondage club, where Master Liam, a 49-year-old businessman in leather pants, whipped a petite woman who, dressed only in her underwear, screamed in delighted pain. Master and servant, it emerged, had found each other on MySpace.

Looking on were two dominatrices who had just tied up and gagged another woman and locked her in a giant cage. "You should really read my MySpace blog," one said to the other.

MySpace characters are the heroes of a new urban folklore. There is Bad Ass Frank, the freelance copywriter and divorcé who moved to L.A. with nary a friend. Now he has 15,000 of them and a burgeoning career as a comedy writer, thanks to the alternative persona he created on MySpace. There is RockDaMullet, who promotes himself by selling T-shirts silk-screened with images of his gravity-defying mullet. (It's even taller than Jackson's.) There is Bobby Carlton, the former A&R man who used to prowl around with Axl Rose and Tommy Lee. MySpace nets him just as many eager groupies as the rock clubs did.

There is Hollywood Undead, one of the most popular of the more than 660,000 bands on MySpace and the only one MySpace Records and Interscope have so far signed to their joint label. A rap-rock outfit made up of seven friends from L.A., Undead is enjoying serious buzz. Its members are already treated like rock stars on the club scene. But no one has ever seen them play. Their only known work is a handful of MP3 files available on MySpace, and a song on the label's first release, a compilation called *MySpace Records: Volume 1.*

There are chat and meet-up groups for every affliction and obsession. There are groups for single mothers, victims of domestic abuse, survivors of Hurricane Katrina (the That Bitch *Katrina* club), people who go to tanning salons too much, and people infatuated with bad sitcoms (Full House Still Kicks Ass—member count, 1,089). There is the self-mutilation group Cutters Not So Anonymous, the Girl on Girl Nylon Foot Worship club, and SoCal Christians, a popular religious community, headed by a young man who, when he's not on MySpace, is a professional wrestler. His page is plastered with pictures of him in Lycra and plays the theme from *Magnum P.I.*

And there are the women with bad grammar and near-barren profiles who e-mail strangers at odd hours and are generally presumed to be Eastern European prostitutes.

There are actual celebrities who use the site avidly, such as rocker Tommy Lee (Dolce claims he has tried to pick her up on the site) and comedian Dane Cook. Moving south down the list you'll find Kevin Federline and Kelly Osbourne. Then there are the legions of celebrity impostors. By my count there are at least 63 Jennifer Anistons.

The 175 employees of MySpace occupy two floors in an office building in Santa Monica, just steps away from the ocean. The main floor looks like an Internet office from the late 1990s that was abandoned and then hastily reoccupied: pastel walls, curvy cubicles, a big, stocked kitchen. DeWolfe and Anderson have two not very large offices, both conspicuously lacking ocean views.

They're almost too perfectly cast for their roles as elder business-school pragmatist and young visionary with a film degree and guitar. (DeWolfe got his M.B.A. from U.S.C.; Anderson attended U.C. Berkeley and U.C.L.A.) DeWolfe, 39, is tall and lanky, with long, graying hair and a preference for baggy pants that give him a tech-dandy look. Anderson, 29, seems to live in a cap and tight T-shirt. (He lifts weights, so it works.)

DeWolfe is married, while Anderson, in a stroke of cosmic luck—or an insanely business-oriented libido—claims that he has always preferred meeting women online. He contacts MySpacers when he's intrigued by their profiles, which must make them feel pretty special—like teenyboppers getting asked out by John Lennon in the parking lot of Shea Stadium.

The two met in 2000 at Xdrive Technologies, in Santa Monica, where DeWolfe, who was vice president of sales and marketing, gave Anderson a job. Together they formed ResponseBase Marketing in 2001. A company named eUniverse (now called Intermix) bought ResponseBase in 2002, and DeWolfe and Anderson persuaded then C.E.O. Brad Greenspan to let them create MySpace the following September.

When we meet in the fall, they are about to leave for London, where MySpace is opening its first European office. (The site has more than a million U.K. users and counting.) They have the glow of newly minted millionaires still somewhat surprised by their success.

"I always thought we could take on the big-three portals," Anderson says, referring to Yahoo, MSN, and AOL. "But in terms of our cultural relevance—turning out to be cool—we just lucked out. If you start out saying you want to be cool, you won't be cool."

They walk me to their equivalent of a standards-and-practices department—a tiny, windowless office manned by a young programmer scrolling at robot speed through pages of photographs. MySpace claims not

Looking on were two dominatrices. "You should really read my MySpace blog," one said to the other.

to have any keyword filter or other system for monitoring its users' pages and messages, but it does check the roughly two million new photos posted each day for inappropriate material. The site also uses a search engine and staffers to try to root out under-age (sub-14) users.

"What about that?," DeWolfe asks, pointing to a shot of a woman, naked from the waist up, pretending to stick some kind of giant novelty syringe into her breast.

"No, see, she's covering 'em up," the programmer says, gesturing to where her nipples are barely obscured by a forearm.

To their credit, DeWolfe and Anderson do seem committed to the idea of "user-generated content," which is industry jargon for letting the users, not the company, post and pick through whatever they like. (This explains why the site cost so little to start.) They also share a moderate fuck-the-system streak as yet unblunted by the Fox windfall. Despite the joint label with Interscope, they are elated when unsigned bands with no marketing budget—the indie breakout Clap Your Hands Say Yeah is a recent example—develop followings through the site, leaving slow-moving record companies in the dust. Still, they're not above exploiting their new big-media connections. In January, MySpace was expected to unveil a filmmakers' site feature, where directors can upload shorts. DeWolfe and Anderson plan to mine it for talent for an imprint with Fox.

"There are a lot of obsessives on there, and it's given them a creative outlet," DeWolfe says.

When I ask about the obsessives who might be more interested in the countless pictures of teenagers in their underwear, DeWolfe says, "The Internet was designed for free speech. We can't take on that responsibility. Anyone under 18, that's the parents' responsibility. Anyone over 18, they're consenting adults. And philosophically, I don't think we'd want to. I walk down the street and see offensive things. But that's life."

"Parents aren't clamoring for cell-phone companies to monitor their kids," Anderson says. "Parents don't want to see what their kids are really like, but MySpace makes that really easy."

This is a valid argument, but it also has the faint ring of Dr. Frankenstein pleading the "he's his own monster" defense. The fact is that MySpace has always used sex to sell itself and still does. The site is plastered with graphic banner ads for online matchmaking services. A recent one showed a close-up, shot from behind, of a kneeling girl, her pants around her knees, in the process of pulling down her panties. "Find your next lover tonight," read the teaser. The music on the marketing head's personal page is a jingle being played on the radio. "Whatcha gonna do on MySpace?" goes the chorus. "I'm gonna get get get laid! Gonna get some boys from off MySpace!"

And some teens are engaging in activities that are far more alarming than exchanging risqué pictures. In November, a student at a high school in San Antonio, Texas, announced on MySpace that he was planning to bring a gun to school. The message was promptly circulated among thousands of students, who refused to go to school or walked out when they heard, and classes were disrupted for days. Also in November, an 18-year-old Pennsylvania boy, David Ludwig, was arrested with his 14-year-old girlfriend, Kara Borden, after he allegedly shot her parents to death. Ludwig and Borden were avid users of MySpace and other networking sites, and soon after their arrest visitors were posting comments on their pages, airing their disgust and cracking off-color jokes. A coordinator at the Massachusetts attorney general's office has been publicly warning parents about safely using MySpace. She says she receives calls about the site every day from parents and teachers. MySpace points out that it cooperates directly with law-enforcement agencies to swiftly address any issues.

Already MySpace is conspicuously promoting Fox.

Like L.A., MySpace is a place where the fallen and the exhausted go to re-invent themselves.

Hence Jeremy Jackson. Raised by a single mother who also helped manage his career, Jackson was cast on *Baywatch* at age nine. Before hitting puberty, he was spending his days on set with Pamela Anderson and a host of other bathing-suit-clad beauties. He was 17 when he fell for an extra who introduced him to crystal methamphet-



$580 MILLION MEN MySpace co-founders Chris DeWolfe and Tom Anderson at the Chateau Marmont, in Los Angeles. *Inset*, a MySpacer's page displays Tom's omnipresent "friend" photo.

crime. Arrests and rehab followed. He was written out of the show. To support his habit, he built his own meth labs, which led to his arrest at 19. He then spent all his money on lawyers' fees and clinics.

Clean for five years, Jackson now lives in a small house in Newport Beach with his sister and mother, Jalonna, an attractive, friendly woman who often goes with him to the clubs. "I make sure the haters don't get to him," Jalonna says. I ask her about MySpace. "Oh God, he's on there all day," she says, like a mother whose 10-year-old son is playing too much Xbox.

MySpace has helped Jackson turn his life from a bad episode of *E! True Hollywood Story* into . . . well, a better episode of *E! True Hollywood Story*—one with a second act.

The site is more than just a harem wrangler for him. It pervades his life. He uses it to promote his parties as well as his sartorial sponsor, the clothing brand Ed Hardy, whose $75 trucker hats are replacing Von Dutch's as the faux-white-trash accoutrement du jour in L.A. Not surprisingly, he's been pitching reality shows about his life—one that he calls *King of Clubs,* which he envisions as an *Apprentice* for aspiring promoters (he'd play the Donald), and another that's about the travails of a former child star trying to break back into the industry. He refers producers and agents to his page. Jackson believes MySpace can help him sharpen his strategy for his imminent re-entrance into Hollywood.

That strategy, he says, is to make people think, This guy's nuts! So the wallpaper on his MySpace page is made up of Trojan Magnum XL condom wrappers. There is a picture of him wearing pink vinyl hot pants and grabbing his crotch. In the Interests section, where people normally list hobbies such as "reading" or "walks on the beach," there is a Flash cartoon of two stick figures screwing. A little ™ accompanies the Jeremy Jackson logo—yes, it's trademarked. And if you have any doubts about the number of women soliciting Jackson, or their degree of willingness, just scroll down to the comments section.

Jackson has been trying to save up for a move to Hollywood so that he can begin auditioning full-time. But he says he recently lost $5,000 to a phony music booker he had met on MySpace. That's in addition to $45,000 he says was embezzled from him by a con artist who claimed to be a consultant and promised to introduce Jackson to reality-show producers.

Joining Jackson and his mom at the Shark Club are his best friend, Wolfie, and Wolfie's girlfriend, Foxie Moxie, who designed Jackson's page.

"The closest he'd ever come to a computer before MySpace was the ATM," says Wolfie, who also happens to be Jackson's 12-step-program sponsor. "He used to type with one finger. He uses two hands now, so that's good—one finger on the left, two on the right. He comes to our house to use our computer, because he only has dial-up."

"I can't imagine my life without MySpace," Jackson says. "I don't know what I did with all my time before this."

Chris DeWolfe and Tom Anderson won't say how much they took home in the Fox deal. One source close to it put the number at about $15 million each.

Whatever the exact amount, it is certainly less than the nearly $23 million made by Richard Rosenblatt, a former Intermix C.E.O. But then it was Rosenblatt and his allies who pushed through the merger, at least according to three separate suits pending in Los Angeles County courts.

The suits—including one filed by Brad Greenspan, who founded Intermix—claim that the Rosenblatt cadre on the board cheated shareholders by selling the company for far less than its true worth, ignoring and even trying to scuttle competing bids.

Why would Rosenblatt et al. undersell the company? According to Greenspan, it was partly to appease a venture-capital firm that



had bailed out Intermix and wanted to turn a quick profit, and partly because Murdoch had offered to indemnify Intermix in a spyware suit filed against it by New York State attorney general Eliot Spitzer. (Spyware is illegal software that secretly transmits data to and from computers without the users' consent; MySpace was not named in the suit.) Intermix ultimately settled with Spitzer for $7.5 million, which it is paying off with News Corp.'s help, but the L.A. city attorney has filed a second spyware suit. A Fox spokesperson dismisses the charges in all four suits and says there was no indemnification agreement.

Greenspan left Intermix on unfriendly terms in 2003. Nonetheless, he remained the largest shareholder, and made approximately $48 million in the Fox deal. But he says he deserves more. MySpace, he believes, is worth between $4 and $5 billion. Rosenblatt scoffs at that figure.

But there can be little doubt that the company's value has gone up considerably since the sale was announced. "At first it looked like a great deal," says John Tinker, an analyst at ThinkEquity Partners L.L.C., in New York, and a former Intermix shareholder. "But now everyone's saying they should have held on. They could have got a lot more."

Greenspan, who in the meantime has started a rival social-networking site, Vidilife, also claims that DeWolfe and Anderson strongly opposed the Fox deal.

"We may have had a little reluctance at first," DeWolfe responds. "But we met with all the Fox management and very quickly got comfortable.... These are very smart media folks and they're not going to do anything to harm the user experience."

Eventually, however, he and Anderson will have to figure out if and how they're going to stay autonomous. They are too clever not to know what Murdoch, who has never been accused of being an empty suit, sees in their company. Like radio, film, and television before it, but to a much greater degree, the Internet has the potential to absorb the fringes of culture and translate and package them for the masses. MySpace does that better and faster than any Web site yet concocted, better and faster than anyone could have imagined even five years ago. MySpace is like a direct conduit to future trends, a high-speed connection to the next big thing.

DeWolfe and Anderson know this power may well be too much for a capitalist of Murdoch's caliber to leave unmolested.

"We're not programming the content—the users are," DeWolfe insists. But already MySpace is conspicuously promoting Fox. In the fall, it did massive rollouts for the film *Walk the Line* and the TV show *Nip/Tuck*.

And already the deal is causing unrest among users. In January, some complained of corporate censorship when MySpace began blocking links to the rival site YouTube from user pages. (MySpace says this resulted from a miscommunication with YouTube.) And upwards of 50 fake Rupert Murdoch profiles have appeared, along with a few Fuck Rupert Murdochs and one Rupert Murdoch Owns Your Soul.

But until Murdoch slips on the night-vision goggles and commences Phase Two of his world takeover, the ForBiddeNs, Tila Tequilas, Master Liams, and Jeremy Jacksons of the world will use MySpace as they wish.

"I think people take my page as funny, sexy, silly," Jackson tells me. "It's an image of myself. Maybe it's controversial. But, you know, controversy breeds cash flow. If they think I'm an exhibitionist, if they think I'm crazy, that's *good*."

Then again, the act goes both ways. Jackson was contacted recently by the Guess model Megan Ewing. She sent him personal photos and talked about her new house and her dogs. Jackson was smitten. Only after Foxie Moxie did a background search did they discover that the MySpace woman was an impostor. □

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MANIFESTO MAN
Zach Helm, photographed outside his home in Los Angeles, on December 19, 2005. Below, his first produced screenplay. The film will star Will Ferrell.

LEAVING SCHMUCKVILLE

Like hundreds of Hollywood hacks, Zach Helm made a nice living as a screenwriter—and no one ever saw his work. One day he found himself banging out a manifesto: no more re-write jobs, no more selling scripts to the highest bidder, and other crazy ideas. His career will never be the same

BY JIM WINDOLF

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEVEN SEBRING

Screenwriters were at the bottom even in Hollywood's early years. Studio boss Jack Warner called them "schmucks with Underwoods." Since then the industry has updated its view. Now they're considered "schmucks with laptops," as John Gregory Dunne noted in his 1997 book, *Monster: Living Off the Big Screen*. For every Charlie Kaufman who has a say in how his work will appear on-screen, there are hundreds of writers who accept their subordinate role in the moviemaking process, content to do the executives' bidding in exchange for a studio check and an occasional lunch at the Grill. They may whine, and cry in their espressos, and make their friends miserable with their complaints, but ultimately they accept it.

Zach Helm, at age 31, is determined not to rejoin their ranks.

He spent years in typical screenwriter mode, working as one of many hands on various big-budget projects while his labors of love died in development. He refuses to allow that to happen anymore. Now he won't sell a script unless he's satisfied not only that it will have an excellent chance of actually making it to the screen, but also that it will be filmed as he

Stranger Than Fiction

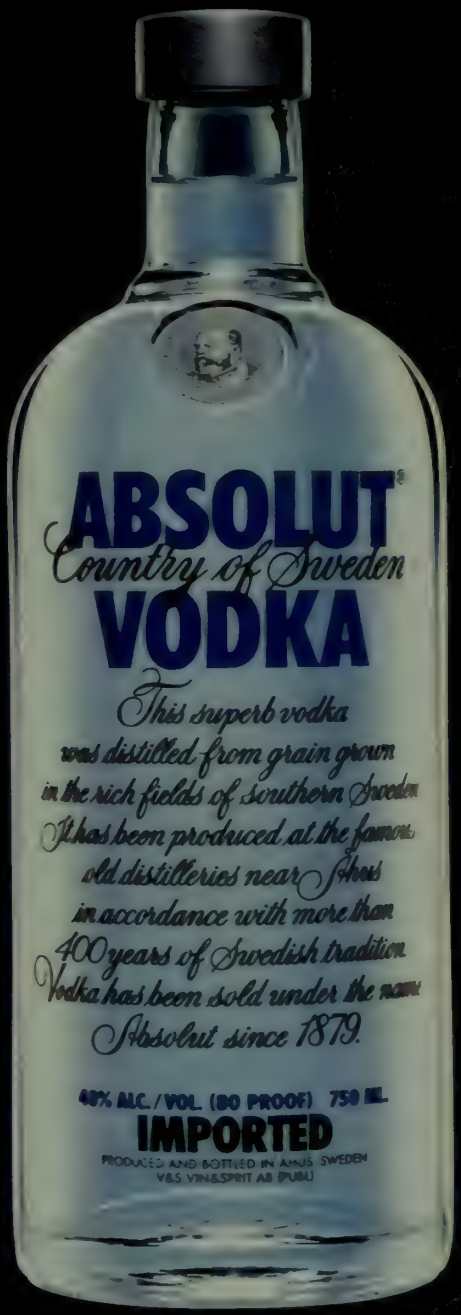
by
Zach Helm

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wrote it. The funny thing is, his method actually works, for him. And he's such a polite young man, with a sincere manner hinting at his small-town upbringing, that you'd never suspect he was the system-bucking type.

"There were five or six years where I was apparently a professional writer, but no one could see my work," he says. "There were no movies coming out. There were none on the horizon. So it all sort of coalesced into the situation I'm in now."

The situation is this: Marc Forster, the director of *Finding Neverland,* has completed principal photography of Helm's *Stranger than Fiction,* an odd romantic comedy with Will Ferrell in the lead role and Dustin Hoffman in support. Natalie Portman will star in another movie Helm wrote, a children's fable called *Mr. Magorium's Wonder Emporium,* with Hoffman, again, in the title role. There's also *Thomas Johnson,* Helm's TV pilot, a dark comedy about a family man who may or may not be a serial killer, which was purchased by Fox and Imagine Entertainment. In addition, his dark, disturbing play *Good Canary,* the story of a self-destructive writer, is likely to have an Off Broadway engagement in New York this fall. And that's it—except for a comedy called *The Disassociate.* Todd Phillips, who made *Old School,* is in talks to direct that one.

None of this would have come about if it weren't for The Manifesto.

The Manifesto changed Zach Helm's life.

At first he was content just to be in the movie business. Who wouldn't be? Before signing up in 1997 with Twentieth Century Fox's "Fox 2000" program—an attempt by the studio to find unknown talent—he had been supervising telemarketers in Chicago, a job that came on the heels of four happy years spent majoring in acting at DePaul University. When Fox took him on, Helm had only two not-for-profit plays to his credit. So he was grateful to get paid to write movies in sunny L.A.

He quickly dreamed up the idea for *Mr. Magorium's Wonder Emporium.* But by the time he got the script into shape, Fox had undergone a regime change. His new minders, it turned out, had no interest in his fantastic tale about a magical toy-store owner who is 243 years old and hopes to have a successor in place before his imminent death. So Helm's tender, goofball fable became the property of a studio that didn't want it. After that, *The Disassociate,* Helm's whimsical story of a modern-day Don Quixote told in the manner of a raunchy, 70s-style comedy, fell out of favor at MGM and then DreamWorks.

Using his dead scripts as calling cards, he got some studio assignments. He punched up screenplays. With the money he made he moved from Koreatown to West Hollywood. The cell phone in his pocket kept ringing. He worked with Steven Spielberg on an updated *Secret Life of Walter Mitty.* The mailman kept bringing checks. He did some work on a *Harvey* remake for Miramax. He moved from West Hollywood to Laurel Canyon. He dated *Charlie's Angels* hottie Lucy Liu.

The typical screenwriter would be grinning like an idiot after all this, but Helm felt that something was deeply wrong. His best stuff was on the shelf. Even his assignment work had been in vain: *The Secret Life of Walter Mitty* and *Harvey* were postponed indefinitely. Other projects he had taken on had vaporized. What was the point?

He sat down at his computer and came up with a set of rules meant to save him from being just another lowly, well-remunerated screenwriter. This proved to be the first draft of The Manifesto. Here is Rule No. 1, Section One: "I will no longer allow financial need or career ambition to determine the direction of my work. I will not put myself in any position in which my work is owed to another party." Here is Rule No. 5, Section One: "Any deal struck in regards to my work will forgo any immediate financial gain if it may mean the surrender of creative control or participation in the work's development."

That's crazy talk. The insane asylums of Beverly Hills are crawling with zombies who once entertained such notions. But Helm was serious. He had a few more contractual obligations to fulfill, but after that he planned to stop being a schmuck. It was time to start living by The Manifesto.

Birds tweet in the hedges outside a three-bedroom, Spanish-style bungalow, 1930s-vintage, in L.A.'s tidy Hancock Park, an old, low-key neighborhood now populated by writers, musicians, and real-estate agents. Helm lives here with his fiancée, Kiele Sanchez, a 28-year-old actress who's part of the attractive cast of *Related* on the WB network. The happy couple has a yapping teacup Maltese dog named Pooh Bear, who does his tiny business on a little white mat near the back door when his "parents" aren't home. Books by J. K. Rowling, Roald Dahl, Samuel Beckett, Dickens, and Shakespeare line the shelves. The rooms are orderly and calm. In the backyard there's a pool about the size of a bathtub.

"I was really, really unhappy," Helm recalls, seated on his leather couch, holding a mug of hot green tea. "So I stopped doing assignment work and I sort of took the risk. I had come up with a group of rules to write screenplays by. It turned out to be like a personal manifesto, and part of that manifesto was the personal politics of writing. How I write. Not forcing myself into any situations. If I had to write for a studio,

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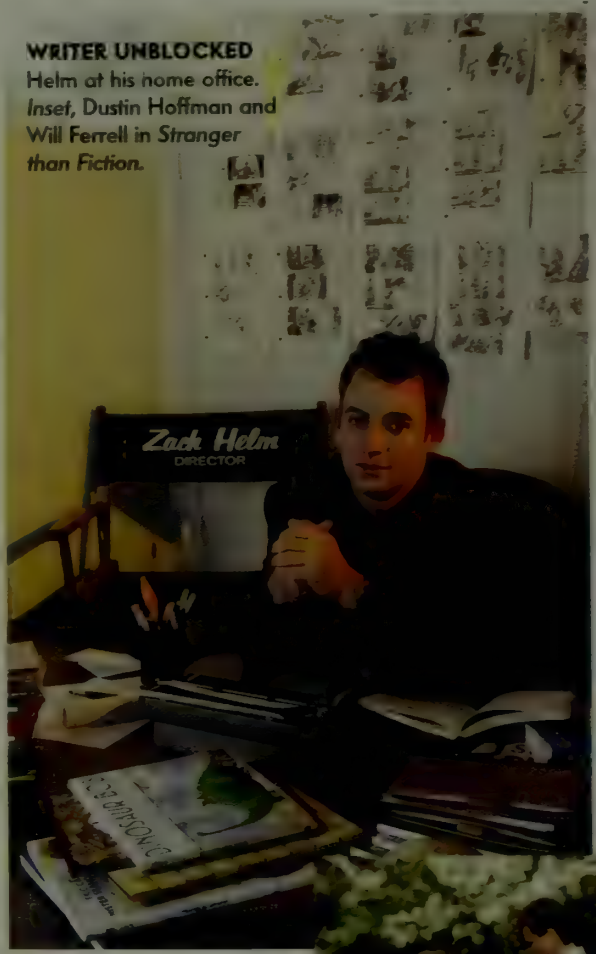
there were deadlines and expectations, and for me, personally, it doesn't create the most creative environment, and the scripts suffer.

Emboldened by The Manifesto, Helm started a new screenplay, this time on spec, with no studio backing him, no executive looking over his shoulder. The plot seemed ludicrous, but he kept with it. It concerned an uptight I.R.S. agent who hears a voice in his head, narrating his every action. When the inner narrator tells him he's going to die soon, the man freaks. This turned out to be *Stranger than Fiction*. Helm didn't show it around until he had worked on it a year and a half. Once he finally did send it out, it got major buzz, he says—but Helm, along with his CAA agents (Michael Peretzian, Carin Sage, Jill Cutler, and George Lane) and the producer attached to the project, Lindsay Doran, decided to sell it to an unlikely suitor, Mandate Pictures, an outfit known for *The Grudge* and other horror films. In making the deal, Helm was obeying Rule No. 3, which goes like this: "I will not sell my work simply to the highest bidder, but instead to those parties that I feel will best represent and develop my work."

"We optioned it for a nominal amount," he says, "the idea being—and this was Mandate's idea—that they had nine months to put it all together. If it didn't work, then we would get back the option and get the script back. Mandate is also a smaller company and would sit in on meetings with us to discuss directors. People told us we were crazy. People still tell me, 'You could have sold that script for so much money!' But we got a fantastic director, and it was a reasonable purchase price. The biggest thing is, we get to make the movie." It's the one Will Ferrell is starring in, scheduled to be released this November.

Helm is dressed in dark jeans and a long-sleeved grayish-black jersey, although it's a warm day. The clothes are casual but not wrinkled. He doesn't have a slovenly look. The only thing about his appearance hinting at dark nights of the soul are the few threads of white mixed in with his dark hair. From time to time, the ends of his sleeves recede, revealing something black on his wrists—two birthmarks of some kind? The result of some mishap?

"I won't take re-write jobs," he continues. "I won't script-doctor. There's a lot of money to be had, lots of money for spending two weeks of work on a script, but I can't do it. I have a slight ethical . . . " His voice trails off. "It would be very hypocritical of me to try to reserve all this creative power and try to hold on to my scripts as much as I can and then go take some first-time writer's script and bang it up."



WRITER UNBLOCKED Helm at his home office. *Inset*, Dustin Hoffman and Will Ferrell in *Stranger than Fiction*.



"RULE NO. 1, SECTION ONE: I WILL NO LONGER ALLOW... CAREER AMBITION TO DETERMINE THE DIRECTION OF MY WORK."

This, too, is in The Manifesto. See Rule No. 2, Section One.

In 2004, Helm heard about a Writers Guild process that allows writers to buy back scripts after they have languished five years on a studio shelf. With his agents and lawyers, and a big fat personal check, he managed to make himself the new owner of *Mr. Magorium's Wonder Emporium*. After working on it further over a six-month period, he sent it out. In a matter of days Natalie Portman said yes to the role of Mr. Magorium's reluctant protégée. Mandate Pictures stepped forward again and sealed the deal by asking Helm to direct it himself. Soon afterward, Dustin Hoffman signed on for the juicy part of the bonkers but soulful title character.

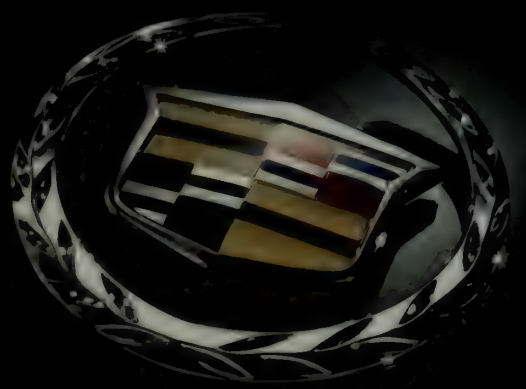
The script owes something to Roald Dahl's *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory*. Helm is more of a sweetheart than the curmudgeonly, borderline-sadistic Dahl, but a sense of folly suffuses the story, and there's no tear-jerking when Mr. Magorium dies in Act III. Shooting starts in March, after Portman finishes work on the next Milos Forman movie. Set crews are at work in Toronto, converting two buildings into Helm's dream shop.

In both *Stranger than Fiction* and his play *Good Canary*, Helm writes convincingly of suicidal authors who make chaos of their personal lives as they struggle for their art. But there he sits in the quiet bungalow, soft-spoken, seemingly untortured, with the criminally cute Pooh Bear at his feet.

"If you're a writer, you can curse, you can throw punches, you can drink till you're obliterated, you can hang out in strip clubs and sleep with whomever you want to and chalk it up to the process of being a writer. On my end, I sort of use that freedom to drink a lot of tea and have a small dog. If it works one way, it works the other way."

No deadline pressure today. By Rule No. 6 of The Manifesto's first section ("I will not write for writing's sake. I will write only when inspired to write"), Helm works only when the mood strikes him. He gets into his gray Range Rover and drives to a nearby café. Over a club sandwich, French fries, and lemonade, he talks about growing up in the small Northern California town of Pike, around 70 miles west of the Nevada border. His father worked as a teacher and school administrator and experimented with horticulture in the backyard. His mother was a teacher, too, and sold homegrown raspberries. The TV wasn't on much. Young Zach, an only child, had a lot of chores.

Lunch is over. Next stop, Amoeba Music,



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CUT TO:
Helm and his fiancée, Kiele Sanchez, a star of *Related* on the WB. He is currently preparing to direct his first film.

a warehouse-like record store, where Helm buys about a dozen CDs, most of them by groups no one has heard of. Back in the Range Rover, he pops in "Easy/Lucky/Free," a CD single by Bright Eyes, the critics-darling indie-rock band led by prolific singer-songwriter Conor Oberst. Helm agrees that his scripts, which are straightforward and emotional but slightly off kilter, have something in common with the Bright Eyes aesthetic. "There's this sort of sincerity to it," he says. "There's a lot of emotion to it. It's honest without being cynical, necessarily."

This line of thinking leads him to one of his favorite movies of recent years, *Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind,* written by Charlie Kaufman. "The whole struggle of trying to escape his memory being erased, as intellectual an idea as that is, there's a real emotional resonance," he says. "I really get involved in that chase, which is great." Given the mixture of the bizarre and the mundane in his own scripts, Helm is a baby brother to Kaufman. He says his other favorite screenwriters are Wes Anderson, Buck Henry, the Coen brothers, William Goldman, and Clifford Odets. Everything Helm writes has a controlled, uncluttered

GIVEN THE MIXTURE OF THE BIZARRE AND THE MUNDANE IN HIS SCRIPTS, HELM IS A BABY BROTHER TO CHARLIE KAUFMAN.

feel to it, perhaps an echo of two of his favorite playwrights, Samuel Beckett and Harold Pinter—and possibly a result, too, of the apprenticeship Helm served in the Hollywood system, which demands that no scene be wasted and that the story move forward with each line.

Helm himself is an unusually versatile writer. Take *Good Canary.* If the plan to bring it to a New York stage this fall goes through, theatergoers are in for a hard-hitting evening, and the actress who plays the self-loathing heroine (Calista Flockhart was great in a reading of the play last fall, says Helm) is in for a grueling engagement. This is a far cry from the sweet (but not syrupy) Helm of *Mr. Magorium's Wonder Emporium.* As if making a show of his range, he has lately been working on a political story in the vein of Oliver Stone's *Salvador;* it's called *Serbia,* and it's an adaptation of Matthew Collin's 2001 book, *This Is Serbia Calling,* a nonfiction account of the Belgrade radio station that helped run Slobodan Milošević out of power.

Back at the house, Helm takes off his jersey, revealing a short-sleeved T-shirt underneath. Now his wrists are showing. The mysterious stains are clearly visible. They're no-frills tattoos—two thick black bands.

"It's a really saturated black ink. It actually took two sessions—one six-hour session and one nine-hour session, about six months apart."

But why?

"Well, I've worn things around my wrists for most of my life. A friend of mine who's a psychologist was talking about the idea of separation—the idea of separating my hands from the rest of my body, separating my work from me."

The interview is over. He sits down at the computer in his study. He puts on big silver headphones and gets to work on his latest script, music blasting into his head. The mood has struck. □

THE LEGEND

Bette Davis Sighs

With immortal roles in *Jezebel*, *Dark Victory*, and *All About Eve*, Bette Davis managed her career far better than her private life. In a series of exclusive interviews over the last decade of her life, the great screen icon talked about her four failed marriages, her daughter's tell-all book, and the man who got away

By Charlotte Chandler



EYE CONTACT Davis on the set of *Jezebel*, with her co-star, Henry Fonda, and the director, William Wyler, the great love of her life, 1937.

On a day in March 1980, in New York City, my phone rang. I picked it up and heard a distinctive woman's voice, one I had been familiar with all my life, though only from movie theaters and television. It was Bette Davis. She explained that my number had been given to her by a mutual friend, the publicist John Springer. She said that she had read *Hello, I Must Be Going*, my book about Groucho Marx, and wanted to know if I would be free to have lunch. She suggested we meet at her apartment and then go to a restaurant.

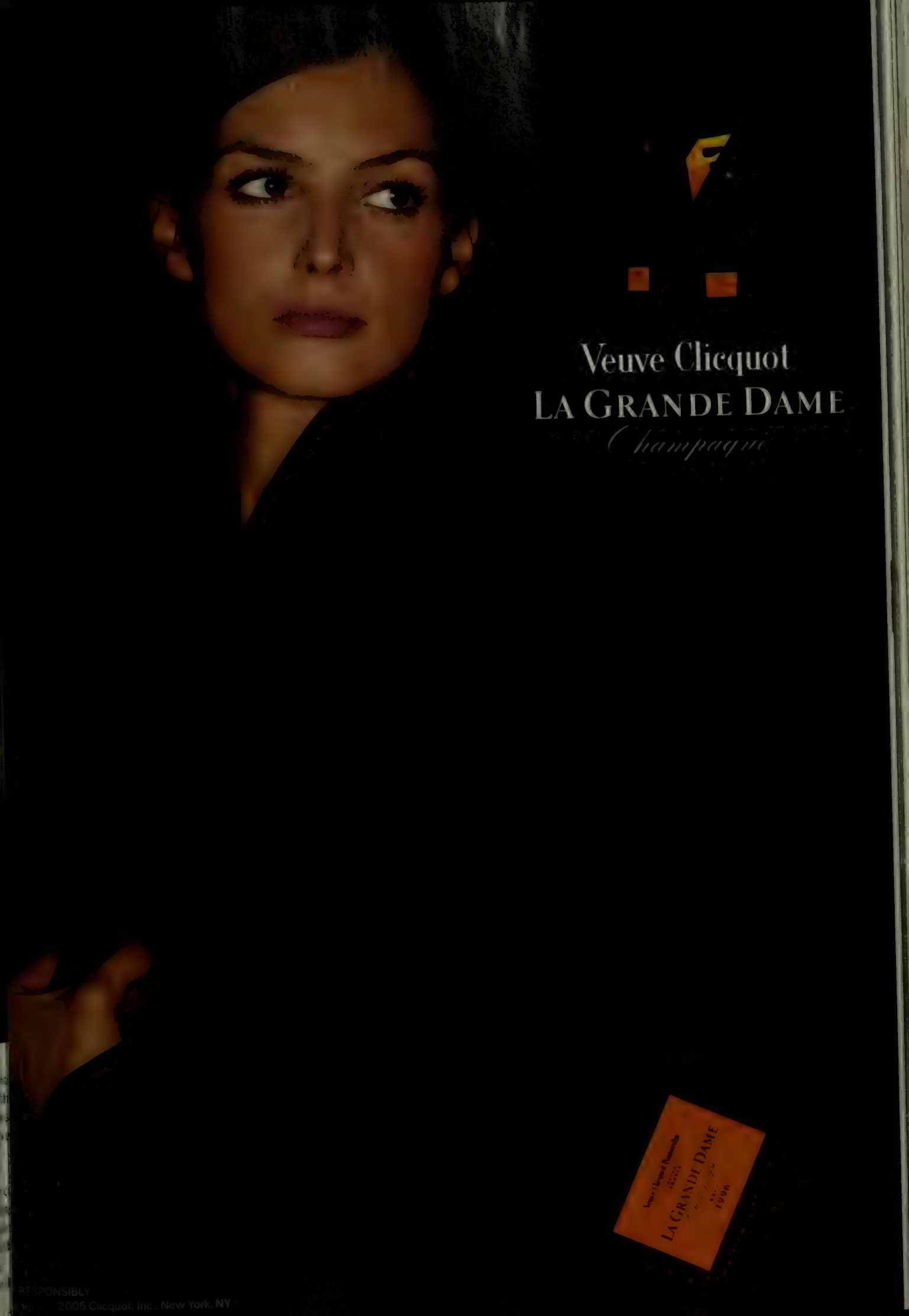
The next day I went to the Lombardy Hotel, on East 56 Street, just off Park Avenue. I took the elevator to her floor, t 14th, where the long hall leading to her apartment, 1404, w dimly lit. At the far end, framed in the arch of the doorway, w the star herself, a cinematic vision.

"This way. Here I am."

She leaned in a graceful pose against the door, her soft hair sually framing her face. Her black dress was not tight, but cli ing softly, with a draped effect. It was knee-length, reveali shapely legs in ultra-sheer nylons and black high heels. I had t illusion that I was walking into a 1940s Warner Bros. movie.

"I always like to have the door open and be waiting for t

Excerpted from *The Girl Who Walked Home Alone*, by Charlotte Chandler, to be published this month by [illegible]. © 2006 by the author.


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person who's coming so they don't have to arrive and meet a closed door. Don't stand there. Come in."

My attention was drawn to the slashes of bright-red lipstick, but even more striking were her eyes. They were accentuated by blue eye shadow and layers of false lashes with brown, not black, mascara.

I was to learn later that Bette customarily took this kind of care with her appearance when meeting someone for the first time. She shared with Mae West the belief that the first impression was the one that counted most and always remained. The next time, one met more of a private person and less of a star, someone who had put in fewer hours of preparation. By the third meeting, she could be quite casual, without her false eyelashes, without the carefully coiffed wig, but never without her bright-red lips.

She insisted on hanging up my jacket, which I had left on a chair. "We don't want it to get wrinkled," she said. "What a beautiful Hermès scarf you're wearing. Absolutely beautiful."

"Do you want to know the secret of my success? Easy. Brown mascara."

Gleefully, she accepted the gift-wrapped box of Swiss chocolates I had brought her, tearing the paper in her haste to open the package, exclaiming, "I *love* gifts!"

The furnished hotel apartment would have seemed drab had it not been filled with personal touches—books, flowers, a music box, all of which she had added to create the ambience of a home. "As a child, I didn't have a secure home and possessions. We were always moving. When I travel, I bring things from my home with me so I can establish a familiar relationship with my environment.

"Playing house is a childhood game I've never put away. My home has always meant so much to me. William Randolph Hearst's San Simeon may have been the most famous house in America, a palace, but when I was invited to dine at San Simeon, there wasn't any soap in the bathroom.

"Wherever I am, I think of the place I'm in as my home, and I can't bear sloppiness or disorganization. I feel sorry for people who waste their time hunting for things. I like order, but I'm not crazy-clean like Miss Joan Crawford. Miss Crawford couldn't even use a bathroom unless she'd gotten down on her knees and scrubbed it clean first.

"I like to dust. Have you ever noticed the objects look back at you in a different way after you've dusted them?

"I don't like waste. It's my New England background, of which I'm very proud. I'm a Yankee. Even playing house as a child, I kept a very neat house."

Speaking about our possibly doing a book together, she said, "I feel I have something to say that can be of use to other people, especially women, not because I did it right, but because maybe someone can learn something from my mistakes. I think it's possible to learn more from mistakes than from successes, but it's good if anyone can learn from someone else's without having to make them all for yourself.

"Do you want to know the secret of my success? Easy. Brown mascara. I always wear brown mascara. Fair actresses should never use black mascara if they want their eyes to show up. It's the opposite of what they think—that black mascara will make them show up more.

"Of course, there's nothing like blue eye shadow to show blue eyes, but that's obvious. The secret is, if you are fair, black mascara and dark eye shadow will make you look like a clown or a harlot.

"I feel a woman should write the book. No question about it." She said she wouldn't feel as comfortable speaking to a man. "No man has ever really understood me. Come to think of it, no man has ever even tried. Well, except maybe for the female impersonators. Physically and vocally, they studied me, outside in."

Bette was a great favorite among impersonators who did impressions of the stars, because she had such strongly individual characteristics. She considered their attention "a compliment, highly flattering."

"For a long time, the impersonators didn't do me. I was worried about it. It meant I didn't have a distinct style.

"People think I don't like those impersonators who do me. Well, they're wrong. I like it very much, as long as they are very good. The only time I don't like it is if they aren't good, or, worse, if they're *better* than I am. I watch them to learn about myself. Until I saw Arthur Blake, I never knew I moved my elbows so much.

"Let me do an impersonation for you of an impersonator doing me."

She struck a typical Bette Davis pose and then spoke as a caricature of herself: "And now I'd like to do a scene for you—from all of my films." Posing, she took a long drag on her cigarette and then slowly exhaled the smoke. Then she turned to me and said, "So, what do you think?"

Bette said her favorite subject for conversation was work, and her second, men. "As for the men in my life, I couldn't select my father. That was my mother Ruthie's doing. But I could select my husbands, and I was a four-time loser. For this I received a life sentence, a life of loneliness without possibility of parole.

"In selecting husbands, I confused muscle with strength. They didn't look alike, but in many respects they were the same man. All my husbands were canaries. Tweet, tweet, tweet!" She added, "I was a person who couldn't make divorce work. For me, there's nothing lonelier than a turned-down toilet seat."

She would talk at length about her films—she made 87 in all. One of her favorites was 1938's *Jezebel,* for which she won an Oscar. (She had won her other Oscar three years earlier for *Dangerous,* a melodrama co-starring Franchot Tone, in which she played a has-been stage actress.) Miriam Hopkins had performed the lead in *Jezebel* on Broadway, and she owned the rights to the play along with the playwright, Owen Davis Sr., and the producers. Thus, when she sold her rights to Warner Bros., she hoped she would be the first actress considered for the screen role, and she was—the first considered and the first rejected. It hadn't occurred to her that the role of a southern beauty—*her* role—would go to Bette Davis, who was neither southern nor a beauty.

"The part was something I could feel," Bette told me. "Wearing a red dress to a white-dress ball? Of course!" When *Jezebel* opened, in March 1938, Bette became a superstar overnight.

William Wyler, who had recently achieved distinguished successes with *Dodsworth* (1936) and *Dead End* (1937), was the director. Though Bette had been directed by him briefly for a test in 1931, this was her first experience working with him on a feature film.

"I think Mr. Wyler is, without doubt, through all the years, our greatest American director," she told me. "Anyway, to me he is. He was very tough. That's gone out of our business, the toughness. In those days they *were* tough. He was tough with everybody.

"*Jezebel* was one of those defining moments in my career. I owe so much to Willie. He was the director who helped me achieve my full potential. Because of him, my name was



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above the title for the first time, and it's stayed there ever since.

"He was the most exciting man I'd ever known. Oh, we fought hard professionally, but it only made us closer. When I did a lot of takes, I'd feel I was doing them all the same, but Willie would catch the one that was different, special. He had a great eye. He also had great eyes.

"The work was our bond. Other people couldn't really understand what our work meant to us. Over and over again, Willie and I fought and made each other miserable, then made up and made each other happy. He was *everything* I ever dreamed of in a man, so love and passion soon followed." Wyler had recently been divorced from the actress Margaret Sullavan.

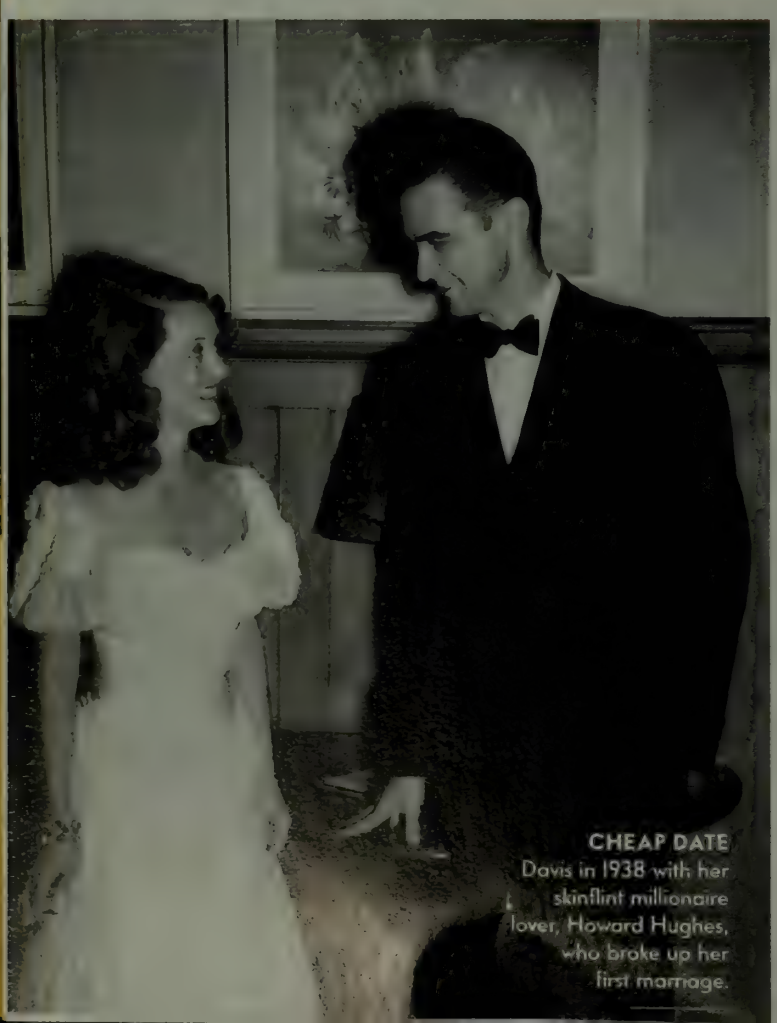
"An affair between the stars, or between the director and star, produces an electricity in a film that the audience feels. You can still feel it in *Jezebel* when you see the picture. After the *Jezebel* premiere, Hedda Hopper came up to me and whispered, 'I could tell you *were* in love with Henry Fonda. In the close-ups I could see it in your eyes.' What she didn't see was Henry Fonda. At the time they were shooting the close-ups, he was in New York with his wife, who was having Jane.

"What I was looking at was Willie Wyler, who was standing behind the camera. The cameramen and still photographers immediately noticed the new radiance in my face. 'You're beautiful, Bette,' they said. 'You must be in love. The camera never lies.' And it didn't. I was indeed in love.

"Whatever pain was involved, I'm glad I experienced that feeling. Romance, passion, respect, and consideration. Sex is flat without that."

After completing *Jezebel,* Bette discovered she was pregnant. She said she never told Wyler. Instead she had an abortion. "I killed a part of myself, but I couldn't win Willie by making him feel forced to marry me."

"You know, I was the only one who ever brought Howard Hughes to a sexual climax, or so he said."



CHEAP DATE Davis in 1938 with her skinflint millionaire lover, Howard Hughes, who broke up her first marriage.

Bette's character in the antebellum drama was the willful Julie Marsden, who defies her inadequately attentive fiancé, Pres Dillard (Henry Fonda), by wearing a red gown instead of the required white to the New Orleans Olympus Ball. Pres punishes her by forcing her to dance even though everyone is shunning them from the sidelines. He then breaks their engagement and goes to New York to work in his family's bank. Julie is shocked when he returns a year later with a bride, Amy (Margaret Lindsay). She flirts with an aspiring beau, Buck Cantrell (George Brent), to arouse Pres's jealousy, but to no avail. At the film's climax, when Pres collapses in a yellow-fever epidemic, Julie redeems herself by persuading Amy to let her be the one to go with him to the quarantined area, because she is strong enough to protect him and care for him.

Julie Marsden is in many respects what is considered an archetypal Bette Davis part, yet by no means was it the only kind of character she played.

"I've played quite as many calm, heroine-type women as I have a Jezebel-type person. But the Jezebels are always remembered more, because people are fascinated by a woman like that more than by just a heroine. I was always challenged by women like this, because it was really something to work with, and it did become known as a Bette Davis part.

"Personally, I've *never* been able to figure out really what I am like or what I'm *not* really like. I could always understand my character on the screen better than I could understand myself. And when I had to play myself in *Hollywood Canteen* [1944] and *Thank Your Lucky Stars* [1943], I was utterly lost, utterly."

Bette had one lingering regret about *Jezebel.* "I wanted my father to see the film. I wanted to hear him say I was a great actress and that he had been wrong not to believe in me. I really wanted to hear him say, 'I am very proud of you. I love you.'"

That never happened. During the shooting of the film, Harlow Davis, a lawyer, who had separated from his first wife when Bette was 7, died of a heart attack at 52.

"I couldn't go to the funeral back in Boston without shutting down production, so I finished the film. I knew Daddy would *not* understand. I had let him down again. When I was free, I cried for days. At the time, it seemed normal to care when your father dies, even though I hardly knew him. He was, after all, my father. But, looking back, I wondered if it was because it meant that my long struggle to gain his attention, to win his admiration, was over. He had played a part in my life, and a greater part in my thoughts. I had failed to win his love, period."

After being awarded her first Oscar, Bette expected better roles than the ones she was offered. She complained vigorously and was put on suspension, during which time she received no salary. "I really needed the money, but I couldn't afford to risk my career on what I was being offered." However, with *The Sisters* (1938), she found a part and another director to respect, Anatole Litvak.

She played Louise, the eldest of the three Elliott sisters of Silver Bow, Montana, who elopes with Frank Medlin (Errol Flynn),

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a peripatetic newspaperman. They go to San Francisco, where Frank abandons her just before the earthquake of 1906. She survives the subsequent fire but suffers a miscarriage. Afterward, she goes to work in a department store, where the owner (Ian Hunter) falls in love with her. Frank returns, however, and Louise forgives him when he says he still loves her.

In the original script, Bette and Ian Hunter wound up together, but preview audiences didn't like Bette Davis's leaving Flynn for the dependable Hunter, so a "happy" ending was shot, with Bette taking back Flynn, who promises to reform.







FOUR-TIME LOSER
From above: Davis with her first husband, bandleader Harmon Nelson, 1932; cutting the cake with number two, Arthur Farnsworth, 1940; cutting another slice, in 1945, with number three, William Grant Sherry, the father of her only natural child, Barbara; with her last husband, Gary Merrill, 1951.

"In selecting husbands, I confused muscle with strength. All my husbands were canaries. Tweet, tweet!"



"This is not at all a happy ending," Bette told me, "because it would be out of character for Frank to become a steadfast husband. That would be as foolish as thinking Errol Flynn would make a longtime husband. Who would be so foolish? Well, Louise, my character, would, of course. Louise is a romantic and believes, or at least hopes, it will be permanent.

"It was a very Bette Davis thing to do. Romantic foolishness is almost certainly doomed. The Flynn character would never change. He couldn't even if he wanted to, and he certainly didn't want to.

"Errol Flynn liked to put his tongue in your mouth after he'd been out drinking all night. Ugh! I always kept my lips tightly closed. He must have been a terrible lover. I wouldn't know firsthand. He invited me to find out, but I didn't think I'd like being compared to all those cute little contestants in the private beauty contest he was holding."

Her marriage to bandleader Harmon "Ham" Nelson had been deteriorating, "disappearing for years," as Bette described it. "Admitting defeat was always difficult for me. Ham and I weren't really right for each other. We had just *seemed* right for each other. It was the end of many of my girlish dreams.

"Without mentioning any names," Bette said, "I'll tell you about a man I met after our marriage had failed, but before Ham asked for the divorce.

"I met this man at Tailwaggers, the animal-welfare organization. I've always loved dogs—my own, all dogs—and it broke my heart to think of them homeless, unwanted, held as prisoners, under inhumane conditions, when some of them are more human than we are.

"Well, anyway, in 1938 I was a Tailwagger. In fact, I was *the* Tailwagger—president of the organization. We had the most glamorous black-tie party in Beverly Hills, and I remember what I was wearing—a pink lace gown, *very* low-cut. Very.

"A tall, slim man approached me. He seemed reserved, even shy. He spoke softly, and I had to lean close to hear him. When he introduced himself, he looked into my eyes, not down my dress. That really impressed me, though if I didn't want men looking, why didn't I wear a higher-necked dress?

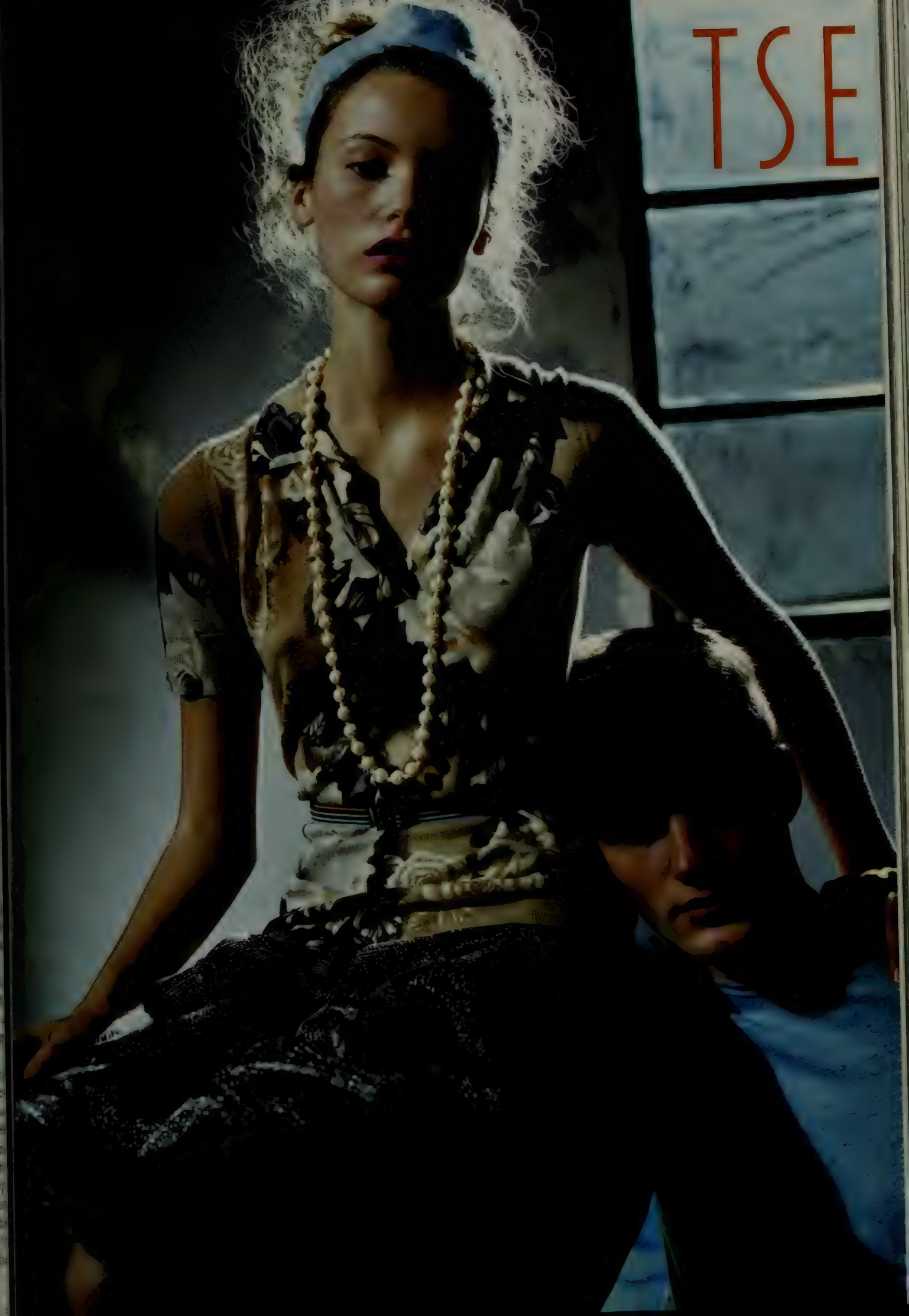
"He bought me a ton of raffle tickets. Impressive, though none of them won. And he asked me for a date. I was flattered. I was married. I was bored. I accepted.

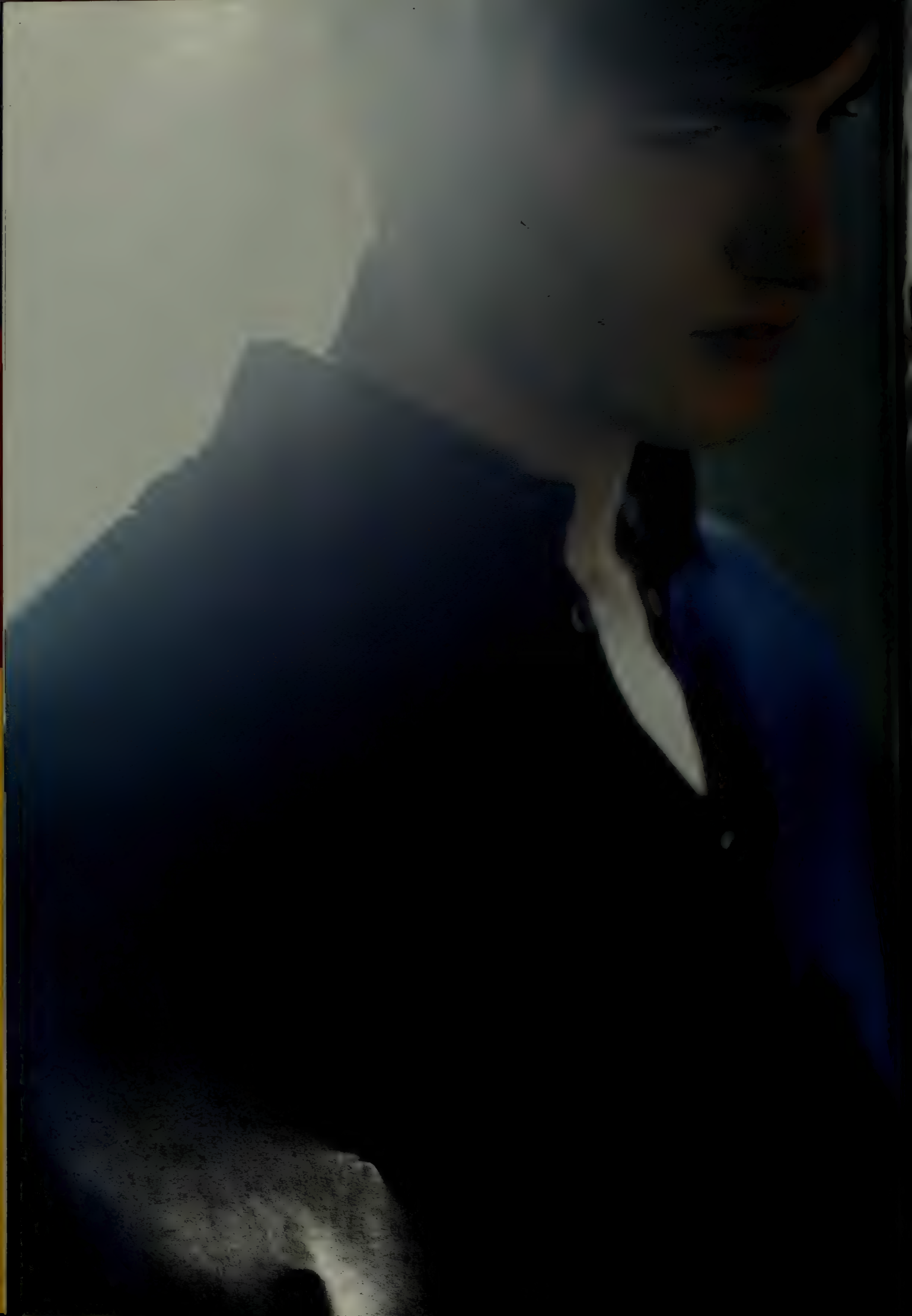
"By that time, I was married to Ham only in name. We were usually separated because of his work or my work, or both. When we were together, there was nothing left between us. And our sex life had disappeared. A woman who's been with just one man for a long time is practically a virgin again.

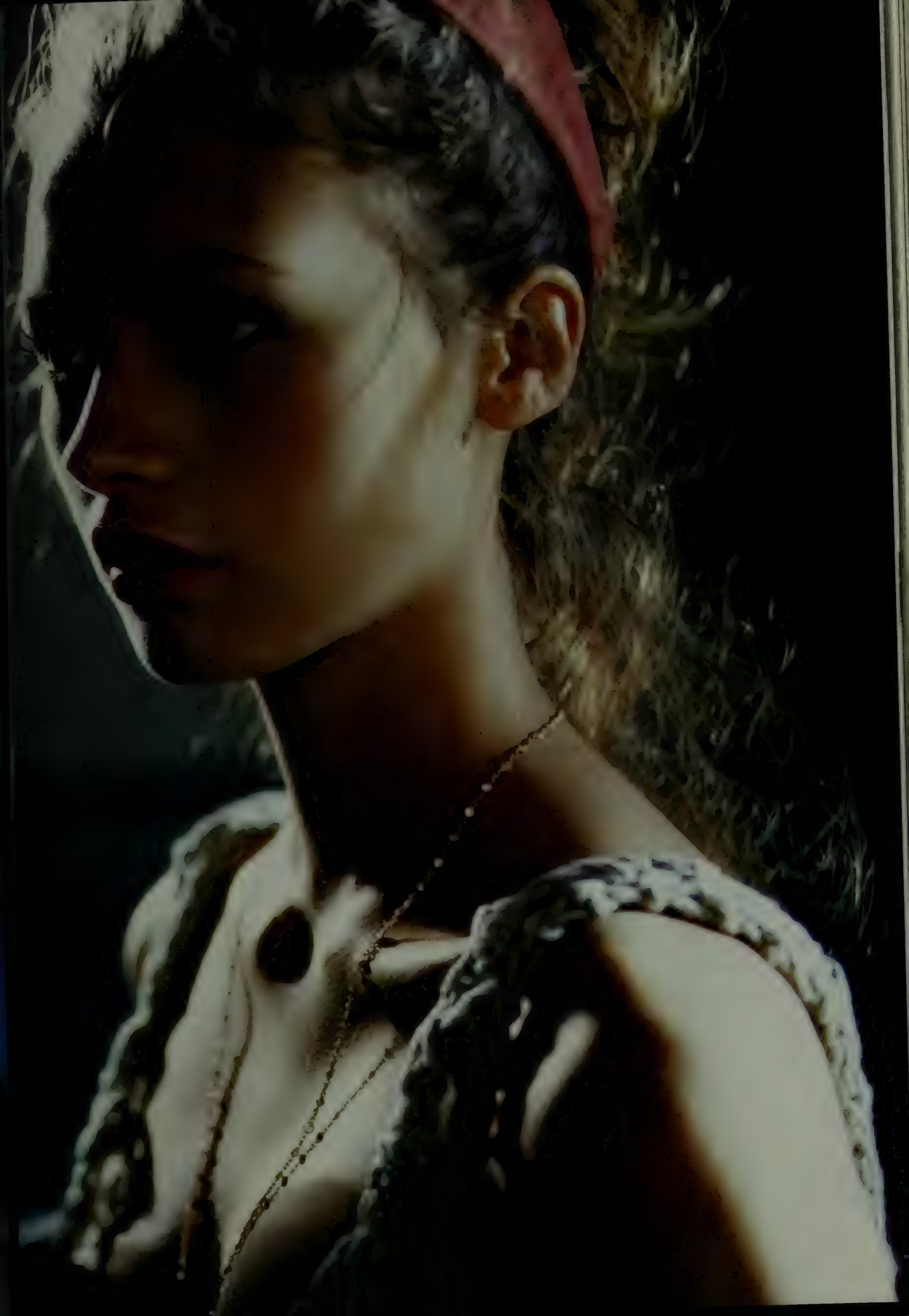
"With this man, I had to be the aggressive one, because he really was reserved. He was a few years older than I, but he seemed younger. He brought out a side of me, sexually, that no one else had, at least up to that time.

"We had to be very careful. Even though he wasn't an actor or a director, he was just as famous as I, certainly more important. We couldn't be seen at restaurants together, so we ate at home, and he liked that. He was surprised I was so domestic, and he said it was exciting to have me cook for him. It was also convenient.

"At the time, I thought he wanted to avoid gossip. Now I wonder if he only liked my cooking because it saved him money. He never carried much cash. The rich seldom do. This was in the days before credit cards, and sometimes I'd have to let him have some money. I always bought the groceries. At the time, I thought it was funny.


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"This man *had* to have his way. He never really listened to you, though he *seemed* to be listening. Perhaps it was because he was having hearing problems even then, and he'd taken to just nodding his head when he saw you speaking. I think he heard what he *wanted* to hear. In his later years he became the world's foremost hermit. I never knew if he retreated from the world as he became increasingly deaf, or if he became deaf because he was retreating from the world."

She continued: "The most revealing portrait ever made of me was taken by George Hurrell on the set of *Dark Victory* [1939]. It's an extreme close-up that shows such pain, especially in my eyes. I was in absolute agony that day, convinced my career was over.

"Having discovered my affair, Ham was in a rage. I was surprised he minded. If positions had been reversed, I wouldn't have cared what he did, because at this point we were only married legally. Ham took it very big, or at least he acted that way. I think he was looking for an excuse. Maybe he *had* found somebody else. Anyway, he got greedy when he heard who it was.

"Ham wanted a divorce, and he needed money, so I borrowed it from the studio to give to him. My marriage to Ham had *endured* for six years. Anyway, that was the end of Ham—and, in a way, the end of my youth. I had just turned 30." They were divorced on December 6, 1938.

"That man I was having the affair with didn't offer any money to help with my problems with Ham, and I assure you he was not, by any stretch of the imagination, needy. I always had to believe I was special for any man I was with. This man and I weren't in love in that magical way, but I couldn't have done

'm often asked, 'What as your favorite part?' Judith Traherne in *Dark Victory.*"

it at all if I hadn't felt there was love between us. Perhaps I missed out on passion by always looking for romance. I couldn't imagine sharing my white cottage with a stranger—even that cottage in my mind.

"Speaking of cottages, 10 years later, when I was married to [her fourth husband, the actor] Gary Merrill, he rented a house in Malibu, and it was the funniest thing . . . Well, maybe it wasn't so funny, after all. He'd chosen the exact house where I used to meet Hughes—

"There! I've said it. But I'm sure you'd already guessed it was Howard Hughes. Anyway, I thought it was better not to mention the house and what had transpired there to Gary.

"You know, I was the only one who ever brought Howard Hughes to a sexual climax, or so he said at that time. It's true. That is to say, it's true that he said it. Or let's say I believed it when he told me that. I was wildly naïve at the time. It may have been his regular seduction gambit. Anyway, it worked with me, and it was cheaper than buying gifts. But Howard *Huge* he was not. I liked sex in a way that was considered unbecoming for a woman in my time. The way I felt was only considered appropriate for a man. It was both a physical and emotional need. Of course, it had advantages in the pleasure it brought me. But it also made me a victim. Dependent.

"My professional timing was always better than my personal timing, but then, I was always finding professional happiness is a lot easier than finding personal happiness, especially for a woman. Women are supposed to wait for the right man to come and ask us. Well, the men who asked me were usually the wrong ones."

"I loved *Dark Victory,*" Bette told me, "and it got me another Oscar nomination. [She got 10 in all.] The life I have led is unbelievable. I am the first to admit it. I'll tell you another unbelievable life. Did you see *Dark Victory*?"

I nodded that I had.

"Well, did you ever think Ronnie Reagan would become the most famous actor of all time? Of course, it wasn't for being an actor. I used to think of him as 'little Ronnie Reagan,' not because he was short. He wasn't. He was tall and well built. The 'little' was for his acting talent. He wasn't totally lacking, but it appeared to be a small range, although I would be the first to admit that it's difficult to hone your craft if you don't get the chance. His part had been written to move along the story and avoid characters having to talk with themselves. He was very good in that picture where he loses his legs [*Kings Row*].

"Not too long ago, I had the chance to see *Dark Victory,* and I revised my opinion of the Ronald Reagan performance. I don't see how he could have been better. Geraldine Fitzgerald—magnificent! George [Brent], dear. As for Judith Traherne, my character, well, I cannot have false modesty. I am proud of her and of me."

Dark Victory had originally been a Broadway play, starring Tallulah Bankhead. David O. Selznick owned the screen rights, but nothing was done about making the play into a film until Bette read it and decided that the role of Judith Traherne would be right for her. She persuaded Hal Wallis to buy it for Warner despite Jack Warner's resistance.

"The day I started *Dark Victory,*" Bette told me, "Mr. Warner sent for me. He said, 'We bought this for you. We'll let you make it. But not one fellow will come into the theater. Who wants to go to the movies to see some dame dying?' Well, apparently *he* didn't go, but fortunately a great many others did. Our picture was successful and memorable."

The heroine, a privileged, fun-loving socialite, is threatened when her recurring headaches signal the possibility of a brain tumor. Following an operation, she is not told that she has at most eight months to live. She is told, however, that near the end of her life she will lose her sight. She falls in love with her surgeon, Dr. Frederick Steele (George Brent), and he with her. When Judith learns that the operation was not a success, she at first rejects his proposal of marriage as an act of pity. Later they settle into one happy summer on his Vermont farm. When her failing eyesight indicates the end is near, she doesn't tell him, and encourages him to leave without her for a medical conference. Judith knows she is going to die, but she feels that she has won her own brief dark victory over death.

When Bette went up the stairs for the last scene, she stopped in the middle of the take and asked director Edmund Goulding, "Who's scoring this film? Max Steiner?" Goulding answered that he thought so. "Well," Bette declared, "either *I* am going up those stairs or Max Steiner is going up those stairs, but not the two of us together." Bette was referring to Steiner's music, often as important a dramatic element as the actors themselves. In the finished film, his music *does,* indeed, go up the stairs with Bette. Forty-five years later, she told me, "Dear old Max Steiner. I'm glad we went up those stairs together."

Judith's secretary, Ann King (Geraldine Fitzgerald), was not in the original stage play. "It was Eddie Goulding who put my character into the screenplay," Fitzgerald told me. "It was a

great invention. I was written in so that Bette's character wouldn't have to complain [and risk losing the audience's sympathy]."

Dark Victory had a great emotional impact on Bette. "For weeks after we finished filming, I slept badly, and when I woke up, I was too afraid to open my eyes." She was always afraid, she said, that when she opened her eyes there would be only blackness.

"*Dark Victory* really affected me. I was personally so upset about being so upset that after the first week I went to Hal Wallis and asked if I could give up the part. Hal said to me, '*Stay* upset.'

"The question I'm most often asked is 'What was your favorite part?,' so I'll answer it before you ask. It was Judith Traherne in *Dark Victory*.

"I haven't the foggiest which is my favorite film after *Dark Victory*. Oh, I suppose I'd have to choose *All About Eve* [1950]. Joe Mankiewicz [the director] was truly a genius. I always think it's better not to have your favorite film at the very beginning of your career, when you don't need it. Poor Orson Welles. Imagine having to top or equal *Citizen Kane*!

"I hope there won't be a remake of *Dark Victory*. I've always felt it belonged to me."

"I used to think of him as 'little Ronnie Reagan,' not because he was short. The 'little' was for his acting talent."



ANOTHER ROUND
Davis in 1939 in *Dark Victory* with Ronald Reagan, who, as president, would honor her in 1987.

Ham divorced Bette on grounds of "cruel and inhuman treatment." He cited in particular the importance she gave her career over their marriage. "You might say he named my career co-respondent," Bette said.

After Ham divorced Bette, and her relationship with Hughes ended, it didn't matter to her, because the man she was thinking about was still William Wyler.

"Willie was the perfect man for me in every respect except one. He had everything I admire: his brilliance, his talent, his personal charm, his wit, his sensual appeal—everything I prized. There was only one quality he didn't have. He didn't want to marry me. Certainly not enough, because he married someone else.

"When we met, I told him I didn't want to get married again. Well, I *didn't* want to at that time, and I didn't want to marry just anyone; however, very quickly I knew he was the man I wanted to marry. But I couldn't let him know that. Men don't like to feel you're looking to catch them. If they feel that, they are likely to swim away, and Willie, especially, was a man any woman would want. I felt I had to play a little hard to get. Well, I was too good an actress. I overplayed my part.

"I fantasized endlessly about Willie asking me to marry him. In my mind I said yes in so many different ways. I wondered why he was taking so long. Was he ever going to ask me? Then he did ask, and, fool that I was, I said, 'I have to think about it.' I didn't want him to feel I was too anxious. He was everything I wanted, but I wasn't certain I was everything *he* wanted. I loved the way he directed me on the screen, but that didn't mean I wanted him directing me in real life. He was a perfectionist, no lily-guts, and I had a feeling he'd want to change me. Even so, my answer could only be yes. But I'd been waiting a long time for him to ask me, and he'd taken his good old time about it, so I wasn't going to rush into my yes. I wanted Willie to appreciate what he was getting, to realize just how special I was. He'd never find anyone else like me again. It didn't occur to me that he'd never look.

"I let him wait. I had to fight with all my strength to keep from picking up the telephone. Instead, I stayed by the phone every minute waiting for him to call. Terrible. There's nothing worse than waiting for a phone to ring with that call from someone you can't live without—and it doesn't. You wonder if it's out of order. Then you decide *you* are. The temptation to call him was absolutely overwhelming, but somehow I resisted. I felt I had to test him.

"Then a letter arrived. It was from Willie. I was about to tear it open when I decided, 'No, I can wait.' I set the letter aside, though it tortured me. I was dying to know what was in it. Of course, if I opened it, no one would know. But *I* would know. Finally, I couldn't stand it any longer. I opened the letter. It said if I didn't call him and give him an answer, it was all over.

"Love makes such fools of us. Really. *I*, who never play games, never pretend! I began to call Willie. I called desperately, but I couldn't find him.

"Then I heard on the radio he'd married somebody else. So, the only person I taught a lesson to was myself. The trouble with playing hard to get is that the other person may choose not to play. Just this once, I acted this way because I cared so much. I was never able to profit from the lesson. There never was another Willie. So all these years I've had my precious pride, and now I have *it* to keep me company.

"Willie was the love of my life. No question. I've always wished I'd married him. I would have had some wonderful times, and perhaps I would have had Willie's child. Oh, how I would



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have loved that! I suppose the films we made together are our children. We made three: *Jezebel, The Letter* [1940], and *The Little Foxes* [1941].

"I saw Willie many years later, in 1959. I'd looked forward to it for a long, long time. I could feel my heart beating harder and faster. I wondered what he was thinking. I wondered how it would be, that first moment when our eyes met. Would that old magic be there? Would he notice I was older? I lived the moment over and over again in my head.

"I walked on the set where he was directing *Ben-Hur,* in Italy. I didn't want to interrupt, so I waited until there was a break, then I stepped dramatically into his line of vision. 'Hello, Bette,' he said. 'Glad you could come by. Just take a seat.'

"It was as if there had never been anything between us, as if he hadn't given me a thought during the years which had passed. Well, I knew it then. He hadn't. There had never been a day I hadn't thought of him. But once I realized that Willie had gotten on with his life, I made up my mind it was high time for me to get Willie out of my mind. The strange thing is, the more desperate you are to get rid of a thought, the more it persists.

"When they wanted me to appear for Willie at the American Film Institute, I thought about doing it. He'd been *so* important in my life. Then, at the last moment, I knew I couldn't do it. I pleaded illness. There were those who said derisively, 'A Bette Davis cold.' When it was over, I was sorry, but you can't get yesterday back for any price."

"With Willie Wyler, I felt I had to play a little hard to get. Well, I was too good an actress. I overplayed my part."



THE WINNER
Davis, holding her Oscar for *Jezebel,* with William Wyler, her favorite director—and more—1939.

Bette said she had another reason that had made her feel nervous about attending the A.F.I. tribute. She knew that at Wyler's side would be the woman with whom he had shared his life, Margaret Tallichet, his wife and the mother of his children. "Oh, I do envy Talli that," Bette said. "I don't know how I would feel sitting at *their* table."

The next year, when Bette was honored with the same award by the A.F.I., Wyler was there with Talli. Bette saw them and, somewhat to her surprise, she felt happy. "I was happy for him, happy that he had found a good life. So, you see, I really *did* love him. And I was pleased to find that I'm not at all a bad person."

Bette was the first woman to be so honored by the A.F.I. "I was proud indeed, and excited about it. I even went to one of those diet places to get in shape—600 calories a day and decaf. Ugh! They asked Willie to speak for me, and he did. I hadn't braved it for him, but he stood up for me. As always, he was the better man.

"I've told myself it wouldn't have worked out if I'd married W[illie]. Can the magic of being together last? I don't know. I'm afraid it always has to wear off. Too much to hope for. Well, at least, if I couldn't find magic in life, I found it on film. If I couldn't be Jezebel in life, I could be Jezebel on the screen for a while. I thought to myself, I could exist without Jezebel, but she couldn't exist without me. No—that's not true. She *will* exist without me. She'll always be there, and she'll never get wrinkles. Of course Baby Jane [Bette's character in the 1962 film *What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?*] will never have anything *but* wrinkles."

Wyler remembered the affair somewhat differently. He told me that Bette had claimed she didn't *want* to get married again, and he had believed her, probably because he *wanted* to believe her. "She was very passionate and emotional," he said, "with more energy than anyone I'd ever known. Too much for me."

At first it was flattering to him, the depth of her feeling for him, until he realized she could, in just a moment, become what seemed to him "equally emotional over the slightest or the most inconsequential thing."

"After a while, it became rather draining," he remembered. "Arguing seemed to stimulate her and especially her enjoyment in making up." But it didn't stimulate him, it exhausted him. Her endless wellspring of energy sapped his, he said, and he felt it eventually would have ruined his career. He couldn't imagine going home every night to all that turmoil and being at the service of her career as well as his own. "Two big careers, equal, and constantly shifting up and down, probably it's one career too many. If she got what she wanted, I felt it wouldn't be what she wanted anymore. It seemed it was always about having to pass a test, until you failed."

Between Ham Nelson and Gary Merrill, Bette married two other men, neither of whom provided her with many happy memories. The first was Arthur Austin "Farney" Farnsworth, the assistant manager of an inn Bette went to for a holiday in Franconia, New Hampshire, after finishing *The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex* with Errol Flynn in 1939. Farney was from an old New England family, and the best Bette could say for him years later was that he was "geographically correct," adding dryly, "We were married for only a couple of years."

The second was William Grant Sherry, whom she met at a party in October 1945. "I married Sherry exactly a month after that lousy party at Laguna Beach. A year and a half later, my daughter, Barbara Davis Sherry, was born. We lived happily never after."

Geraldine Fitzgerald, who died in July last year, once reminisced with me about Bette during a lunch at Le Cirque, in New York. "Bette was the most generous actress I've ever worked with. She helped me a great deal when I first came to Hollywood, and we remained lifelong friends."

She told me about crossing the country with Bette during World War II. They found themselves on the same train in adjoining bedroom compartments. During a 20-minute stopover in Kansas City, Bette decided it would be pleasant to take a stroll with Geraldine on the platform. Everyone else on the train followed a short distance behind, straining to catch every word that was spoken. "There was no one who could enunciate and project like Bette,


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and, at the time, I was terribly self-conscious," Geraldine recalled.

"Bette had one favored subject over all others. Sex.

"'Now, Fitzy,' she asked me, 'What do you think of George Brent?'

"I said, 'I think he's a very talented actor.'

"'No, I don't mean on the screen,' Bette said. 'I mean in bed.'

"The crowd following us looked at the ground, pretending they hadn't heard, which meant they had.

"'But I've never been to bed with him,' I said.

"Bette looked at me, amazed, and said for the benefit of everyone else, 'Then you must be the only one on the Warner lot who hasn't!'"

During *Dark Victory,* Bette did have an affair with George Brent, "one of the few men who gave me something besides himself," she told me.

"People think actors and actresses have affairs with *all* their co-stars. I wasn't so lucky—or, perhaps, so *un*lucky. But George Brent and I *did* have something going. He helped me through *Dark Victory,* and we fell in love. We were both single at the time, and that was rather a pleasure. We could be seen together in public places. Hal Wallis was pleased by our affair. I suppose he thought it would help the picture at the box office.

"George was notorious as one of the tightest men in Hollywood. He liked me, but he *loved* his money. Oh, I always knew how to pick 'em! Once, he gave me a bracelet with B-E-T-T-E spelled out in diamonds—you know, the tiny chip diamonds. He said he was glad I had such a short name. I laughed and I said, 'Well, my name is *really* Ruth Elizabeth.' He didn't think that was funny at all.

"Thirty years after our affair, I was playing onstage, and I received a bouquet of white orchids from George. On a card, he wrote he would be coming backstage after the show to see me. I was in a dither. Would I still look good to him? I was more nervous about seeing George than about doing the show.

"There was a timid knock at the door, and this incredibly ancient old man came hobbling in. He was portly, bald, and long in tooth, though not long in *teeth.* I didn't know it was George until he giggled. I couldn't ever have forgotten that funny, out-of-character giggle.

"We hugged and chatted a bit, but I was so shaken I hardly knew what to say. It seems heartless, I know, but I couldn't help thanking God I hadn't married him. When he was 35 and I was 31, that four years' difference hadn't meant anything, but time plays strange tricks.

"I was very involved with George Brent. I found him an exciting man on and off the screen. On-screen he was a leading man, but he didn't have that extra something that makes a star, what Bogey had.

"I was always trying to cast the man of my dreams. My favorite actor with whom I never played, professionally or personally, was Laurence Olivier. I admired everything about him. He was a great actor, and he was my dream man. Larry was my fantasy lover, the perfect man, or at least I thought he would be. He was not only beautiful but intelligent."

Bette won many honors for her work. The agent Robby Lantz escorted her to a reception at the White House during the weekend of the 1987 Kennedy Center Honors. He remembered Bette, who was one of the honorees, saying to him that she was concerned about how she would be received by President Reagan, because he was aware of her being a lifelong Democrat. Lantz assured her that there would no problem, and as their moment came in the receiving line, it was exactly as he had predicted. The president couldn't have been more gracious to Bette, as he was to everyone, especially the guests of honor. He mentioned their days working together on *Dark Victory.*

"Your French publisher has me working very hard here" was Bette's greeting to me as we met to have tea in Paris at the Plaza Athénée the following year. "I've let him know what I think about that." She was in Paris for the French publication of her book *This 'n That.* I was there for the French publication of my book *Hello, I Must Be Going.* I had shown her book to my French publisher, and he had purchased the rights, had it translated, and brought her to Paris to promote it.

She enjoyed giving television and newspaper interviews and speaking with fans in Paris. "It's wonderful to feel so welcome and wanted." There was one newspaper article, however, that had very much disappointed her. "It was the one I was looking forward to, and the one most people I knew would see, because it would be in English, in the *International Herald Tribune,* and I knew I would have a sympathetic interviewer."

The interviewer was Thomas Quinn Curtis, a featured reviewer and film and theater critic, who was a longtime resident of Paris. He had written many times about Bette, always with respect and appreciation. It was a lengthy meeting, because Curtis wanted to spend as much time as possible with the great star. Eagerly, Bette waited for his piece on her, which she hoped would be published while she was still in Paris. She checked each day in the newspaper delivered to her hotel suite.

Then there it was. At first she was pleased, but as she read more she was shocked, horrified. What stood out for her was Curtis's reference to her "spindly legs." She said she had not read further. She asked me, "Do you think I have spindly legs?"

I said I didn't. Bette was extremely thin after her battle with cancer, and the battle was ongoing. She found it difficult to eat, but her legs, though thin, had kept their shapeliness. She had always been proud of what she usually referred to as her "gams." She told me that Curtis's words had spoiled her trip to Paris.

Bette said George Brent was "one of the few men who gave me something besides himself."

"It would seem that I've already been mortified enough for one lifetime," Bette said to me, and I understood that she was referring to *My Mother's Keeper.*

Bette had been told that her daughter's book, published in 1985, was terrible, that it would hurt her deeply, but she hoped those who had told her had exaggerated. "They hadn't. It was more horrible than anything I could have imagined. No question about it."

She was concerned that she would be recognized while buying it. "That would have been *too* mortifying. I sent someone to the store to buy the book for me. I wanted to be able to say to anyone who ever asked me that I hadn't read it."

She said she couldn't bear the idea that the salesclerk would tell someone, and that the story of her buying the book might appear in a column that B.D., as her daughter was known, might read. "She didn't send me a complimentary copy of her highly uncomplimentary book," Bette told me. "I suppose she was counting every book sold. Even in writing her book, she had to depend on her mother in order to be able to sell her book to a publisher, and then to anyone else.

"I had to know what it said. I read every searing word. I

read it only once. I will not need to go back. I will remember every hate-filled sentence, branded on my soul, as long as I live.

"She said I 'bellowed'!" B.D. had left no doubt as to her picture of her mother, the picture she wanted to share with the world. It was, Bette said, more painful than anything she had endured in the hospital, worse than her mastectomy, more terrible torture than the strokes she had suffered.

"Finding out that my only natural child not only didn't love me but detested me was the most terrible thing in my life."

"How cruel, not to leave you a happy memory! It's like leaving you only broken bric-a-brac in your mind.

"After I read it once, I threw it into the garbage, where it belonged.

"You can love someone who doesn't love you. You *can't* love someone who *hates* you, once you have learned that that person hates you, and has hated you over a long time while pretending not to, and fooling you.

"I never considered not reading it," Bette said. "Can you imagine? Everyone else would know what it said, and I would be the only one in the dark.

"Above all, I had to know what I would say to B.D., who was my only natural child, my pride and joy, whom I had always adored from the moment I held her on the day of her birth.

"I thought about when we came face-to-face, or when I called her. I couldn't imagine what words I would speak to her. After I read what she had written about me, I no longer needed to think about what I would say to her—*ever.*

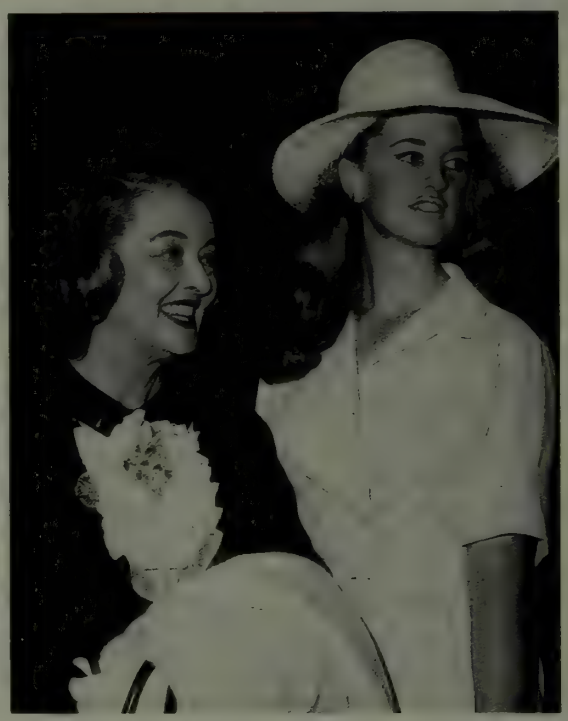
"She had gotten out of me what she would get out of me. I don't have so much money, but whatever I have, if I die soon enough to have some left, it will *not* go to her. So what she has from me now is my name and reputation to attack in that book. I don't know if she did what she did for money or just to hurt me. Probably both.

"But even for that, take note, she needed my name, Bette Davis. If she hadn't been the daughter of Bette Davis, who would have wanted her book?

"She broke my heart, if that's what satisfied her. I gave her whatever I had to offer, all my love, my presence, because I wanted to be with her. I gave her whatever money could buy, or at least whatever *my* money could buy—her kitten, her pony.

"Finding out that my only natural child not only didn't love me but actually detested me was the most terrible thing that happened in my life. Absolutely."

Bette never again spoke to her daughter.



MOMMIE DEAREST
Davis in 1965 with her beloved B.D., who in 1985 would publish a scathing tell-all book about her mother.

The last time I saw Bette Davis was at the gala of the Film Society of Lincoln Center, in New York City, when she was the honoree. It was April 24, 1989, in Avery Fisher Hall. Joseph Mankiewicz, James Stewart, and Geraldine Fitzgerald were among the stars who spoke for her. Roy Furman, president of the Film Society, introduced her as someone who had "all by herself defined what it is to be an actress for the screen, using her brains and instinct and experience to play the widest possible spectrum of roles, and to give each the indelible stamp of her personality."

Furman later remembered being surprised by Bette's nervousness. He observed her fragile state as she sat in her wheelchair, waiting, and despite her firm insistence that she would walk onstage, Furman had arranged an alternative plan should the need arise.

Following the film clips and recognition of her career by the speakers, Bette was introduced. On cue, she astounded Furman by virtually springing out of the wheelchair and walking to the microphone. After a standing ovation, Bette paused and surveyed the festive, glittering hall with its black-tie audience. Then she said, "What a dump!"

"There was an explosion of laughter," Furman recalled. "It was an extraordinary icebreaker."

When Bette told the audience that had come there to pay tribute to her, "It's about time," there was more laughter.

She closed her speech with a line from *The Cabin in the Cotton* (1932), her favorite line, she said, from all of her films: "Ah'd love to kiss you, but Ah just washed mah hair."

At the end of the evening, Bette seemed the happiest I had seen her since the days before illness and frailty and her daughter's book had brought her down. At the party at Tavern on the Green afterward, she told me that seeing the clips from her films had meant a great deal to her. "I've really been very successful in my life. I'm proud. I did what I set out to do, something worth doing."

The last words she spoke to me were: "I'm like a cat. Nine lives. Throw me into the air and I land on my feet. I want to die with my high heels on, still in action."

I was in Paris when I read that Bette had died. I knew she had just been in Spain, being honored at the San Sebastián Film Festival. Then she became ill. At first it seemed to be flu, brought on by exhaustion from the trip, her insecurity because of her physical appearance, and her abiding concern with never disappointing her public.

She had been accompanied to San Sebastián by her companion, Kathryn Sermak, who immediately arranged for "Miss D.," as she called her, to leave by chartered plane for Paris. There Bette died, on October 6, 1989. She was 81.

In her will she specifically disinherited B.D. Except for a few small bequests, Bette left everything to Sermak, who had faithfully supported her through her illnesses, and to Michael Merrill, the son she and Gary Merrill had adopted, who had become a successful lawyer. □

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VANITIES



EMILE HIRSCH

AGE AND OCCUPATION: 21, actor. **PROVENANCE:** Venice Beach, California. **EVERY DOG HAS HIS DAY:** Hirsch, who played skateboarder Jay Adams in last year's *Lords of Dogtown*, stars in the upcoming *Alpha Dog*. "I play the alpha dog," says Hirsch. "My guy thinks he's this big gangster." The film is based on the story of Jesse James Hollywood, the diminutive 19-year-old drug dealer who killed a customer's stepbrother over a debt and became one of the youngest criminals ever to make the F.B.I.'s Ten Most Wanted list. **GAG REEL:** Director Nick Cassavetes was in the editing room when the real Hollywood was caught in Brazil and extradited. Hollywood's lawyers hope to delay the film's release until after the trial. **NICK'S MOM HAS GOT IT GOIN' ON:** At six feet four inches, *Alpha Dog* director Nick Cassavetes cuts an intimidating figure. "He's huge," says Hirsch. "Scary sometimes." But "Nick was always nice to me because I worked with his mom," Gena Rowlands, who was in the Showtime movie *Wild Iris* with Hirsch in 2001. —KRISTA SMITH

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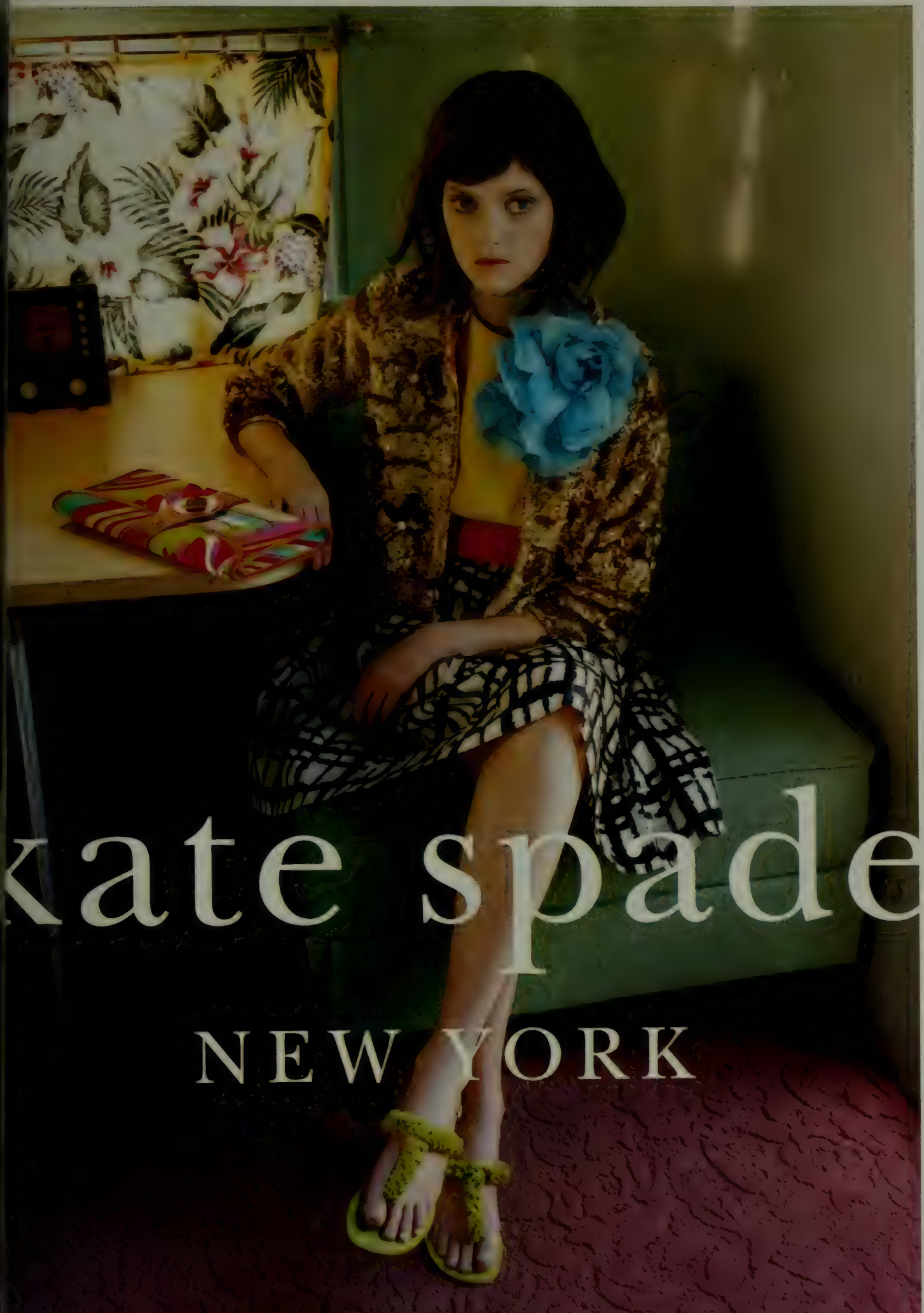
INTELLIGENCE REPORT: THE DIRECTORS



	THE BOMBS	THE SPECTACULARISTS	THE AUTEURS	THE TV AUTEURS	THE INDIE BOYS
THE DEAN	Steven Spielberg	Michael Bay	David Lynch	Alan Ball	Spike Jonze
[illegible]	Riviera Palisades	Bird Streets	Malibu Country Mart	Outpost Circle	Silver Lake
MAN OF THE HOUR	Peter Jackson ▶	Christopher Nolan	Steven Soderbergh ▶	Marc Cherry	Noah Baumbach
[illegible]	Roger Corman productions	Donny Deutsch advertising	Super-8	Feature films	MTV
CURRENT ICONIC WORK	*Munich*	*Fantastic Four* ▶	*Solaris*	*Six Feet Under* ▶	*Adaptation*
[illegible]	Toscana	Café Med	Du-Par's Ventura Boulevard	Real Food Daily	The Edendale Grill
OFFICE DÉCOR	Arizona Biltmore lobby	Converted warehouse with exposed heating ducts	Palmetto 40s studio bungalow	Germ-free midcentury modern	Rented house with Galaga machine
[illegible]	Kofi Annan	Neal Moritz	George Clooney ◀	Chris Albrecht	Mike De Luca
LITTLE BUDDY	◀ Rob Reiner	◀ The Rock	Luis Guzman	Lisa Kudrow ▶	Elvis Mitchell
[illegible]	Solemn prowess	Maximalism	Studio edgy	Lynch lite	Altman does Sak
OUTFIT	The big purple Hanukkah sweater and baseball cap	Alligator belt, snug jeans, and Billy Martin boots	Nerd glasses and black T-shirt ▶	All cargo pants all the time	Corduroy jacket, bush pants, and flip-flop
[illegible]	◀ Oscars	People's Choice	D.G.A.	Emmys	Spirits
BLACK SHEEP	James Cameron	Wachowski brothers	◀ Nic Cage	Mark Burnett	◀ Sofia Coppol
[illegible]	Face-lift and Botox	Gastric bypass	Elective exploratory	Face transplant	Spinal-flui rejuvenatic
SIDELINE	Find cure for Tay-Sachs	Car-design consultant	Graphic novelist	Guest lecturer	Gap model
[illegible]	"All that matters is if I've made people stop and think."	"My asteroid is still the industry standard."	"I'm not making a film about a story. I'm making a story about a film."	"There is no scarier subject than the American family."	"Pretend you're thinki about nothing."

–RICHARD RUSHFIELD and ADAM LEFF

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TIM SHEAFFER


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GEORGE WAYNE Q&A

Oscar's Party

Las Vegas mayor Oscar Goodman lets it ride

Only in gangster-built Las Vegas could the highest elected official be a hard-drinking gambler and former defense lawyer for the Mob. But Mayor Oscar Goodman, often with feathered showgirls at his side, is leading an intense push to revitalize the downtown and transform Sin City into a first-rate metropolis. Our correspondent chats with the mayor, who is currently considering a run for the U.S. Senate.

George Wayne: *So, Oscar, what is your favorite movie of all time?*

Oscar Goodman: Well, of course it has to be *Casino,* where some of the greatest acting of all time took place.

G.W. *Especially yours, right? You were in that movie.*

O.G. I played myself. Scorsese said, "Just play yourself—forget about the lines." I was great.

G.W. *Tell me a great Sharon Stone story from the set.*

O.G. My wife had her over for dinner and she was like the girl next door. She set the table. She helped bring the food out. You would have never known this was *the* Sharon Stone.

G.W. *She didn't flash any beaver?*

O.G. No, we were too busy eating roast beef.

G.W. *Now, is it really true that you and your wife, Carolyn, moved to Vegas in 1964 with only $87 in your pocket?*

O.G. That is true. We were highly educated, but we came out here and arrived in town with $87 in our collective pocket.

G.W. *Tell me, Oscar, how did a University of Pennsylvania Law School–trained lawyer who made a name for himself defending the Mob end up being the mayor of Las Vegas?*

O.G. As a lawyer, I represented a fellow who was charged with killing a federal judge. And I've represented a federal judge before the United States Senate. So I had done everything, and it just got to that point in my life. I wanted to try something different. I've always been fighting the system from the outside. And I said, "Let me try to keep it honest from the inside." Even my own family said I couldn't win, because I had more baggage than the skycaps at our airport.

G.W. *And a mayor, the last time I heard, with an astounding 86 percent approval rating.*

O.G. I'm looking for the other 14 so I can have them whacked.

G.W. *"The happiest mayor in the world," you have called yourself. And Mayor Happy, I hear, just loves his gin-and-tonics.*

O.G. I would never adulterate gin with tonic. It's straight gin. It's gin on gin with an ice cube.

G.W. *Your city pilfers about $5 billion from the pockets of compulsive gamblers.*

O.G. No, the statistics will show that only about 1 percent of gamblers have a problem. And that is not unique to Las Vegas—48 out of the 50 states now have gambling.

G.W. *What do you like to gamble on?*

O.G. I gamble on anything that moves. I don't participate in the table games, but I love to bet on sports. I bet on cockroaches: if they turn left or right. I'm a big sports fan.

G.W. *The Mob created Vegas, and you've defended them every step of the way.*

O.G. The "alleged mobsters." Don't call them "mobsters," please. They will find you.

G.W. *Well, G.W.'s Oscar goes to you, Mayor Goodman. You rule. You work hard, but play even harder! If you're invited to the* Vanity Fair *Oscar party, are you going to bring two naked showgirls and an Elvis impersonator to follow you everywhere?*

O.G. Let's put it this way: if I am invited to the *Vanity Fair* party, I will have five showgirls with me, and I'll leave Elvis at home.

Mayor Oscar Goodman with trusty Las Vegas showgirl Porsha Revesz.

VANITIES



(NOTE: Cross-reference definitions in this volume are spelled in CAPITAL LETTERS. Cross-reference definitions in the forthcoming *The Film Snob's Dictionary* are spelled out in RED CAPITAL LETTERS.)

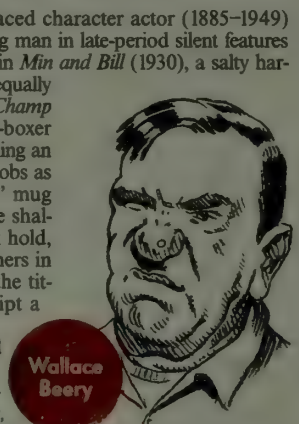
Need to know where Wes Anderson gets his too small suits? Can't tell Wally Beery's pug mug from Harry Langdon's pudgy puss? Clueless as to what "wire-fu" is? Let DAVID KAMP and LAWRENCE LEVI sort things out with . . .

The FILM SNOB'S DICTIONARY VOLUME 3

Antihero. Film-crit term, borrowed from comp-lit studies, that achieved hyper-currency in the late 1960s and 1970s when the *Easy Riders, Raging Bulls* generation took wing, its *auteurs* constructing their films around morally compromised, usually runty, usually ethnic protagonists—such as Robert De Niro's Travis Bickle in *Taxi Driver,* Al Pacino's eponymous character in *Serpico,* and Dustin Hoffman's Ratso Rizzo in *Midnight Cowboy. Vincent Gallo hustles and skitters like a real-life embodiment of a Scorsese* antihero.

Aspect ratio. The ratio between the width and height of the film frame; 1.85:1 is the American wide-screen standard. Though once known only within the filmmaking industry and among those who used to be called "AV nerds" in high-school projectionist clubs, the term has become commonplace on DVD sleeves, a reassurance to potential buyers that their DIRECTOR'S CUT version of *Donnie Darko* hasn't been trimmed to fit TV screens. *Don't get that* Assault on Precinct 13 *DVD—they didn't preserve the original* aspect ratio!

Beery, Wallace. Thickset, Doberman-faced character actor (1885–1949) who found unlikely success as a leading man in late-period silent features and early-period talkies, most notably in *Min and Bill* (1930), a salty harborside slice-of-life tale co-starring the equally linebackerish Marie Dressler, and *The Champ* (1931), in which he played the faded-boxer dad of towheaded Jackie Cooper (winning an Oscar for his efforts). Cherished by Snobs as the embodiment of the sort of "real" mug that Old Hollywood embraced before shallow youth culture and Kabbalah took hold, he was paid tribute by the Coen brothers in *Barton Fink* (1991), in which it was the titular character's accursed fate to script a "Wallace Beery wrestling picture."



Cassel, Seymour. Rumpled, mustachioed character actor who made his name as part of JOHN CASSAVETES'S repertory in such films as *Too Late Blues, Faces,* and *Minnie and Moskowitz*—and, as such, has been deployed in his later career by such hip-minded directors as Wes Anderson, Alexandre Rockwell, and Steve Buscemi, often as a plaid-jacketed scamster type.

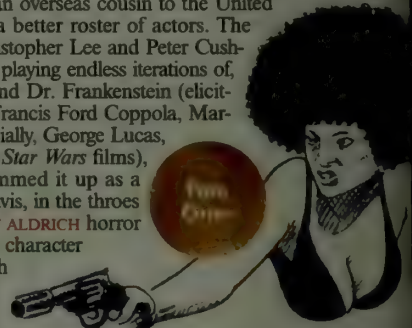
Deren, Maya. Sulkily beautiful experimental filmmaker (1917–61), renowned among Art Snobs for such surrealistic shorts as *Meshes of the Afternoon* (1943), which has no soundtrack but for a drumbeat that accompanies Deren's movements as she wields a knife at no one in particular and encounters an unexplained hooded figure wearing a reflective mask. Born Eleanora Derenkowsky and raised in New York after her Jewish family fled the pogroms in their native Ukraine, Deren quickly insinuated herself into the American film, dance, and difficult-art worlds, using a Guggenheim fellowship to study Haitian voodoo and becoming a voodoo priestess in the process. Even STAN BRAKHAGE thought her stuff was weird. *David Lynch's dislocated narratives in* Mulholland Drive *and* Lost Highway *have* Maya Deren's *influence written all over them.*



Facets Video. Comprehensively stocked video shop in Film Snob–choked Chicago, renowned for its array of foreign titles and Francophile pretensions; it prefers to be known as a "videotheque," not a store, and its adjunct theater—which offers "cinechats" with such visiting directors as GUY MADDIN and PETER GREENAWAY—is called a "cinematheque." Arguably the only video shop with a self-imposed mandate to turn impressionable children into Film Snobs, Facets offers a Futu Filmmaker Membership that allows kids to borrow such titles as *C Lights* and *Silas Marner* for free.

Grier, Pam. Tall, regally beautiful black actress who made her name in w (women-in-prison) movies in the early 70s before becoming the reigni empress-mama of blaxploitation, kicking and baring ass in such vehicl as *Coffy* (1973; tagline: "She'll cream ya!") and *Foxy Brown* (1974), bo of which were written and directed by Jack Hill, a career B-picture dire tor hailed by Quentin Tarantino for his '75 girl-gang movie, *Switchbla Sisters.* After a quiet couple of decades of TV work and supporting ro in movies, Grier was lovingly rehabilitated by Tarantino in his 1997 film *Jackie Brown,* in which she was a leading lady. Novice Snobs frequen ly make the mistake of crediting Grier for playing the title character *Cleopatra Jones* (1973); that role was in fact played by Tamara Dobso

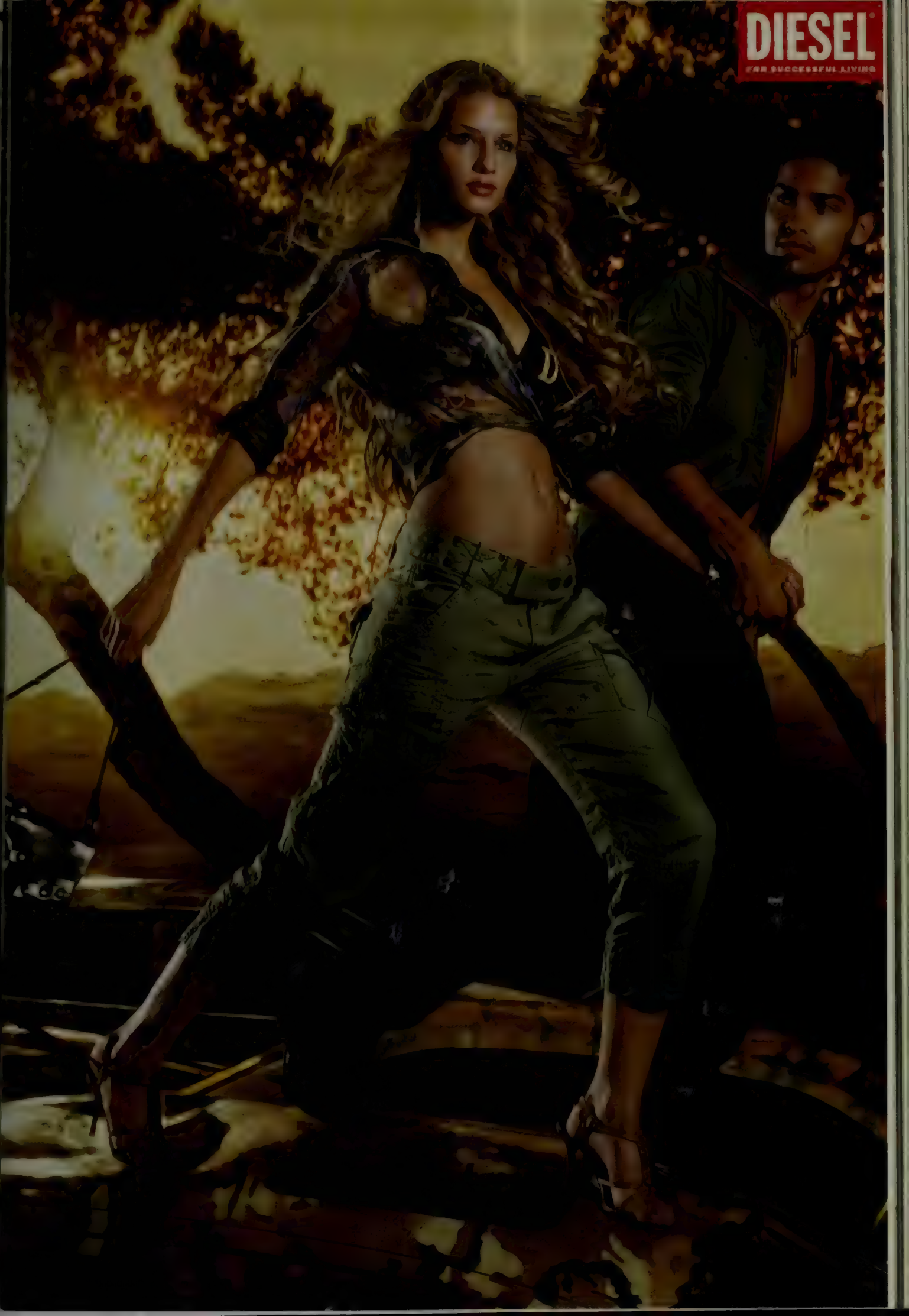
Hammer Films. British production company that, in its factory-like produ tion of blood-soaked, décolletage-heavy horror flicks from the 1950s to the 70s, was an overseas cousin to the United States' AIP, only with a better roster of actors. The Albionically gaunt Christopher Lee and Peter Cushing became famous for playing endless iterations of, respectively, Dracula and Dr. Frankenstein (eliciting the admiration of Francis Ford Coppola, Martin Scorsese, and, especially, George Lucas, who cast both men in *Star Wars* films), while Oliver Reed hammed it up as a werewolf, and Bette Davis, in the throes of her run as a ROBERT ALDRICH horror hag, starred as the title character of *The Nanny,* in which she submits a small child to water torture.



I Am Curious (Yellow). Ponderous, nudity-filled 1967 Swedish film, directed by Vilgot Sjöman that sparked a moralists-versus-libertines kerfuffle upon its America release, in 1969, with prints being seized at U.S. Customs and Norma Mailer championing the film with characteristic hyperbole as "one of th most important pictures I have ever seen in my life." A very of-its-tim

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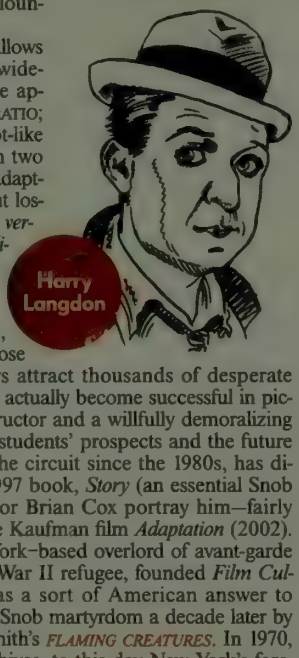
Excerpted from *The Film Snob's Dictionary,* by David Kamp with Lawrence Levi, to be published this month by Broadway Books, a division of Random House, Inc.; ©2006 by David Kamp.


DIESEL
FOR SUCCESSFUL LIVING

film about a young woman's sexual and political "voyage of discovery" with explicit sex scenes between its lumpy-bodied leads, Lena Nyman and Börje Ahlstedt, and pseudo-documentary interludes about Martin Luther King Jr. and Soviet poet Yevgeny Yevtushenko, *I Am Curious (Yellow)* effectively nailed the coffin shut on the HAYS CODE and paved the way for routine female nudity in movie features (though male nudity would become primarily the province of KEN RUSSELL and the Merchant-Ivory team). Long out of print, its title better known than its content, *I Am Curious (Yellow)* has belatedly received the CRITERION COLLECTION treatment, coming neatly packaged in a box set with Sjöman's follow-up, *I Am Curious (Blue)*.

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Mekas, Jonas. Lithuanian-born, New York–based overlord of avant-garde film. Born in 1922, Mekas, a World War II refugee, founded *Film Culture* in his new homeland in 1954 as a sort of American answer to *CAHIERS DU CINÉMA*, and cemented his Snob martyrdom a decade later by getting arrested for screening Jack Smith's *FLAMING CREATURES*. In 1970, Mekas founded Anthology Film Archives, to this day New York's foremost temple for pallid worshippers of STAN BRAKHAGE and MAYA DEREN, and in 2001, Mekas's own career as an underground filmmaker reached its apogee with the nearly five-hour-long *As I Was Moving Ahead Occasionally I Saw Brief Glimpses of Beauty*, essentially a shapeless compendium of 30 years' worth of home movies.

Mr. Ned. Manhattan tailor shop that became an unlikely Snob destination when word got out that it is where director Wes Anderson gets his too-short, too-narrow prepster suits made. Young obsessives with means and sufficient leanness (hardly a given in Snob circles) are known to seek out Vahram Mateosian, Anderson's tailor, for the latest in moleskin-and-velvet Wes-wear.

Platt, Polly. Polymathic, German-born set designer, screenwriter, producer, and actress, who, as the first Mrs. PETER BOGDANOVICH, is upheld by Snobs as the steadying influence behind the director's superior early work—it was she, for example, who acted on Sal Mineo's tip that Larry McMurtry's novel *The Last Picture Show* might make a good movie. Though she was married to Bogdanovich only from 1962 to 1970, Platt continued to work with him through 1973's *Paper Moon*, after which he lost the plot. Gracious even as her ex rampaged through a number of tootsies, Platt soldiered on respectably, writing Louis Malle's *Pretty Baby* (1978) and producing Wes Anderson's directorial debut, *Bottle Rocket* (1996).

Polglase, Van Nest. Temperamental art director for RKO Pictu (1898–1968) in that studio's glory days, renowned for the sumptuous duction designs of films as varied as *The Three Musketeers* (1935), *Gu Din* (1939), and *Citizen Kane* (1941). Polglase gets his biggest Snob colades, though, for the "Big White Sets" he helped devise for s Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers movies as *Top Hat* (1935) and *Shall Dance* (1937), highly stylized Art Deco expanses that afforded Fred Ginger the opportunity to twirl into infinity. *Check out those Bak floors shined to a fare-thee-well; that's just* Polglase *at his most awes*

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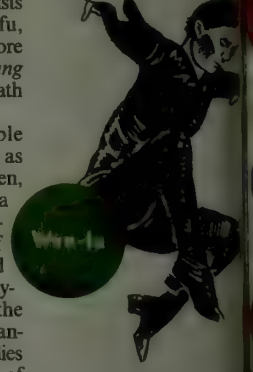


Second-unit director. A deputy to a film's main director whose job it is shoot scenes and footage that don't require the presence and immedi supervision of the main director, often action sequences and expositio location shots. Many a second-unit director, having overseen his ow semi-autonomous production crew, has eventually graduated to suprem director status, though Snobs glory in knowing the names of car second-unit specialists like Yakima Canutt (who was also an ace stu man in John Wayne movies) and B. Reeves Eason. *No disrespect to P Verhoeven, but the real reason* RoboCop *rocks is that Monte Hellman the uncredited* second-unit director.

Troma Entertainment. Gonzo independent production company, in busin since 1974, specializing in cheapo, cheerfully cheesy horror-comed (*Class of Nuke 'Em High*, the *Toxic Avenger* series) and cheapo, cheerfu cheesy juggs-SPLOITATION movies (*Waitress! The First Turn-On!!*), many which are directed by Troma's irrepressible founder himself, Lloyd Ka man. Kaufman, who has cultivated a bow-tied, ranting-libertine N York–Jew persona—a sort of cleaned-up, slimmed-down, unbearded Goldstein with soft-core rather than hard-core proclivities—often takes the road to teach a ROBERT MCKEE–style seminar on filmmaking, based his book *Make Your Own Damn Movie!: Secrets of a Renegade Direc*

Whip pan. Jarring technique in which a handheld or tripod-mounted ca era moves horizontally at high speed, resulting in a disorienting bl used as both a transition technique (as in the old *Batman* series) and a bravura kinetic flourish. *Those* whip pans *in* Raging Bull*'s fight scen are awesome even if Scorsese ripped 'em off from Truffaut.*

Wire-fu. Modish Snob term for both the genre and the technique in whi martial-arts actors are attached to wires and pulleys, the better to sugg such superhuman powers as the ability to leap great heights and to slo pirouette through the air while dispatching opponents with combinati kicks. Pioneered by the action star Jet Li in Hong Kong movies in t 1980s, wire-fu reached the mainstream with *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon* (2000) and the *Matrix* movies. Some martial-arts purists lament the growing popularity of wire-fu, preferring the "wireless," and therefore more audacious, stunts of Jackie Chan. *Siu-Tung Ching's ninja extravaganza* Duel to the Death *is an awesome example of early* wire-fu.



Z Channel. Los Angeles–based pay-cable movie channel that began its life in 1974 as a sort of proto-HBO or Showtime and then, upon its hiring of a febrile repertory-cinema Snob named Jerry Harvey as its programmer in 1980, became the obsession of film-savvy industry folk (Orson Welles and JOHN CASSAVETES were both fans in their dying days) and twitchy aspirants (such as the pre-success Quentin Tarantino and Alexander Payne). Broadcasting semi-forgotten oldies and newer films—such as a longer version of Michael Cimino's fiasco Western *Heaven's Gate*, with studio-excise footage reinstated—Harvey educated a generation of trainee Snobs a effectively invented the DIRECTOR'S CUT, only for the Z Channel to go under in 1989 as larger competitors and video rentals siphoned off business. A despairing Harvey murdered his wife and killed himself 1988, but his reputation has since been rehabilitated by a 2004 doc mentary lovingly compiled by Cassavetes's daughter Xan. *I first groov to Nick Ray when I was squatting at a friend's place above the Strip a caught* In a Lonely Place *on the* Z Channel.

BRATING THE ARRIVAL OF...

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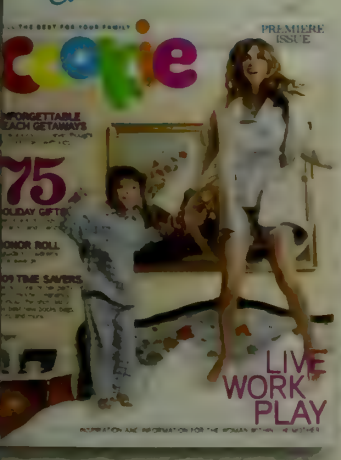
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York–Jew persona—a sort of cleaned-up, slimmed-down, unbearded
Goldstein with soft-core rather than hard-core proclivities—often takes
the road to teach a ROBERT MCKEE–style seminar on filmmaking, based
his book *Make Your Own Damn Movie!: Secrets of a Renegade Direct*

Whip pan. Jarring technique in which a handheld or tripod-mounted cam
era moves horizontally at high speed, resulting in a disorienting blu
used as both a transition technique (as in the old *Batman* series) and
a bravura kinetic flourish. *Those* whip pans *in* Raging Bull*'s fight scen
are awesome even if Scorsese ripped 'em off from Truffaut.*

Wire-fu. Modish Snob term for both the genre and the technique in whic
martial-arts actors are attached to wires and pulleys, the better to sugg
such superhuman powers as the ability to leap great heights and to slow

J–Z

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TOM FORD'S NEW HOLLY-WOOD

VANITY FAIR
MARCH 2006

THE 2006 PORTFOLIO

PHOTOGRAPHS BY: JULIAN BROAD, NICHOLAS CALLAWAY, ALEX CAYLEY, ANNIE LEIBOVITZ, ALI MAHDAVI, MERT AND MARCUS, NIGEL PARRY, TERRY RICHARDSON, ART STREIBER, SØLVE SUNDSBØ, MARIO TESTINO, MICHAEL THOMPSON, MATTHIAS VRIENS

What is New Hollywood?

Every few years there is a cultural shift that can't be ignored. Perhaps our standard of beauty changes. Perhaps our collective mood changes. Perhaps we just become bored, and the faces that defined our time don't fascinate us any longer. Perhaps we just don't care anymore about a particular male star's self-conscious high jinks. Perhaps a reigning actress has overexposed herself with too many advertising campaigns and used up her quota of face time in our collective mind, clearing the way for new light.

Whatever the reason may be for our loss of interest and the dimming of a star's luster, Hollywood can be a cruel place. Any actress's career, in our youth-obsessed world, can fade by her late 30s. If she is clever, she can manipulate this dimming of the light and forge a new career by playing different kinds of roles. If she is truly blessed by the gods, as a few stars are, she can avoid the dimming altogether and fascinate us for life.

But that is rare, for every so often a group of relatively fresh faces rises up and pushes out the current set of reigning stars. Some of the Old Guard are sure to survive, but their status as the hottest, the sexiest, the most wanted, changes, and they become the new classics. Once they have made it that far, they are usually safe.

This year is just such a year of change. Not all of the new faces in New Hollywood are in fact new. Some are not even young, but all of a sudden the world has shifted, or they have finally found their voice, and they are stars. Perhaps they have even been stars for a while, but just when we thought they could burn no brighter they have turned into supernovas. Perhaps they finally landed the role that suits them. Perhaps some are just fluff, and we know deep down that we will tire of them soon, but, for the moment, we have a crush and can't get enough. Or perhaps it is just the pendulum of mass taste swinging in the direction of their particular charms. Whatever it is, it catapults them to a new level in the sky and into our collective heaven.

What, though, is newer than the face of a freshly hatched starling, who at the tender age of 12 happens to be one of the top-grossing female stars in Hollywood, and who is graced with the face of Michelle Pfeiffer, Jodie Foster, and Uma Thurman combined? Possibly she is that rarest of all stars, the child star who will grow into an adult star and eventually emerge as an ageless icon, like Elizabeth Taylor. Or possibly not. Time will tell. Hollywood can be cruel. But, for the moment, the light shines bright.

—Tom Ford



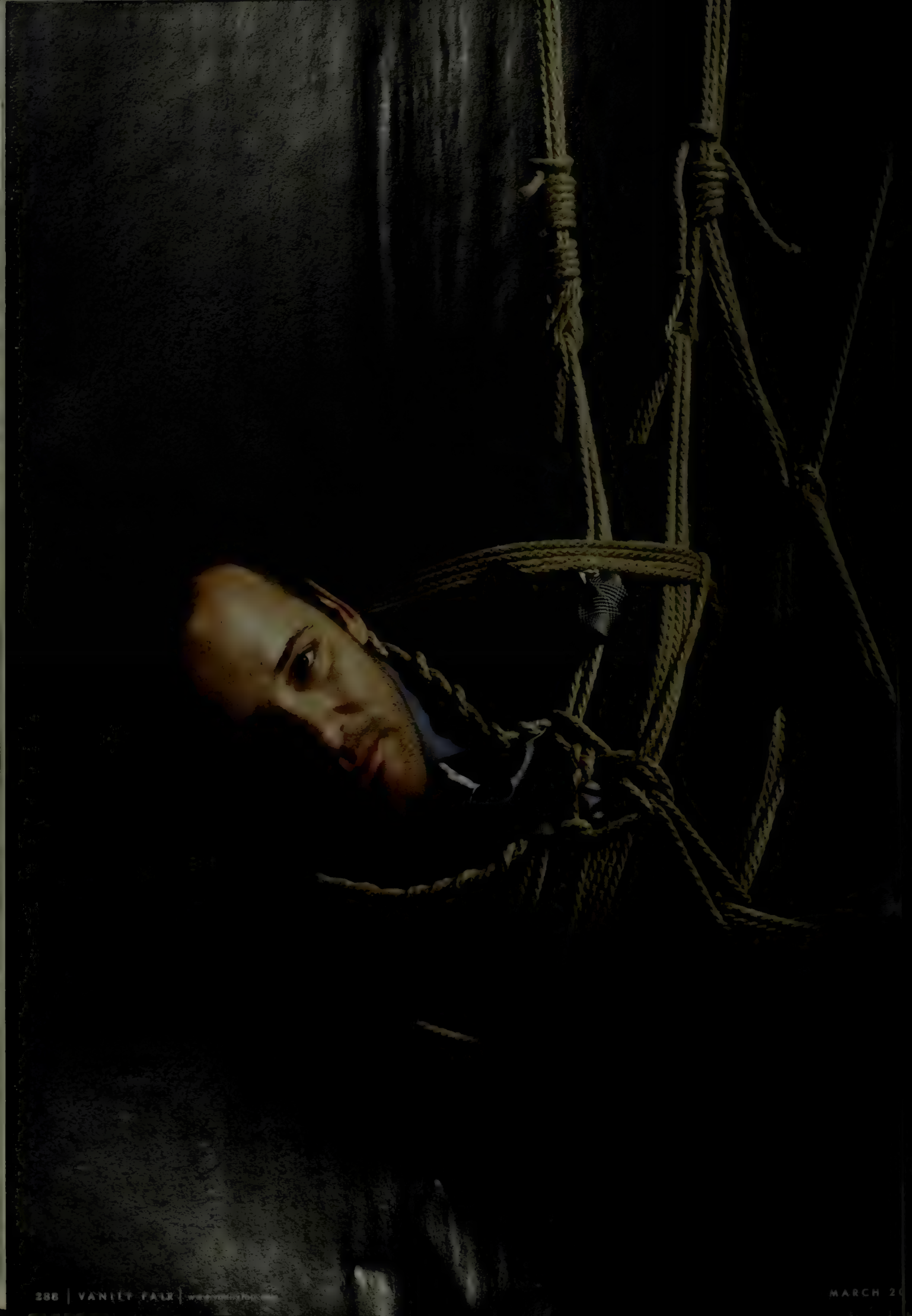
THE STARLING

DAKOTA FANNING, ACTRESS, MINI-MOGUL

Thirteen films.

Dakota Fanning is 12. She makes $3 million a picture, and her fee is rising. She keeps her scripts in a pink binder and takes copious notes during production meetings. A tutor accompanies her to movie sets, and her parents, un-Lohan-like, keep themselves out of the public eye. She has worked with Steven Spielberg and Tom Cruise (*War of the Worlds,* 2005) as well as Denzel Washington (*Man on Fire,* 2004) and Robert De Niro (*Hide and Seek,* 2005). Kurt Russell, her co-star in the horse-racing movie *Dreamer* (2005), likened her to Meryl Streep. The Georgia-born Fanning will soon have major roles in new adaptations of two classic works of children's literature, *Charlotte's Web* and *Alice in Wonderland,* and will be doing the voice of the heroine for the screen version of Neil Gaiman's terrific and terrifying kid's book *Coraline.* Since her 2001 debut in *Tomcats,* her films have banked more than $700 million. Fanning, so poised on-camera, never resorts to stagy mannerisms. Her performances are moving and authentic. She's the real thing.

Photographed by Annie Leibovitz at Smashbox Studios in Culver City, California, on November 21, 2005.





THE CHAMELEON

PETER SARSGAARD. ACTOR

Twenty-two films; three plays.

"Where have I seen this man before?" That's what a lot of people were saying to themselves on the way out of movie theaters last year after catching Peter Sarsgaard's remarkable performances in *Jarhead* (as a gung-ho Marine scout), *Flightplan* (U.S. air marshal), *The Skeleton Key* (over-the-top southern lawyer), and *The Dying Gaul* (gay screenwriter who trades his integrity for a chance to make a movie). Every time out, Sarsgaard, who was raised on military bases during a peripatetic childhood and now lives in New York, manages to become someone new. In *Garden State* (2004) he was probably the best misfit gravedigger in film history, and in *Kinsey* (2004) he wore a tie and necked with Liam Neeson and Laura Linney. The fact that he was right on as a murderous psychopath in *Boys Don't Cry* (1999) and as the mild but persistent *New Republic* editor Charles Lane in *Shattered Glass* (2003) is mind-boggling, but that's why they're slapping the tag of "genius" on him.

Photographed in Japanese bondage ropes by Art Streiber in Los Angeles on November 23, 2005.

THE IT GIRL

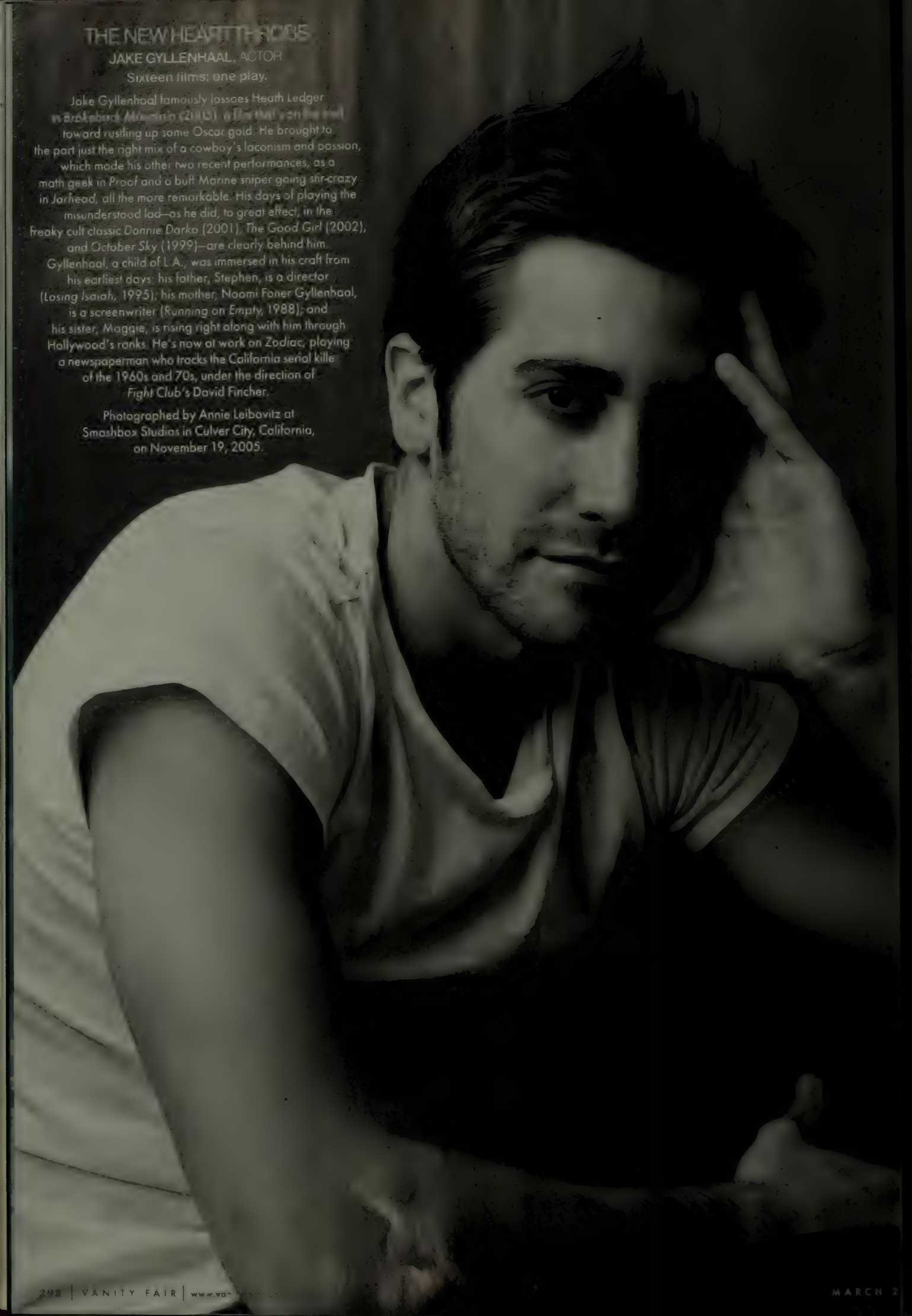
SIENNA MILLER, ACTRESS

Seven films; two TV series; one play.

What was he *thinking*? But let's not get into that. It's all so common. Sienna Miller may command the attention of the tabloid press, but she's a bona fide actress—the daughter, in fact, of Jo Miller, London's acting instructor *extraordinaire*. In *Alfie* (2004) she lit up the screen as the manic-depressive party girl, nearly stealing the show from . . . a certain someone (hint: thin, male, smokes, nice-looking mug, tight jeans, good bum, played the lead role). In that film and in her latest, *Casanova*, Miller performs with such authority and aplomb that it trivializes things to talk about who slept with whom, and when, and why, or to wonder, now that they're back together, if it's really going to last, which is no one's business but their own. Soon all of that will be forgotten anew, when she stars (with Hayden Christensen) in *Factory Girl*, the story of Andy Warhol diva Edie Sedgwick—a role turned down, come to think of it, by Katie Holmes, and let's not get started on that.

Photographed by Annie Leibovitz
at the Viceroy hotel in Santa Monica, California,
on November 14, 2005.





THE NEW HEARTTHROBS

JAKE GYLLENHAAL, ACTOR

Sixteen films; one play.

Jake Gyllenhaal famously lassoes Heath Ledger in *Brokeback Mountain* (2005), a feat that can be read toward rustling up some Oscar gold. He brought to the part just the right mix of a cowboy's laconism and passion, which made his other two recent performances, as a math geek in *Proof* and a buff Marine sniper going stir-crazy in *Jarhead*, all the more remarkable. His days of playing the misunderstood lad—as he did, to great effect, in the freaky cult classic *Donnie Darko* (2001), *The Good Girl* (2002), and *October Sky* (1999)—are clearly behind him. Gyllenhaal, a child of L.A., was immersed in his craft from his earliest days: his father, Stephen, is a director (*Losing Isaiah*, 1995); his mother, Naomi Foner Gyllenhaal, is a screenwriter (*Running on Empty*, 1988); and his sister, Maggie, is rising right along with him through Hollywood's ranks. He's now at work on *Zodiac*, playing a newspaperman who tracks the California serial killer of the 1960s and 70s, under the direction of *Fight Club*'s David Fincher.

Photographed by Annie Leibovitz at Smashbox Studios in Culver City, California, on November 19, 2005.



HEATH LEDGER, ACTOR

Sixteen films.

In a famous magazine cover from six years ago, a 21-year-old Heath Ledger won some attention by showing off his man-patch, which was peeking out over his belt buckle. He also had a killer smile, that Aussie brand of devil-may-care charm, a major part in *The Patriot* (2000)—and he could play the didgeridoo to boot. But now, with the success of *Brokeback Mountain*, he's winning attention because of his meticulous devotion to the craft of acting. (He was so good, it was enough to make you forget *The Brothers Grimm*, from earlier in the year.) He followed up the "gay cowboy movie" with something quite different, playing the womanizing title character in Lasse Hallström's well-received romp, *Casanova*.

Photographed by Annie Leibovitz at the Suite A studio in New York City on November 13, 2005.

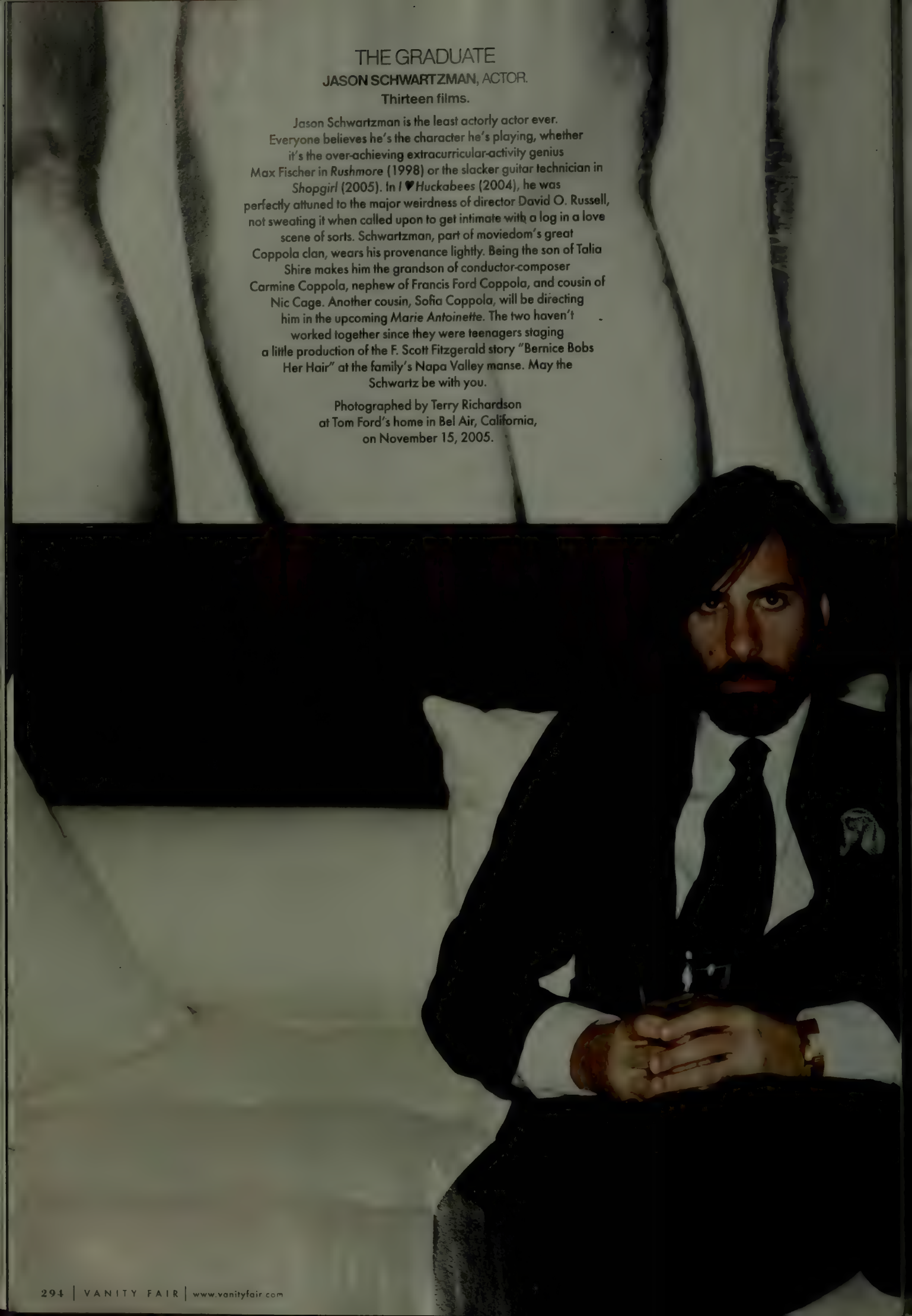
THE GRADUATE

JASON SCHWARTZMAN, ACTOR.

Thirteen films.

Jason Schwartzman is the least actorly actor ever. Everyone believes he's the character he's playing, whether it's the over-achieving extracurricular-activity genius Max Fischer in *Rushmore* (1998) or the slacker guitar technician in *Shopgirl* (2005). In *I ♥ Huckabees* (2004), he was perfectly attuned to the major weirdness of director David O. Russell, not sweating it when called upon to get intimate with a log in a love scene of sorts. Schwartzman, part of moviedom's great Coppola clan, wears his provenance lightly. Being the son of Talia Shire makes him the grandson of conductor-composer Carmine Coppola, nephew of Francis Ford Coppola, and cousin of Nic Cage. Another cousin, Sofia Coppola, will be directing him in the upcoming *Marie Antoinette*. The two haven't worked together since they were teenagers staging a little production of the F. Scott Fitzgerald story "Bernice Bobs Her Hair" at the family's Napa Valley manse. May the Schwartz be with you.

Photographed by Terry Richardson at Tom Ford's home in Bel Air, California, on November 15, 2005.







THE BEAUTY

CAMILLA BELLE, ACTRESS

Eleven films.

Lots of actresses have lovely looks. Camilla Belle, at 19, has something more. Call it presence, or star quality, or whatever, but it's there, and it came to the fore in Rebecca Miller's *The Ballad of Jack and Rose* (2005), in which Belle played a rebellious daughter to Daniel Day-Lewis's strong-willed, overprotective father. Although she has been acting in movies since she was 8 (at 10, she screamed in *The Lost World: Jurassic Park*) and was raised in L.A., she seems otherworldly. She's certainly not your usual high-school girl in *The Chumscrubber*, a twisted suburban tale (with Glenn Close and Ralph Fiennes) that made noise at the 2005 Sundance Film Festival. Belle is following that one up with two very different films, one quiet and dark, the other loud and hair-raising: *The Quiet*, in which she plays a deaf-mute, and *When a Stranger Calls*, a remake of the 1979 chiller about a babysitter's very bad night.

Photographed by Annie Leibovitz in Brentwood, California, on November 22, 2005.





THE MAN'S MAN

ERIC BANA, ACTOR

Nine films.

Eric Bana has the face and musculature of the ideal action-oriented leading man. As a former stand-up comic and sketch-comedy TV star in his native Australia, he also has the chops to play the kind of wisecracking, gun-toting hero that made huge stars out of Bruce Willis and Harrison Ford. But Ba has taken a tougher route. When he played a comic book icon, it was in Ang Lee's complex and somewhat head-scratching *Hulk* (2003). In Steven Spielberg's Mu (2005), he sticks with his difficult program, as the ambivalent avenger Avner Kaufman, a mysterious character who battles himself as he leads a ragtag l squad out to terminate the men who assassinated 11 Israeli athletes at the 1972 Olympic Games. Utterly convincing in his portrayals of family men who to war in *Black Hawk Down* (2001) and *Troy* (2004 he moves from the battlefield to the gaming tables for *Lucky You*, the upcoming film from can't-miss direc Curtis Hanson. In this one, Bana plays a cardsharp who faces his own father (Robert Duvall) the World Series of Poker. We're there.

Photographed by Terry Richardson in Woodland Hills, California, on November 17, 2005.



THE GODDESS

NATALIE PORTMAN, ACTRESS

Eighteen films; one Oscar nomination; one Golden Globe (best supporting actress, *Closer,* 2005); one play

With her precise performances in 2004's *Garden State* and *Cl*
Natalie Portman showed that she has arrived as an actress. With her work in the highest-grossing movie of 2005, *Star Wars: Episode III—Revenge of the Sith,* she held her own against the blue screens while doing her part to bring hope to a troubled galaxy by giving birth to Luke and Leia. And with her part in the imminent post–World War III thriller, *V for Vendetta,* written by the Wachowski brothers, of *Matrix* fame, the two sides of Portman, box-office princess and serious Harvard-educated actress, will come together. She's sure to tempt Oscar later this year with her starring role as a muse in *Goya's Ghosts,* directed by multiple–Academy Award winner Milos Forman. Her unwillingness to discuss her private life and her habit of staying off of nightclub tables have kept her out of the tabloids—so that when she appears on-screen you see a character and not just a celebrity playing a part.

Photographed by Mert Alas and Marcus Piggot in Barcelona on December 12, 2005.



THE RELUCTANT STAR

VIGGO MORTENSEN, ACTOR

Thirty-nine films

Viggo Mortensen made a nice first impression when he appeared in Peter Weir's *Witness* (1985). Five years later he was toiling in the forgettable sequels *Young Guns II* and *Leatherface: Texas Chainsaw Massacre III*. He worked as a bartender and truckdriver to pay the bills. Then came his attention-grabbing work in Sean Penn's *The Indian Runner* (1991) and Brian De Palma's *Carlito's Way* (1993). After seven more bumpy years, it was off to New Zealand to play the reluctant monarch Aragorn, a role he took on the advice of his son (by his ex-wife, Exene Cervenka, of the L.A. punk band X), Henry. In all three *Lord of the Rings* movies, Mortensen made an excellent mythic hero, but what about a character more down to earth, someone with less hair and no sword? The answer came with David Cronenberg's riveting *A History of Violence* (2005), in which he was just right as a mild-mannered midwesterner who's boiling on the inside. When not filming, Mortensen paints, writes, takes pictures, plays music, and runs his own publishing house. He's a Hollywood oddity—artist first, star second.

Photographed by Julian Broad in Los Angeles on November 21, 2005.



THE TOUCH OF CLASS

PATRICIA CLARKSON, ACTRESS

Twenty-eight films; one Oscar nomination (*Pieces of April*, 2003); three TV series; one Emmy (*Six Feet Under*, 2002); more than 30 plays.

Patricia Clarkson shows great taste in the films she chooses—and if she were ever to appear in a bomb, there would still be the consolation of that husky voice. After a gradual breakthrough period during which she played intense, not-always-likable characters in *High Art* (1998), *Far from Heaven* (2002), *Pieces of April* (2003), and *The Station Agent* (2003), Clarkson had a great 2005, doing solid support work in *Good Night, and Good Luck* and taking it to the hilt as a troubled chat-room seductress in *The Dying Gaul*. A Yale University School of Drama graduate who was born in New Orleans, she has been perfectly cast to play an aide to Governor Willie Stark in the upcoming *All the King's Men*, based on the classic Robert Penn Warren novel set in the world of Louisiana politics. The big-time cast also includes Sean Penn, Jude Law, Kate Winslet, and Anthony Hopkins.

Photographed by Ali Mohdavi at Smashbox Studios in Culver City, California, on November 22, 2005



THE TEMPEST

ANGELINA JOLIE, ACTRESS, TABLOID SIREN

Twenty-seven films; one Oscar (best supporting actress, *Girl, Interrupted*, 1999); three Golden Globes.

Those lips, those eyes, those tattoos! Angelina Jolie has the fierceness and beauty to match Hollywood's golden-age starlets, not to mention a cocksure swagger that recalls the rebellious leading men of the 1960s and 70s. Throw in the same all-encompassing mothering instincts and lack of inhibitions as 1920s diva Josephine Baker and you've got quite a remarkable woman. She's at ease playing a video-game-worthy action heroine, as she did in *Lara Croft: Tomb Raider* (2001) and *Lara Croft Tomb Raider: The Cradle of Life* (2003); a sultry assassin, as she did opposite her lov-ah Brad Pitt in *Mr. and Mrs. Smith* (2005); or a hardened mental patient, as she did in *Girl, Interrupted*. And then there's her other side—globe-trotting goodwill ambassador for the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees, mother of two adopted children, and mother-to-be of the eagerly awaited Brangelina baby. She'll next be lending her considerable talents and star power to *The Good Shepherd*, a fact-based C.I.A. film directed by Robert De Niro, and the Dark Ages epic *Beowulf*, from the reliable Robert Zemeckis.

Photographed by Annie Leibovitz at the Ritz in Paris on February 27, 2005.

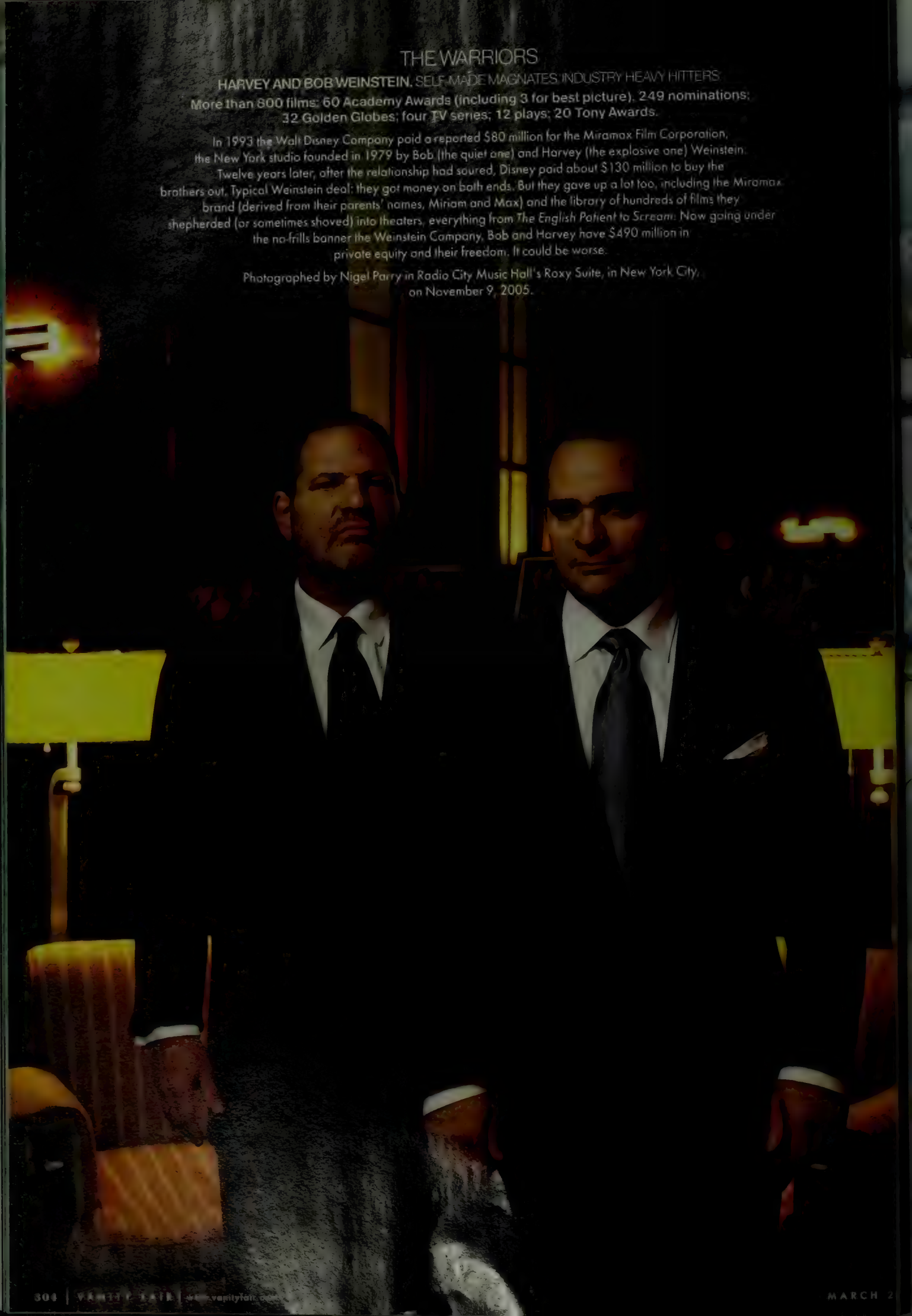
THE WARRIORS

HARVEY AND BOB WEINSTEIN. SELF-MADE MAGNATES. INDUSTRY HEAVY HITTERS.

More than 800 films; 60 Academy Awards (including 3 for best picture); 249 nominations; 32 Golden Globes; four TV series; 12 plays; 20 Tony Awards.

In 1993 the Walt Disney Company paid a reported $80 million for the Miramax Film Corporation, the New York studio founded in 1979 by Bob (the quiet one) and Harvey (the explosive one) Weinstein. Twelve years later, after the relationship had soured, Disney paid about $130 million to buy the brothers out. Typical Weinstein deal: they got money on both ends. But they gave up a lot too, including the Miramax brand (derived from their parents' names, Miriam and Max) and the library of hundreds of films they shepherded (or sometimes shoved) into theaters, everything from *The English Patient* to *Scream*. Now going under the no-frills banner the Weinstein Company, Bob and Harvey have $490 million in private equity and their freedom. It could be worse.

Photographed by Nigel Parry in Radio City Music Hall's Roxy Suite, in New York City, on November 9, 2005.





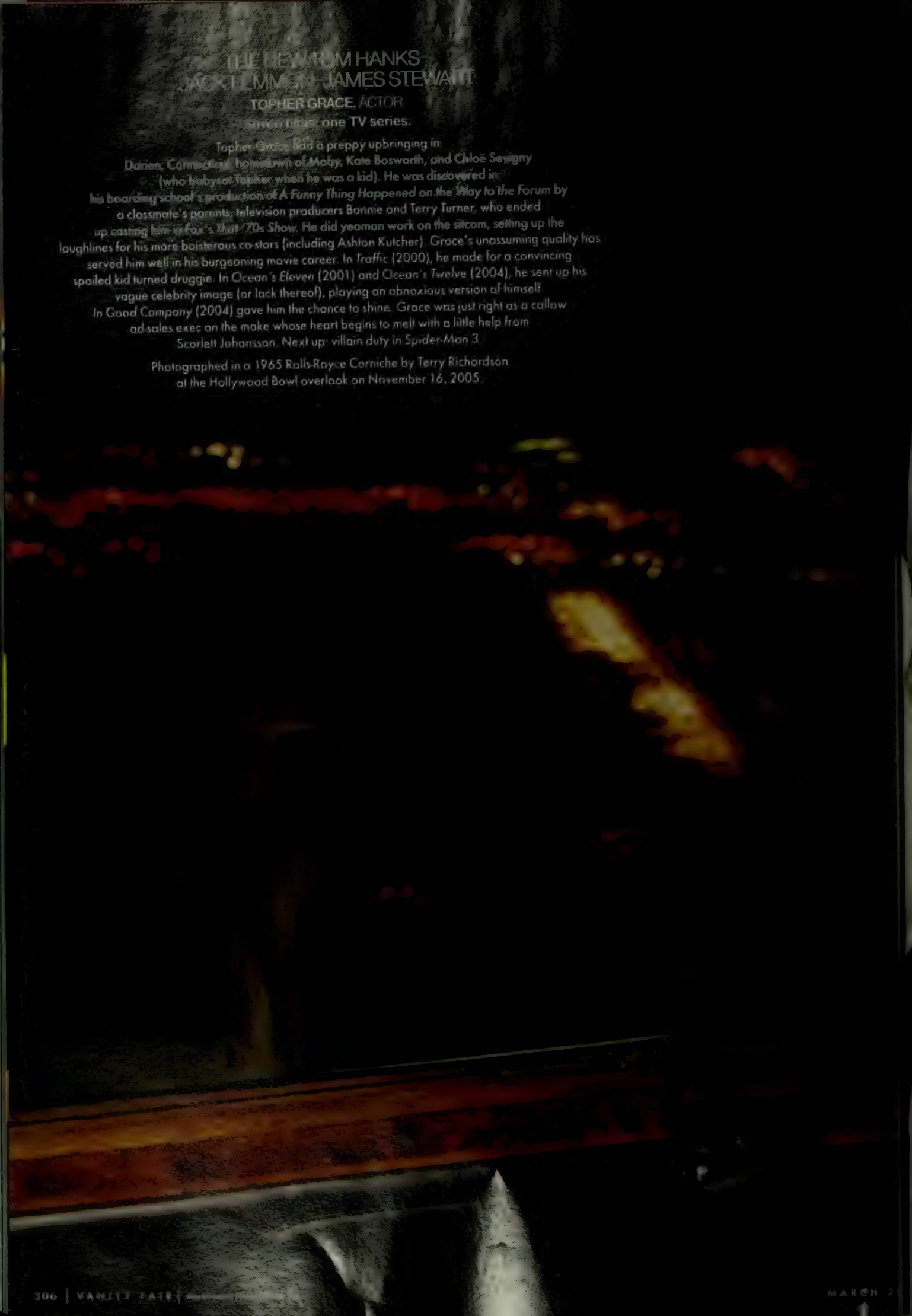
THE BIRD

ROSAMUND PIKE, ACTRESS.

Five films; two TV series; one play.

She made her film debut as the icy Miranda Frost in *Die Another Day* (2002). Playing a Bond Girl may prove to have been the most challenging work of all for Rosamund Pike, the Oxford-educated daughter of opera singers who has distinguished herself on the London stage and in BBC dramas. Culture—high, not pop—is in her blood, and she was perfectly at ease playing the shy Jane Bennet in the winning *Pride & Prejudice* (2005). In an uneasy truce with the clang of modern society, she also played opposite the Rock in *Doom* (2005), a movie based on a video game. Her most explosive performance in her breakout year came as the put-upon wife of Johnny Depp's pleasure-mad second Earl of Rochester in *The Libertine*. In that one she got to wear a corset and go wild at the same time. See her next in a contemporary indie thriller, *Devil You Know*.

Photographed by Sølve Sundsbø in London on December 3, 2005.



TOPHER GRACE, ACTOR

Starred in one TV series.

Topher Grace had a preppy upbringing in Darien, Connecticut, hometown of Moby, Kate Bosworth, and Chloë Sevigny (who babysat Topher when he was a kid). He was discovered in his boarding school's production of *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum* by a classmate's parents, television producers Bonnie and Terry Turner, who ended up casting him in Fox's *That '70s Show*. He did yeoman work on the sitcom, setting up the laughlines for his more boisterous co-stars (including Ashton Kutcher). Grace's unassuming quality has served him well in his burgeoning movie career. In *Traffic* (2000), he made for a convincing spoiled kid turned druggie. In *Ocean's Eleven* (2001) and *Ocean's Twelve* (2004), he sent up his vague celebrity image (or lack thereof), playing an obnoxious version of himself. *In Good Company* (2004) gave him the chance to shine. Grace was just right as a callow ad-sales exec on the make whose heart begins to melt with a little help from Scarlett Johansson. Next up: villain duty in *Spider-Man 3*.

Photographed in a 1965 Rolls-Royce Corniche by Terry Richardson at the Hollywood Bowl overlook on November 16, 2005.







THE ARTIST

PHILIP SEYMOUR HOFFMAN, ACTOR/PRODUCER/STAGE DIRECTOR

Thirty-six films; one Golden Globe (*Capote*, 2006); more than 10 plays as actor, 5 as director.

Master thespian Philip Seymour Hoffman wins over audiences playing likable losers whose charming or puppyish surfaces conceal a deeply sad or twisted core. He has the imagination and attention to detail to make his performances absolutely real, whether he's a porn-crew worker desperate for love and approval (*Boogie Nights*, 1997), a well-meaning nurse (*Magnolia*, 1999), an obscene phone caller (*Happiness*, 1998), or a gasoline-huffing widower who can't stop mourning (*Love Liza*, 2002). The perfectly nuanced *Capote* (2005) was a breakthrough film for him, as the Golden Globe and other best-actor awards attest. The meaty part gave him the chance to indulge, quietly, in as many eccentric character tics as you're likely to find in a typical Al Pacino role. More important, it allowed him to connect with audiences in a way he hadn't before. He was playing someone who was not only deeply flawed but also a major figure in our cultural and social history. For his next trick, Hoffman will scare the pants off audiences (and Tom Cruise) as the very twisted villain of this summer's *Mission: Impossible III*.

Photographed by Nicholas Callaway in Brooklyn, New York, on November 4, 2005.



THE CENTERFOLD

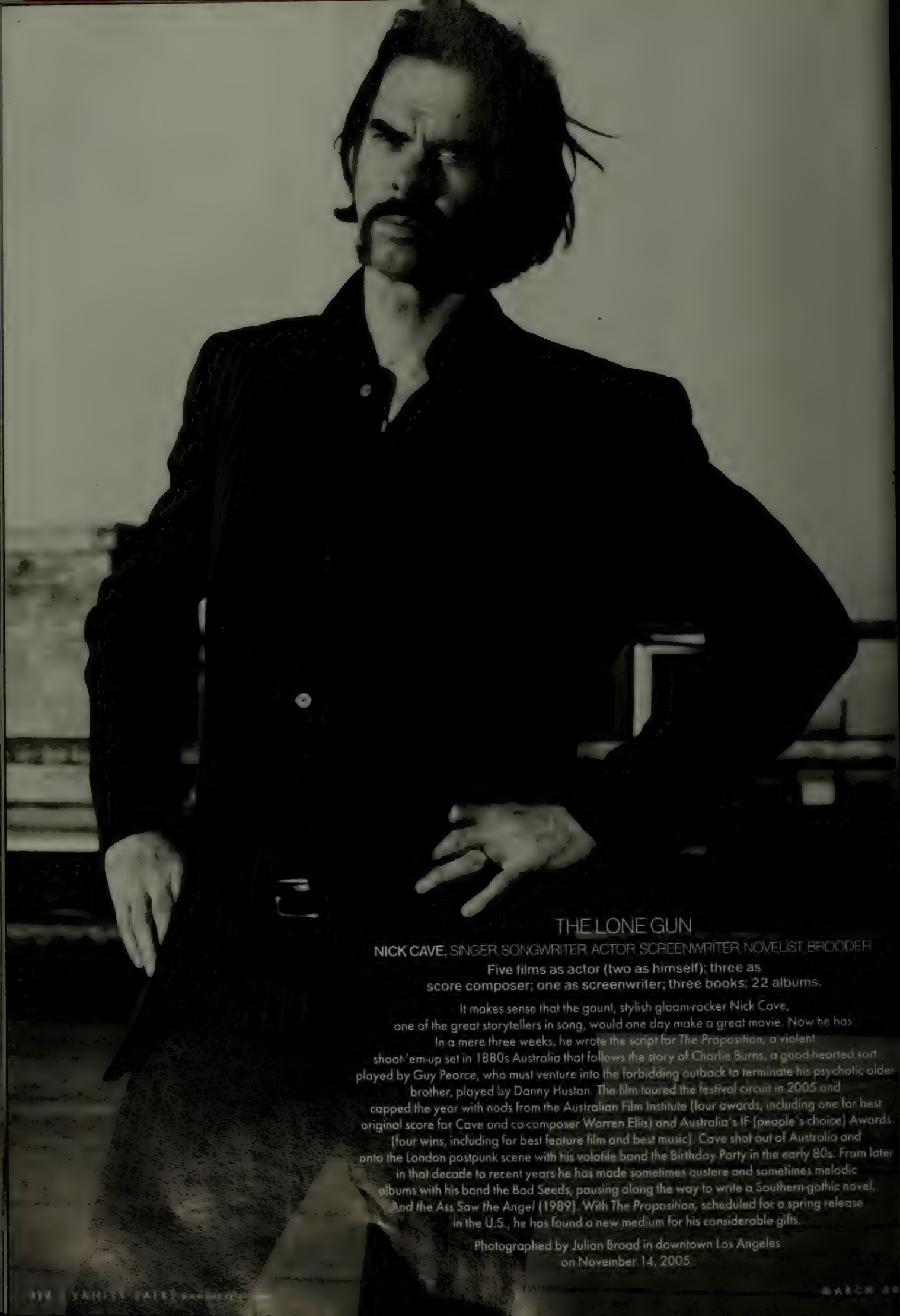
TAYE DIGGS, ACTOR

Eighteen films; four TV series; six plays.

Taye Diggs is a throwback to the days when movie stars were all-around entertainers. He's a stage-trained actor who can sing and dance, as he proved playing Benny the evil landlord in the musical hit of the 90s *Rent*, a role he reprised to acclaim in last year's film version. Diggs, a Syracuse University graduate, once did his thing opposite Mickey Mouse in a Caribbean-themed cabaret show at Tokyo Disneyland. Following his initial *Rent* success, he won plaudits and female fans by flashing his smile (and backside) in *How Stella Got Her Groove Back* (1998). Married to Tony-winning actress Idina Menzel, he now finds himself tagged "the black Cary Grant" (*Los Angeles Times*) and "the black Clark Gable" (*Ebony*) after having displayed an easy charm in *The Best Man* (1999), *Brown Sugar* (2002), and the UPN drama *Kevin Hill*. See him next, opposite Heather Graham, in *Cake*, an inter-racial romantic comedy.

Photographed by Nigel Parry in New York City on November 10, 2005.





THE LONE GUN

NICK CAVE, SINGER SONGWRITER ACTOR SCREENWRITER NOVELIST BROODER

Five films as actor (two as himself); three as score composer; one as screenwriter; three books; 22 albums.

It makes sense that the gaunt, stylish gloom-rocker Nick Cave, one of the great storytellers in song, would one day make a great movie. Now he has. In a mere three weeks, he wrote the script for *The Proposition*, a violent shoot-'em-up set in 1880s Australia that follows the story of Charlie Burns, a good-hearted sort played by Guy Pearce, who must venture into the forbidding outback to terminate his psychotic older brother, played by Danny Huston. The film toured the festival circuit in 2005 and capped the year with nods from the Australian Film Institute (four awards, including one for best original score for Cave and co-composer Warren Ellis) and Australia's IF (people's choice) Awards (four wins, including for best feature film and best music). Cave shot out of Australia and onto the London postpunk scene with his volatile band the Birthday Party in the early 80s. From later in that decade to recent years he has made sometimes austere and sometimes melodic albums with his band the Bad Seeds, pausing along the way to write a Southern-gothic novel, *And the Ass Saw the Angel* (1989). With *The Proposition*, scheduled for a spring release in the U.S., he has found a new medium for his considerable gifts.

Photographed by Julian Broad in downtown Los Angeles on November 14, 2005.



THE PRINCESS

ANNE HATHAWAY, ACTRESS.

Nine films; one TV series; one play.

She was a delight as the Princess of Genovia in *The Princess Diaries*, the sleeper hit of 2001, and its 2004 sequel. But playing a squeaky-clean character in squeaky-clean comedies can have a dulling effect on an actress's career—just ask Julie Andrews, who played the princess's grandmother in both films. Anne Hathaway tried breaking out of the Disney box by playing a wealthy L.A. girl who goes down the rabbit hole of gang culture in *Havoc* (2005), a well-made film that went straight to Netflix. She was also great in *Brokeback Mountain* (2005), if a bit overshadowed by the two male leads. This summer she has the starring role in *The Devil Wears Prada*, opposite Meryl Streep.

Photographed by Michael Thompson in New York City on December 16, 2005.



THE CRUSH

MAX MINGHELLA, ACTOR

Two films.

Max, Max, Max, is this any way to start a career? Where are the lousy sitcom parts? The drunken-teen-on-a-campout roles in slasher films? The guest spots on cop shows as the troubled youth getting his ears boxed by an impatient interrogator? After hanging around the set of *Cold Mountain* (2003), which was directed by his father, Anthony Minghella, he made a sterling debut in the literate *Bee Season* (2005) as the son of a religious-studies professor played by Richard Gere. In *Syriana* he was the son of a C.I.A. agent played by George Clooney. In the upcoming *Art School Confidential*, from the writer-director team of Daniel Clowes and Terry Zwigoff, who made *Ghost World* (2001), Minghella lights out for new territory: a major role, alongside John Malkovich and Anjelica Huston. The kid is on his way.

Photographed by Nig[illegible] at Marquee in New York City on N[illegible]er 9, 2005.

THE ONE TO WATCH

JAMIE BELL, ACTOR.

Seven films.

Jamie Bell won our hearts playing the title character—a miner's son with a gift for dance—in *Billy Elliot*. ce then, completely out of keeping with the usual child-star career trajectory, which insists on either horrible films or jail time oth, he has gone on to choose projects with care and intelligence. ere was that excellent adaptation of *Nicholas Nickleby* (2002), h happens to be very rental-worthy, by the way. Then Bell had the courage, or craziness, to join Danish filmmakers Lars von Trier Thomas Vinterberg for *Dear Wendy* (2005), a story of American boys and a gun. Next he went to work on two pictures at posite ends of the budget spectrum: a little thing called *King Kong* (as Jimmy the good-hearted deckhand) and a black comedy, he *Chumscrubber* (as a disaffected California teenager). Next, he'll play a U.S. soldier in Clint Eastwood's sure-to-be-Oscar-worthy epic of the Battle of Iwo Jima, *The Flags of Our Fathers*.

Photographed by Matthias Vriens in New York City on November 6, 2005.





THE IT BOY

JONATHAN RHYS MEYERS, ACTOR

Twenty-three films; one Golden Globe (2006).

Fans of the talented, pillow-lipped Jonathan Rhys Meyers have been waiting for him to arrive on a grand scale since he had a small but memorable part as the assassin of the hero in *Michael Collins* (1996). The Dublin-born Rhys Meyers has hooked up with some big-name directors since then, but not for their most successful efforts. When he worked for Todd Haynes, who would go on to make the sublime *Far from Heaven* (2002), it was in the underappreciated *Velvet Goldmine* (1998). Under the lens of Ang Lee, he made the little-seen Civil War drama *Ride with the Devil* (1999). With Oliver Stone, it was *Alexander* (2004). Along the way he had better luck, playing a soccer coach in the sleeper hit *Bend It Like Beckham* (2002), and he certainly turned heads in taking on the titular role of the 2005 CBS mini-series *Elvis*. Best and unlikeliest of all, he matched up with Woody Allen for *Match Point* (2005), the best Woody Allen movie in ages. He slipped effortlessly into a great part, playing a charming but oily tennis pro who insinuates himself into a posh family. Rhys Meyers has [illegible] places.

THE KNOCKOUT

MICHELLE MONAGHAN, ACTRESS

Nine films; one TV series.

After leaving her hometown of Winthrop, Iowa, Michelle Monaghan was studying journalism at Chicago's Columbia College and modeling to help pay tuition when she made a smart decision: to leave behind the idea of being a journalist and concentrate on her more glamorous and potentially more lucrative side career. In New York, she climbed the ranks of aspiring actress-models, working through deodorant commercials to crucial parts in *Unfaithful* (2002) and the TV show *Boston Public*. Last year it all came together: she was great playing a miner who's beaten down by her male co-workers in the harrowing *North Country* and equally at home as the fast-talking heroine of the bubbly *Kiss Kiss Bang Bang*. Now she's in the big time, putting in long days with Tom Cruise on the far-flung sets of this summer's anticipated blockbuster *Mission: Impossible III*. It's a long way from Iowa, but Monaghan hasn't lost her taste for beer and football.

Photographed atop a 1989 Mercedes-Benz 560SL convertible by Julian Broad in Los Angeles on November 19, 2005.





THE BREAST FRIENDS

PAMELA ANDERSON AND **MAMIE VAN DOREN,** BLONDE BOMBSHELLS.

Anderson: five films; five TV series. Van Doren: 40 films.

You know her from *Playboy*. She's got the kind of body a Sherpa could get lost in. Yes, Mamie Van Doren is a smokin' hot lady—and her young friend Pamela Anderson still makes men weak in the knees, too. They're two of a kind, the type your mama warned you about, a couple of girls from the hinterlands who became quintessential California sex symbols. Both had famous rock-star romances (Tommy Lee for one, Elvis Presley for the other), made risqué films (who can forget the unauthorized *Pam & Tommy Lee: Stolen Honeymoon*, from 1998, or *Sex Kittens Go to College*, from 1960?), and now live close to the ocean (Anderson in Malibu, Van Doren in Newport Beach). Both are moms, and neither is shy about her beliefs. Anderson agitates against fur and raises money for hepatitis research. Van Doren risked life and limb performing for troops in Vietnam and now writes a Bush-bashing blog. That mix of high and low, of serious and silly, is totally L.A. And Hollywood just wouldn't be Hollywood without its platinum goddesses.

Photographed by Ali Mahdavi at Fifth and Sunset Studios in Los Angeles on November 21, 2005.

THE WILD HONEY

JOY BRYANT, ACTRESS

Eleven films.

Born to a 15-year-old mother in the Bronx, Joy Bryant never let her circumstances keep her down. After earning straight A's in public school, she dreamed of better things and arranged to go to the Westminster boarding school in Connecticut. From there she got into Yale, where she was discovered by a scout from the Next modeling agency. Never one to stay in any place too long, she left the runway life for the movies, winning praise for her roles in *Antwone Fisher* (2002), in *Honey* (2003), and as 50 Cent's moll in *Get Rich or Die Tryin'* (2005), part of which was filmed only blocks from where she grew up. She had come full circle, returning to her home borough a star.

Photographed by Ali Mahdavi at the Goldstein residence in Beverly Hills on November 18, 2005.



THE KICK

MICHELLE YEOH, ACTRESS.
Twenty-four films.

While Americans and Brits make a happy pastime of following the ups and downs of Aniston, Jolie, Pitt, Cruise, Holmes, Kidman, et al., Michelle Yeoh has been commanding the attention of the Asian press for two decades with a soap opera of her own. She started out wanting to be a prima ballerina, but a spinal injury forced her to give up her dream. After her mother entered her in a beauty pageant behind her back, Yeoh was soon crowned Miss Malaysia. She met billionaire Hong Kong film producer and business tycoon Dickson Poon and started high-kicking her way through such films as *Twinkle, Twinkle, Lucky Stars* (1985). After marrying Poon, she quit the business—only to return with a vengeance after their divorce, paired with Jackie Chan in the blockbuster *Police Story III: Supercop* (1992). To break into Hollywood, she took a step back, playing a Bond Girl in *Tomorrow Never Dies* (1997) before wowing everyone in the deluxe *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon* (2000). A more reserved Yeoh starred in the lovely *Memoirs of a Geisha* (2005). See her soon in Jet Li's *Fearless* and Danny Boyle's *Sunshine*.

Photographed by
Michael Thompson in New York City
on December 16, 2005

THE ENHANCER

GARTH FISHER, M.D.

One TV series; one informational DVD series; countless nips and tucks.

When they are young and pretty, they leave their hometowns in droves and they go to L.A. They land a part here, a part there, and a Screen Actors Guild card comes in the mail—or perhaps they find themselves in the airy offices of CAA or Paramount. They delight in the sunshine, the beaches, the rides in convertibles. Years go by in a pleasant California haze, but human flesh, no matter how moisturized, proves no match for time and gravity, and the human form, no matter how toothsome, doesn't always live up to L.A.'s inflated expectations. Body parts that once stood at attention begin to droop, and so comes the day when our gorgeous L.A. creature no longer elicits those stares while strolling the sidewalks of Sunset Boulevard. This is where Dr. Garth Fisher, the original star of ABC's *Extreme Makeover* series, steps in. A plastic surgeon praised in the pages of *Town & Country* and *Los Angeles* magazines, he's known for his light touch around the face and his subtle boob jobs. Those entering his Beverly Hills office often find that sometimes just a little Botox zap between the eyebrows—Ah! Wondrous elixir of youth!—is all they need to make it through that next audition or power brunch.

Photographed by Art Streiber at the Knollwood Country Club, in Granada Hills, California, on November 23, 2005.



THE BEST FRIEND

JENNIFER ANISTON, ACTRESS.

Sixteen films; four TV series; one Golden Globe (2003) and one Emmy (2002), both for *Friends*.

Jennifer Aniston is gorgeous and blessed with great comic timing, but above all she's likable. When she's on top, millions of people are glad for her. When she's in trouble, the millions sympathize. No matter what's going on—the divorce, the thing with Mom, the lawsuit with the paparazzo, the other thing that may or may not be happening with a certain co-star—people are just interested. There's probably no better place to hide from the madness than a movie set, and she's seen a lot of those lately. She's the hardest-working former Friend in the business, with two movies last year (*Derailed*, *Rumor Has It* . . .) and two coming soon: *Friends with Money*, from veteran indie director Nicole Holofcener, which also stars Joan Cusack, Catherine Keener, and Frances McDormand, and *The Break-Up*, an *Awful Truth*–like summer comedy with Vince Vaughn, who either is or isn't her boyfriend. On the horizon is one we can't wait for, *Wanted*. Here's the pitch: Aniston. Streep. Women's prison. It practically films itself.

Photographed by Mario Testino in Malibu on June 16, 2005.



THE NATURAL

Q'ORIANKA KILCHER. ACTOR, SINGER.

Two films.

Born in Germany, raised in Hawaii, Q'orianka Kilcher, who is part Peruvian Indian, took on a tremendous responsibility in agreeing to play Pocahontas. For one thing, she would be working for one of cinema's most poetic and ambitious directors, the charmingly unprolific Terrence Malick. Further, she'd be playing a larger-than-life figure in American history, a Colonial celebrity whom she would have to make into an actual human being, rather than some mythic personage (or Disney character). Once *The New World* hit theaters, last December, it was clear she had pulled it off. Critics raved and the National Board of Review gave Kilcher its Breakthrough Performance Actress award. Her outrageous beauty made a nice correlative to the pristine, desirable land inhabited by Pocahontas, and it didn't hurt her any in making friends with Malick's camera. But her acting was the real story. She convincingly showed her character's transformation from Powhatan nature girl into an Anglicized woman and also held her own against her co-star, the considerably less fresh-faced Colin Farrell (John Smith). Their cultural collision of a kiss, captured by Malick, was the first of the 16-year-old actress's life, Kilcher says. The cousin of singer-songwriter Jewel Kilcher, she may follow her amazing performance with a recording career.

Photographed by Alex Cayley in Los Angeles on November 28, 2005.



THE GENTLEMAN

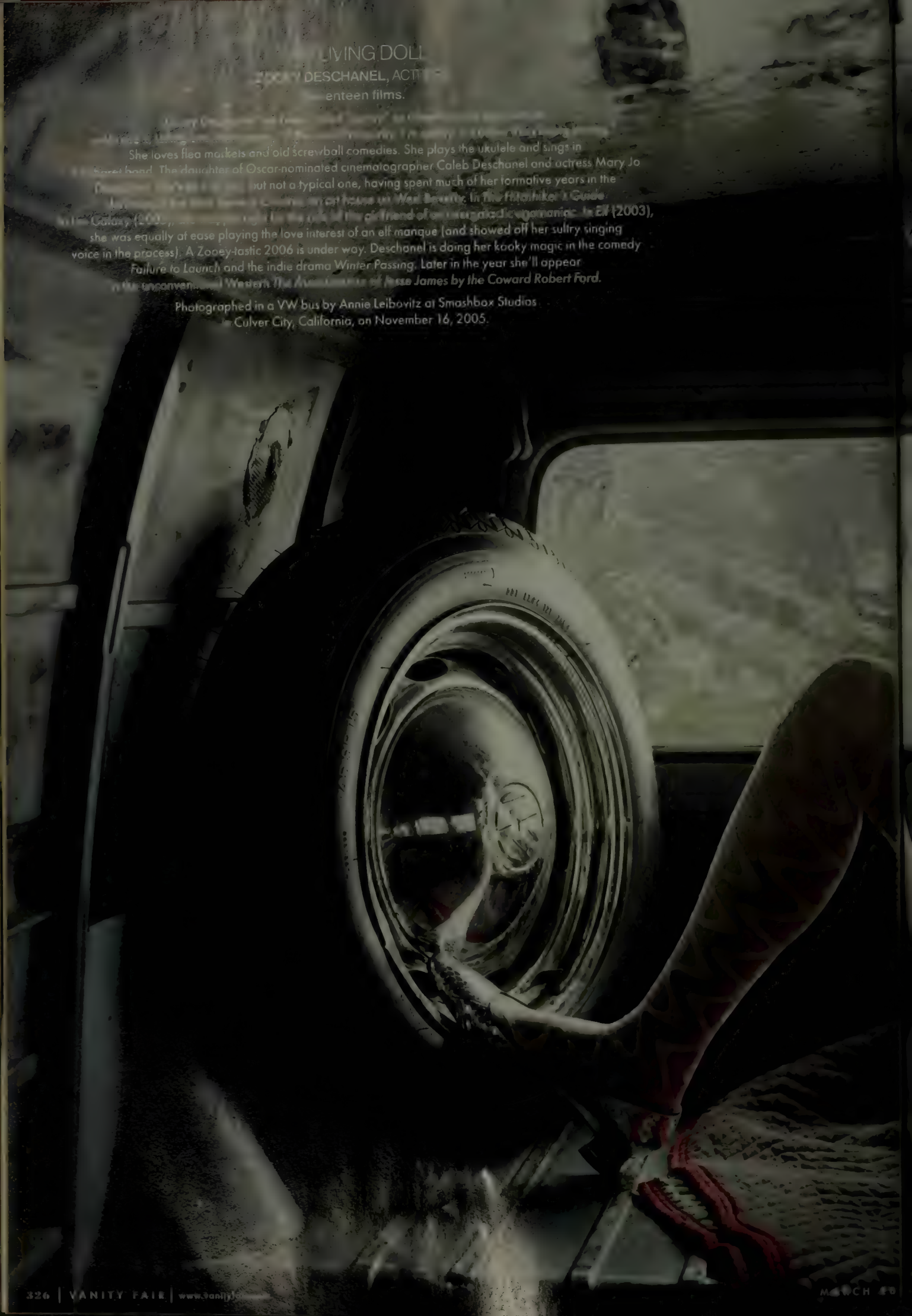
TERRENCE HOWARD, ACTOR

Twenty-nine films; three plays.

As a young actor looking for a break in the mid-1980s, Terrence Howard made his own luck, talking his way onto an episode of *The Cosby Show*. He has played a number of sidekicks and lowlifes since then, making a big impression in *Dead Presidents* (1995) and again in *The Best Man* (1999). More recently, he generated heat with coolly intense performances in 2004's *Crash* and *Ray*. Last year, in the surprise hit *Hustle & Flow*, he broke through, playing a Memphis pimp who wants to be a rapper. Howard, a singer-songwriter who studied chemical engineering at the Pratt Institute, was reluctant to take the role, in the not-insane belief that there have been more than enough black pimps in cinema. But once he committed to it, he went well beyond the stereotype. Howard will next appear alongside hip-hop artists Big Boi and André 3000 in *Idlewild*, a bootleg-era musical, which he described in a recent interview as "a film that's almost like the bastard child of *Sin City* and *Moulin Rouge*."

Photographed by Julian Broad at Musso & Frank Grill in Hollywood on November 18, 2005.





LIVING DOLL

ZOOEY DESCHANEL, ACTRESS

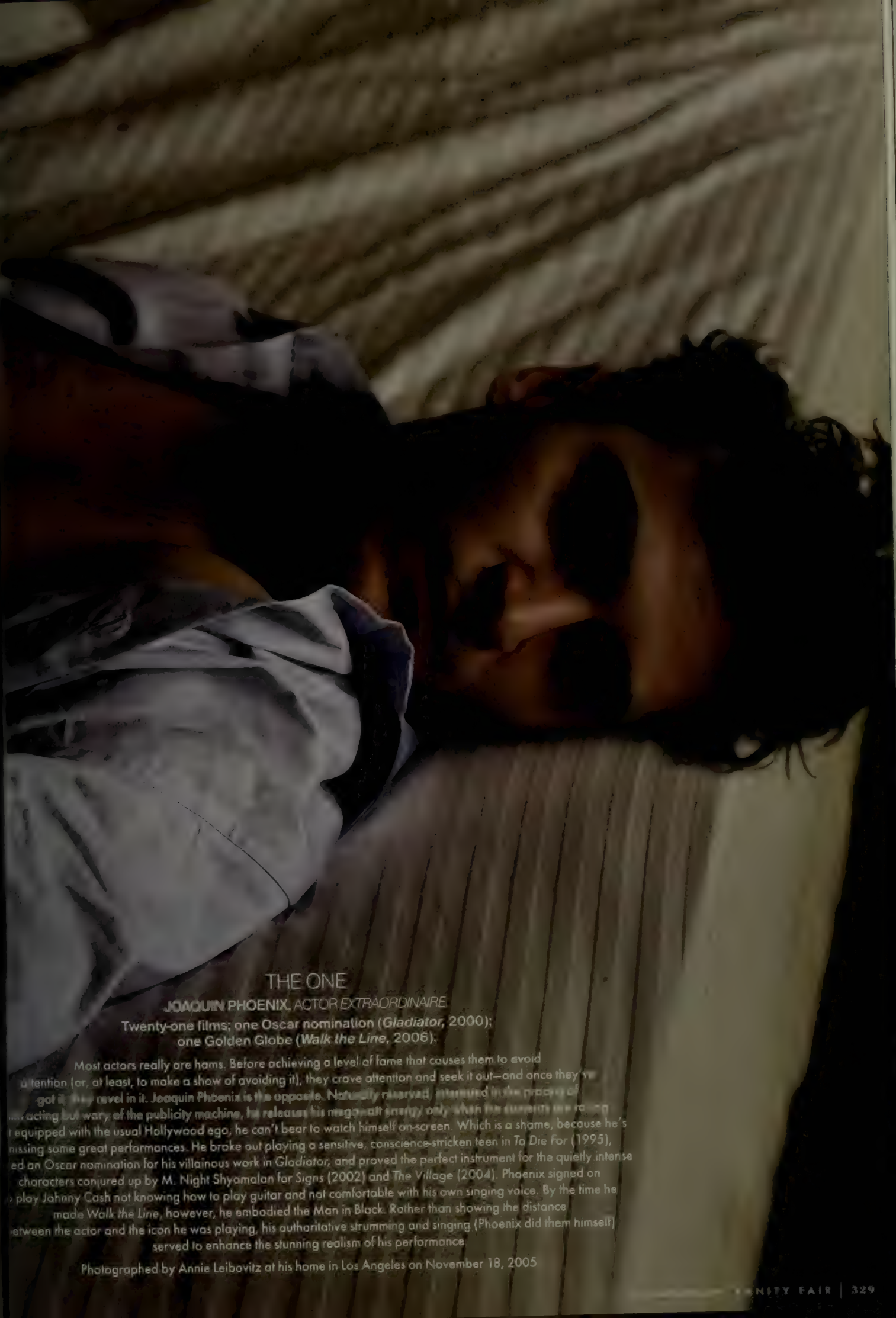
enteen films.

She loves flea markets and old screwball comedies. She plays the ukulele and sings in
. The daughter of Oscar-nominated cinematographer Caleb Deschanel and actress Mary Jo
ut not a typical one, having spent much of her formative years in the
. In *The Hitchhiker's Guide*
(2003),
she was equally at ease playing the love interest of an elf manque (and showed off her sultry singing
voice in the process). A Zooey-tastic 2006 is under way. Deschanel is doing her kooky magic in the comedy
Failure to Launch and the indie drama *Winter Passing*. Later in the year she'll appear
in the unconventional Western *The Assassination of Jesse James by the Coward Robert Ford*.

Photographed in a VW bus by Annie Leibovitz at Smashbox Studios
Culver City, California, on November 16, 2005.







THE ONE

JOAQUIN PHOENIX, *ACTOR EXTRAORDINAIRE*

Twenty-one films; one Oscar nomination (*Gladiator*, 2000); one Golden Globe (*Walk the Line*, 2006).

Most actors really are hams. Before achieving a level of fame that causes them to avoid attention (or, at least, to make a show of avoiding it), they crave attention and seek it out—and once they've got it, they revel in it. Joaquin Phoenix is the opposite. Naturally reserved, interested in the process of acting but wary of the publicity machine, he releases his magnetism sparingly, only when the camera is rolling. Not equipped with the usual Hollywood ego, he can't bear to watch himself on-screen. Which is a shame, because he's missing some great performances. He broke out playing a sensitive, conscience-stricken teen in *To Die For* (1995), earned an Oscar nomination for his villainous work in *Gladiator*, and proved the perfect instrument for the quietly intense characters conjured up by M. Night Shyamalan for *Signs* (2002) and *The Village* (2004). Phoenix signed on to play Johnny Cash not knowing how to play guitar and not comfortable with his own singing voice. By the time he made *Walk the Line*, however, he embodied the Man in Black. Rather than showing the distance between the actor and the icon he was playing, his authoritative strumming and singing (Phoenix did them himself) served to enhance the stunning realism of his performance.

Photographed by Annie Leibovitz at his home in Los Angeles on November 18, 2005


MARCH



THE BOSS

GEORGE CLOONEY, ACTOR, DIRECTOR, PRODUCER, PROVOCATEUR.

Twenty-seven films as actor, two as director; seven TV series; three Golden Globes (*ER*, 1998; *O Brother, Where Art Thou?*, 2001; *Syriana*, 2006).

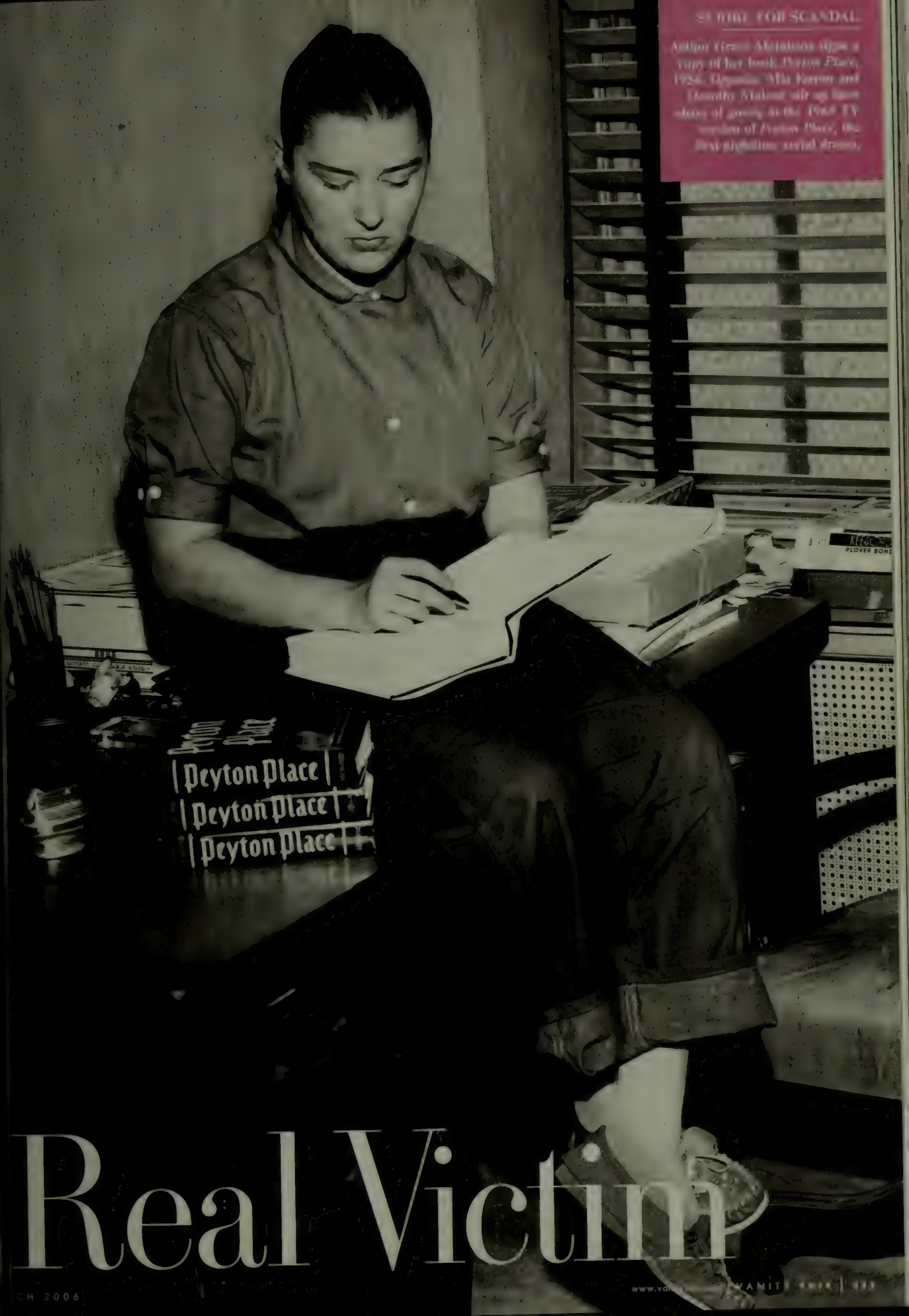
The second film he directed, *Good Night, and Good Luck* (2005), made just about every major critic's Top 10 list for 2005, as did *Syriana*, in which he stars. George Clooney has shown his brains, talent, and wit in virtually every movie genre, from sci-fi (*Solaris*, 2002) to screwball (*Intolerable Cruelty*, 2003), from noir (*Out of Sight*, 1998) to ensemble lark (*Ocean's Eleven*, 2001). Given that he has had such a cool career brimming with great parts and big ideas, it's hard to remember he was once Batman (*Batman & Robin*, 1997) and goofy factory worker Booker Brooks on *Roseanne* in the late 80s. Now he's the embodiment of the Hollywood leading man, version 2006, who relaxes between projects by continuing his ongoing spat with Fox News firebrand Bill O'Reilly, kicking back on Lake Como, in Italy, and doing his part for poverty relief in Africa.

Photographed by Annie Leibovitz on the Universal Studios back lot in Hollywood on November 25, 2005.

Fifty years ago, the novel *Peyton Place* shocked America with its tale of secrets, sex, and hypocrisy in a small New Hampshire town, becoming one of the best-selling dirty books ever, a hit movie, and TV's first prime-time soap. It brought fame and misfortune to Grace Metalious, the bawdy, rebellious housewife who wrote it, and outraged the citizens of Gilmanton—"the real Peyton Place." With a Metalious biopic in production, MICHAEL CALLAHAN charts the tumultuous celebrity, emotional flameout, and sordid death, at 39, of an unlikely cultural trailblazer



Peyton Places



Real Victim

SUBTITLE FOR SCANDAL

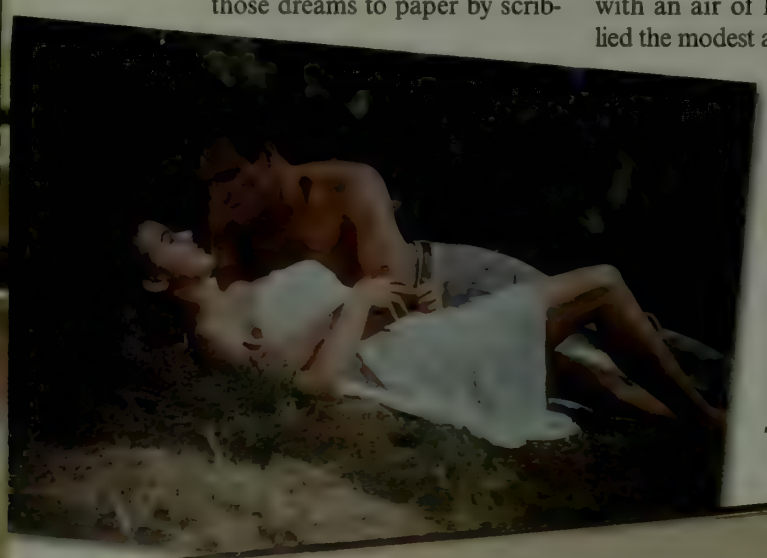
Author Grace Metalious signs a copy of her book *Peyton Place*, 1956. Opposite: Mia Farrow and Dorothy Malone air up laundry of gossip in the 1964 TV version of *Peyton Place*, the first nighttime serial drama.

The summer of 1955 had not been good to Grace Metalious. A nine-week drought had left tiny Gilmanton, New Hampshire, bone dry, including the well in the back of the ramshackle cottage she'd sarcastically nicknamed "It'll Do." Her three children were living on lettuce-and-tomato sandwiches. She was three months behind on payments for her beat-up car. At the age of 30 she was broke, smelly, thirsty, exhausted, and desperate.

She had dreamed of a different life for herself, a life of romance and adventure, a life all little girls dream of. Escaping a troubled home to sneak off to her Aunt Georgie's bathroom, she would lock the door and sit in the tub for hours, putting those dreams to paper by scribbling tales of heroines and dashing princes.

She kept writing, even after her wedding at 18 to her high-school sweetheart, George Metalious; after giving birth to her third child and having her tubes tied when doctors told her she wouldn't survive a fourth pregnancy; after George went away during World War II and had an affair; after he came home and she had an affair of her own. Writing was neither hobby nor diversion, but lifeline. During those years when George was getting his teaching degree at the University of New Hampshire under the G.I. Bill, Grace often locked her children out of the apartment so she could write, leaving her runny-nosed charges to fend for themselves in the cold by knocking on neighbors' doors, asking to be let in.

In the end, she'd written a book. Actually, a polemic. She titled it *The Tree and the Blossom*—about the secrets, scandals, and hypocrisy in a fictional New Hampshire town not unlike her own.



Grace discovered literary agent Jacques Chambrun by browsing through a library directory, singling him out because his was the most French-sounding name. Born Marie Grace DeRepentigny (prone to embellish, she would later state that her birth name had been Grace Marie Antoinette Jeanne d'Arc de Repentigny), she'd been brought up with an air of French snobbery that belied the modest apartment she'd shared with her mother, grandmother, and sister.

Chambrun, an unctuous dandy who favored long lunches and chauffeured cars, had an office facing the Plaza and a client roster that at one point included W. Somerset Maugham and Jack Schaefer, the author of *Shane*. He already knew Grace Metalious. The year before, she [illegible] sent him a passionate five-page plea [illegible] lining her dreams of becoming a publis[illegible] writer, along with a 312-page manusc[illegible] that focused on the travails of a pai[illegible] newlyweds—which had clear parallel[illegible] her life with George. The agent had ci[illegible] lated it among a few publishers; all of t[illegible] declined.

So when Chambrun got *The Tree [illegible] the Blossom,* in April 1955, he wasn't [illegible] mistic. He perfunctorily sent it on its [illegible] through the publishing circuit, whe[illegible] ended up on the desk of Leona Ne[illegible] a manuscript reader at Lippincott. [illegible] days, Nevler's job was to field the ru[illegible] from less discriminating agents, such[illegible] Chambrun, and sift through the mou[illegible] of unsolicited "slush," then pass along [illegible] rare jewel that might warrant an edit[illegible] attention. Nevler, it turned out, quite l[illegible] *The Tree and the Blossom,* but her bo[illegible] at Lippincott passed.

During a job interview at rival Ju[illegible] Messner, Inc., Nevler told the firm's p[illegible] dent, Kitty Messner, about the novel. [illegible] and thin, Kitty Messner was the Katha[illegible] Hepburn of the publishing world, kn[illegible] as much for her draping tailored suits [illegible] signature cigarette holder as for her sh[illegible] eye for commercial fiction. According[illegible] Emily Toth's 1981 biography *Inside [illegible] ton Place*—the Rosetta Stone of Grace [illegible] talious arcana—on the night of August [illegible] Messner decided to stay in and read Gra[illegible] saucy, compelling, and surprisingly lite[illegible] book.

The next day, Kitty called Chambr[illegible] "I have to have it," she said. The title, h[illegible] ever, would need to be changed to [illegible] name of the town where the novel was [illegible] Peyton Place.

Grace had been at the market in n[illegible] by Laconia, buying frozen French fries [illegible] cause you don't have to wash them be[illegible] you cook them. Then she had taken [illegible] kids to swim in Opeechee Park. When [illegible] got back to Gilmanton, Grace, carrying [illegible] bags of groceries, spotted the mail. A[illegible]

fore he finally discerned the bulk of his automobile up ahead of him.

Betty waited while he stumbled again and nearly fell. She waited until he was directly in front of the car, and then she turned on the head lights. Her hoot of laughter filled the night, and Rodney was only too painfully aware of the [illegible] picture he must make as he stood and stared like a [illegible] and tried to cover himself with his hands.

"Yo[illegible]o, but she wa[illegible]ng so [illegible]hat she did [illegible] H[illegible] car and grabbed fo[illegible]urs-ing [illegible] ed of 'Ok[illegible] and went off into an[illegible] end laughter. [illegible] a picture to put on a po[illegible] home to Mo[illegible] car, clad only in his trou[illegible]e-

minute the garment lay on the sand next to the blanket. Betty's back arched against his arm as she thrust her breasts up to him. This was not new to Rodney. She let him do this often, but it never failed to arouse him to near frenzy. Her nipples were always rigid and exciting and the full, firm flesh around them always hot and throbbing.

"Come on, honey," she whimpered. "Come on, honey," and h mouth and hands covered her. "Hard," she whispered. "Do it har honey. Bite me a little. Hurt me a little."

"Please," murmured Rodney against her skin. "Please. Pleas His hand found the V of her crotch and pressed against it.

"Please," he said. "Please."

It was at this point that Betty usually stopped him. She wo put both her hands in his hair and yank him away from her, she did not stop him now. Her tight shorts slipped off as ea as if they had been several sizes too large, and her body did stop its wild twisting while Rodney took off his trousers.

"Hurry," she moaned. "Hurry. Hurry."

Rodney was panicky, and after that h



NAUGHTY NEIGHBORS

TV's *Peyton Place* cast included (top to bottom) James Douglas, Ryan O'Neal, Barbara Parkins, Chris Connelly, and Pat Morrow. *Opposite: top,* Terry Moore and Barry Coe embrace in the movie adaptation of the novel, 1957; *bottom,* a torrid passage in a first edition of the summer-fiction scorcher.

It was a crafty, page-turning brew of illicit sex, incest, and murder.







(1) Hope Lange and Diane Varsi both earned Oscar nominations for their roles in *Peyton Place*, 1957. (2) Metalious and the film's producer, Jerry Wald, 1957. (3) Mia Farrow posed on the TV-show set for photographer Harry Benson, 1965. (4) Lana Turner and Hope Lange take on the film roles of Constance MacKenzie and Selena Cross. (5) Barbara Parkins (left) at a party thown by Dorothy Malone (second from left) for the ABC cast, 1965. (6) Young Tatum O'Neal with her mother, Joanna Cook Moore, and father, Ryan O'Neal, at a *Peyton Place* beach gathering, 1965. (7) George and Grace Metalious at home in Gilmanton, New Hampshire, 1956. (8) The country house in Gilmanton that Grace bought with her *Peyton Place* earnings.

a pile of bills and past-due notices, a yellow telegram peeked out: PLEASE CALL ME AT YOUR EARLIEST CONVENIENCE. REGARDS. CHAMBRUN.

"He's sold it!" Grace screamed, waving around the wire. "He's sold it!"

Indeed he had, as she discovered when she placed the call to New York, a grocery bag still tucked under one arm. Two days later, Grace Metalious, the frowsy New Hampshire housewife whose bombshell would rock American publishing, slid into a booth at '21' with her dashing agent and toasted to her success with what she remembered as a daiquiri "all pale green and so cold it hurt my teeth."

Years later, her best friend, Laurose Wilkens, would remember the phone call she'd gotten from Grace that hot and humid August day, crying and laughing at her incredible news. "Grace Metalious," Wilkens said, "would never be really poor or really happy again."

Fifty years ago, *Peyton Place* helped create the contemporary notion of "buzz," indicted 1950s morality, and recast the concept of the soap opera, all in one big, purple-prosed book. It would spawn a sequel, a smash film nominated for nine Academy Awards, and television's first prime-time serial. A week before it hit bookstores, on September 24, 1956, it was already on the best-seller list, where it would remain for half a year. In its first month, it sold more than 100,000 copies, at a time when the average first novel sold 3,000, total. It would go on to sell 12 million more, becoming one of the most widely read novels ever published. During its heyday, it was estimated that one in 29 Americans had bought it—legions of them hiding it in drawers and closets due to its salacious content.

Peyton Place is the story of the denizens of a small New Hampshire town, ostensibly centered around pudgy adolescent Allison MacKenzie, who dreams of being a writer but finds herself stifled by the expectations and duplicity of her small-minded neighbors, and by her own mother, Constance MacKenzie, the original desperate housewife. What sold it was possibly the most clever marketing campaign ever launched for a novel of its era: a colorful author who made good copy, and a crafty, page-turning brew of illicit sex, secret lives, public drunkenness, abortion, incest, and murder.

But the story behind *Peyton Place*—a scandalous phenomenon that became a meta-

phor for scandal ever after ("Is this Watergate or Peyton Place?" U.S. congressman Lindsey Graham remarked at the Clinton impeachment hearings, in 1998)—is one almost as lurid as the original yarn. It is a saga of rags and riches, loves won and lost, and, in the end, betrayal, malefaction, and regret. It is the story of a restless, creative girl who never quite fit in and who found an outlet to express what that was like in 1950s America, only to be crushed by the people whose faux morality she had so scathingly critiqued. It is also a revelatory tale of an accidental and largely forgotten feminist pioneer.

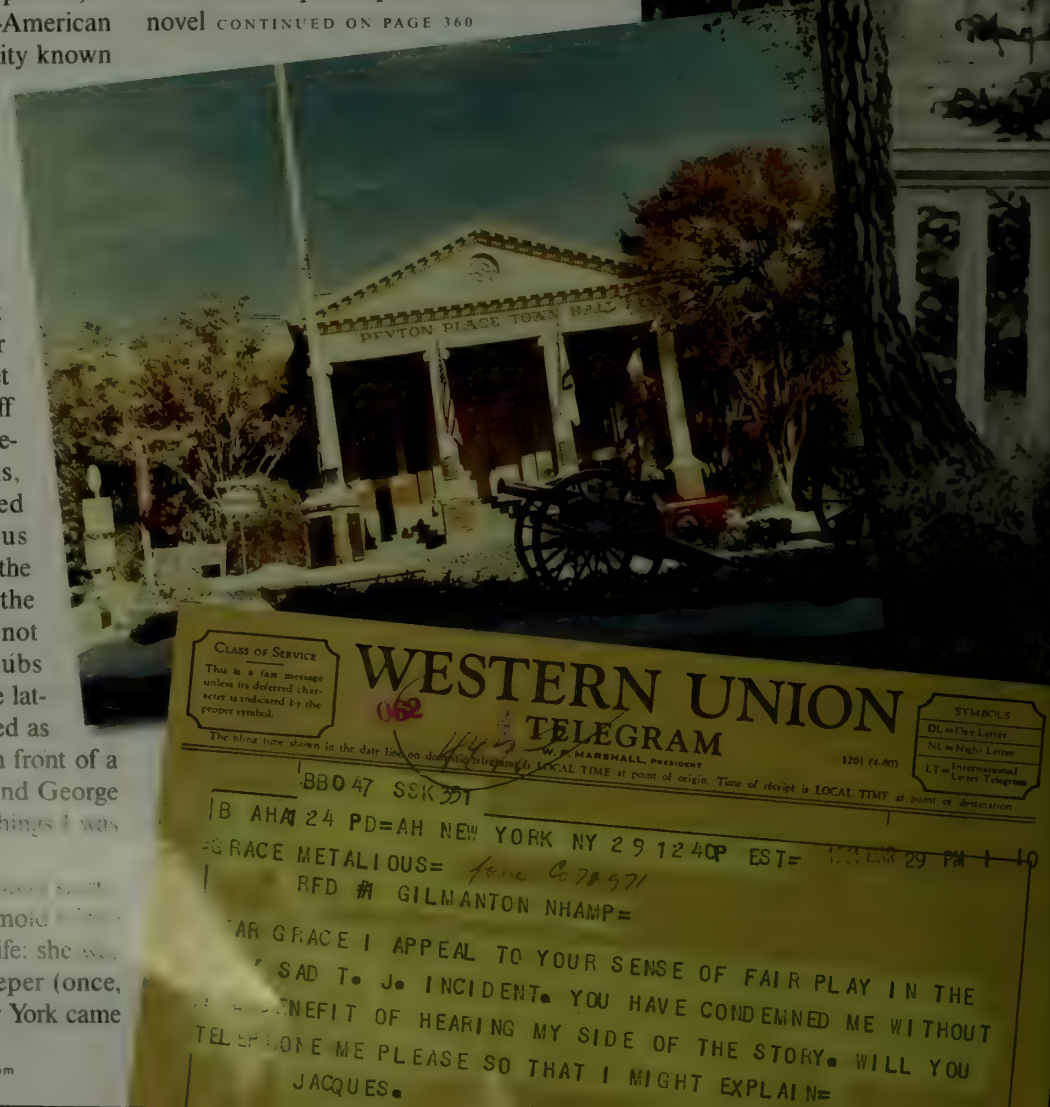
Overnight, Grace Metalious became wealthy, spending lavishly on stays at the Plaza and flirting with Cary Grant, her name and face splashed in newspapers across the nation. Eight years, another husband, and more than a million pissed-away dollars later, at the age of 39, she lay dying in a Boston hospital, in the company of a mysterious British lover to whom she had left her entire estate—by changing her will on her deathbed. "Be careful what you wish for," she told him in the hours before she died. "You just might get it."

Grace DeRepentigny was born in 1924 in Manchester, New Hampshire, a heavily Franco-American working-class city known for its textile mills. Her father, Al, was a merchant seaman who left the family when Grace was 10; her mother, Laurette, was a bitter would-be socialite who, as Emily Toth has recounted in her book about Grace, dreamed of writing for *Harper's* and bought flea-market items, which she then passed off as French family heirlooms. Despite both families' objections, Grace, still a teenager, married George Metalious, a studious Greek whom she'd known since the age of nine. Almost instantly, the marriage hit the skids. "I did not like belonging to Friendly Clubs and bridge clubs," Grace wrote later. "I did not like being regarded as a freak because I spent time in front of a typewriter instead of a sink. And George did not like my not liking the things I was supposed to like."

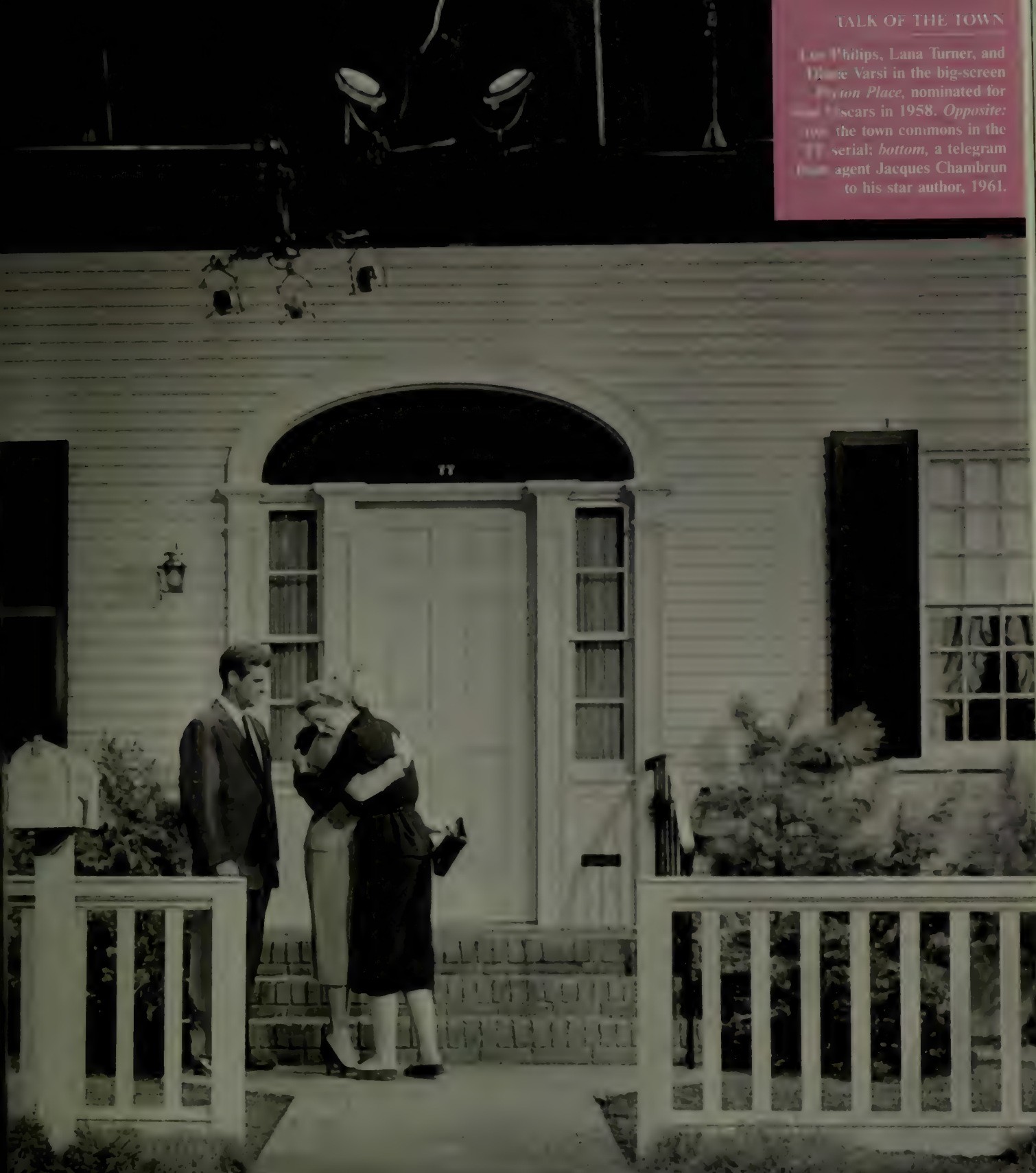
With her ponytail, baggy flannel shirts and jeans, Grace broke every mold for the prim New England country wife: she was outspoken, a terrible housekeeper (once, when some P.R. guys from New York came to It'll Do, she grabbed what looked like a Brillo pad, only to discover it was a dead mouse), and shockingly well read. "She was a totally unbridled, free, glorious spirit," says Lynne Snierson, the daughter of Grace's longtime attorney, Bernard Snierson. "I didn't know any other woman like her. Grace swore, a lot, and she drank, a lot, and she had lots of guys around her. She got married and divorced and had affairs. And she talked about sex and she talked about real life and she didn't filter it. I didn't know any other woman who was like that in the 50s."

As a result, she quickly became a lightning rod for gossip wherever she lived, particularly when she would hole up writing and ignore her kids. "We didn't bother her when she was writing," says her daughter, Marsha Metalious Duprey, now 62. "We wouldn't have gotten into trouble if we did, but we didn't *want* to bother her. When she was writing, basically everything else went to hell: no housework got done, no cooking got done, and my dad mostly took care of us. . . . I didn't know any better, so I didn't question it."

Grace struck up a friendship with Laurose Wilkens, who wrote part-time for *The Laconia Evening Citizen* and had tracked Grace down when rumors surfaced that the wife of George Metalious, the new school principal, was writing a novel CONTINUED ON PAGE 360



Lee Philips, Lana Turner, and Diane Varsi in the big-screen *Peyton Place*, nominated for [illegible] Oscars in 1958. *Opposite:* [illegible] the town commons in the [illegible] serial; *bottom,* a telegram [illegible] agent Jacques Chambrun to his star author, 1961.



Local gossips spread Grace stories with brutal efficacy: she had greeted the milkman in the buff.





WHERE THERE'S SMOKE

David Hockney, photographed at his Pembroke Gardens studio, in London, January 4, 2006.

Spotlight

THE L.A. KID

Sometimes long-established artists are taken for granted, as has happened with David Hockney. Mistake. He may now be 68 years old, but he still looks like Dennis the Menace, and he remains one of the most fluent artists of our time, at home in any medium, as well as one of the most interesting thinkers about art itself. His airy, easygoing portraits made their way into the public consciousness so long ago it's hard to believe that—up until now—there has never been a show singularly devoted to his paintings, drawings, and photographs of friends, family, and lovers, many of them captured over and over again. Now comes "David Hockney Portraits," put together by the triumvirate of London's National Portrait Gallery, the Los Angeles County Museum of Art, and Boston's Museum of Fine Arts, where the exhibition debuts on February 26 and runs through May 14 before traveling.

Aside from providing the opportunity to see a whole slew of Hockney classics—including portraits of his mum and a number of bare-bottomed intimates—this show serves as a pictorial mini-history of Los Angeles (where Hockney has made his main home since the 70s) in its guises as an oasis for searchers and as a kind of early gay Nirvana. There are surprises too, such as Hockney's recent portraits of children, which have a welcome, un-schmaltzy quality. Perhaps kids, who usually believe they have better things to do than sit still, are the perfect subject for this artist. "I'm often a believer in the faster you do it the better it is," says Hockney. That lack of pretense is true not just of his art but of the man himself; he likes a bit of irreverence. When describing the sizable portrait of him done by Lucian Freud, a revered pal who has painted everyone from Kate Moss to Elizabeth II, Hockney notes, dryly, "I'm slightly bigger than the Queen."

—INGRID SISCHY

PHOTOGRAPH BY JULIAN BROAD



PREMATURE EVALUATIONS
Not loved by everyone: left to right, from top, *Citizen Kane*'s Orson Welles, *2001*'s bone-wielding hominid; *Psycho*'s Alfred Hitchcock, *Lawrence of Arabia*'s Peter O'Toole, *The Godfather*'s Marlon Brando, *The Wizard of Oz*'s Judy Garland and Toto; *It's a Wonderful Life*'s Jimmy Stewart, *Casablanca*'s Humphrey Bogart, *Gone with the Wind*'s Vivien Leigh

CASABLANCA

"Not quite up to 'Across the Pacific' . . . but is nevertheless pretty tolerable."
—David Lardner, *The New Yorker,* November 28, 1942.

2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY

"In some ways it's the biggest amateur movie of them all. . . . It's a monumentally unimaginative movie."
—Pauline Kael, *Harper's,* February 1969.

THE GODFATHER

"Brando is handicapped by poor makeup. . . . Al Pacino rattles around in a part too demanding for him. . . . The surprisingly rotten score [is] by Nino Rota."
—Stanley Kauffmann, *The New Republic,* April 1, 1972.

PSYCHO

"This is third-rate Hitchcock. . . . A reflection of a most unpleasant mind, a mean, sly, sadistic little mind. . . . Merely one of those television shows padded out two hours by adding pointless subplots and realistic detail."
—Dwight Macdonald, *Esquire,* October 1960.

From Sneer to Eternity

Or: How some of the 20th century's more influential critics occasionally missed the big picture. MARK SUMMERS excavates and illustrates



THE WIZARD OF OZ

"I sat cringing before MGM's Technicolor production . . . which displays no trace of imagination, good taste, or ingenuity. . . . I say it's a stinkeroo. . . . Bert Lahr is funny but out of place."
—Russell Maloney, *The New Yorker,* August 19, 1939.

CITIZEN KANE

"Though the attempt is praiseworthy, the results are shockingly unsatisfying."
—Richard Griffith, *Los Angeles Times,* May 12, 1941.

IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE

"At its best all this seems to me insipid, and at its worst an embarrassment to both flesh and spirit."
—Richard Winnington, England's *News Chronicle,* April 5, 1946.

LAWRENCE OF ARABIA

"It is, in the last analysis, just a huge, thundering camel-opera."
—Bosley Crowther, *The New York Times,* December 17, 1962.

GONE WITH THE WIND

"We still feel that color is hard on the eyes for so long a picture."
—Frank S. Nugent, *The New York Times,* December 28, 1939.

Thunder on

THE MAKING OF *RED*

On the box-office coattails of 1978's *Heaven Can Wait*, Warren Beatty seized his chance to defy Hollywood wisdom by making *Reds*, a big-budget docudrama sympathetic to the Russian Revolution. PETER BISKIND recaptures the star-director-producer's creative obsession, from the volatile scriptwriting wars to the relentless retakes that reduced Jack Nicholson nearly to tears and helped send Beatty's romance with Diane Keaton into meltdown. The result: a stunning three-hour-and-twenty-minute epic about American Communists



the Left



LABOR OF LOVE

Beatty on the set of *Reds*. "I can't trust anybody to direct this movie but *me*," he told an associate. "If Kubrick called me tomorrow I'd turn him down. But I hate the idea. To be a director, you have to be sick."

When one of Arnold Schwarzenegger's aides called Warren Beatty a "crackpot"—among other choice epithets—after Beatty had taken a few shots at the California governor not long ago, one thing the aide refrained from calling Beatty was a "dilettante." Because, as anybody who has even a glancing familiarity with his career knows, Beatty has been a very serious political amateur for decades, at least since he backed Bobby Kennedy for president in 1968, and then became a visible supporter of gun control after Kennedy's assassination. Four years later he was doggedly pounding the pavement for George McGovern, helping to organize a then groundbreaking series of rock-concert fund-raisers. It was during this period—the night after McGovern won the Democratic nomination at a deeply divided convention in Miami, which Beatty attended—that he took a break from campaigning to hole up in a hotel room and spend four days working on a treatment that would eventually become *Reds*, one of the most audacious and politically literate movies ever to come out of Hollywood.

Released a quarter-century ago, on December 4, 1981, *Reds* is a sprawling, three-hour-and-twenty-minute homage, of sorts, to the Russian Revolution as well as to the high passions that animated the largely forgotten American left in the years before, during, and after World War I. The film is an achievement nearly unparalleled in the history of American cinema—ambitious, complex, and entertaining in equal measures. It is partly a biopic, centered on the short but eventful life of the writer and activist John Reed, one of the few Americans buried in the Kremlin, whose account of the bloody birth of the Soviet Union, *Ten Days That Shook the World,* is a classic of political journalism. It is partly a love story, re-creating Reed's tumultuous relationship with fellow journalist Louise Bryant. It is partly a historical drama that chronicles, among other things, the rise of Bolshevism and the birth of the Communist Party of America. And it is partly a documentary, one that rescues from oblivion 32 actual survivors of that period who serve as a kind of Greek chorus.

Not only did *Reds* pioneer the blend of fact and fiction that later came to be known as "docudrama," it was also an unapologetic, if critical, major-studio treatment of Communism, lavishing on this mostly taboo subject the vast resources at Hollywo disposal: a big budget, A-list stars, and this case, the brains, skills, and talents of best and the brightest of Hollywood's n recent—and probably final—golden age. of this at a moment that could not h been less hospitable to the subject. Be began shooting the picture in 1979, the the Russians invaded Afghanistan; proc tion continued throughout 1980, the America elected a new president, Ron Reagan, who campaigned with open ho ity to the Soviet Union and, once in off would famously dub it the "evil empi *Reds* was so unlikely a film for Hollywo and its timing so unpropitious, that m in Beatty's orbit, including the screenw Robert Towne and the film critic Pau Kael, begged him not to make it, convin that *Reds* was a folly.

Looking back from the pres a time characterized by corporate consolidation of movie industry, filmmaking committee, and creative tir ity, the fact that *Reds* was m at all is almost incomprehensible—testi ny to the vision and persistence of one m As one of Beatty's longtime collaborat the late production designer Dick Sylb once told me, "Talk about obsessed! ability to will something to happen mind-boggling."

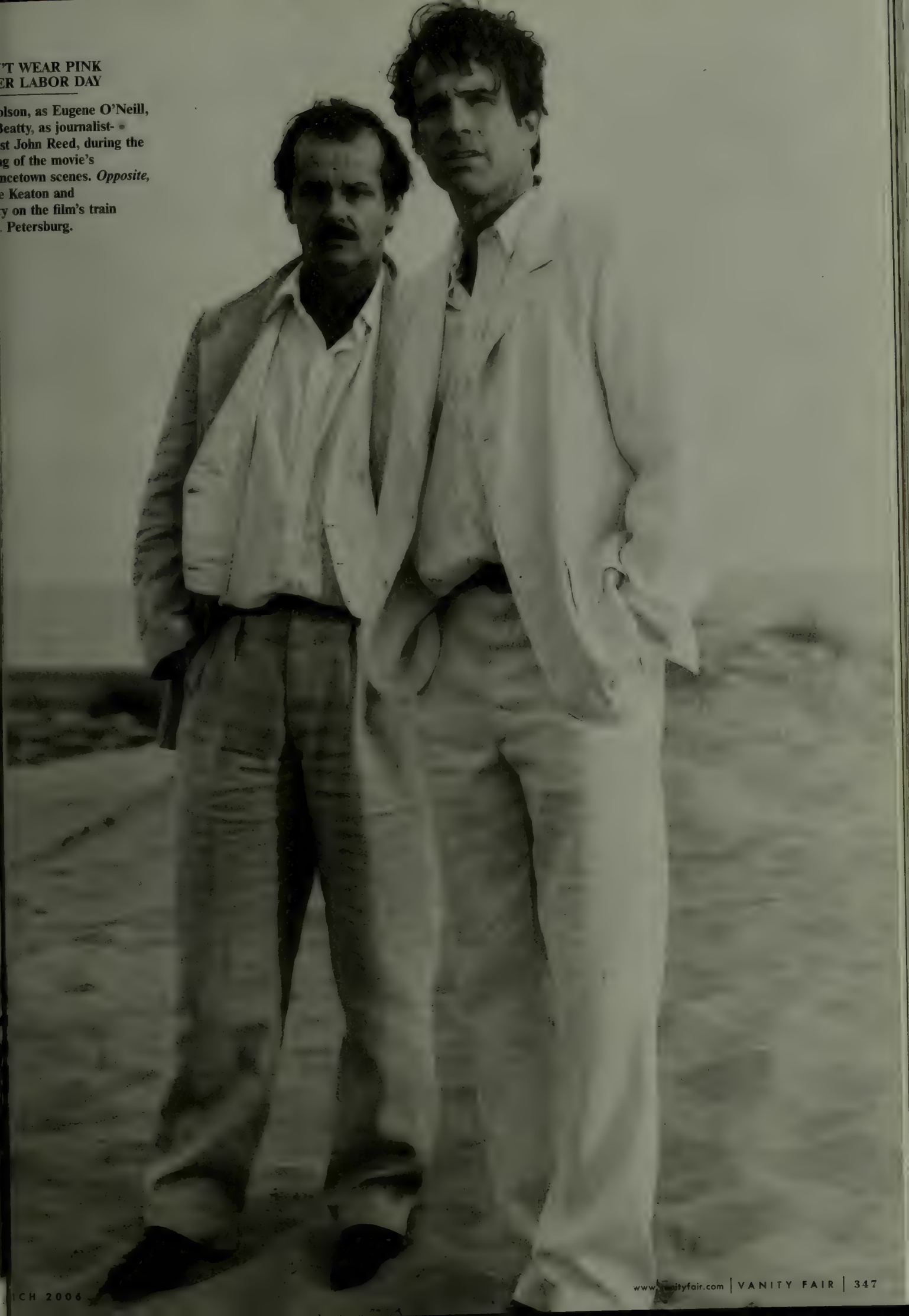
Reds was a labor of love, but labor love—Kevin Spacey's *Beyond the Sea* John Travolta's *Battlefield Earth* com

"I told Jack I needed someone to play O'Neill, but it had to be someone who could convincingly take this woman away from me."



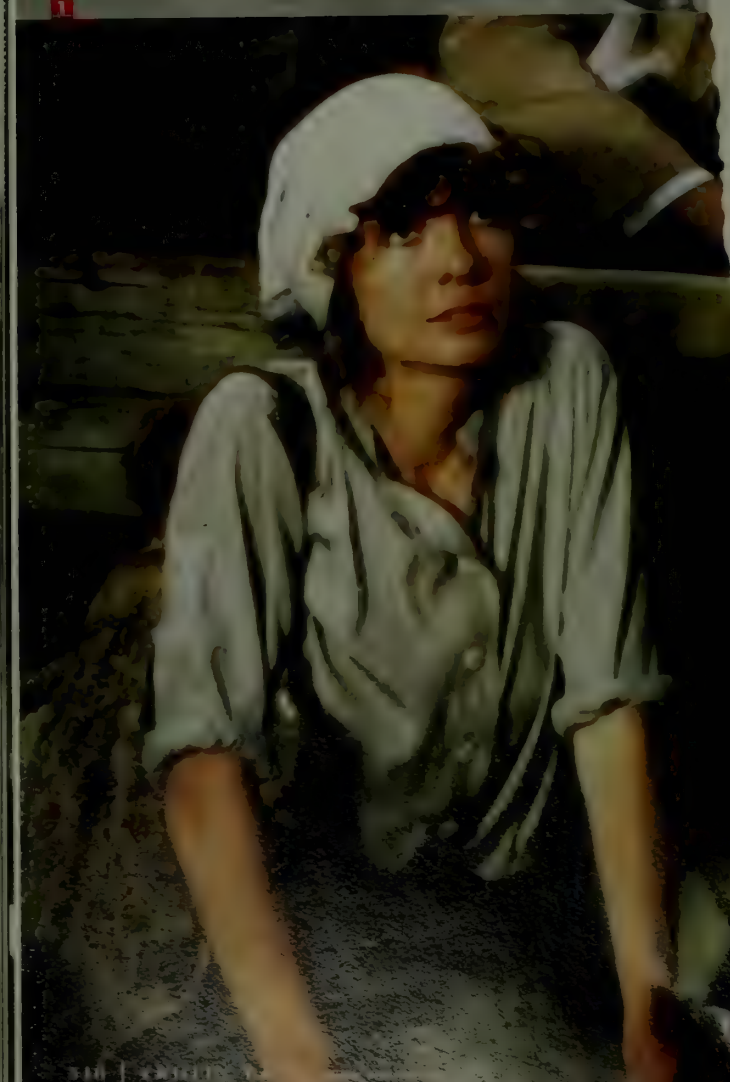
'T WEAR PINK
ER LABOR DAY

olson, as Eugene O'Neill,
Beatty, as journalist-
st John Reed, during the
g of the movie's
ncetown scenes. *Opposite,*
e Keaton and
y on the film's train
. Petersburg.

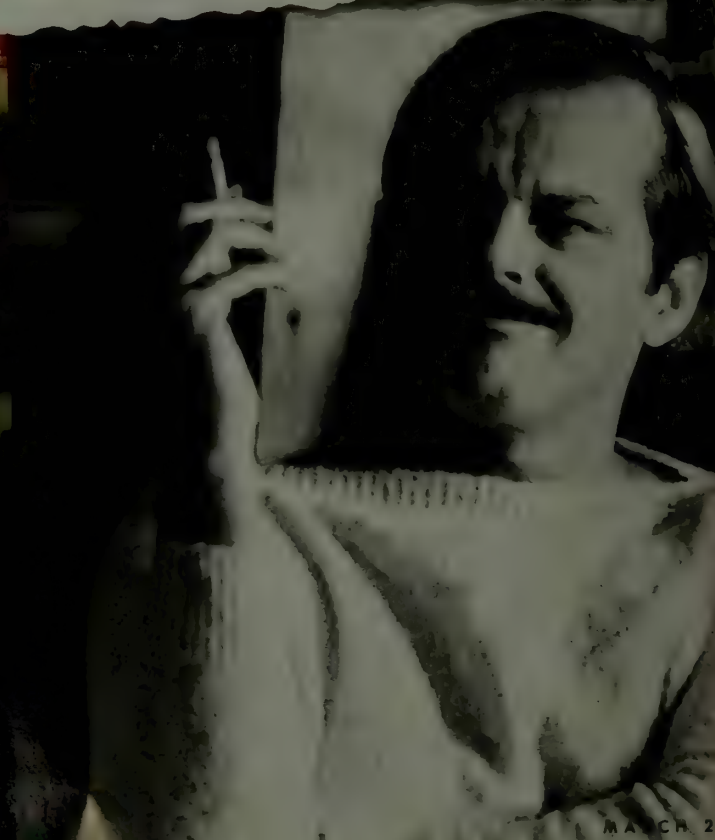


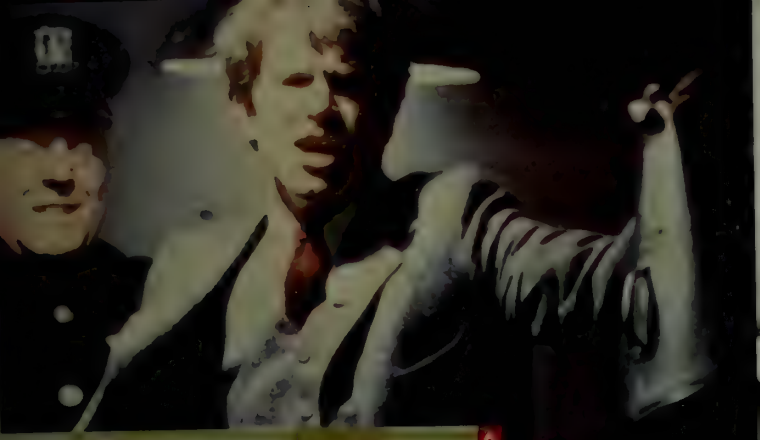




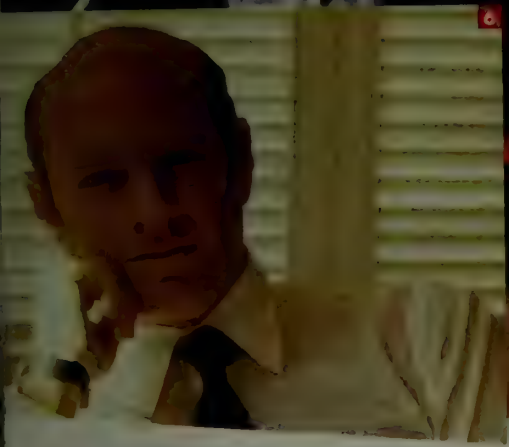




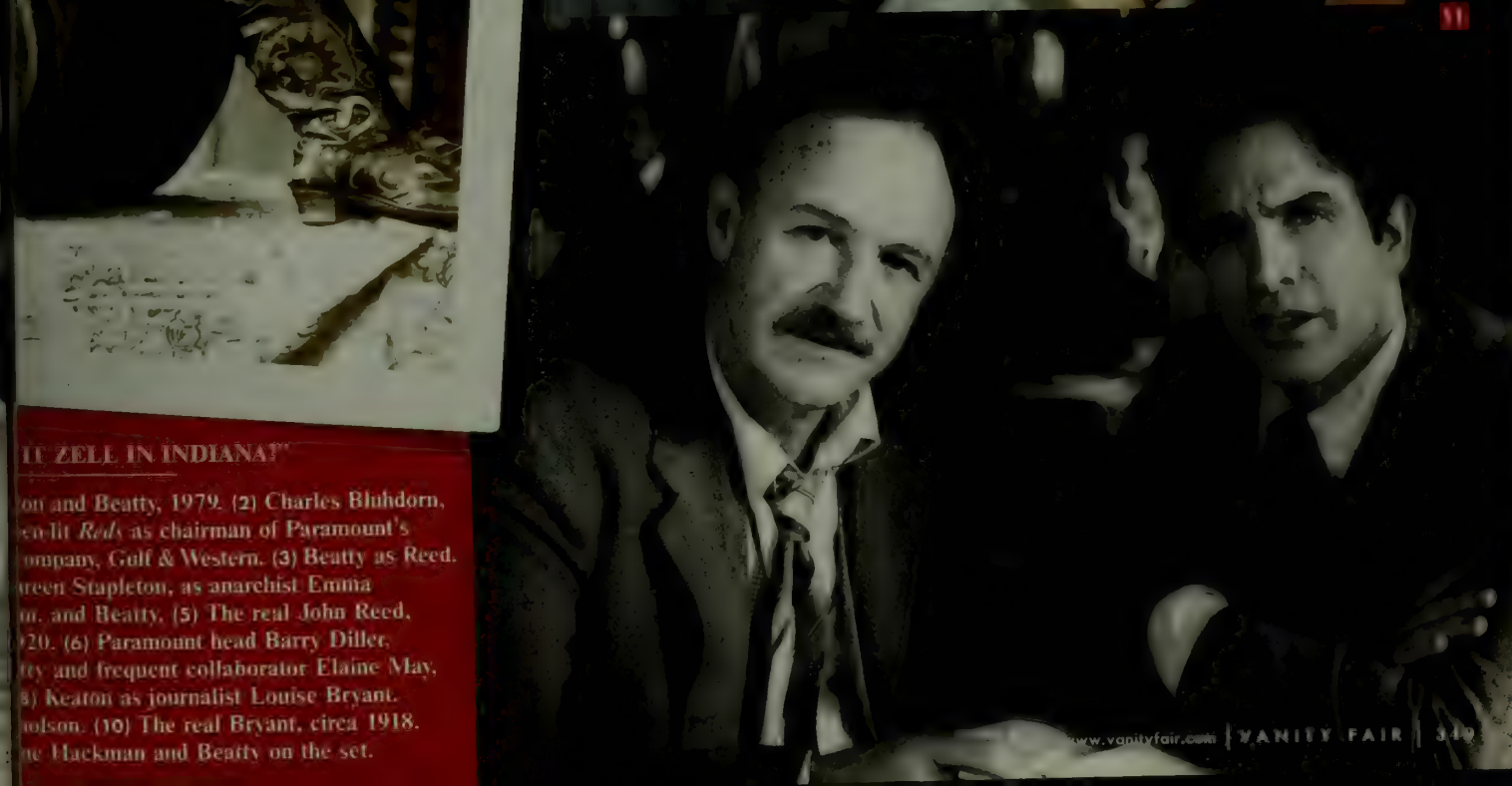












IT ZELL IN INDIANA?"

on and Beatty, 1979. (2) Charles Bluhdorn, ...evolit *Reds* as chairman of Paramount's ...ompany, Gulf & Western. (3) Beatty as Reed. ...reen Stapleton, as anarchist Emma ...n. and Beatty. (5) The real John Reed, ...920. (6) Paramount head Barry Diller, ...ty and frequent collaborator Elaine May, ...8) Keaton as journalist Louise Bryant. ...olson. (10) The real Bryant, circa 1918. ...ne Hackman and Beatty on the set.

Keaton and Beatty in costume
"Making a movie together if
you're got someone who is even
moderately obsessive-compulsive
is hell on a relationship," says
Beatty. *Opposite*, Beatty's version
of the Russian Revolution.



l—are generally dubious propositions e film business; studio executives are to run for the hills when a powerful director, or producer knocks on the with a personal project to which he or has long given tender care, and this never truer than in the late 70s, a time n the once astringent talents of the Hollywood were giving way to bloat self-indulgence. While Beatty was pitch- *Reds* (which he might have described e movie David Lean would have made Gillo Pontecorvo, director of *The Bat- f Algiers,* put a knife to his throat), ed Artists was still looking down the el of Francis Ford Coppola's troubled, h-delayed, and phenomenally expen- *Apocalypse Now.* Worse, UA was about ade knee-deep into the quicksand of hael Cimino's studio-busting *Heaven's* . Universal, meanwhile, was still reel- rom *Sorcerer,* Billy Friedkin's expen- 1977 flop, and was about to lose a lle more on Steven Spielberg's over- uced, unfunny comedy, *1941. Reds* and tin Scorsese's *Raging Bull* would be ptions that proved the rule, although ormer, with its lengthy dialogue scenes ted to parsing the factional infight- on the American left, was still a big thful to swallow. Beatty, who at the was coming off the huge comedy *Heaven Can Wait,* which minted mon- r Paramount, was probably the only with the clout (or desire) to launch ajor motion picture that would dra- ze the Russian Revolution from a entirely unsympathetic perspective—and get a studio to pay for it. As former Paramount production head Bob Evans puts it in his inimitable fashion, "Warren could dictate what he wanted to make. [*Reds*] was his come shot after *Heaven Can Wait.*"

Born to comfortable circumstances in Portland, Oregon, Reed had gone to Harvard. Once he cast off the remnants of his bourgeois background—says Beatty, "It took me quite a while to get over the fact that he was a cheerleader at Harvard"—Reed came into his own as a journalist, poet, and radical, torn between his aspirations to art and to political activism, a conflict Beatty could relate to. And, like Beatty at the start of his career, when the actor's dating games made him a fixture of the gossip columns and sometimes upstaged his considerable gifts as a performer, Reed had something to prove. He was too much fortune's child—too good-looking, too well-off, too talented—to be taken seriously. Upton Sinclair once called Reed "the Playboy of the Revolution," something else Beatty could relate to.

Reed was also an adventurer, inexorably drawn to the action. And in the teens of the last century, the action was on the left, among American unions such as the Industrial Workers of the World (also known as the Wobblies) and, abroad, in places such as Mexico, where the peasants were making a revolution with machetes—and, better yet, the volcano that was czarist Russia. Reed went to Russia three times: in 1915 to cover World War I, in 1917 as a participant-observer in the Russian Revolution—he was in St. Petersburg when the czar's Winter Palace fell—and in 1920 to plead for Soviet accreditation of his newly formed Communist Labor Party. When he wanted to return to America, the Soviets refused to let him go. He tried to cross the border into Finland and landed in a Finnish jail for his trouble. He was finally released to the Soviets, and spent what little was left of his life working in their propaganda ministry, writing and making speeches. He died of typhus in 1920, three days before his 33rd birthday.

The love of Reed's life was Louise Bryant, a dentist's wife he lured from Portland to New York to join the ranks of artists and revolutionaries who peopled Greenwich Village. She too was a journalist with large appetites: she had an affair with Eugene O'Neill, went to cover World War I from the front in France, and followed Reed to Russia twice, all the time struggling to carve out her own career. After Reed's death she tumbled downhill into alcoholism, drug addiction, and poverty. She died in 1936 at the age of 50.

"I don't think we were much of a couple by the end of the movie," says Keaton.



Beatty recalls coming across Reed's story in the mid-1960s. He says, "When you're very, very young, you hear, 'John Reed: Harvard guy gets over [to Russia] and ends up being buried in the Kremlin wall,' and then you find out later that he traveled with Pancho Villa, so after you read *Ten Days That Shook the World,* you read *Insurgent Mexico,*" which was Reed's first book. The film editor Dede Allen recalls Beatty's mentioning the idea of putting Reed's life on film as far back as 1966. "We were sitting in a Chinese

restaurant having lunch when he said, 'Have you ever heard of Jack Reed?'

"'Yes.'

"'I'm going to do his story one day.'"

In 1966, "one day" was still more than a decade off—Beatty was then in the midst of producing and starring in *Bonnie and Clyde*—but he was serious about Reed, whose story clearly had vivid cinematic potential. The actor had taught himself some Russian and in 1969 visited the Soviet Union with his then girlfriend Julie Christie. The Soviet director Sergei Bondarchuk, who had just filmed *War and Peace,* wanted to make a movie about Reed himself and asked the actor to star in it. But Beatty didn't like the script and turned Bondarchuk down. Instead, Beatty told me, "I asked [the Soviet authorities], 'Can I talk to some people who might have known Reed?' They said there was this woman who claims to have had an affair with him. I said, 'Can I meet her?' They took me out to her apartment on the seventh floor of one of those temporary-looking postwar buildings. She was about 80. Her mother was close to Lenin's wife, and there is a picture of her, at the age of 15, an incredibly beautiful little girl, standing next to Lenin. I said, 'Did you have a romance with John Reed?' She said to me in Russian, 'A romance? I fucked him!' I said, 'Were you ever in a labor camp?' And she said, 'Oh, yes.' I said, 'How long were you there?' She said, 'Oh, 16 years.' I said, 'How do you feel about Stalin?' She said, 'Only hate. But of course the revolution is in its early stages.' It was at that moment I thought, I have to make a movie about that kind of passion. I'm going to make it without the Russians. And just the way I want to make it." In Beatty's eyes, Reed had for too long been the exclusive property of the Soviet Union. "I felt some sort of need to protect this poor American who was buried in the Kremlin wall. His ideals were not owned by Soviet Communism."

For all the similarities between Beatty and Reed, the differences are striking as well. Where Reed was impulsive and given to extreme solutions, politically, Beatty is deliberate, slow to act, and liberal, not radical. He worked on Reed's story, fitfully, throughout the early 1970s, writing about 25 pages. At the time, he was hitting his stride professionally, a cinematic polymath who was able to do everything well and often did. Not only was he one of the most sought-after leading men throughout the late 1960s and the 1970s, but his love life was still manna to the gossip sheets. With *Bonnie and Clyde,* which had kicked off the New Hollywood revolution, in 1967, he had become one of the first actors to succeed at hands-on producing, so much so that on subsequent projects he was known as the equal of canny studio negotiators such as Frank Wells and Barry Diller. He produced, co-wrote, and starred in two successful comedies, 1975's *Shampoo* and 1978's *Heaven Can Wait,* the latter of which he co-directed as well, with Buck Henry. Nevertheless, according to Henry, while on the set of that film Beatty had to listen to Christie, his co-star, mock him for being lightweight. The John Reed film would be far from a comedy, and Beatty knew that if he was ever going to make it this was the time, when he had both clout and command of his craft.

In 1976 he had finally found a writer for the project: Trevor Griffiths, a successful playwright whose London hit, *Comedians,* Mike Nichols was taking to Broadway. A Marxist intellectual, Griffiths wasn't about to get his head turned by a movie star. According to Jeremy Pikser, a protégé of Griffiths's, whom Beatty hired as a research consultant and who later went on to co-write *Bulworth* with Beatty, "Trevor felt, 'I'm a historian, a playwright. You're a Hollywood movie star. What can you tell me about how to tell the story of John Reed?' I couldn't imagine two less likely people to have an effective collaboration."

To Griffiths it was clear how much Beatty identified with Reed. "Warren spoke as if he was the reincarnation of Jack Reed," Griffiths says. "Reed was a golden boy. I would get that sense as we talked that Warren had been born to play him. Or Jack Reed had been born so that at a later moment Warren could play him!"

Griffiths's wife was killed in an airplane crash while he was working on the script, which delayed a first draft considerably. He finally finished around the end of 1977. "Warren rang me up and said, 'This is wonderful. This is just terrific. I've got to read it again,'" he recalls. "When he rang me again about it, a week later, there was a completely different tone to his voice. He basically wanted to start again, keep the outline, keep the shape, keep some of the characterizations, and begin again. And, indeed, that's what we did."

According to Pikser, "The first script was much more tendentious. Humorless. It was much more historical, in that the relationship between John Reed and Louise Bryant was not nearly as modern. And Reed was more of a character than a vehicle for Warren Beatty. In one scene, Reed embraced Louise and said, 'Your hair smells like damsons.' Damsons are a kind of plum, and they do exist in America, and they are likely something that Reed might have known about and, as a poet, might have made a reference to. But Warren's attitude was 'What the fuck is a damson? And I sure would never say that about a woman! What kind of an idiot is this guy Trevor Griffiths? It must be some sort of English thing.' But I don't think Warren hated the script any more than he hates other first drafts. He never has a draft he likes. It's never 'O.K., now the script is done,' in my experience. It's like 'Let's work on it.' You go into a film re-writing while it's being shot."

Says Beatty, "That draft had serious problems. There was no tension between Bryant and Reed. What I needed to do was pit her feminism against his chauvinism, turn a woman who was in love with a man against that man."

Griffiths returned to New York in the middle of 1978 to hash out the script with Beatty. "We sat down in a hotel bedroom at the Carlyle and we worked for about four and a half months," Griffiths recalls. "It was a pretty unpleasant four and a half months . . . terribly painful. I was sitting in a room for six or eight hours a day with a guy that I was increasingly growing to detest, and who was increasingly growing to detest me. That's the Sartrean version of hell."

In his everyday exchanges, Beatty is invariably polite and soft-spoken, with a dry wit. When he's relaxed and unguarded. As unguarded as he ever gets, he's ribald and funny. He rarely loses his temper, rarely allows himself to get annoyed or irritable. But script meetings are, for Beatty, something else: free-for-alls, extreme combat. "When you're collaborating, you have to be able to take the gloves off," Beatty says. He is a firm believer in the adage that two (or more) minds are better than one. He calls them "hostile intelligences." But, observes Pikser, "it's often more hostile than intelligent." He goes on, "Warren functions creatively in a pugilistic manner. He likes to fight. It's not fun to fight with a stupid person, so he likes to have smart people to fight with. You see, working on the script, he's sweet as honey. You start working on a script, you can expect to be abused. Anybody who's ever worked with him who doesn't admit that is lying. That's how he is with Robert Towne, that's how he is with Elaine May, but they love it. They throw things, they scream. They swear at each other. I think they feel that this is what it means to be creative. The first time I met Towne"—the screenwriter was embroiled on *Reds,* as did writer-director Mike Nichols more extensively—"he walked up to me and he said, 'I just want you to know something.' Right up in my face. 'I don't give a fuck about history.' I was like, 'What do you want from me, man? I'm just a kid here.'"

After the four-and-a-half-month stint at the Carlyle, Griffiths told Beatty that in late August or September 1978—nearly two years after their work on *Reds* had begun—that he had to go back to London. Beatty said, "I'm coming with you!" So they ended up together again, this time working at the Dorchester hotel, in London. "The atm-

around us was poisonous, terrible," Griffiths. "It was messy, it was vile, it oulmouthed on both sides."

ere is a key sequence aboard a train he end of the script during which Reed s Zinoviev, a Soviet functionary, for re- g his speeches. Suddenly, in the mid- the dispute, the White Army, the coun- olutionaries, attack the train. Griffiths lained about the scene.

o we really need this scene?" he asked. t is important is the argument, not tack on the train."

isten," Griffiths recalls Beatty's saying. thing you have to learn: in a movie, ullet is worth a thousand words."

hat's terrible, because I'm a writer, and e got are words," exploded Griffiths. then, he recalls, "Beatty exploded, exploded again and walked out of oom, packed my bag, and left. And saw him again."

course, Beatty was right. *Reds* was novel or a play, it was a movie, a pop- ntertainment, or at least that was the . Would people go for it? "That's the thing about Warren," says Pikser. "It's nble. That's what makes it fun. If he s there's no chance that people will t, he's not interested in doing it."

as Leslie Caron, a former flame of Beat- , who once observed that he "has al- fallen in love with girls who have won en nominated for an Academy Award." n qualified, Christie too, and so did Di- Keaton, who had won best actress for *Hall,* in 1977. Slender, pale as porce- and radiating a nervous intelligence, on was an original. She was adorable oody Allen's neurotic match in *Annie* and single-handedly started a fashion with her gender-bending mix-and-match robe of ties, trousers, and skirts.

remember the first time I ever saw en. I must have been about 26," Keaton s, placing the incident in the early 70s her career was just beginning to flower. as at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel. They to have a bookstore there, and I was in- and I looked out and saw him in the . I thought, My god, he's so beautiful. It ike there was a light. He looked at me second, and then [his eyes] passed me thought, I'll never know him. He'll nev- somebody in my life."

it she was wrong. A few years later they ed up during the frenzy that followed the success of *Heaven Can Wait,* and y became equally intoxicated, though the onship proved to be a difficult one. Ac- ing to Pikser, who spent a lot of time the couple, "Warren was always trying ease Diane. Which was not easy. Which y he wanted to do it so much. It's no or him if it's easy. He really likes women who kick his ass. He always moaned about it, but I think it's what drew him to her. She was very difficult." Pikser adds, "It was a very contentious, complicated relationship. It was very volatile. He bought her a pair of handcuffs, as either a Christmas or a birthday gift. I took that as an ironic comment on her feeling that he wanted to constrain her. Or maybe they were just into that!" (Says Beatty, "God help me, no, I've never been into that. The idea of handcuffs as sexual paraphernalia has always made me laugh. And there would be about as much chance of Diane Keaton being into that kind of stuff as there would be of her becoming interested in skydiving.")

Beatty—who has a long history of working with current and former lovers—wanted Keaton to play Bryant. He regarded her as something of a muse, or at least that's what he told the press at the time: "If Diane Keaton had not made *Reds,* I don't know what I would have done." He says now, "She's always surprising. And that's fun. It would have been kind of heavy going to have these two idealists go through this idealistic period without some surprises. And some laughs."

When Beatty had first asked Keaton to play Bryant, the actress was skeptical. "I didn't really believe it was going to happen," she recalls. "He would say, 'We're going to shoot now,' and then we would not shoot now, and then he would say, 'O.K., the next few months, probably,' and it kept getting put off and put off for what seemed like an endless amount of time. So it really wasn't a reality until we were actually in England, and we started to shoot. And then I believed we were doing it."

The other key role was Eugene O'Neill, Reed's friend and Bryant's lover. The historical O'Neill was tall and lanky, with a boozer's pallor. Beatty first thought of casting James Taylor, who had the look of an addict, someone who knew pain. Or Sam Shepard, of which the same was true. In the end he chose his pal Jack Nicholson, with whom he had appeared in *The Fortune* (1975) for Mike Nichols. As the story goes, Beatty tricked Nicholson into accepting the smallish but important part by ostensibly asking for advice. "I told him I needed someone to play Eugene O'Neill, but it had to be someone who could convincingly take this woman away from me," Beatty once told an interviewer. Without missing a beat, Nicholson responded, "There is only one actor who could do that—me!"

Nevertheless, says executive producer Simon Relph, "Warren worried and worried about casting Jack, because, frankly, both of them were too old to play the parts. When we met with Jack, he was doing *The Shining.* It was towards the end of the film, and Kubrick had got him into the most shambolic state. A kind of grotesque figure appeared. We only had three or four months before shooting. Warren said to me, 'Do you think Jack can get in shape?' I said, 'If he wants to do it, I'm sure he can.' He did really want to do it. When it was time, he appeared, having shed a huge amount of weight, and all the years. He was fantastic."

The rest of the cast included Maureen Stapleton, who would prove to be splendid as Emma Goldman, the anarchist; Paul Sorvino, who played Italian-American fire-

BRUCE AND JAVIER: THE FIRST GAY DIVORCE SCENE I

BY HENRY ALFORD



Throwing the Eames fiberglass-shell chair out into the traffic on Storrow Drive, Bruce screamed at his husband, Javier, "I can't believe you brought that filthy little piece of midcentury modernism into our home! Were you *trying* to hurt me?"

Javier had never seen Bruce so reactionary; in his 17 years as a political consultant he'd never seen a *politician* be so reactionary. But deep down he realized, Yes, he had been trying to hurt Bruce. The Eames: so, so wrong.

"Everything feels so cluttered to me right now," Javier explained. Bruce nodded. "I want a much cleaner line," Javier said. Bruce nodded again. "I want less, less, less," Javier added.

"You mean ... ?," Bruce asked, comprehension dawning.

"Yes, Bruce. I'm leaving you."

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT TRACHTENBERG

brand Louis Fraina, a leader of the infant Communist Party of America; and Gene Hackman, who had the small part of a magazine editor. Beatty was largely using British locations to stand in for American ones such as Provincetown and Greenwich Village, and because he was worried the locales wouldn't be convincing to U.S. audiences, he took care to populate the picture with veteran Hollywood character actors such as Ian Wolfe, R. G. Armstrong, Jack Kehoe, and M. Emmet Walsh, who were familiar to audiences from dozens of movies. Beatty also cast some non-actors in important roles. George Plimpton, the editor of *The Paris Review,* played a fashionable publisher who tries to seduce Bryant. Plimpton was offered the part when he nearly tripped over Beatty while the actor was asleep on the floor of the Playboy Mansion; Plimpton later clinched the deal by putting the moves on Keaton with such conviction during an audition that Beatty yelled, "Stop it!" Another non-actor, the novelist Jerzy Kosinski, was brilliant as Zinoviev, the Soviet apparatchik. An outspoken anti-Communist who had been born in Poland, Kosinski initially turned Beatty down because he feared he would be kidnapped by the K.G.B. while on location in Finland.

Beatty hadn't originally intended to act in or direct the film. He knew how difficult it was simply to produce. He considered casting John Lithgow, who physically resembled Reed, but eventually decided to do it himself, just as he became convinced there was no one else to hold the reins behind the camera. He told Sylbert, "I can't trust anybody to direct this movie but me. If Kubrick called me tomorrow I'd turn him down. But I hate the idea. To be a director, you have to be sick." He surrounded himself with collaborators who could help him, and was able, as he had in the past, to attract the best in the business. Sylbert, who had just put in three years as head of production at Paramount, was arguably the most skilled production designer in Hollywood and had worked with Beatty on *Shampoo.* Dede Allen, whose innovative cutting created the jackrabbit velocity that helped drive *Bonnie and Clyde* to critical and commercial success, was the best editor in New York. Vittorio Storaro, who was responsible for Bernardo Bertolucci's stunningly photographed pictures and had most recently survived *Apocalypse Now,* was a master of lush color and the moving camera—though what worked for Bertolucci didn't always work for Beatty, who was raised at the knee of George Stevens, the Hollywood classicist who had directed him in *The Only Game in Town* and who never moved his camera.

Beatty came up with the idea of filming talking-head interviews with survivors of the period who knew or knew of Reed; they were called the Witnesses. Pikser remembers, "The way it was explained to me was 'Look, the thing that kills historical dramas is exposition. We have an audience which doesn't know the first fucking thing about any of this stuff, and if we're going to educate them with the dialogue, it's going to be deadly—it will ruin the film. So why not just take the bull by the horns, and let's say, "We're going to make a little documentary, and we'll get the information we need, but it won't be purely didactic. It will be funny. It will have entertainment value."' It was brilliant."

Mischievously, Beatty begins the film with the Witnesses talking about the unreliability of memory, its lapses and the tricks it plays. The interviewees included Roger Baldwin, who founded the American Civil Liberties Union, and the writers Rebecca West and Henry Miller, whose *Tropic of Cancer,* published by Grove Press in 1961, struck an early blow for the "sexual revolution" when the Supreme Court ruled it literature, not pornography. Dede Allen remembers how Beatty had read an interview with Miller where he described himself as "the Warren Beatty of his day." Says Allen, "Miller had nothing to do with Jack Reed, but Warren just wanted to interview him." (Beatty says Miller knew Emma Goldman, and Beatty wanted his take on the period.) Pikser wrote Miller a polite letter. Miller wrote back saying, "You seem to be after the same kind of academic crap I've always hated my whole life. I think I would be terrible for you. There's no way you could make use of me. I don't think I would like to meet you. I don't think you would like to meet me." Pikser was crushed, wrote an abject apology: "You misunderstood me. We think you'd be great, blah-blah." He showed it to Beatty, who said, "Throw that out. Send him a telegram: PERFECT! WHEN CAN WE ARRIVE?" Pikser did so, and the next thing he knew he had an invitation to dinner at Miller's house, along with the young actress Brenda Venus, Miller's final, though platonic, girlfriend. (He was a spry 88.) His only request was that Beatty help Venus find a movie part. (There was no role for her in *Reds.*)

After Griffiths walked out, Beatty continued to work on the script by himself, and then brought in Elaine May, with whom he had written *Heaven Can Wait.* May presented herself as kooky and fragile, a delicate flower, someone unequipped to deal with the real world, an impression she nurtured and seemed to enjoy, because she would make jokes about it. But once she swung into writing mode, she was like another person: confident, self-assured, and opinionated. Some of the work was done at the Plaza Athénée in Paris—one of several hotels around the world where Beatty liked to hang out. He would fly in on the Concorde. At the P she'd use the floor of her suite for a d laying out on the rug six or seven diffe scenes, each one in three versions writte longhand on yellow lined paper. Housek ing was barred from the room, so that af few days (she never went out) room-ser trays covered with dirty dishes and over food were stacked in piles. She ch smoked tiny cigars and let the ashes where they might.

May, whose contribution to the scr and later the editing process—was incal ble, focused on the scenes between Reed Bryant, and Bryant and O'Neill. Unlike G fiths, May understood that Beatty wa star, that Reed was in large part a vehicl him, and that the Reed-Bryant relation had to have contemporary resonance tension between the two protagonists though rooted in the historical reality o period, had to crackle with the passions roiled the 1970s, particularly the wom movement. According to Pikser, she sai don't know anything about this history." somebody needed to, so she insisted th be integrated into the process. Holdin some pages, she would say, "Jack and Em Goldman need to fight here. I don't k what the fuck they would fight about," throw him a pad.

Beatty had been financing script d opment and the pre-production of out of his own pocket. "That's the way I ally do things, because I'm what is call control freak," he explains with a laugh he was not about to launch into a film a pensive as this one might be without st backing. By this time the studios had re ered from the New Hollywood fever of early 1970s, were sitting up in bed and b ning to eat solid food, especially Paramo now run by a group of Young Turks rec ed from television—Barry Diller, Mic Eisner, and Don Simpson—and pres over by the choleric but brilliant finan Charles Bluhdorn, chairman of Paramo parent corporation, Gulf & Western. *He Can Wait* had made a lot of money for P mount, and when the Oscar nominat were announced in February 1979, the received nine. While making it, Beatty charmed Bluhdorn, and he already k Diller, who headed the studio, through D ocratic Party politics, but Beatty knew *Reds* was still going to be a tough sell.

He did what he always did: he pla the field, making the studios compet his favors. He had interested Warner B in the picture. Still, Paramount was his choice, and the executives there were wary and intrigued. "I'd been hearing a *Reds* for years," says Diller. "It's like ren

g when you first heard about Santa . It was pervasive. I was fascinated by hought it was an impossible idea for a e, but Warren created success with *n Can Wait,* and if you create success re entitled to extra room." Diller, Eisnd Beatty had a dinner with Bluhdorn w York to discuss *Reds;* the Gulf & rn chairman's blessing would be prufor a film as potentially expensive and oversial as this one. Diller remembers Bluhdorn was enthusiastic about the ct, but in Beatty's recollection Bluhwas cooler toward the idea, and Beatitch hardly made *Reds* sound like a noer: "Look, this is an iffy project about mmunist hero who dies in the end. It be a very dodgy commercial subject. If ay no, there's no hard feelings, and I'll it somewhere else."

low much is it gonna cost?" asked the ian-born Bluhdorn, who spoke in a thick t his executives enjoyed mimicking.

've got to be honest with you," Beatty ered. "I don't know. But it's a long, long e." Beatty subsequently gave Bluhdorn y of what then passed for the script at outside his office door while he read uhdorn finally said yes. But, Beatty re- "He made the movie because he didn't to lose the movie."

nd a few days later, Bluhdorn came with a bad case of buyer's remorse. dorn told Beatty, "Do me a favor. Take million. Go to Mexico. Keep $24 milor yourself. Spend the one million on ture. Just don't make this one." Beatplied, "Charlie, I have to make this e." Beatty then got a call from one of dorn's pals. (The Gulf & Western head suspected of nurturing Mob connec- among them the attorney and Hollyl fixer Sidney Korshak, though Beatty the caller was not Korshak.) The man "If you know what's good for you, you ldn't make this picture!" Beatty replied, going to do this movie and I'm going rget that I got this call." Finally, Bluh- acceded to the inevitable and agreed nance the film, whose budget was then ring in the $20 million range.

nce the studio agreed to do the picture, xecutives reversed field, forcing Beatty rt production before he wanted to. "I t consider the script to be ready, but I never consider any script to be ready," ys. "But I did say I can be much more omical if I have another month. To pre- and rehearse, etc." According to Beatty, believed that waiting could help him e millions off the budget, the studio ed, "*No.* The contract says you start on date, and if you don't start on this date re in default, and we have no arrange- ." Continues Beatty, "It was odd." He dered if Paramount was looking for an excuse to pull the plug on the picture. Finally, he acquiesced. "So I started—kind of slowly. There are some movies that you make that just can't be clarified on paper, and they make themselves as you go along. You adhere to Napoleon's battle plan. When they asked him how he planned a battle, he said, 'Here's how I do it—first I go there, and then I see what happens.'"

Principal photography began in early August of 1979 in London. Recalls Simon Relph, "The budget was actually quite low, given how ambitious a film it was, but it started to swell once we began shooting, and it became clear that we were never going to do it in the time we were supposed to. We more than doubled the production time. I think the original intention was probably 15 or 16 weeks. We actually shot the film over a whole year, some 30-odd weeks, plus these 'hiatuses' where Warren went back to the drawing board."

The picture was plagued by the same problems that befall most productions, but with a movie this big, shot in five countries, the snafus were magnified tenfold. The crew had to wait for snow to fall in Helsinki and for rain to stop in Spain, where at one juncture there was an insurrection by the extras, about 1,000 of them, gathered for a crowd scene. The day was very hot, and the extras had been up since four in the morning. The caterers had failed to give them breakfast rolls, and by lunchtime they were starving, with little more to eat than fruit, while they watched the crew chow down on a three-course meal. "They came storming into where we were eating, banging trays, and looking to turn over tables," recalls production manager Nigel Wooll. Beatty, who was furious with him and Relph, handled the situation like the enlightened capitalist he is, in a manner that might have made Reed turn over in his grave. As Wooll recalls, "He said, 'O.K., bring the two ringleaders here, and let me talk to them.' He told them, 'You're right. We apologize, and we'll put you in charge of extras, and we'll pay you more money.' They both said yes, and there was absolutely no problem at all. He took the sting out of the tail."

The problems caused by the extras were nothing compared with those caused by the actors. Says Wooll, "Maureen Stapleton wouldn't fly to London. We wanted her in November, but in November there are no oceangoing liners across the Atlantic because it's too rough. So we offered to put her on the Concorde, which would have been three and a half hours, with a doctor who would put her to sleep, but she wouldn't do it. She was absolutely happy to come on a tramp steamer. It was supposed to take about two weeks. But of course it broke down halfway across and had to be towed into Amsterdam. So that was another delay. Then of course she has to get a train, and the boat from Amsterdam back to London. A horrendous trip."

Meanwhile, on the set, "Do it again" had become the operative phrase. Beatty shot an impressive number of takes. He generally liked to give himself lots of choices in the editing room, and always thought that the best take was just around the corner. Explains Beatty, "I don't ask for a lot of takes

BRUCE AND JAVIER SCENE II



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Bruce and Javier lawyered up. Bruce retained a harried divorce attorney who owned 34 sweater-vests, many of them unstained. Javier—now living at his sister's—retained his college roommate, Arlene.

"You gay boys! So competitive!," Arlene sympathized with her Eames-bashed client over coffee at Fifteen Beacon. "Your sense of aesthetics is the gay version of penis size. It's like the Algonquin Round Table, only with fabric swatches instead of jokes." Javier looked miserable. "Oh, honey, we'll make Bruce fork it over big-time at the prelim," Arlene comforted him. "I'm talking major big-time. I'm talking scorched-earth big-time. I'm talking ... anal jihad."

Javier was glad to have found a sympathetic ear.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 357

except when I'm directing and acting in a scene. It's no fun for the person who's acting with you to be watched. It kills the performance. You can't say, 'Well, no, I want you to change this and open your eyes there,' and so forth, all that bullshit—you don't. What you do is you do it again. And you hire good actors."

Customarily, a director will say "Cut" at the end of a take, and the cast and crew will break while the director of photography prepares for the next one. According to Wooll, Beatty "wouldn't stop the camera. Instead of going to Take 1, Take 2, Take 3, he'd do it all in one run until the roll of film ran out, after 10 minutes. He would just say, 'Do it again,' 'Do it again,' 'Do it again.'" But this created its own peculiar problems. Wooll recalls, "We burned out three camera motors because they overheated. I've never, ever burned out a camera motor before or since. It was extraordinary." One day they discovered that the focus was soft on some of the dailies of the scenes between Keaton and Nicholson. "We were going crazy," remembers Dede Allen. The default response would have been to fire the focus puller, but Storaro demurred. After some investigation, he discovered, in Allen's words, "that the magazine would get hot and slightly move the film from the gate by the most minute amount," thereby distorting the focus.

Some of the actors welcomed the challenge of working for Beatty. Says Paul Sorvino, who did as many as 70 takes for one of his scenes, "It was a point of pride with me to do as many as Warren wanted. It was like 'Yeah? You want another one? How 'bout 10 more? How about 20 more?' It was that young macho thing in me that said I could stand up to anything Warren [dished out]. I thought he felt he had to strip the actors down. A lot of directors do that in a cruel way, skinning them, flaying them. But Warren just wanted the best that I had, so I gave it to him."

Others weren't so amenable, especially since Beatty, ever opaque on set, rarely told the actors precisely what he wanted. According to one source, Maureen Stapleton did more than 80 takes of a scene, her head further slumping onto her shoulders with each re-do. Another day, after another set of multiple takes, she reportedly inquired, "Are you out of your fucking mind?" Beatty just smiled and said, "I may be, darling, but do it again anyway." Says another source, "I saw several actors actually break down and start crying. Jack was almost in tears. In one scene with Diane, I remember him screaming, 'Just tell me what the fuck you want and I'll do it!' Literally, his eyes filled with water from the frustration of not knowing why he was asked to do it again." Says Beatty, "Put it this way: It was a scene of great frustration, and a scene of great emotion. Maybe [Nicholson's reaction] just means I'm a good director! What was it that Katharine Hepburn once said—'Show me a happy set and I'll show you a dull movie.'"

Keaton had mixed feelings about Beatty's methods. "I enjoy that kind of process of discovery by doing things over and over," she says. "But at the same time I didn't exactly feel like I knew what I was doing. It was really Warren's performance, not my performance. Because he worked so hard. He was so thorough, and he was never satisfied, and he pushed me and pushed me, and frankly I felt kind of lost. And maybe that was his intention in some way, for [the character]."

Whatever it was he was looking for, Beatty got some of the best work of their careers from Nicholson and Keaton, helped enormously by Beatty and May's dialogue, alternately passionate, biting, and just plain funny, as when O'Neill, who is in love with Bryant, can't resist telling her—she's acting in an amateur production of one of his plays—"I wish you wouldn't smoke during rehearsals. You don't act as if you're looking for your soul, but for an ashtray."

Gene Hackman's part was small, just two scenes. He had taken the role as a favor to Beatty, whom he was fond of. Hackman was also sensible to the fact that Beatty had kick-started his career by casting him as B Barrow in *Bonnie and Clyde*, for which was nominated for best supporting actor was such a pleasure to work for War even though he did a lot of takes," the a says. "It was close to 50. He didn't say to me. There's something about someb who is that tough and perseveres that that is attractive to an actor that wants t good work. So I hung in there. And fi it gets you out of the text. You just these words that are flowing out of you. all those takes—I was going blind. A Take 5, I'm kind of finished. I had no how they would change. I don't think t ever verbalized anything to him in term my annoyance—I just sucked it up—bu must have known. When he called me t *Dick Tracy*"—the film Beatty made for ney, in 1990—"I said, 'I love you, Warren, I just can't do it.'"

Assistant editor Billy Scharf, who w later work on *Ishtar* (the 1987 flop star Beatty and Dustin Hoffman and directe May), explains Beatty's working method "A lot of people say Warren overshoo know that not to be true. Directors come back with insufficient material are ing a disservice to the opportunity. They intimidated by stars. Warren is not. In movie, when Reed wants to leave Ru and go back to America, Zinoviev tells 'You can never come back to this mome history.' Warren felt that way when he s He believed that that was the time and was the place, and he had to take ad tage of the opportunity to the hilt. He the resources, and he wanted to use th because he knew he would never get other chance."

There was a literal price for the s pace, as the executives at Paramo were well aware. Recalls Diller, "It was ly not possible to budget the movie. We a kind of estimate [in pre-production], we were, of course, terribly wrong. I d know what we would have done if we k what the real cost was. I doubt we w have done it, but who knows?"

MORPHOLUTION

ON THE ROAD AHEAD, A PATH TO BE AVOIDED



Britney "Pop Tart" Spears .



... Elvis "Pop-Tarts" P

ys Beatty dryly, "I think there was prob-
a point when Paramount would have
rred not to be involved."
the bills piled up, the relationship be-
Beatty and Diller deteriorated. At the
f long shooting days, Beatty got on the
e with the Paramount head, and the two
screamed at each other. "Within a week
ere a week behind [schedule]," says Dil-
And it just went on from there. They
ad all sorts of problems. They had pro-
on problems. They had weather prob-
They had fatigue problems. They had
en-and-Diane problems. It was all on
y, which is a dopey way to make a mov-
was just a mess, and it went on and
was one of those rough, rough shoots
made everybody unhappy."
t Diller was in a bind. "Here's the
bassness of that," he continues. "I
ld have forced him not to be Warren.
hat would have been stupid. That's his
ess. That's how he functions."
holly exasperated, Diller ceased re-
ng Beatty's phone calls. "I was so an-
vith him, I thought it was just pointless
lk to him. I wanted to make him feel
y. I thought that would have some ef-
That was naïve."

s months passed, and the wrap date
was forever just over the horizon, mor-
jokes about the production were heard
e set, some of which found their way
the "Grabber News," an occasional
dsheet put out by several crew mem-
. The sheet reported that *The John*
–Louise Bryant Story, the film's work-
itle, was a popular term for Seconal
ing pills, and suggested alternative titles
as *The Longest Day* and *The 39 Takes.*
umors swirled: about the budget, about
ty's extravagance, about the script re-
s, about the status of his relationship
Keaton. The set was closed to journalists,
h only fed the flames. Beatty's health suf-
. He lost weight and developed a cough.
lls Pikser, "Warren felt isolated. He used
y to me, 'You and I are the only two
le who give a fuck about what this movie
ying.' Which is true. You had hundreds
eople working on this picture, and for
it was a gig. 'We did *Agatha* last month
we're doing this this month.' And War-
elt like he's bogged down in the Philip-
s fighting the Japanese. And nobody else
d if he's going to win or not."
eatty's relationship with Keaton barely
ived the shoot. It is always a dicey propo-
n when an actress works with a star or di-
r—both, in this case—with whom she has
ffscreen relationship. "It's like running
n a street with a plate of consommé and
g not to spill any," Beatty says. More-
. the director admits, his perfectionism
added to the stress: "Making a movie
together if you've got someone who is even moderately obsessive-compulsive is hell on a relationship." Keaton appeared in more scenes than any other actor, save Beatty, and many of them were difficult ones, where she had to assay a wide range of feelings, from romantic passion to anger, and deliver several lengthy, complex, emotional speeches. George Plimpton once observed, "Diane almost got broken. I thought [Beatty] was trying to break her into what Louise Bryant had been like with John Reed." Adds Relph, "It must have been a strain on their relationship, because he was completely obsessive, relentless."

Says Keaton, "I don't think we were much of a couple by the end of the movie. But we were never, ever to be taken seriously as one of the great romances. I adored him. I was mad for him. But this movie meant so much to him, it was really the passion of his professional life—it was the most important thing to Warren. Completely, absolutely. I understood that then, and I understand now, and I'm proud to have been part of it."

Some people who worked on the picture felt that the relationship between Reed and Bryant reflected Beatty and Keaton's off-screen dynamic. In the film, Reed and his circle don't take Bryant entirely seriously; in one scene, he criticizes her for writing an article about the Armory Show—three years after the fact—at a time when the world was going up in flames. In real life, while Beatty was in pre-production on *Reds,* Keaton was putting together a book of photographs of hotel lobbies. "Diane wanted to be serious in certain ways that Warren was ambivalent about," Pikser says. "To really have been a partner in Diane's quirkiness, the singularity of her pursuit of the obscure and the avant-garde, which to me was a product of a restive and intelligent mind, and also to some degree a compensation for insecurity about her intellectual powers, for him would have been heavy lifting. There was a way in which he wanted to pay obeisance to her intellectual pursuits, but at the same time there was a sense on her part that he didn't really respect or appreciate them. So when Warren says in *Reds,* 'You're doing a piece on an art exhibition that took place three years ago . . . maybe if you took yourself a little more seriously, other people would, too.' Can you imagine what Warren really thought about her taking photographs of hotel lobbies?"

Keaton says she had an intuitive understanding of Bryant: "I saw her as the everyman of that piece, as somebody who really wanted to be extraordinary, but was probably more ordinary, except for the fact that she was driven. I knew what it was like not to really be an artist. I knew what it felt like to be extremely insecure. I knew what it was like to be envious." But both she and Beatty emphatically reject the notion that the Reed-Bryant relationship was in some sense analogous to their own. Says Keaton, "It was completely different. I didn't find myself dead in a stairway, drunk. Also I don't think that we're that important, historically, Warren and I. Sorry to say." For his part, Beatty credits Keaton with much more self-awareness than Bryant possessed. Nor, he says emphatically, was the actress in any way in his shadow. "She had just made one of the great, great

BRUCE AND JAVIER SCENE III



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 355

The prelim was tense, held in a 45th-floor corporate boardroom that induced vertigo. Javier produced a large burlap bag whose battered and shard-like contents he dumped onto the conference table: the Eames. Bruce, racked with guilt, proceeded to cry so much he looked like he'd been boiled. The discussion of asset distribution went strangely smoothly, until the topic turned to Bruce and Javier's much-loved mini wirehaired dachshund, Ann B. Davis. Suddenly the tone of the proceedings shifted from "total picnic" to "Yalta." CONTINUED ON PAGE 359

movies—*Annie Hall*. She had won the Academy Award. She was very much in demand."

The simmering tensions in the couple's relationship seem to have boiled over while they were shooting the last scene in the movie: Reed's death, from typhus, in a squalid Moscow hospital with Bryant at his side. Says art director Simon Holland, "It was at the time when he and Diane were about to split. And it was Warren's death scene, and he couldn't sort of concentrate on what was happening—he couldn't even see how Diane was acting." Beatty did take after take and eventually, according to Holland, he sat up and asked Zelda Barron, the script supervisor, "How was that, Zelda? Was she all right?" Beatty was likely concerned with continuity issues, but some on the set interpreted his question to Barron as an invitation to evaluate Keaton's performance—a breach of thespian protocol. According to Holland, "Diane just went, 'Warren Beatty, you'll never do that to me again.' And she walked out. And that was it." Adds location manager Simon Bosanquet, who was also there, "She went to the airport and left. It was a real exit and a half, a wonderful way to end."

Of this anecdote, Keaton says, "It does ring a bell," and "No, I'm not going to talk about that at all." According to Beatty, it's "completely not true" that he asked Barron to critique Keaton. "I have never asked that question of anyone. It's just not something you do. When we were shooting that scene, there were other matters between me and Diane that really didn't have anything to do with the movie. Nobody knew what was transpiring between me and Diane. Nobody knows what's going on between me and any of the actors. And often I don't know either."

By the time *Reds* wrapped in the late spring of 1980, editing was already under way in New York. The editorial staff was so big—65 people—it seemed like every editor in New York who could walk and talk had been hired. "We were working six and seven days a week," says editor Craig McKay. "I was screening dailies 16 hours at a clip. Marathons."

The most immediate problem facing the editors was the enormous amount of footage that Beatty had shot. "I was overwhelmed with film," recalls Dede Allen. The party line, she says, was that *Reds* had not exceeded the recent total racked up by *Apocalypse Now:* 700,000 feet of exposed film, about 100 hours' worth. As Allen recalls, "It got to the point where I never discussed [footage] with anybody. That was verboten. [But] I know it was more than 700,000 feet. Are you kidding?" According to Woolf, "We went through over two and a half million feet of film." One source in a position to know claims Beatty shot three million feet—roughly two and a half weeks' worth of screen time—with one million feet actually printed. (The total footage, shipped from London to the U.S. in one big load, is said to have weighed four and a half tons.) Beatty himself can't remember an exact figure, but says, "It's axiomatic that the cheapest thing we have is film. It's the hours that people spend on the day that cost you money. But that's a hell of a lot less time than coming back and adding another shot."

And still Beatty returned for more shooting, scenes that he was not satisfied with as well as new material—which meant that the brutal script work continued on, too, even into late November, for dubbing, with an early-December release date breathing down everyone's neck. Elaine May continued to be an indispensable part of Beatty's team. He felt that she was one of the few people in the inner circle who didn't have her own agenda. At one point, having hurt her ankle, she couldn't walk without a cane. It was late, he wanted her help with a script question, but she wanted to leave. According to an eyewitness, he grabbed her cane while she screamed, "Give me back that cane—I want to get out of here." Beatty had so much confidence in May's judgment that he scrapped an entire sound mix that had taken weeks of work to put together because she didn't think it was as effective as the down-and-dirty temp mix that the sound department had put together months before.

McKay was cutting one of Beatty's scenes, sorting through the takes, when he came across a close-up in which it was clear to him that Beatty was giving his best line reading. But it was a side angle, and there were crow's-feet faintly evident at the corner of his eye. McKay remembered that the actor had once told him, "You've never seen a narcissist until you've met me—I'm the biggest narcissist in Hollywood." McKay said to his assistant, "He's gonna react to that, but that's his best take."

"Yeah, he's gonna want you to take it out, because he doesn't look too good."

"Well, I'm gonna leave it in, because it's his best work as an actor, and we don't know if he's going to spot it or not."

When McKay was ready to show him the sequence, Beatty sat down at the editing bay and folded his arms across his chest as McKay ran the scene for him. According to the editor, he said, "It's good, it works." Then he paused for a moment and added, "You know that shot of me where I say this, this, and this?"

"Yeah," McKay replied.

"Don't you think it's got a little too much character?"

"Warren, it's your best performance."

"Well, it's good, but it's not quite the tone I want. Find something else." And he walked out of the room.

Beatty had long since patched up his relationship with Diller and Paramount. Around Christmas of 1979, five months into filming, Diller and Eisner had flown to London to see five hours of footage prepared specifically for them. They loved it, and from that point on, the studio was fully behind *Reds,* though some observers wondered if Bluhdorn was hedging his bets when he picked up *Ragtime,* another long historical epic set in vaguely the same time period, from producer Dino De Laurentiis. Odds were Paramount would release it a mere few weeks before *Reds.*

As Beatty's picture moved toward completion, he screened a near-final cut for the executives, first for Diller and then for Bluhdorn. There was a protocol for these screenings: the guest of honor was never on time. How late he was depended on where he stood in the pecking order. If a screening was scheduled for Beatty himself at eight in the evening, he might show up at any time after that, but never at eight. When he screened the film for Diller, Beatty arrived punctually at eight, and Diller was late. (Nicholson was at that screening, and he'd yell, in his Nicholson voice, "Hey, Dil, hy'a doin', Dil?") At the screening for Bluhdorn in New York, Beatty and Diller were on time, but Bluhdorn was late. (He was accompanied by bodyguards, who locked the doors of the room.) During the intermission, picking food off silver trays, the Austrian mogul said something like, "Varren, you haf made a vonderful movie. It is fantastic. I luf you in it, especially, but I haf vun question." "What is that, Mr. Bluhdorn?" "Will it zell in Indiana?"

Postproduction concluded at the end of November 1981, more than two years after shooting had begun, three years after preproduction commenced. As Sylbert put it, "The shooting time was about 50 weeks. We shot in studios all over Europe. We shot in every fucking country in the world. We came back and filled the studios here in L.A. We were in New York. We were in Washington. You couldn't pay for that picture today."

Beatty declined to do publicity for the movie—he said it should speak for itself, making a difficult marketing job more difficult. The press had already begun sniping about the picture's cost, which may never be known. The official figure Paramount was giving out was $33.5 million. Beatty says he's not sure, maybe $31 million, which would be the rough equivalent of $80 million today. The numbers cited in the press, which weren't entirely based on anything but one another, gradually crept up into the $40 millions. The journalist Aaron Latham, in *Rolling Stone,* quoted unnamed Paramount sources who put the final tally near $50 million but, again, this is a figure best taken with a grain of salt. (For comparison's sake, the budget of *He*

Gate, then the record holder in non-nt dollars, was estimated at $44 million.) didn't help the movie's profile that the h producer David Puttnam (*Midnight ss*) took it upon himself to launch a de against out-of-control filmmaking egan giving interviews chastising Beatty erspending. Puttnam called *Reds* "lu-' telling the columnist Marilyn Beck Beatty should be spanked in public," was "a desperately damaging thing for o have indulged himself as he has." , it was "despicable" for Paramount to enabled him. It probably escaped no notice, at least in Hollywood, that Putt-had produced *Chariots of Fire* (report-dget: $5.5 million), which could be ex-d to go up against *Reds* at Oscar time. the end, Paramount was forgiving the money spent on *Reds*: the studio ax-sheltered the picture with Bar-Bank, and had also put together a ncy deal, hedging pounds against dol-which went Paramount's way. "That ust a piece of birdbrained luck that any sting from *Reds,*" Diller says. "By me the picture was finished, we were ofit!"

e exhibitors' screenings were predict-discouraging. Theater owners com-ed about the length and the subject, hings such as "Oh my God, Commu--I know it's a part of our history, but e have to have a movie about it?" Ac-ng to Patrick Caddell, the Democratic er and consultant, a friend of Beatty's the McGovern days who was advising e marketing campaign for *Reds,* Para-t feared a right-wing backlash against lm. But despite a few hostile editori-othing much materialized, perhaps be-Beatty had headed off conservatives by ning the film—in a remarkable coup—onald Reagan in the White House. Rea-old Beatty he liked it, though the pres-"wished it had a happy ending."

e reviews, for the most part, were glow-Vincent Canby called *Reds* "an extraor-y film" in *The New York Times,* "the romantic adventure since David Lean's *ence of Arabia*"—high praise indeed. In Richard Corliss wrote, "*Reds* is a big, t movie, vastly ambitious and enter-ng, full of belief in Reed and in the y of a popular audience to respond to It combines the majestic sweep of *ence of Arabia* and *Doctor Zhivago*—d Lean and Robert Bolt's mature and arating epics—with the rueful comedy istorical fatalism of *Citizen Kane.*"

en today *Reds* still seems as fresh as noment it was released—this despite the hat the lure of the idealism it drama-seems even more alien today than it n 1981, given the current cynicism t politics. Like the Soviet Union itself, John Reed and Louise Bryant may have been doomed, may even have been foolish, but they enlivened their politics with passion and idealism, and in Reed's case, sacrificed his life for his beliefs. The intensity between Beatty and Keaton is tangible on-screen and gives the film its heart. Ultimately, Reed and Bryant are "comrades," the title of Griffiths's first draft, and the word Reed whispers to Bryant on his deathbed. More than just lovers, more than just revolutionaries, they have made political lives, lived their politics, and *Reds* is above all a tribute to that. Beatty's gamble in making a movie with his partner paid off; he didn't spill the consommé. Instead, he did what true *auteurs* must do: make an intensely personal film, in this case out of big themes and big ideas, out of a chunk of history that in other hands could easily have remained indigestible.

"*Reds* marked the end of something, in the subject matter and the willingness to gamble," Beatty says, reflecting on his film today. "What moved the late 60s and 70s was politics. *Reds* is a political movie. It begins with politics and it ends with politics. It was in some sense a reverie about that way of thinking in American life, one that went back to 1915." But it was also, he says, a reverie about the two decades just past, about Beatty's own generation. "*We* were those old lefties that were narrating this movie," he continues. "We, me. *Reds* was a death rattle."

Reds was released on December 4, 1981, in nearly 400 theaters, a medium-size opening. The length precluded it from playing more than once a night, limiting the box office, which was good but not great. On February 11, 1982, the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences announced that the film had gotten 12 Oscar nominations, the most since *A Man for All Seasons,* in 1966, and two more than *Reds'* nearest competitor in 1982, *On Golden Pond.* The nominations included those for best picture, best director, best actor, best actress, and best adapted screenplay (which was credited to Griffiths and Beatty). Beatty's four personal nominations, matching a feat he had accomplished with *Heaven Can Wait,* set a record. (Only Orson Welles had also been nominated four times for the same film, but just once, for *Citizen Kane.*)

In the end, *Reds* won only three Oscars: best director, best cinematography, and best supporting actress, for Stapleton. The biggest disappointment was inexplicably losing best picture to Puttnam's *Chariots of Fire.* It was a nasty twist of fate. As Sylbert put it, Beatty and Puttnam "hated each other. [The loss] broke Warren's heart, because that was really the first time he'd had a chance to do everything he ever dreamed of." But Beatty, at this point exhausted by *Reds,* had his Oscar and other consolations. He had screened the picture for Elia Kazan, who directed Beatty in his first picture, *Splendor in the Grass,* in 1961. Kazan had apparently not liked *Shampoo,* and had told Beatty at the time, "You know, Warren, you should have talked to me about that picture before you made it." But after seeing *Reds* the man who had made *A Streetcar Named Desire* and *On the Waterfront* called Beatty and said, "You really are a good director." □

BRUCE AND JAVIER SCENE IV



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Javier moved into his own apartment, where he treated his depression with his favorite curative cocktail, alcohol and eBay. He was a drink-and-bidder. He bought more Eames, not to mention Russel Wright and Schreckengost. He bought and bought. He'd been aiming for Minimalism, but this was Maxi-Minimalism. CONTINUED ON PAGE 361

Peyton Place



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 335 about some of the townspeople. Grace confirmed that she was working on a book, but insisted it was pure fiction. Soon, she and Laurie were together almost every day in the kitchen of Shaky Acres, Laurie's farm in Gilmanton.

While George began his job as a teacher and principal, Grace wrote. Laurie told her the story of Barbara Roberts, a local 20-year-old who in 1947 shot and killed her father, then buried his body in a goat pen on their farm. She had pleaded guilty to second-degree homicide and was sentenced to 30 years to life. Then the truth came out: for years, Roberts and her sister had been raped regularly by their father, and at times chained to a bed for days. One night he flew into a rage, chasing Barbara and her young brother around the kitchen table and threatening to kill them. She reached into a drawer, extracted her father's gun, and shot him dead. Only after an exposé by some crusading journalists—including a cub reporter for the *New Hampshire Sunday News* by the name of Ben Bradlee—was Barbara Roberts freed.

Grace soaked up the details, and she used them in *Peyton Place* in the story of Selena Cross, the dark ingenue from the wrong side of the tracks who is brutally raped by her stepfather and kills him, burying his body in a sheep pen. (Saying that the American public wasn't ready for full-on incest, Kitty Messner insisted Grace change him from father to stepfather.) Grace frantically scribbled down additional tales of Gilmanton life, including some from Arlington "Chunky" Hartford, a Gilmanton cop and born storyteller who told Grace about "hard-cider parties" held in the basement of a local farmhouse. Men would supposedly pile in for up to a week at a time, getting sauced. The anecdotes also piled up—as did Gilmanton's wrath once they all appeared in print.

"A lot of people wouldn't read the book—or they said they wouldn't," says Esther Peters, who, as a radio host at WLNH, in Laconia, interviewed Grace shortly after *Peyton Place* was published, and who still lives in neighboring Guilford. "Of course what happened was that people in Gilmanton, they *had* the book. If you happened to go to their house and asked them to bring out a copy, they'd bring out a copy—and it generally fell open at one of the places where there was a rather torrid passage."

In retaliation, the town gossips spread Grace stories with brutal efficacy, from the outlandish (she had gone to the grocery store in a mink coat while naked underneath; she had greeted the milkman in the buff) to the valid (her house was filthy; she cheated on her husband). According to Emily Toth's biography, Grace had drifted into an affair with her neighbor Carl Newman and was often spotted carousing with him at the Rod and Gun Club, on Beacon Street. So people talked. And talked. Grace had, in effect, begun living *Peyton Place.*

The most damning rumor was also the most hurtful: that she hadn't actually written the book at all. "People would say, 'Oh, she couldn't have written that. Her husband went to college. I bet he wrote it,'" says John Chandler, Bernard Snierson's law partner. At one point Grace sat in Chandler's office, writing some background information for a legal matter. "After I read that," Chandler says, "there was no question in my mind about who wrote *Peyton Place.*"

In public, Grace struck back at her neighbors. Her point wasn't that her life was perfect; it was that *their* lives weren't, either. The only difference was that she wasn't hiding it. "To a tourist these towns look as peaceful as a postcard picture," she said. "But if you go beneath that picture, it's like turning over a rock with your foot—all kinds of strange things crawl out. Everybody who lives in town knows what's going on—there are no secrets—but they don't want outsiders to know."

"Indian summer is like a woman. Ripe, hotly passionate, but fickle, she comes and goes as she pleases so that one is never sure whether she will come at all, nor for how long she will stay."

So begins *Peyton Place,* in an introduction that would become almost as famous as the work itself.

Peyton Place is a hybrid of the literary and the sordid, Upton Sinclair by way of *Forever Amber.* Although clearly influenced by Henry Bellamann's *Kings Row,* at its heart it is a manifesto, a blistering indictment of small-town values, classism, and racism—one that got lost in the titillating pages that Americans dog-eared and read behind closed blinds. John Waters, the flamboyant filmmaker who once left a bottle of liquor at Grace's grave, remembers the thrill of being 10 years old and reading his father's stashed-away copy. Indeed, he quotes "the V of her crotch" within the first two minutes of a phone call from Provincetown. "I thought, 'This is filthy and great!' " he says. "I just became obsessed with

"One of my earliest memories as a t ager is [of] sneaking off with friends and grabbed their moms' copies of *Peyton P* and we would go through 'the good par adds Barbara Delinsky, the best-selling mance novelist whose latest book, *Loo for Peyton Place,* is a tribute to Grace.

A "good part" meant sex, such as th mous scene where town harlot Betty An son, furious that bad boy Rodney Harrin has taken Allison MacKenzie to the sch dance, gets him all riled up in his car.

"Is it up, Rod?" she panted, undulating body under his. "Is it up good and hard

"Oh, yes," he whispered, almost unab speak. "Oh, yes."

Without another word, Betty jackknife knees, pushed Rodney away from her, cli the lock on the door and was outside of the

"Now go shove it into Allison MacKen she screamed at him.

There were other steamy section well—most notably the scene where principal Tomas Makris, after a mod swim with the repressed Constance, c mands her to "untie the top of your b ing suit. I want to feel your breasts aga me when I kiss you." (It would turn out Makris was the name of a co-worke George's who matched his fictional c terpart's physical description; Makris Grace for libel, eventually settling ou court for $60,000. Years later, it wa vealed that Grace had forged Makris's n on a release form. In the film and TV in ments, the character's name was change Michael Rossi.) But it was through the sexual passages that Grace delivered most withering social commentary, suc her description of the hidden, rancid sh town, which the proper townsfolk pret ed not to see.

In the end, reviews were largely nega "Never before in my memory has a y mother published a book in language proximately that of longshoremen on a licose binge," bellowed the *New York W Telegram.* Grace also took a hit in the e rial pages. In a scathing commentary u the headline THE FILTH THEY LIVE BY in *Laconia Evening Citizen,* publisher Wil Loeb branded the book "literary sewag

"If I'm a lousy writer," Grace shot b "then a hell of a lot of people have lo taste."

Grace, in fact, found an unlikely ally in *New York Times Book Review.* Calling *Pe Place* a "small town peep show," the p applauded the book's stand "against the fronts and bourgeois pretensions of alle ly respectable communities," recognizing book for what Grace had intended it to b cultural bitch slap at the duplicitous not of proper conduct in the age of Eisenho

"It was sort of like 'The Emperor's Clothes.' She got herself into a lot of tro

use she had no idea that there was any-
g wrong with any of the things she was
ng and doing," says screenwriter Naomi
er Gyllenhaal, mother of actors Jake and
gie, who has just completed a script
d on Toth's biography. *Grace,* to be pro-
d by Sandra Bullock's Fortis Films and
re Bullock in the title role, is scheduled
egin production this year. The author
eyton Place, says Foner Gyllenhaal, "was
g something on a cultural level that was
mely important. She was telling women
s O.K. to be sexual beings . . . to have
spirations that men had."

itty Messner suspected that she had a
winner in *Peyton Place,* and not just
use of its incendiary content. She also
the perfect selling tool: Grace Metal-
, the plump, salty schoolteacher's wife.
sner hired publicist Alan Brandt to
the media drums. Brandt dashed off
mo to Hal Boyle, the nationally syndi-
d columnist, including an irresistible
k: Grace's bookish husband was like-
be fired because of his wife's off-color
l.

oyle took the bait. Calling the book "*To-
o Road* with a Yankee accent," he reported
August 29, 1956, that "a young school-
her's wife who never took a writing les-
in her life may become a literary sen-
n of the year next month. 'I feel pret-
re of one thing—it'll probably cost my
and his job,' said Mrs. Grace Metal-
cheerfully."

he column appeared in the *Boston Trav-*
under a headline in massive type usual-
served for events such as the bombing
liroshima: TEACHER FIRED FOR WIFE'S
K. (George had, in fact, not had his
ract renewed.) Immediately, photogra-
s and reporters in fedoras swamped tiny
nanton looking for Grace. She spent the
in Laurie Wilkens's bathroom, hiding.
he publicity did wonders for book sales
ravaged the Metalious marriage. George
a teaching job in Stow, Massachusetts,
ed an apartment, and left Grace and
kids behind to weather the storm. Grace
threatening phone calls telling her to
e, and her children suffered the fallout.
had a lot of problems at school," Mar-
Duprey recalls, "because parents didn't
t their children playing with us." Her
ger brother, nicknamed Mike, then nine,
larly beat up kids who taunted their sis-
Cindy, six. "I felt sorry for all of them,"
Esther Peters. "I wanted to make them
pier, make them feel more accepted.
at little I could do, I did."

f Grace was feeling blue, she hid it. She
bigger things facing her now. A publici-
ur. A new man—a local D.J. who would
nge her life. And Hollywood, which had
e calling.

In New York, Brandt arranged for Grace to be interviewed on a local news show called *Night Beat,* hosted by a young, rising journalist, Mike Wallace. Wallace had spent his boyhood summers in New Hampshire. "She was simply a surprise to all of us," he recalls. "Because of her background, because of the way she looked, because of 'Peyton Place,' New Hampshire. That kind of thing has been going on? Well, of course that kind of thing had been going on in small towns all over the world, forever. But suddenly here was this bland housewife."

Terrified at the thought of being on live television, Grace was a wreck, accidentally ripping her girdle right before the show aired. She was helped by an aspiring actress, Jacqueline Susann, who did commercial breaks for the station. (Ten years later, Susann would follow in Grace's footsteps by writing the steamy cult best-seller *Valley of the Dolls.*)

In her book on Grace, Toth relates how the author, just before the program started, begged Wallace's producer, Ted Yates, to promise that Wallace would not ask if *Peyton Place* was her autobiography. No sooner had the cameras begun rolling than Wallace, smoking a cigarette in his best *noir* fashion, turned to her and said, "So, Grace, tell me, is *Peyton Place* your autobiography?"

"Really," Wallace says with a chuckle when reminded of the incident. "Can you imagine that I would do a thing like that?"

Grace was more comfortable with the print media, where over the years she tossed out chewy bons mots feasted upon by reporters who were charmed by her self-effacing earthiness. "I have a feeling that Gilmanton got as angry with me as it did because secretly my neighbors agreed with me," she told the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch.* "That was where the shoe pinched. You get angrier about the truth than you do about lies."

In October 1956, Grace went to New York and checked into the Algonquin to sign a $250,000 deal with Twentieth Century Fox producer Jerry Wald for the movie and television rights to *Peyton Place.* Her attorney, Snierson—whom she'd met years earlier, after she'd passed a bad check—urged her to set up trusts for her children to protect her newfound wealth. He drafted all the paperwork. Even though Grace signed with Wald, she never got around to inking Snierson's documents.

She was distracted: she'd fallen in love with Thomas James Martin, "T.J. the D.J.," who spun discs at WLNH. Stocky and handsome, he was the anti-George, a throwback to the rugged princes Grace had written about in Aunt Georgie's bathtub. They quickly became fixtures at the Laconia Tavern, where Grace was soon as notorious for downing highballs as for her racy book.

One night, a car pulled up to the house in Gilmanton after midnight. Grace and T.J. awoke to a camera's blinding flash—and George standing at the foot of the bed, snapping pictures. He calmly told them to put on some clothes and meet him downstairs. Wrapped in a blanket, Grace tore into him. But George had the upper hand: adultery was illegal. "I've got you," he told T.J. "You're going to jail."

The next day, Grace went to Snierson to

BRUCE AND JAVIER SCENE V





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Javier and Bruce tried to see other people, but were unable to muster up the requisite warmth or sociability. A fellow Harvard professor who went out on a date with Bruce later described him as "Teutonic and slightly unbearable"; a gym buddy who'd gone to the re-release of *The Passenger* with Javier later described him as "Javi-irritable."

Bruce and Javier had not yet scabbed over.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 363

file for divorce. As part of the settlement, she agreed to pay George's tuition for his master's degree. In exchange, he turned over the undeveloped roll.

Grace and T.J.'s relationship was volatile at best, with T.J. assuming more and more control over Grace—including how she blew through her fledgling fortune. "He would say to her, 'Darling, you're Grace Metalious. You don't get a room at the Plaza. You get an entire *floor!*' " Snierson says. So Grace did—along with a new Cadillac, new clothes, dinners at '21,' cases of champagne, and chartered flights to the Caribbean. Grace poured thousands of dollars into renovating the country house she'd bought on Meadow Pond Road, which had once been owned by a Chicago gangster. Opportunistic "friends" began drifting in and out at all hours.

All the while, Grace wrestled with the notion of celebrity. Staying with T.J. and the kids at the Beverly Hilton, Grace played the part of the kid in the candy store. She glimpsed Elizabeth Taylor at a Screen Actors Guild dinner, and chitchatted with Cary Grant on the back lot. Producer Wald made sure the family was treated to limos and lavish dinners. Marsha even got whisked to a studio set to cop an autograph from Elvis Presley, who between takes was playing a pickup basketball game. But, for Grace, it was largely an act. "I regarded the men who made *Peyton Place* as workers in a gigantic flesh factory," she would write in a Sunday-newspaper supplement, the *American Weekly,* "and they looked upon me as a nut who should go back to the farm."

And as the press continued to play up *Peyton Place*'s more tawdry aspects, Grace's insecurities ballooned. At lunch at Romanoff's, John Michael Hayes, who wrote the screenplay for the film, asked Grace the same question Mike Wallace had: Was it her autobiography? Grace asked him to repeat the question. Then she tossed her drink all over him.

The film adaptation of *Peyton Place,* released in 1957, was a sanitized sequence of slamming doors, wayward glances, and A-line skirts. The story line had no abortions, no moonlit swims, and certainly no Betty asking Rodney if it was up and hard. Despite the movie's almost picture-postcard tone of whimsy, it did manage to retain some of Grace's finger-pointing—most notably in a stunning montage of the duplicitous citizens filing into a myriad of churches, all dressed in their Sunday best.

It was, nonetheless, a roaring success, drawing nine Oscar nominations. The haunting score, by Franz Waxman, is instantly recognizable even today. The film earned generally positive reviews. (The *Chicago Sun-Times* crowed that it was "one of the best motion pictures ever made.") And it singlehandedly revived the career of Lana Turner, then 36, who was coming off a string of box-office duds. Turner, in fact, received the only Academy Award nomination of her career for playing Constance MacKenzie—this, despite a performance that resembles that of a department-store mannequin that has somehow wandered away from its window. (A year later, Turner would find herself in her own, real-life Peyton Place, when her daughter, Cheryl Crane, said that in an act of self-defense she had wielded the knife that killed her mother's gangster lover, Johnny Stompanato, in the bedroom of Turner's Beverly Hills mansion.)

Peyton Place also made a sudden star of Diane Varsi, the wiry newcomer who anchored the narrative as Allison MacKenzie. Varsi got a best-supporting-actress nomination (as did Hope Lange, who played Selena), but, like Grace, Varsi was a bohemian who quickly grew to loathe the Hollywood machine. "Acting is destructive to me," she said later. "I don't see any reason to be made miserable because other people say I should go on with my career." Two years after her debut, she left motion pictures. And at the 1959 Academy Awards, M.C. Bob Hope closed the telecast by saying, "Goodnight, Diane Varsi . . . wherever you are."

The movie's premiere was held in Camden, Maine, where many of the exterior scenes had been filmed, but Grace stayed home, later insisting that she hadn't been invited. The studio, meanwhile, asked Gilmanton P.T.A. president and policeman's wife Olive Hartford to round up 25 people from the town to go on an all-expenses-paid junket for the New York opening. She could persuade only 13 to make the trip.

After the hullabaloo died down, Grace's violent relationship with T.J.—and her drinking—flared up. The pair would scream, drink, yell, drink, push and shove, then drink some more. As Toth describes it in her book, and as Marsha confirms, Grace, during one particularly vicious face-off in 1958, threatened to hurl a mink stole, a gift from T.J., out of a hotel window.

The next day, they got married; Grace wore the stole over a smart gray suit.

The pattern of highs and lows was set. Grace would throw raucous parties in Gilmanton, then call friends in the middle of the night after she and T.J. had fought. She once phoned Laurie Wilkens at one A.M. from the Plaza, telling her she had to come immediately. Laurie found Grace in the lobby, almost suicidal. The phone would ring anytime, and it would be 'Bernie, I need you.'" Lynne Snierson recalls. Grace would come to the house often drunk, and pass out in Lynne's bed.

After Grace and T.J. wed, George arrived in Gilmanton, packed up the kids, and took them to his home in Massachusetts. Marsha and Cindy eventually returned to Grace, but Marsha, then 14, stayed behind with George to escape the madness. "At that point I decided, 'I need to do this for myself,' " she says. "I knew if I didn't do it, I wasn't going to make it."

Drowning in booze and running out of cash, Grace agreed to write a sequel, *Return to Peyton Place,* when Dell offered $165,000. She handed in 98 largely unintelligible pages that were re-written and fleshed out by a ghostwriter. The ensuing reviews, each more savage than the last, sent her spiraling further downward; a publicity tour was shelved. (Two later titles, *The Tight White Collar,* in 1960, and *No Adam in Eden,* in 1963, never caught on.)

One night Grace placed a call to Bernie Snierson, begging him to come over. After he arrived, he sat with her for a while.

"Bernie, I'm scared," Grace confided.

"What are you afraid of, Grace?" he asked.

Grace pointed to an empty fifth on the table. "I looked into the bottom of that empty bottle," she replied, "and I saw myself."

By 1960, T.J. was gone, fed up with the cycle of drinking and fighting. On the rebound, Grace reconciled with George, announcing to the world they'd remarried, even though they never had. They bought an inn and called it the Peyton Place Motel. Not surprisingly, no one wanted to stay there. They soon separated, this time for good.

Grace's highs grew more and more infrequent. One came in February 1961, when she received a letter from Jerry Wald that said, "We just ran a rough cut of *Return to Peyton Place* and I can certainly say that lightning does strike twice in the same place." Buoyed by the news, Grace convinced Wald that he should hold the premiere of the film—starring Carol Lynley, Mary Astor, Tuesday Weld, and Jeff Chandler (with Rosemary Clooney singing the theme song)—at the Colonial Theatre in Laconia.

The town crackled with excitement on the big night. Grace wore her hair in a style French twist; Marsha got to wear Grace's mink stole. Bernie and Muriel Snierson hosted a swanky post-premiere dinner party at their home, attended by co-star Chandler and actress Ina Balin.

But the reviews, with the exception of widespread praise for Mary Astor's deliciously evil appearance as Roberta Carr (in which she seems to be channeling Judith Anderson in *Rebecca*), were overwhelmingly grim. Even the promotional newsreel, featuring Lynley and Grace, was creepy. On screen, Grace appeared awkward, bloated, and tired; Lynley says she remembers

ing "a little discombobulated . . . and *mpt.*" Even so, the film did reasonably t the box office: moviegoers, it seemed, ln't get enough of the dirty denizens of *n Place.*

October 1963, John Rees, a tall, broad, arded British journalist, arrived in Gil-on looking to interview its most famous nt for a profile in the Boston *Daily Mir-*Within weeks he had become her lover—noved into her house.

he day Esther Peters came upon the cou-a Concord taproom. Grace "was still mmand of herself, but she was way mewhere in dreams that didn't corre-d with reality," she says, adding that his time, I think her liver had gone to . . . She was delusional."

arsha had married and moved to La-; Rees and then 16-year-old Mike had e argument and Rees threw the boy out race watched in an alcoholic stupor. time Marsha called, Rees would answer, ng an excuse as to why Grace couldn't to the phone.

went to see her one day and he wasn't ," her daughter recalls tearfully. "So I n the house, and it was pretty bad. It ust awful. She looked so bad." Grace ractically incoherent, shuffling around remises. It was the last time Marsha saw '[Rees] came back and I left. I'll never ve myself for that, just leaving her hat."

es and Grace went to Boston on a trip winter. While there, Grace fell ill and ushed via paddy wagon—they couldn't an ambulance—to Beth Israel hospital. e days later, lying in her hospital bed, sked for a lawyer to change her will. eft everything to John Rees. Two hours signing it, Grace suffered a hemorrhage died. The attending physician, Dr. Her-Saver, believed that Grace's cirrhosis was esult of her having consumed a fifth of r every day for five years.

hat afternoon, in Laconia, young Cindy, staying with Marsha, woke her elder up from a nap. "They said on TV that dead," she said. Mike found out from one on the street.

he Metalious children retained John ndler to contest the will, which had di-d, among other things, that there be no ral. During the subsequent media fren-was revealed that Rees had a wife and children back in England. He dropped claim to the estate.

ot that there was anything to claim. s of large living, extravagant gifts, bad s to fair-weather friends, and pilfering acques Chambrun—who, it turned out, been stealing from her almost from the , and had been fired by Maugham in , reputedly for having done the same—had caused Grace Metalious to burn through about a million dollars. By the time her finances were untangled, she had $41,174 in the bank and debts of more than $200,000.

"What day is it," Grace once wrote, "when you wake up and realize that what you have is not what you want at all?" Clearly, that day had come. In the end, no one could dig her out of the hole she'd fallen into. "Maybe she just didn't know who to ask," Marsha Duprey says. "Or who she could trust."

Nate Abbott, a tall, avuncular man who today serves as the chairman of the Board of Selectmen in Gilmanton, New Hampshire, moved there in the summer of 1998, unaware that his new hometown had been the basis for the most scandalous book of its day—until the people who sold him his house whispered, "Did you know that this is 'Peyton Place'?"

Curious, he asked Geraldine Besse, whose family had lived in Gilmanton for generations, about the connection. She glared at him. "Don't ever mention that to me again," she said. He didn't.

"This is something that the town was dipped in a long time ago, and the odor lingers," he says. "For those who were related to the incidents and who were alive at the time or affected at the time, it's still something they're reluctant to talk about."

That's an understatement. Drive along the winding country roads of Gilmanton today and there is no clue that this is the box that Pandora opened with her Remington typewriter. There is no plaque commemorating the town's most famous author, no statue in the public square. While a new copy of the book sits on the shelf in the library—replacing the tattered paperback dedicated by Barbara Walters (who did a TV segment on the book in the 1970s)—the only real indication of Grace Metalious is the white headstone on her grave in the back of the Smith Meeting House Cemetery.

The center of Gilmanton, in fact, looks quite like it did some 50 years ago, when Grace, looking forlorn, posed for *Life* magazine standing in front of the town hall, steepled church, and tiny library. But while there is a sense of palpable disdain for *Peyton Place*—you get the feeling that right below the surface the town is still seething—Grace Metalious has found redemption in other ways.

Today, *Peyton Place* appears on women's-studies curricula at universities, including Louisiana State, where the book is required reading in a course taught by Professor Emily Toth, Grace's Boswell. "It's a breakthrough for freedom of expression," she says. "It set new parameters for what you could say in a book—especially about women. It was an exciting, dirty book." Ten years ago, Ardis Cameron, a professor at the University of Southern Maine, was astonished to discover the title was out of print, and mounted a one-woman campaign to resurrect it. She eventually persuaded Northeastern University Press to reissue the novel, and wrote a Camille Paglia–worthy introduction that casts Grace as a literary Joan of Arc, sword drawn, swinging at the oppressive social conventions of the 50s. The book, says Cameron, "spoke about things that were not dis-

BRUCE AND JAVIER SCENE VI



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 361

Eighteen months after their divorce had been finalized, Bruce and Javier ran into each other at a mutual friend's dinner party. When the host asked Bruce to fetch an extra chair from the bedroom, Javier suggested *he'd* better do it, given Bruce's track record with chairs. Tense laughter from the group. Bruce laughed, then he sneered, then he smiled, then he broke down sobbing—he looked like a Cubist painting, but with better clothing. Most important, however, Bruce—for the first time since the Eames incident—apologized to Javier.

Two days later, Bruce and Javier met for coffee. Six months later, they remarried. □

Peyton Place

cussed w[illegible] society and allowed people to talk about [illegible] of issues but particularly their own sense of being different in the 1950s."

Screenwriter Foner Gyllenhaal sees Grace less as feminist icon than as unwitting trailblazer, and has framed the script for the upcoming film version of her life in those terms. "I don't think she went out there to be a feminist," Foner Gyllenhaal says. "I think she went out there to be a human being who wanted to live in a world where people weren't hypocritical and told the truth and stood by their actions. And in that regard I think she was innocent as well as brave."

George Metalious is 80 now, and on the sunny day I knock on the door of his tidy blue Shaker saltbox, in Rye, New Hampshire, he is not glad to see me. I have written him and called several times, asking for an interview, but he has not responded.

He has been picking raspberries in his garden, and as he stands in the doorway, beads of sweat drip down, under the brim of his floppy straw hat. He still wears the big, square, dark-rimmed glasses that made him so recognizable in the endless publicity photos taken for *Peyton Place*.

He doesn't want to talk about Grace anymore, he says. There isn't anything left to say.

I beg him to answer one question. Why, I ask, did Grace have such a difficult time handling her success, after she'd fought so hard to get it?

He sighs the sigh of old men. "She cared deeply, and she loved deeply," he says quietly. "She was naïve, unfortunately. She put her trust in the wrong people, and she believed in the basic good of people. She had faith, and it worked against her."

In the fall of 1964, ABC premiered a half-hour *Peyton Place*, television's first-ever soap-opera-style serial in prime time, which introduced two new young actors, Ryan O'Neal and Mia Farrow; eventually Lee Grant won a supporting-actress Emmy for her role. Long before *Dallas*, *Dynasty*, and *Desperate Housewives*, *Peyton Place* pioneered sudsy appointment television, at one point airing three nights a week. The show ran for a staggering 524 episodes over five years and made $62 million for the network—not a dime of which went to the estate of Grace Metalious, who had signed away all the rights to her work during that stay at the Algonquin.

In the final episode, broadcast June 2, 1969, Dr. Michael Rossi, played by Ed Nelson, is charged with murder and thrown into the local jail. In the very last scene, he lies down on a cot as a guard slides closed his cell door—like his creator, a prisoner of Peyton Place.

CREDITS

FASHION



Cover: Joe Zee for Jed Root.
Page 34: Dakota Fanning's **Giambattista Valli** dress from Barneys New York.
Page 62: Mamie Van Doren's **Chanel Fine Jewelry** ring from all Chanel Fine Jewelry boutiques, or call 800-550-0005.
Page 120: See credit for cover.
Page 126: Dakota Fanning's **Chanel** shoes from selected Chanel boutiques and Bloomingdale's stores nationwide.
Page 132: Rosamund Pike's **Fendi** coat from Fendi boutiques nationwide, or call 800-336-3469.
Page 174: For Stephanie Schur's **Michon Schur** dress, call 646-747-3017; **Christian Louboutin** shoes from Christian Louboutin, N.Y.C., or call 212-396-1884. Jordan Schur's **Giorgio Armani** suit from Giorgio Armani, N.Y.C., or call 212-988-9191, or go to giorgioarmani.com; **Barneys New York** shirt and shoes from Barneys New York stores nationwide, or call 212-826-8900; **Prada** tie from selected Prada boutiques, or call 888-977-1900.
Page 203: Deda Coben for celestineagency.com.
Page 236: Costume design by Ann Roth.
Page 247: Chris DeWolfe's **Jil Sander** shirt from Barneys New York stores nationwide. **Tom Anderson's** vintage hoodie from Scout, L.A.; **Griege** jeans from Douglas Fir, L.A.
Page 250: Zach Helm's **Dolce & Gabbana** jacket, **John Varvatos** T-shirt, and **Levi's** jeans from Neiman Marcus stores nationwide; Neil Rodgers for celestineagency.com.
Page 255: Helm's **Prada** suit and T-shirt and **Converse** sneakers from Barneys New York stores nationwide. **Kiele Sanchez's** Prada top from Barneys New York stores nationwide; **Notify** jeans and **Jimmy Choo** shoes from Neiman Marcus stores nationwide; **Kaviar and Kind** jewelry from kaviarkind.com.
Page 273: Emile Hirsch's **Prada** shirt from selected Prada boutiques, or call 888-977-1900; **Dolce & Gabbana** jeans from selected Dolce & Gabbana boutiques; Lysa Cooper for margaretmaldonado.com.
Page 277: Oscar Goodman's **Giorgio Armani** suit from Giorgio Armani, N.Y.C., or call 212-988-9191, and Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide; **Ermenegildo Zegna** shirt and tie from Ermenegildo Zegna boutiques and Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide, or go to zegna.com; **Saks Fifth Avenue** pocket square from Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide; **Salvatore Ferragamo** shoes from Salvatore Ferragamo boutiques nationwide, or call 800-628-8916, or go to ferragamo.com.
Page 287: Dakota Fanning's **Chanel** dress from selected Chanel boutiques and Neiman Marcus stores nationwide; Joe Zee for Jed Root.



Pages 288–89: Peter Sarsgaard's **Prada** suit and shirt from Barneys New York, L.A.; **Charvet** tie from Bergdorf Goodman and Saks Fifth Avenue, both in N.Y.C.; **Robert Talbott** pocket square from Robert Talbott stores nationwide; **Church's Limited** shoes from Church's Limited, N.Y.C., or call 212-758-5200; Joe Zee for Jed Root.
Pages 290–91: Sienna Miller's **Victoria's Secret** thong from Victoria's Secret stores nationwide; **Dolce & Gabbana** shoes from Dolce & Gabbana boutiques nationwide; **Neil Lane** earrings and ring from Neil Lane, L.A.; vintage bracelet from Rita Watnick–Lily et Cie, Beverly Hills, or call 310-724-5757.
Page 292: For Jake Gyllenhaal's **Gap** T-shirt, go to gap.com; **Neil Barrett** pants from Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide; Joe Zee for Jed Root.
Page 293: Heath Ledger's **Gucci** coat from selected Gucci stores, or go to gucci.com; **Diesel** jeans from Diesel stores nationwide, or go to diesel.com; Joe Zee for Jed Root.
Pages 294–95: Jason Schwartzman's **Dior Homme by Hedi Slimane** suit from Dior Homme, N.Y.C. and Las Vegas, or go to dior.com; **Hermès** shirt from Hermès stores nationwide, or call 800-441-4488; **Robert Talbott** tie and pocket square from Robert Talbott stores nationwide; **Cartier** watch from all Cartier boutiques, or call 800-CARTIER; Joe Zee for Jed Root.
Pages 296–97: Camilla Belle's **Rochas** dress from Barneys New York, N.Y.C., or call 212-826-8900; for **Harry Winston** bracelet, call 800-988-4110, or go to harrywinston.com; Joe Zee for Jed Root.
Page 298: Eric Bana's **Speedo** swimsuit from speedousa.com, or call 800-547-8770; for **Brooks Brothers** robe, go to brooksbrothers.com, or call 800-274-1815; **Cartier** watch from Cartier boutiques nationwide, or call 800-CARTIER; **Marc Jacobs** sunglasses from Marc Jacobs, Boston, call 617-425-0707; Joe Zee for Jed Root.
Page 299: George Cortina for Exposure.
Page 300: Viggo Mortensen's **Burberry London** shirt from Burberry, N.Y.C.; Joe Zee for Jed Root.
Page 301: Patricia Clarkson's **J. Mendel** dress from J. Mendel boutiques nationwide, or call 800-JMENDEL, or go to jmendel.com.
Page 304: Harvey Weinstein's **Giorgio Armani** suit from Giorgio Armani, N.Y.C., or call 212-988-9191; **Turnbull & Asser** shirt from Turnbull & Asser, N.Y.C. and Beverly Hills; **Brooks Brothers** tie from Brooks Brothers stores nationwide.
Bob Weinstein's **Brioni** suit and shirt from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.; **Robert Talbott** tie from Robert Talbott stores nationwide.
Page 305: Rosamund Pike's **Giles Deacon** dress from Barneys New York, N.Y.C., or call 212-826-8900; for **Chopard** diamond ring, call 800-CHOPARD; Joe Zee for Jed Root.
Pages 306–7: For Topher Grace's **Brooks Brothers** jacket, call 800-274-1815, or go to brooksbrothers.com; **Ermenegildo Zegna** shirt, pants, bow tie, and cummerbund from Ermenegildo Zegna boutiques nationwide, or call 888-880-34[illegible]; **Robert Talbott** pocket square from Robert Talbott stores nationwide; **Cartier** watch, cuff links, and studs from all Cartier boutiques, or call 800-CARTIER. Woman's **Christian Louboutin** shoes from Christian Louboutin, N.Y.C., or call 212-396-1884. Joe Zee for Jed Root.
Page 309: Philip Seymour Hoffman's **Brioni** suit from Brioni, N.Y.C., L.A., and Las Vegas, or call 212-376-5777; **Calvin Klein Collection** shirt from Calvin Klein Collection, N.Y.C., or call 877-256-7373; **Robert Talbott** tie and cuff links from Robert Talbott stores nationwide; Allan Kennedy for Katy Barker.
Pages 310–11: Taye Diggs's **Brioni** robe from Brioni, N.Y.C., or call 212-376-5777; **Cartier** bracelet and watch from all Cartier boutiques, call 800-CARTIER.
Page 313: Anne Hathaway's **Dolce & Gabbana**

rom Dolce & Gabbana boutiques nationwide, 877-70-DGUSA; Joe Zee for Jed Root.

314: Max Minghella's Gucci shirt from ed Gucci stores; **Dior Homme** pants from Homme, N.Y.C. and Las Vegas; **Prada** bow tie elected Prada boutiques, or call 888-977- **Cartier** watch and cuff links from all Cartier ques, or call 800-CARTIER.



Page 315: Jamie Bell's Polo by Ralph Lauren sweater from Bloomingdale's stores nationwide; **Dior Homme** pants and belt from Dior Homme, N.Y.C. and Las Vegas; Allan Kennedy for Katy Barker.

Page 317: Michelle ghan's **Azzaro** dress from Jeffrey, N.Y.C., les, L.A., and Barneys New York stores nationwide; shoes from Fendi boutiques nationwide, or call 336-3469; **Neil Lane** jewelry from Neil Lane, r call 310-275-5015; Joe Zee for Jed Root.

318: Pamela Anderson's Valentino dress Valentino, N.Y.C., or call 212-772-6969; er earrings from all Cartier boutiques, or call CARTIER, or go to cartier.com; **Harry Winston** ce from Harry Winston, N.Y.C., Beverly Hills, gas, and Miami, or call 800-988-4110, or go rywinston.com; **Chanel Fine Jewelry** ring all Chanel Fine Jewelry boutiques, or call 550-0005. Mamie Van Doren's **Azzaro** dress Barneys New York stores nationwide, or call 26-8900; Cartier necklace from all Cartier ques, or call 800-CARTIER, or go to r.com; Harry Winston bracelet from Harry on, N.Y.C., Beverly Hills, Las Vegas, and Miami, 800-988-4110, or go to harrywinston.com.

319: Joy Bryant's Martin Katz earrings Martin Katz, N.Y.C. and Beverly Hills; **Neil Lane** lets from Neil Lane, L.A., or call 310-275-5015; **el Fine Jewelry** ring from all Chanel Fine ry boutiques, or call 800-550-0005.

320: Michelle Yeoh's Azzedine Alaïa dress Barneys New York, N.Y.C., or call 212-826-8900; n fur from Cassin, N.Y.C., or call 212-564-0946; **tian Louboutin** shoes from Saks Fifth Avenue nationwide; **Jacob & Co.** bracelet from & Co., N.Y.C., or call 866-JACOB-10, or go obandco.com; **De Grisogono** bracelet De Grisogono, N.Y.C., or call 212-744-7160, or degrisogono.com; Joe Zee for Jed Root.

321: Dr. Garth Fisher's Giorgio Armani irt, tie, and shoes from Giorgio Armani, , or call 212-988-9191; Joe Zee for Jed Root.

323: Jennifer Aniston's Sergio Rossi boots selected Sergio Rossi boutiques, or go to rossi.com; Sarajane Hoare for Vernon Jolly.

324: Q'orianka Kilcher's Lanvin dress from ys New York, N.Y.C., Chicago, and L.A.; Joe or Jed Root.

325: Terrence Howard's Gucci suit from ed Gucci boutiques, or call 800-234-8224; **Black** shirt from Hugo Boss, N.Y.C. and L.A.; **rt Talbott** tie from Robert Talbott stores nwide; **Ralph Lauren Purple Label** pocket e from selected Ralph Lauren stores; **Cartier** n and cuff links from all er boutiques, or call -CARTIER; Joe Zee for Root.



s 326–27: Zooey hanel's Chloé dress Chloé, N.Y.C. and a Mesa, Calif., Bergdorf dman, N.Y.C., Tracey Ross, L.A., and Peoples, Atlanta; **Dolce & Gabbana** shoes from Dolce & Gabbana stores nationwide, or call 877-70-DGUSA; **Neil Lane** jewelry from Neil Lane, L.A.; Joe Zee for Jed Root.



Pages 328–29: Joaquin Phoenix's Calvin Klein Collection shirt from Calvin Klein, N.Y.C., or call 877-256-7373; **Guess** jeans from Guess stores nationwide, or call 800-39-GUESS, or visit guess.com; Joe Zee for Jed Root.

Pages 330–31: George Clooney's Thomas Pink shirt from Thomas Pink, N.Y.C., or call 212-838-1928; for **H Hilfiger** pants, go to tommy.com; for **Hunter** boots, go to hunterboots.com; **Cartier** watch from all Cartier boutiques, or call 800-CARTIER, or go to cartier.com. For women's **Calvin Klein Underwear** bras and panties, go to cku.com; Joe Zee for Jed Root.

Page 353: Bruce's **Ralph Lauren Purple Label** sweater from selected Ralph Lauren boutiques; **DKNY** shirt, jeans, and sunglasses from selected DKNY stores nationwide; **Tod's** shoes from Tod's boutiques nationwide, or go to todsonline.com. Javier's **Polo by Ralph Lauren** shirt and sunglasses from selected Ralph Lauren boutiques.

Page 355: Arlene's **BCBG Max Azria** top from BCBG boutiques nationwide, or call 888-636-BCBG. Javier's **Paul Smith** shirt from Paul Smith, N.Y.C. and L.A., or call 323-951-4800.

Page 357: Bruce's lawyer's **Ermenegildo Zegna** suit from Neiman Marcus stores nationwide; **Robert Talbott** shirt and tie from Robert Talbott stores nationwide. Bruce's and Javier's **Polo by Ralph Lauren** suits from selected Ralph Lauren boutiques, or call 888-475-7674; Robert Talbott shirts, ties, and pocket squares from Robert Talbott stores nationwide. Arlene's **BCBG Max Azria** suit and shirt from BCBG boutiques nationwide, or call 888-636-BCBG.

Page 359: Javier's **Polo by Ralph Lauren** shirt from selected Ralph Lauren boutiques.

Page 361: Gym buddy's **7 for All Mankind** jeans from Barneys New York stores nationwide. Professor's **Polo by Ralph Lauren** blazer from selected Ralph Lauren stores; **Robert Talbott** shirt, vest, and bow tie from Robert Talbott stores nationwide; 7 for All Mankind jeans from Barneys New York stores nationwide.

Page 363: Bruce's **John Varvatos** tuxedo from John Varvatos stores nationwide, or call 212-965-0700. Javier's **Ralph Lauren Purple Label** tuxedo from selected Ralph Lauren boutiques, or call 888-475-7674. **Robert Talbott** shirts and bow ties from Robert Talbott stores nationwide.

BEAUTY AND GROOMING

Cover: All makeup products by **Estée Lauder.** On **Scarlett Johansson's** face, Individualist Natural Finish Makeup in 2C1, and Lucidity Translucent Loose Powder in Transparent; on her eyes, Pure Color EyeLiner in Pure Black, and Lash XL Maximum Length Mascara in Black; on her lips, Electric Intense LipCreme in Dolly. On **Keira Knightley's** face, Individualist Natural Finish Makeup in IC1 Nude, and Translucent Loose Powder in Light; on her eyes, Color Intensity MicroFine Eyeshadow Duo in Bordeaux, and Lash XL Maximum Length Mascara in Black; on her cheeks, Tender Blush in Pink Kiss; on her lips, Electric Intense LipCreme in Switched On. Carla White for Estée Lauder/L'Atelier. Deborah Lippmann for lippmanncollection.com/The Wall Group.



Page 114: Top, hair by Christophe Saluzzo, Natalie Miller, and Chantal Moore for cloutieragency.com; makeup by Natalie Miller and Chantal Moore for cloutieragency.com. Bottom, hair by Clorinda Vitale for Sarah Laird; makeup by Cheryl Smith-Quinn.

Page 120: See credits for cover.

Page 156: Kurt Thometz's grooming by Assumpta Clohessy for Price Inc.

Page 166: Enoc Pérez's grooming by Joe J. Simon for artistsbytimothypriano.com.

Page 174: Eric Gabriel for the Rex Agency; Laura Mohberg for Clinique/Avant Groupe.

Page 182: Center, **Yves Saint Laurent's** In Love Again Edition Jasmin Étoilé, exclusively from Victoria's Secret stores nationwide; **Annick Goutal's** Songes from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C., and Bloomingdale's and Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide; **Ferre** from Ferré boutiques and specialty department stores nationwide; **Hermès** Terre from Hermès stores nationwide.

Page 203: Catherine Furniss for Kiehl's/ celestineagency.com.

Page 210: Top, Johnny Lavoy for artistsbytimothypriano.com.

Page 236: Angelina Jolie's hair by Colin Jamison; makeup by Toni G. **Matt Damon's** hair by Kay Georgiou; grooming by Chrissie Beveridge.

Page 247: Jetty Stutzman for cloutieragency.com.

Page 250: Zach Helm's hair styled with **Bumble and Bumble** Sumo Wax; Frankie Payne for Luxe.

Page 255: Kiele Sanchez's hair styled with **Bumble and Bumble** Styling Spray; Erin Ayanian for cloutieragency.com.

Page 273: Emile Hirsch's hair styled with **Redken** Polish Up Defining Gel; Peter Savic for Redken/ soloartists.com.

Page 277: JP Howard for Always Entertaining Inc.

Page 287: Dakota Fanning's hair styled with **Bumble and Bumble** Styling Lotion.

Page 288: Peter Sarsgaard's hair styled with **Matrix Biolage** Shaping Crème Wax; his face moisturized with **Clarins Men** Moisture Balm; Manuella for artistsbytimothypriano.com. Manicure by Marsha Bialo for Opi/artistsbytimothypriano.com.

Page 291: Sienna Miller's hair styled with **Clinique** Healthy Shine Serum, and Natural Hold Soft-Finish Hairspray; Alex Dizon for artistsbytimothypriano.com. On her eyes, **Shu Uemura** Fiber Xtension Lengthening Mascara in Xtra Black; on her cheeks, Glow On in M Pink 31; on her lips, Lip Fix and Rouge 4 Balance in No. 310; Jeannia Robinette for Jed Root. Lisa Postma for celestineagency.com.

Page 292: Jake Gyllenhaal's hair styled with **Redken** Maneuver Working Wax; his face moisturized with **Lab Series** Skincare for Men Instant Moisture Gel; on his eyes, Instant Moisture Eye Gel; on his lips, Instant Moisture Lip Balm; Sylvia Viau for cloutieragency.com.

Page 294: Jason Schwartzman's hair styled with **Redken** Polish Up Defining Pomade; his face moisturized with **Kiehl's** Sodium PCA Oil-Free Moisturizer; Diana Schmidtke for Redken/celestineagency.com.

Page 297: Camilla Belle's hair styled with **Kérastase Paris** Reflection Chroma Reflect Lait; Renato Campora for Kérastase Paris/The Wall Group. Her face moisturized with **La Mer** The Moisturizing Lotion; on her face, **Estée Lauder** Individualist Natural Finish Makeup in IN2 Vanilla, and AeroMatte Ultralucent Pressed Powder in IC Light; on her eyes, Automatic Brow Pencil Duo in Soft Black, and Magnascopic Maximum Volume Mascara in Black; on her lips, Electric Intense Lip Creme in Fury;

Jeannia R... Postma for Opi/celest...

Page 298: Eric Bana's ... **Redken** Grip Tight F... Get ... **Kiehl's** Ultra ... Protection ... SPF ... with Ultra Facial Moisturizer SPF ... Maxim SPF 15 Cotton... Portis for K... ...agency.com.

Page 299: Natalie Portman's hair styled with L'Oreal Professionnel Texture Universel Control and Texture Texture Gel; Paul Hanlon for Julian Watson Agency. On her face, **Chanel** Instant D'Eclat Radiance Flash Fluid; on her eyebrows, Sculpte Sourcils Sculpting Brow Pencil in Bistre; on her eyes, Le Crayon Khôl Intense Eye Pencil in Noir, Les 4 Ombres Quadra Eye Shadow in Golden Eyes, and Cils à Cils Lash Building Mascara in Noir; Charlotte Tilbury for Untitled. Luna for Servimatge.

Page 300: Viggo Mortensen's hair styled with **Redken** Get Groomed Finishing Cream; on his face, **Kiehl's** Facial Fuel; Diana Schmidtke for Redken/celestineagency.com. Beth Fricke for Opi/artistsbytimothypriano.com.

Page 301: Patricia Clarkson's hair styled with **Bumble and Bumble** Styling Lotion and Styling Wax; Eric Barnard for Bumble and Bumble/cloutieragency.com. On her face, **Chanel** Double Perfection Fluide in Nude; on her eyes, Les 4 Ombres Quadra Eye Shadow in Dunes, and Cils à Cils Lash Building Mascara in Noir; on her lips, Rouge Allure Luminous Satin Lip Colour in Lover; Mathu Andersen for margaretmaldonado.com. April Foreman for cloutieragency.com.

Page 302: Angelina Jolie's hair styled with **KMS** Amp Volume Spray and KMS Thickening Cream; on her face, **Laura Mercier** Foundation in Warm Ivory, and Loose Powder in Translucent; on her eyes, Eye Colour in Black Smoke, and Mascara in Black; on her cheeks, Secret Brightening Powder; on her lips, Lip Colour in Tango Red.

Page 304: Harvey Weinstein's and **Bob Weinstein's** faces moisturized with **Dermalogica's** Active Moist; Lisa Garner for artistsbytimothypriano.com.

Page 305: Rosamund Pike's hair styled with **Pantene Pro-V** Straight Without Weight Serum Mist; Sam McKnight for Premier. On her face, **MAC** Studio Fix in N4; on her eyes, Eye Shadow in Espresso, Eye Pencil in Ebony, and Pro Longlash in Pitchblack; on her cheeks, Blushcreme in Cheery; on her lips, Tinted Lipglass in Damzel; Val Garland for Streeters.

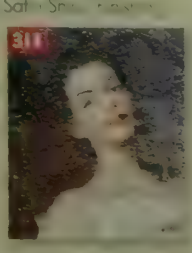
Pages 306–7: Topher Grace's hair styled with **Matrix Biolage** Shaping Crème Wax; Jamie Taylor for Matrix/The Wall Group. Woman's makeup by Jeannia Robinette for Jed Root.

Page 309: Philip Seymour Hoffman's hair styled with **Bumble and Bumble** Grooming Creme; Fabiola for Bumble and Bumble/The Wall Group.

Page 310: Taye Diggs's face moisturized with **Mario Badescu** After Shave Moisturizer; on his face, **Iman** Luxury Pressed Powder in Earth Dark; Gita Bass for Exclusive Artists.

Page 312: Nick Cave's hair styled with **Redken** Polish Up Defining Pomade; Giovanni Giuliano for celestineagency.com.

Page 313: Anne Hathaway's hair ... with **John Frieda** Brilliant Brunette Sat... Sm... Fini... Creme; Serge Normant for Jed Root. On her face, **Shiseido** Powdery Foundation in Very Light Ivory; on her eyes, Lasting Lift Mascara in Black; on her lips, Lip Gloss in Pink Twist; Tom Pecheux for Shiseido the Makeup. Sheril Bailey for Jed Root.



Page 314: Max Minghella's hair styled with **Redken** Grip Tight Firm Hold ... his face moisturized with **Dr. Hauschka** Moisturizing Day Cream; Lisa Garner for artistsbytimothypriano.com.

Page 315: Jamie Bell's hair styled with **Bumble and Bumble** Styling Cream; Rolando Beauchamp for See Management. On his face, **Dior** HydraAction Deep Hydration Rich Creme; Hector Simancas for Christian Dior/Art Department.

Page 317: Michelle Monaghan's hair styled with **Kérastase Paris** Creme Nutri-Sculpt; Teddy Charles for Orlo Salon. Her face moisturized with **Kanebo** Lotion I; on her face, **Shu Uemura** Face Powder Matte in Colorless; on her eyes, Fiber Xtension Mascara in Xtra Blk; on her lips, Rouge 4 Balance in Shimmery Red Wine; Jeannia Robinette for Jed Root. Marsha Bialo for Opi/artistsbytimothypriano.com.

Page 318: Pamela Anderson's and **Mamie Van Doren's** hair styled with **Tigi Bed Head** Superstar, and Masterpiece Shine Hairspray; John Blaine for MS Management. On Anderson's face, **MAC** Studio Fix in NC20; on her eyes, Pigment in Sparkle, Liquid Liner in Boot Black, and Pro Longlash in Pitchblack; on her cheeks, Powder Blush in Gingerly; on her lips, Lustreglass Lipglass in Sinnamon; Alexis Vogel for alexisstyle.com. On Van Doren's face, MAC Studio Fix in N3; on her eyes, Pigment in Copper Sparkle, Liquid Liner in Boot Black, and Pro Longlash in Pitchblack; on her cheeks, Powder Blush in Gingerly; on her lips, Viva Glam Lipstick in Viva Glam. Mathu Andersen for margaretmaldonado.com. April Foreman for cloutieragency.com.

Page 319: Joy Bryant's hair styled with **Matrix Biolage** Complete Control Extra; John Blaine for MS Management. On her face, **L'Oréal** HIP Flawless Liquid Makeup in Sepia, and HIP Vibrant Shimmer Bronzing Powder in Thriving; on her eyes, HIP Illuminating Highlighter in Shimmer; on her lips, Colour Riche Rich Creamy Lip Colour in Pink Playlist; on her arms and legs, **Michael Kors** Leg Shine in Bronze; Bethany Karlyn for MS Management. April Foreman for cloutieragency.com.



Page 320: Michelle Yeoh's hair styled with **John Frieda** Simply Sleek Straightening Balm; Serge Normant for Jed Root. On her face, **Estée Lauder** Individualist Natural Finish Makeup in 3C1 Pale Almond, and Amber Bronze Bronzing Powder in Deep Duo; on her eyes, MagnaScopic Maximum Volume Mascara in Black; on her lips, Electric Intense LipCreme in Drama; Tom Pecheux for Shiseido the Makeup. Sheril Bailey for Jed Root.

Page 321: Dr. Garth Fisher's hair styled with **Redken** Get Groomed Finishing Cream; his face moisturized with **Kiehl's** Ultra Facial Moisturizer; Diana Schmidtke for Redken/celestineagency.com.

Page 322: Jennifer Aniston's hair styled with **Kérastase Paris** Mousse Nutri-Sculpt, Serum Nutri-Sculpt, and Nacre Nutri-Sculpt; Orlando Pita for Kérastase Paris/Orlo Salon. On her eyes, **Lancôme** Velvet Diary Shadow Palette for Eyes in Vanité, ... in Smoke Grey, and Hypnôse Custom ...lume Mascara in Black; on her cheeks, Pommette ... Lasting Silky Soft Blush in Exquisite; on her lips, ...ge Absolu Reshaping and Replenishing ... S.P.F. 15 in Satin Romance; Gucci ... Lancôme.

Page ... Gr...ionka Kilcher's hair styled with **J Beverly Hills** Shine Drops; Cori Bardo for



J Beverly Hills/Magnet; ... face moisturized with **Kanebo** Lotion I; on her face, **Shu Uemura** Wat... Perfect Foundation in Golden Beige; on her e... Fiber Xtension Lengther... Mascara in Xtra Black; her lips, Sweet Lip Gloss ... Daisy; Jeannia Robinette for Jed Root. Marsha B... for Opi/artistsbytimothypriano.com.

Page 325: Terrence Howard's grooming pro... by **Prescriptives;** his face moisturized with Intens... Rebuilding Moisturizer; Natalie Miller for Prescriptives/cloutieragency.com.

Page 327: Zooey Deschanel's hair styled with **Matrix Biolage** Volumizing Gel and Vavoom Extra Full Freezing Spray; Enzo Angileri for Matrix/cloutieragency.com. On her face, **Estée Lauder** Individualist Natural Finish Makeup in IN... Vanilla, and Lucidity Translucent Pressed Powder in Light; on her eyes, Lash XL Maximum Length Mascara in Black; on her cheeks, Blush All Day Natural Cheek Color in Raspberry; on her lips, Pure Color Crystal in Raspberry Pop; Jeannia Robinette for Jed Root. Libbie Simpkins for Opi/celestineagency.com.

Page 329: Joaquin Phoenix's hair styled with **Redken** Maneuver Working Wax; David Cox fo... Redken/celestineagency.com. His face moisturized with **Kiehl's** Sodium PCA Oil-Free Moisturizer; o... lips, Lip Balm No. 1.

Pages 330–31: George Clooney's hair styled with **Kérastase Paris** Volume Expansion Spray, h... face moisturized with **Dior** HydraAction Deep Hydration Rich Creme; on his face, Diorskin Ultra Mat in Medium Beige 300. Hair, makeup, and grooming by Dax and Oliver for Privé Salon, Rob Glaser for Nars/celestineagency.com, Stevee Lyn... Mashburn, Mai Quynh for Dior/The Wall Group, Jeannia Robinette for Jed Root, and Diane Wiedenmann for the Wall Group. Manicures by Deborah Lippmann for lippmanncollection.com.

Pages 353–63: Kalí for Redken/celestineagency.... Jetty Stutzman for cloutieragency.com.

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DAVE BRUBECK

Long before "Take Five" hit the million mark, in 1959, Dave Brubeck had established himself as an ambassador of jazz. Now 85, the pianist and composer, who has written more than 100 classical works, has hardly slackened, still playing 80 nights a year. Here, he reflects on Dostoyevsky, stride piano, and procrastination

What is your idea of perfect happiness?
All commitments fulfilled.

What is your greatest fear?
War.

Which historical figure do you most identify with?
Jesus.

What is the trait you most deplore in yourself?
Inadequacy.

What is the trait you most deplore in others?
Procrastination.

What do you consider the most overrated virtue?
Self-confidence, when it morphs into a know-it-all attitude.

On what occasion do you lie?
To avoid hurting someone, or when I forget the truth.

What do you dislike most about your appearance?
My nose.

Which words or phrases do you most overuse?
"Write that down" or "groovy."

What is your greatest regret?
That more people have not heard my composition "Regret," recorded by the London Symphony.

What or who is the greatest love of your life?
The what is music, the who are my wife and family.

When and where were you happiest?
May 8, 1945, Regensburg, Germany, the end of World War II in Europe.

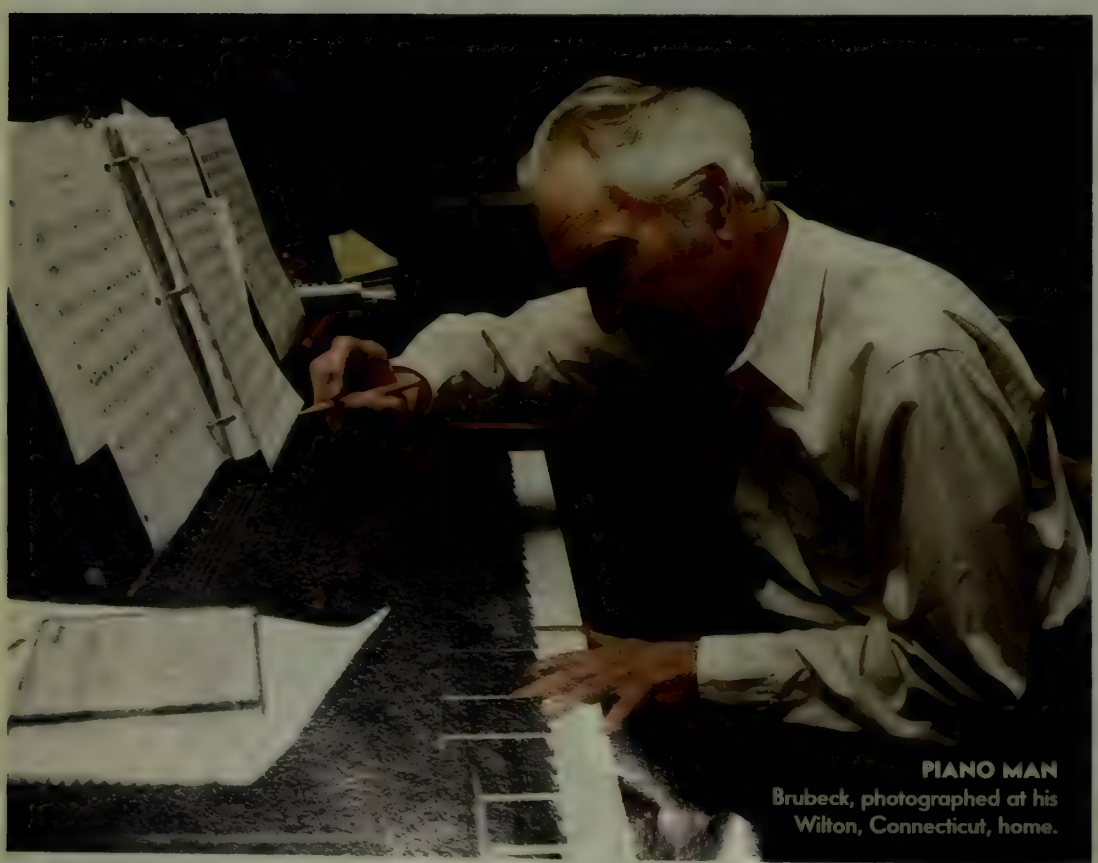
If you could change one thing about yourself, what would it be?
A more retentive mind.

If you could change one thing about your family, what would it be?
For each to be fulfilled.

If you were to die and come back as a person or thing, what do you think it would be?
A piano.

If you could choose what to come back as, what would it be?
Johann Sebastian Bach.

What is your most treasured possession?
Faith.



PIANO MAN
Brubeck, photographed at his Wilton, Connecticut, home.

What do you regard as the lowest depth of misery?
Betrayal.

What is it that you most dislike?
The suffering of innocents.

Who are your favorite writers?
Dostoyevsky, Thomas Mann, and Mark Twain.

Who is your favorite hero of fiction?
Huckleberry Finn.

Who are your heroes in real life?
John Paul II, Martin Luther King Jr., Rosa Parks, and Darius Milhaud.

What are your favorite names?
The names we gave our children: Darius (after Darius Milhaud), Michael, Christopher, Catherine, Daniel, and Matthew.

How would you like to die?
Playing stride piano.

What is your motto?
"Hang in and hang on."

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANNIE LEIBOVITZ

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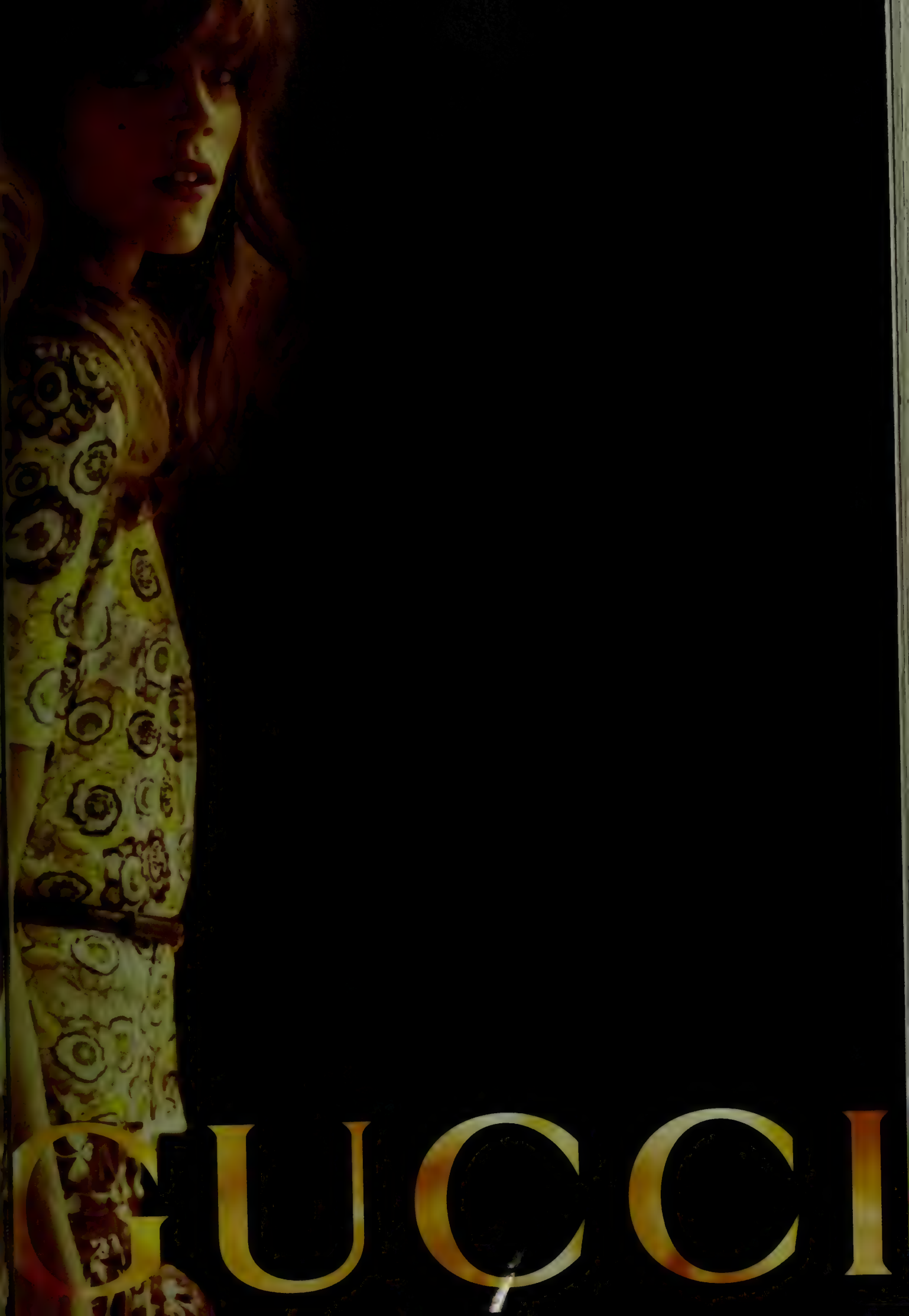


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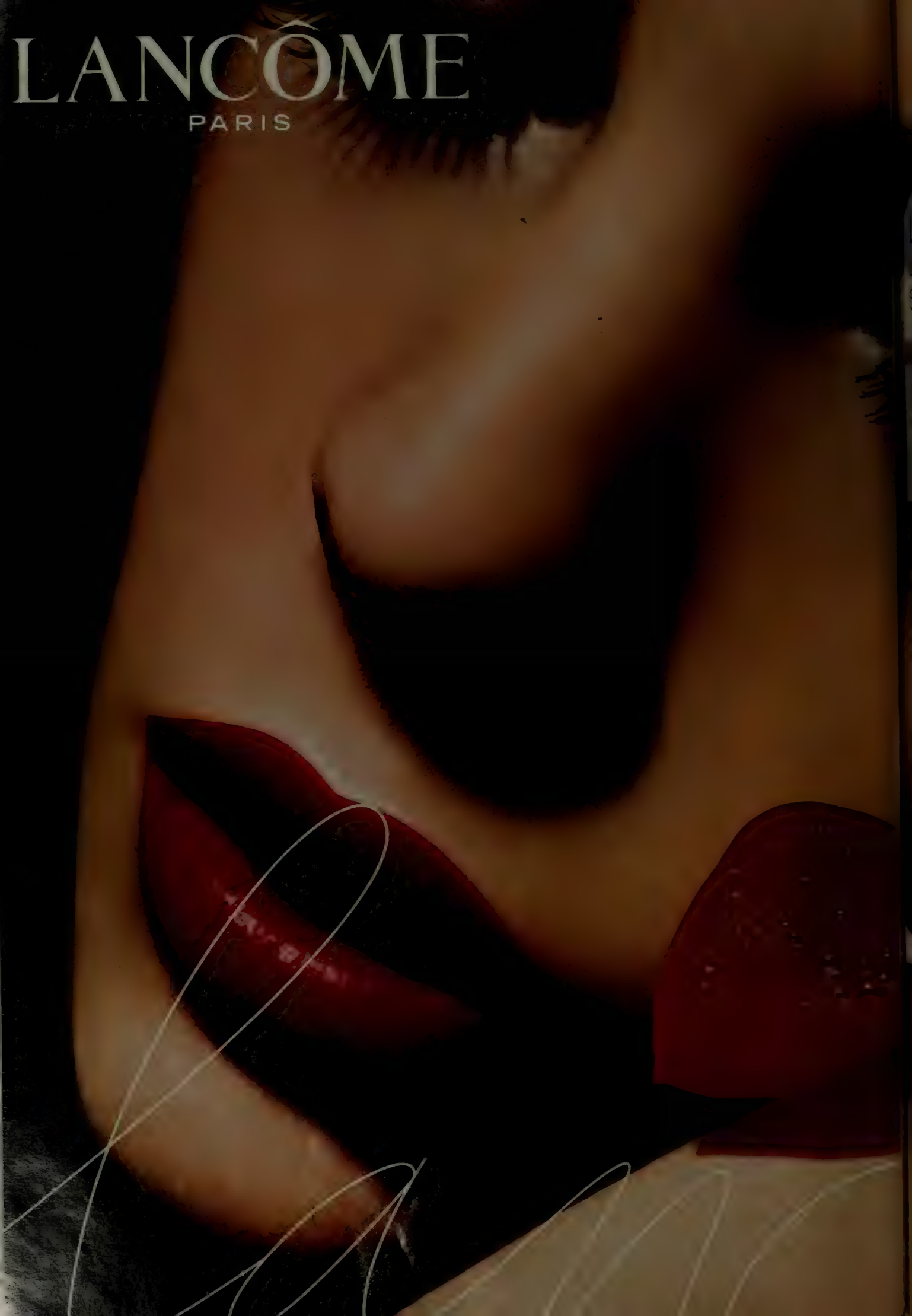

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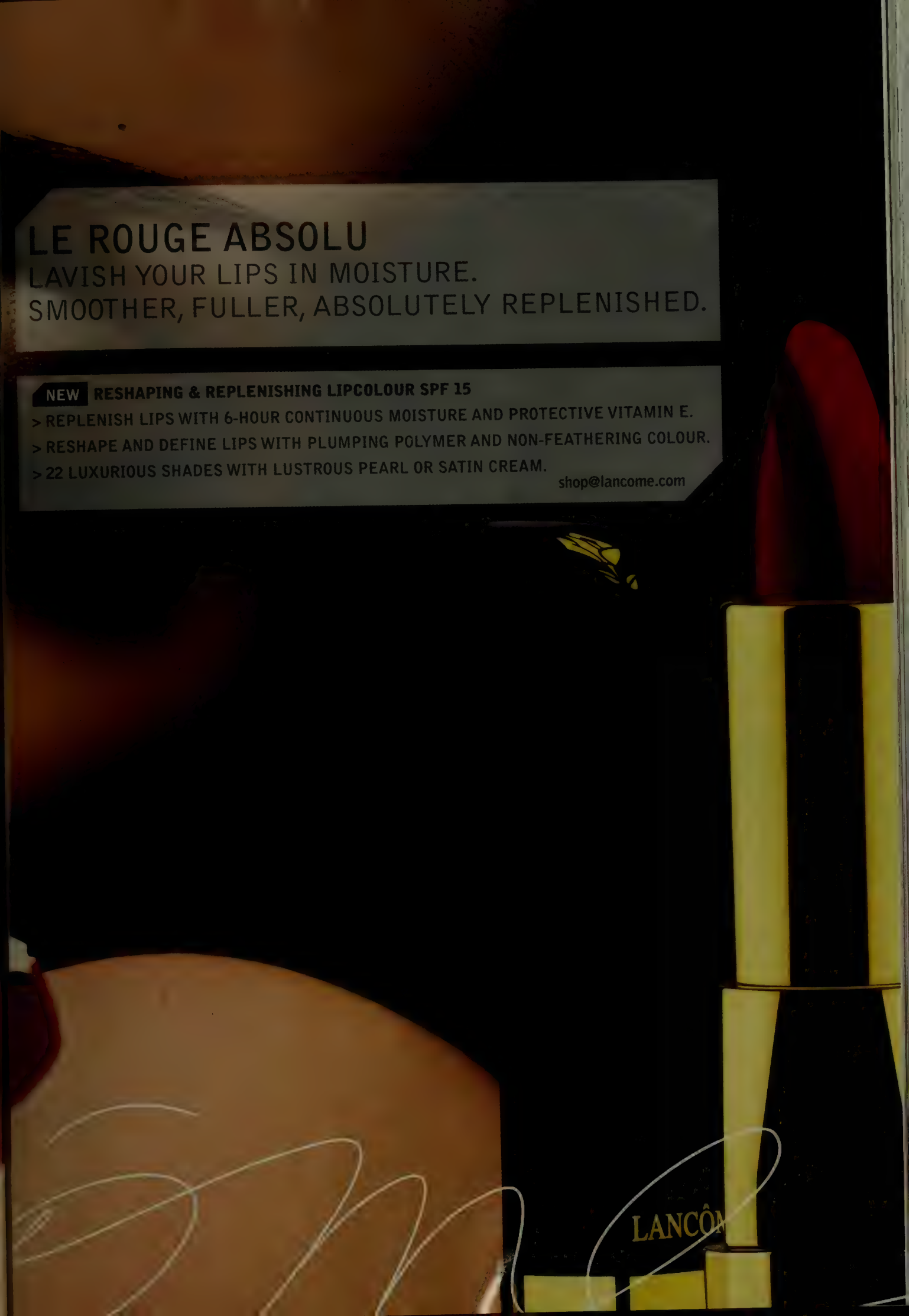

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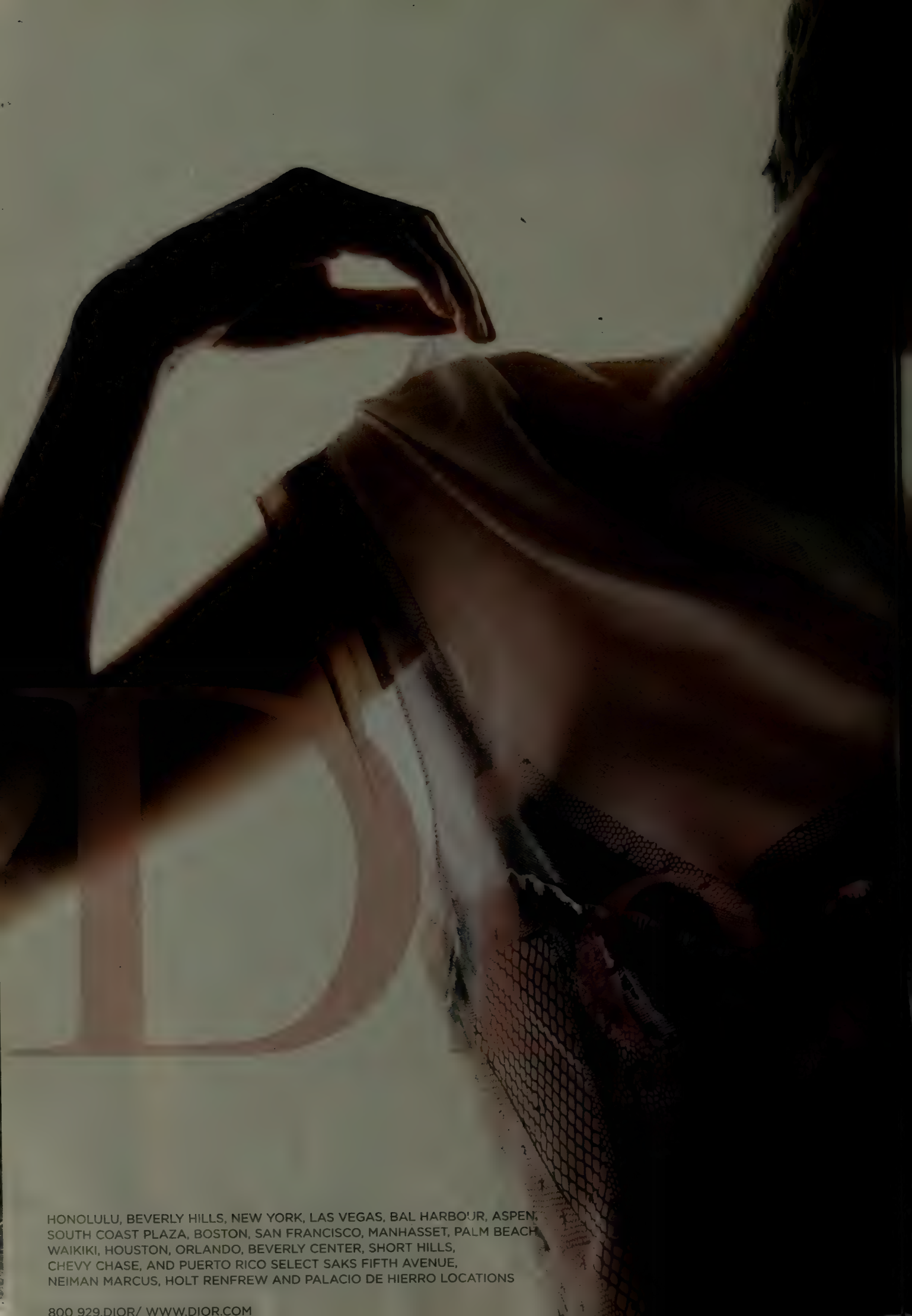

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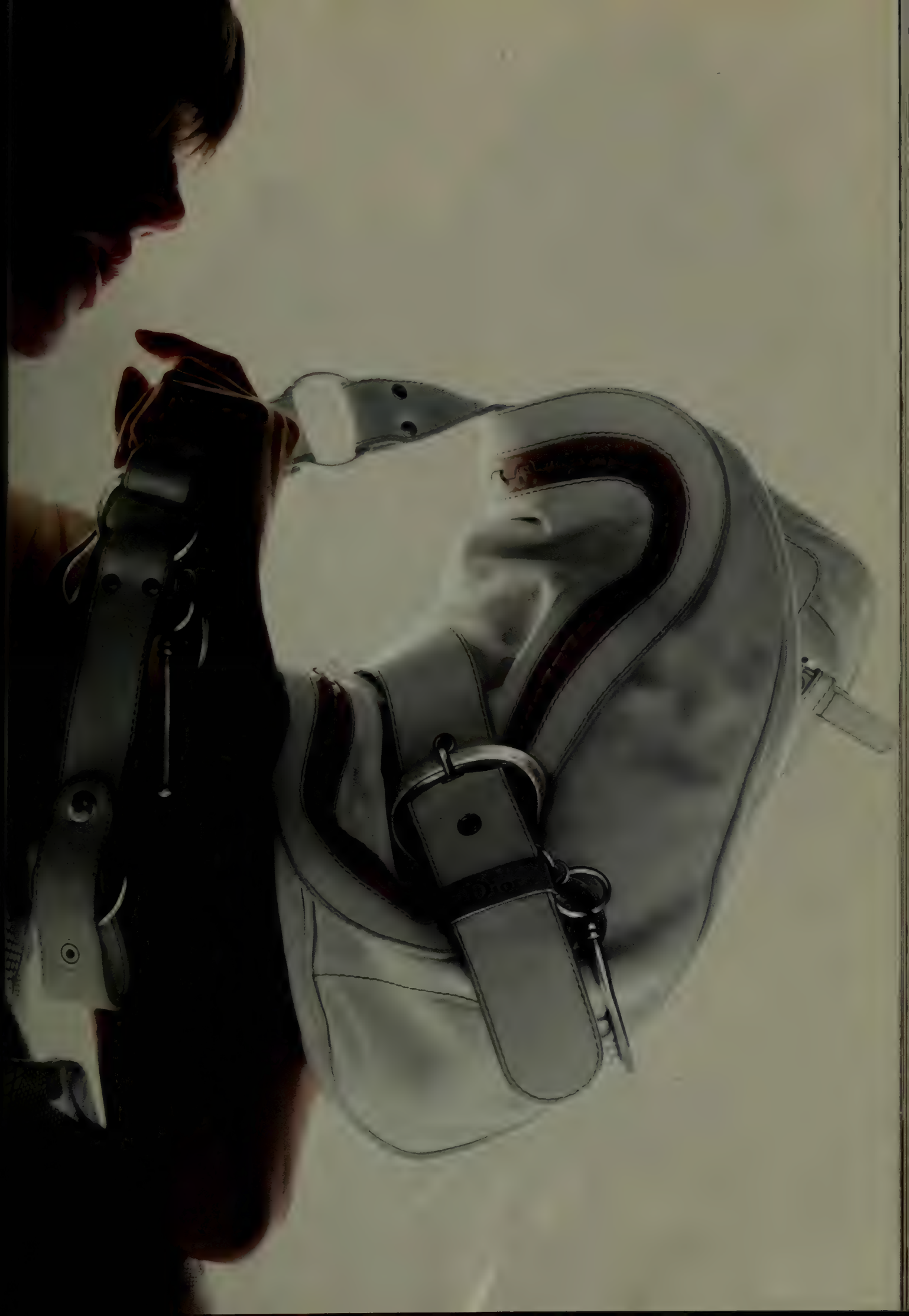

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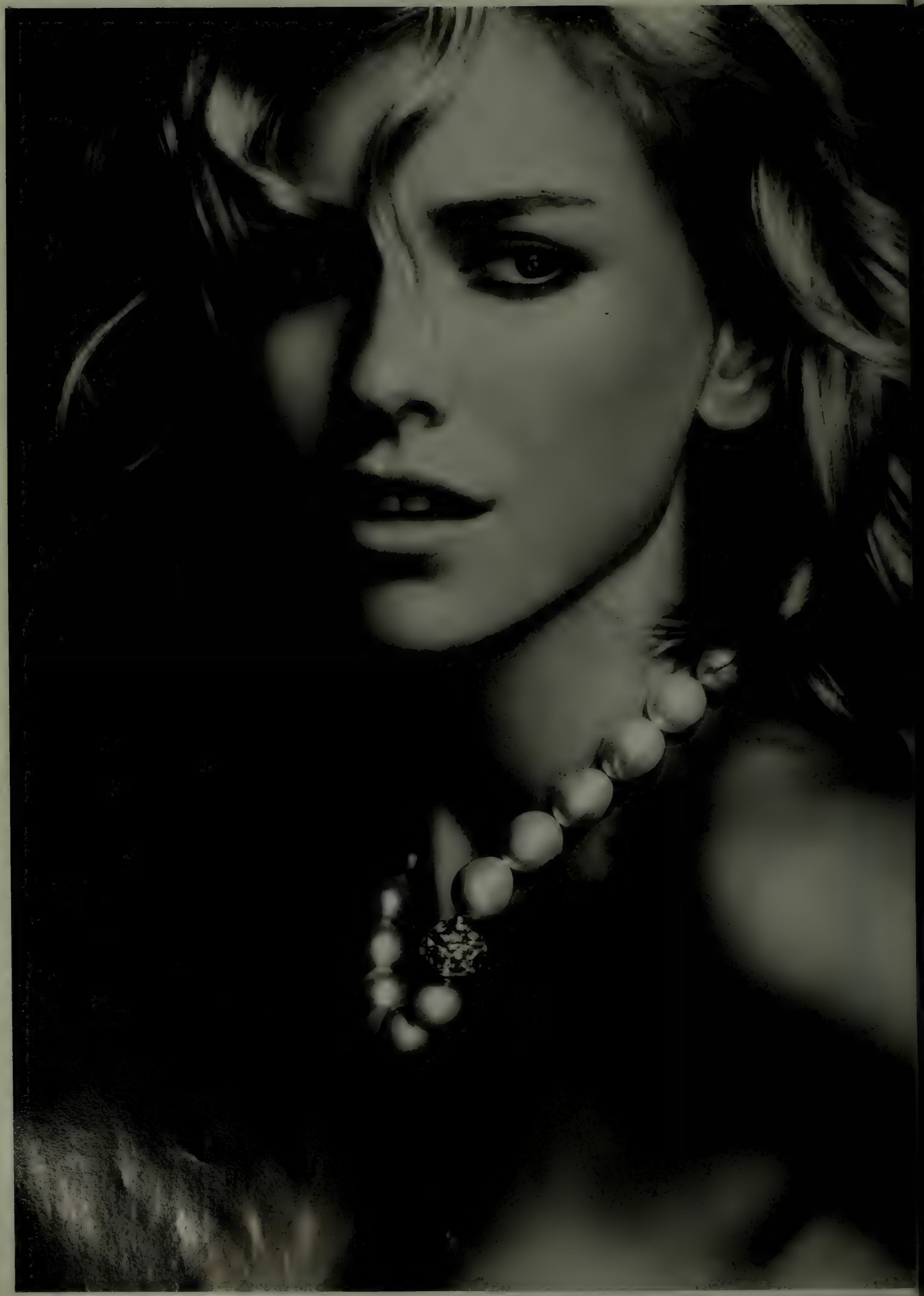

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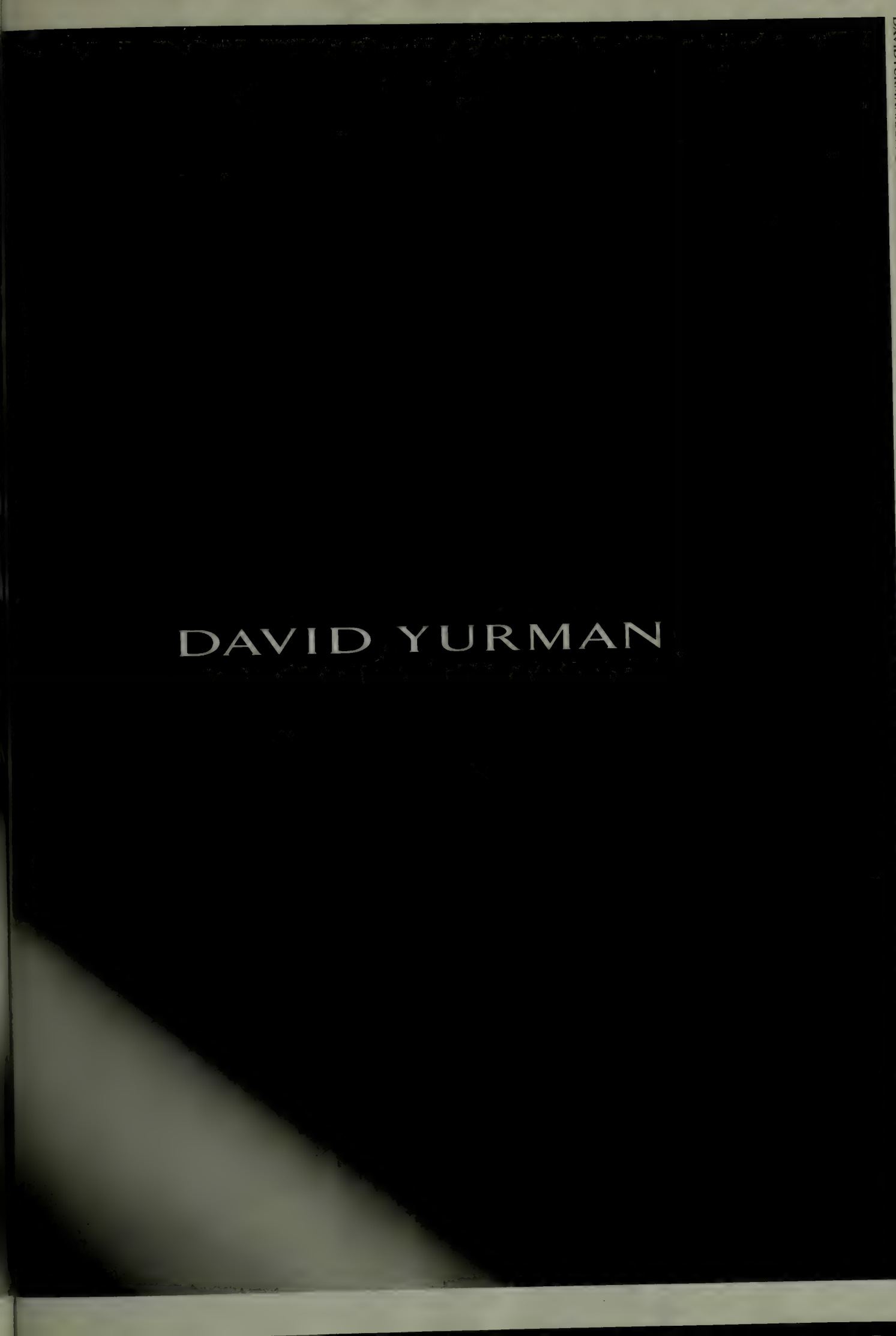




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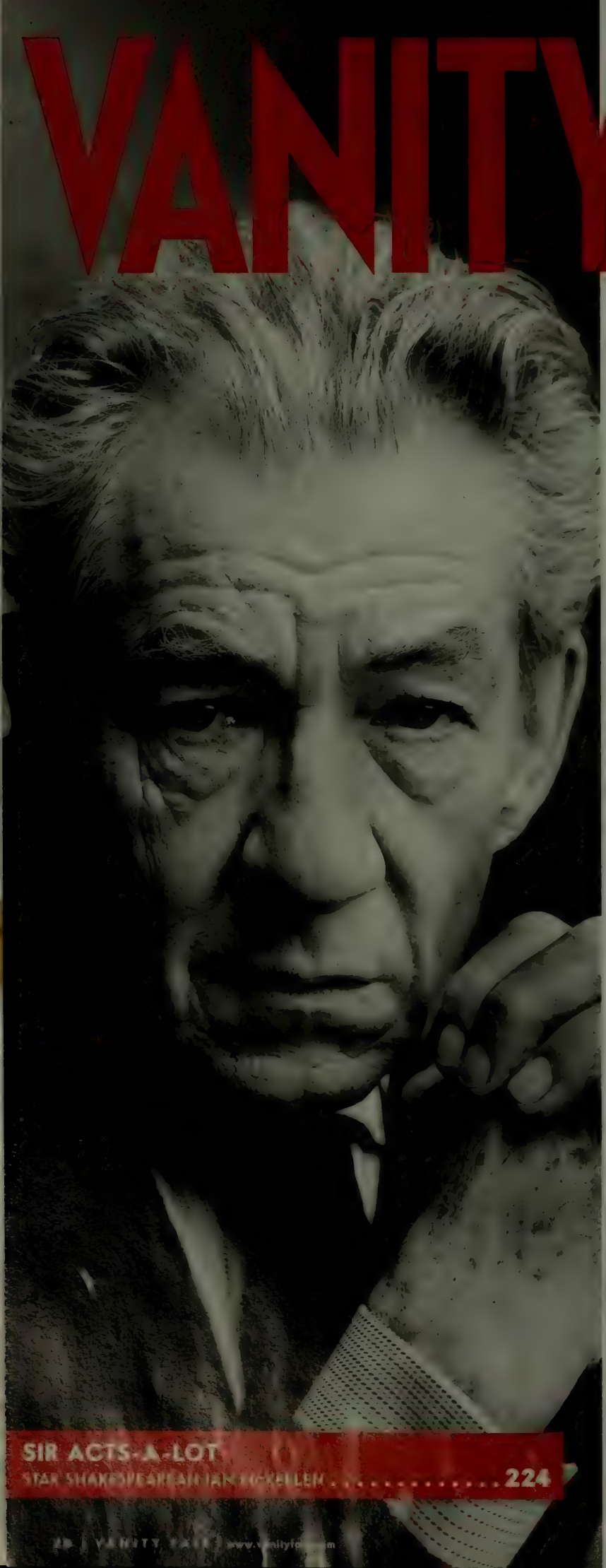


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VANITY FAIR

April 2006 No. 5



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- PLUS, "MY SITES": U R YOUR U.R.L.'S

SIR ACTS-A-LOT
STAR SHAKESPEAREAN IAN MCKELLEN 224

FEATURES

190 TERI HATCHER'S DESPERATE HOUR On the set of *Desperate Housewives* and in her upcoming book, *Burn Toast,* Teri Hatcher comes across as infectiously happy. Turns out she's been a very good actress indeed, concealing a horrific emotional wound. During a tearful marathon with Leslie Bennetts about romance gone wrong, Hatcher finally spills her shocking secret. Photographs by Michael Thompson.

196 WASHINGTON'S INVISIBLE MAN Americans know Jack Abramoff as the central villain in the lobbying scand rocking Congress—a ruthless influence peddler who stole $25 million from Indian tribes and tried to bribe elected officials. In a revealing interview, Washington's most radioactive man unburdens himself to David Margolick.

202 FOOLS FOR LOVE Bruce Weber and Patricia Boswort spotlight Jessica Lange and Sam Shepard, longtime lovers and combustible co-stars in Wim Wenders's *Don't Come Knocking.*

204 LIES AND CONSEQUENCES When veteran journalist began hearing whispers about Joseph Wilson's wife, few realized the story would lead to a showdown over the Firs Amendment. Now reporters nationwide are getting hit with subpoenas. Talking to Floyd Abrams, Bob Woodward and Judith Miller, among others, Marie Brenner reveals hov the damage was done. Photographs by Gasper Tringale.

212 WHAT NATALIE KNOWS With her superfunctional family and Harvard degree, Natalie Portman is the anti-Lohan. As Portman stars in the Wachowski brothers' *V for Vendetta,* Evgenia Peretz finds there's a lot going on behind the Goody Two-Shoes image. Photographs by Mert Alas and Marcus Piggott.

218 AMERICA'S FORGOTTEN WAR More than four year after the invasion of Afghanistan, 20,000 U.S. soldiers are still there, pitting their diplomatic skills—and massive airpower—against the Taliban's terror tactics. Sebastian Junger hits the ground in America's "forgotten war," wher victory is measured road by road, school by school, and villager by villager. Photographs by Teun Voeten.

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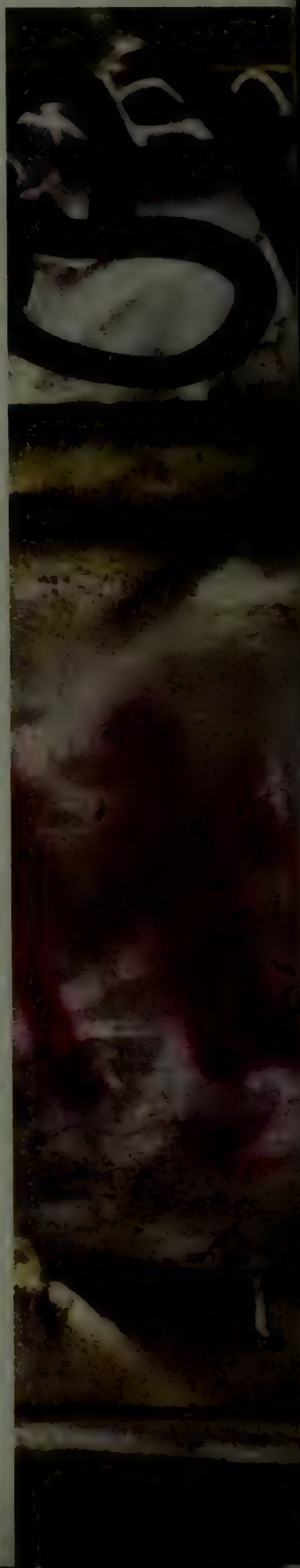





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VANITY FAIR

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V FOR VEGETARIAN
THE CLEAN-LIVING NATALIE PORTMAN 212

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224 SHAKESPEARE & CO. Mark Seliger and David Jones spotlight the Royal Shakespeare Company, which is honoring the bard by performing his complete works in Stratford-upon-Avon.

226 A HELL OF A FADE-OUT In the 1970s, famed English theater critic Kenneth Tynan, ever a fan of extravagance, celebrity, and sex, hoped for a fresh start in Santa Monica. But as his debts mounted, his health failed, and his stunning wife, Kathleen, began to eclipse him, he embarked instead on a final, bizarre affair. Sam Kashner recounts the swinging highs and desolate lows of Kenneth's Hollywood ending.

FANFAIR

103 30 DAYS IN THE LIFE OF THE CULTURE Notorious—Bruce Handy pins up Bettie Page. Elissa Schappell's Hot Type. Tamasin Day-Lewis on the Vilebrequin craze; the Sundance-approved *Friends with Money;* Aaron Gell looks into polygamy. Victoria Mather checks into rooms with views. Daisy Prince's dinner party. Edward Helmore meets art couple Hugo Guinness and Elliott Puckette. Night-Table Reading returns; Lisa Robinson rocks with Shooter Jennings; A. M. Homes on the indie-rockumentary *The Devil and Daniel Johnston.* Matt Tyrnauer debuts the Design page. My Stuff—Dany Levy; Christine Muhlke visits Smashbox Studios; Hot Looks.

COLUMNS

124 POWER SUITS Just because a man supports the war in Iraq, it doesn't mean he'll stand by as George Bush and Tony Blair infringe upon civil liberties. Supporting two legal actions, Christopher Hitchens reflects on his native land and his adopted home.

132 LOST IN THE WHITE HOUSE Unlike her husband, librarian in chief Laura Bush remains frighteningly composed and insanely popular. Perusing an authorized biography, James Wolcott guesses why the First Lady chose politics over passion. Illustration by Edward Sorel.

140 GOSSIP NEVER DIES In this month's diary, Dominick Dunne considers the perils of being Paris Hilton, chats with her mother, Kathy, and is newly gripped by a decades-old mystery: the death of gossip columnist Dorothy Kilgallen. Photograph by Robert Trachtenberg.

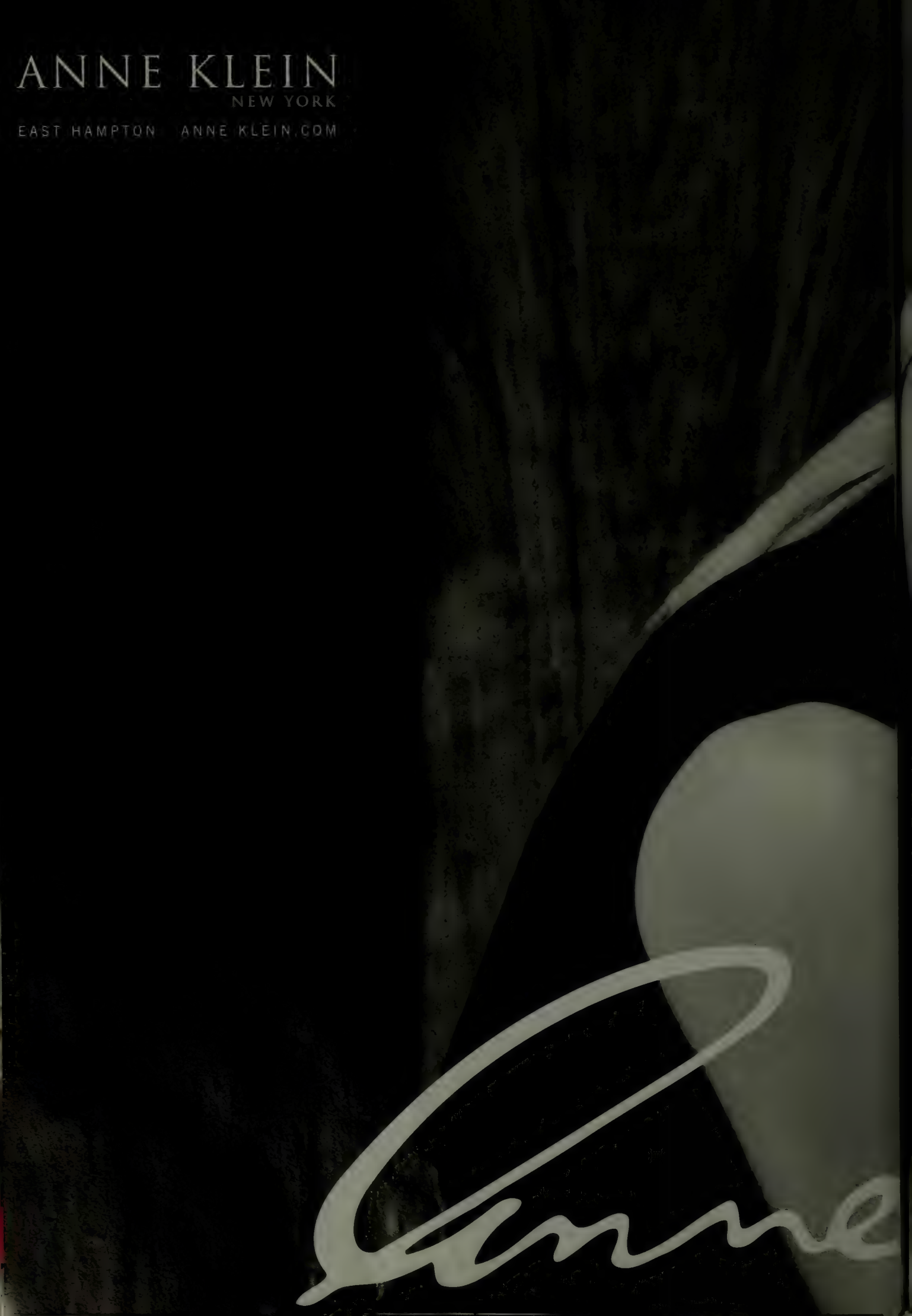
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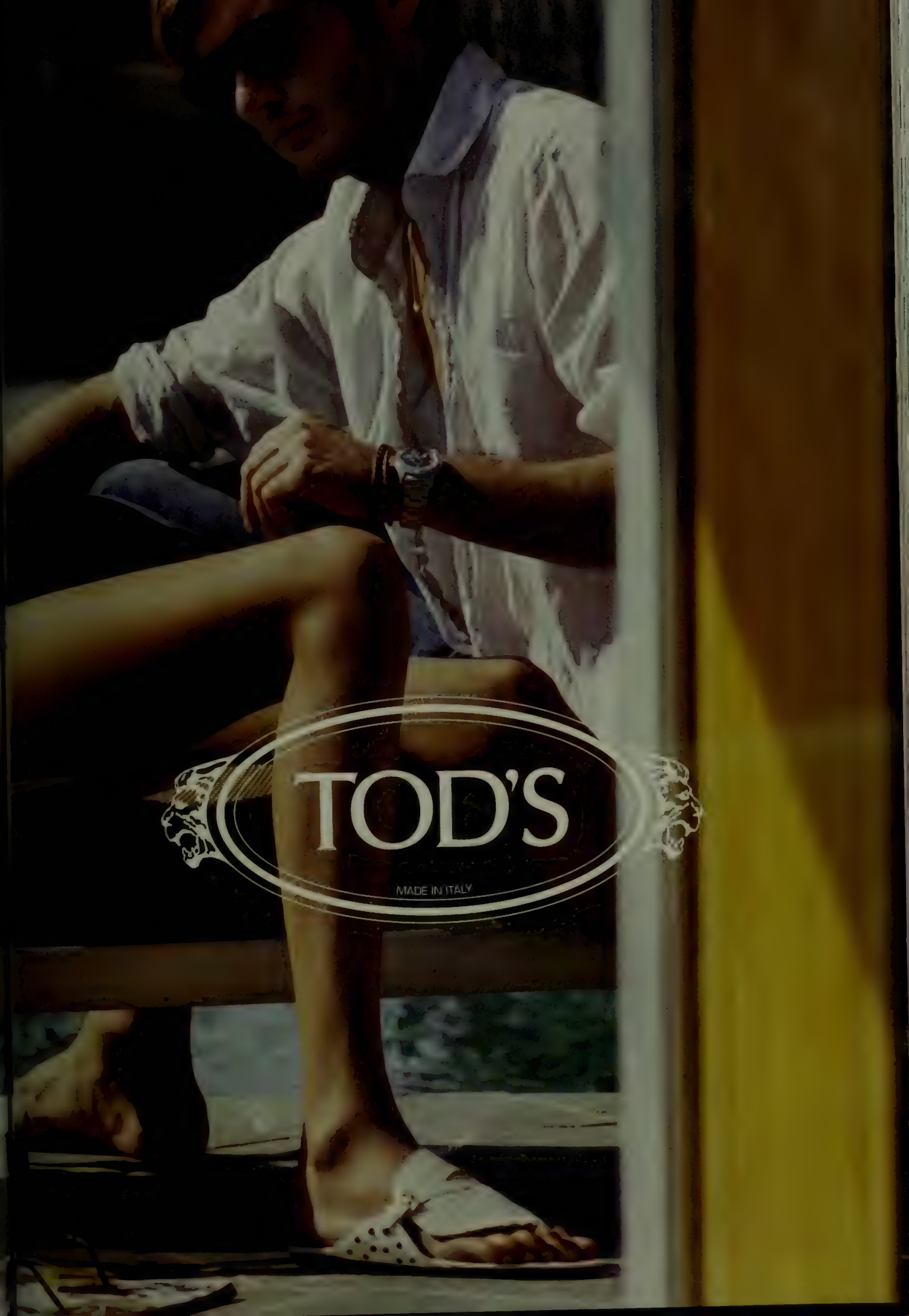




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TOD'S
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DRAMA QUEEN
KENNEDY-SYMON IN LONDON, 1976 226

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146 IPOD, THEREFORE I AM How did the geeky design obsession of a counterculture icon capture the hearts and minds (and wallets) of mass-market America? As Apple turns 30, Michael Wolff charts Steve Jobs's stunning transformation from industry outsider to media titan. Illustration by Philip Burke.

156 THE MAN WHO KEPT KING'S SECRETS Inspired by a single sermon, Clarence Jones left his lucrative law career in 1960 to become Martin Luther King Jr.'s counsel and confidant. Breaking a long silence, Jones recalls his years with the civil-rights leader, telling Douglas Brinkley about the back-channel fund-raising missions, the F.B.I. surveillance, and the all-night revisions of King's "I Have a Dream" speech. Photographs by Jonathan Becker.

172 HONEYMOON OVER When Connecticut newlywed George Allen Smith IV mysteriously disappeared from a Royal Caribbean cruise ship in the Mediterranean last July, all that remained was a bloodstain. Bryan Burrough pieces together what led to a honeymoon tragedy.

VANITIES

185 GO, JOE Contributing editor Ed Coaster, in the spirit of the times, admits to embellishing his work. George Wayne meows with BBC News's Katty Kay.

ET CETERA

66 EDITOR'S LETTER Fordgate, Abramoffgate, Godfathergate, Quailgate, and Tessiegate . . .

74 CONTRIBUTORS

80 LETTERS I Want My I-Man

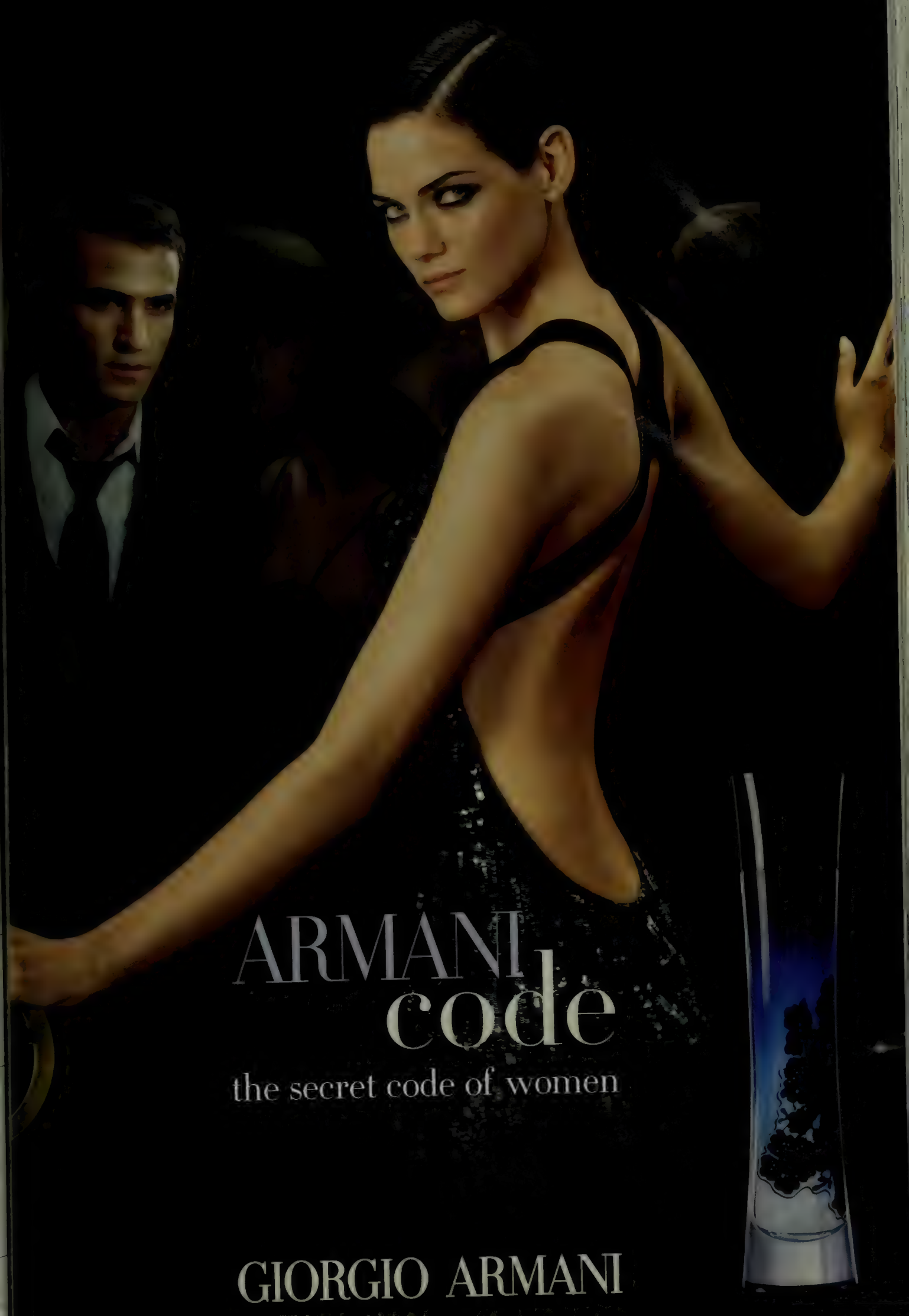
122 PLANETARIUM Breathe, Aries

264 CREDITS

266 PROUST QUESTIONNAIRE Robert Altman

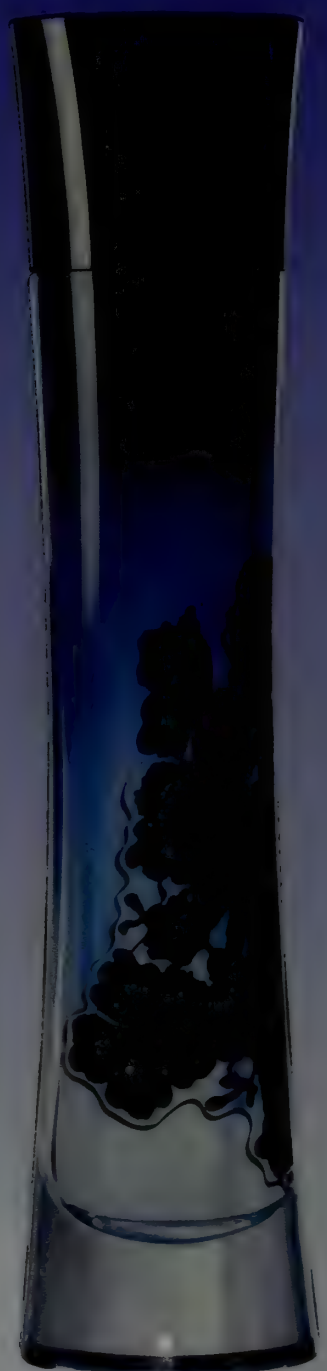
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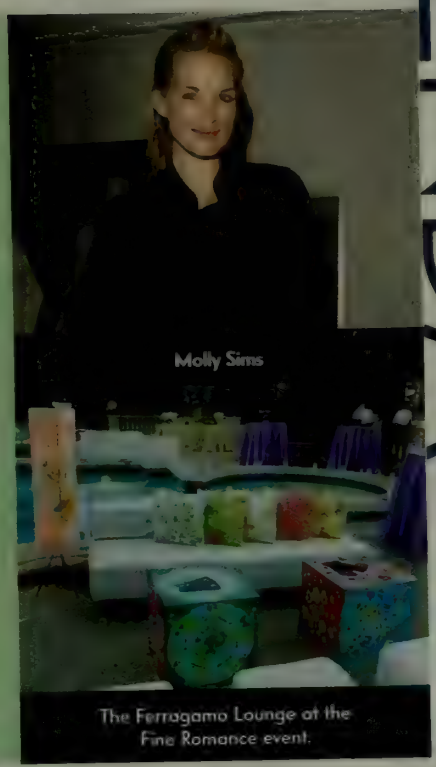

...o Ferragamo and Julie Delpy

TOASTING WITH FERRAGAMO

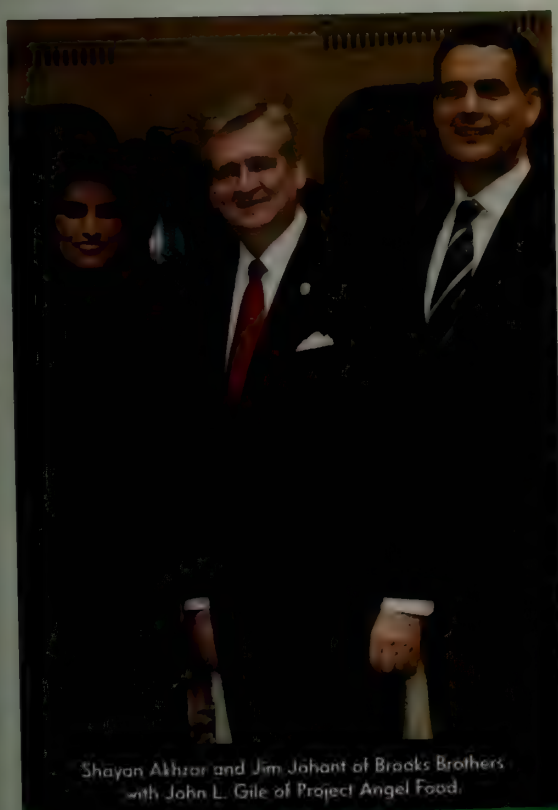
In the fall, Ferragamo and *Vanity Fair* joined forces to celebrate an exclusive Hollywood weekend.

On Friday, October 7, 2005, notables from the entertainment industry, including Gretchen Mol, Molly Sims, Melissa George, and Julie Delpy, gathered at the Chateau Marmont in Hollywood for a cocktail reception hosted by Massimo Ferragamo, Ferragamo U.S. chairman, and Krista Smith, *Vanity Fair*'s West Coast editor. Guests mingled on the penthouse terrace and enjoyed music spun by noted D.J. Michael Smith.

On Saturday, October 8, 2005, a Who's Who from entertainment gathered at the Frank Mancuso estate in Beverly Hills to celebrate the historic love affair between Hollywood and Broadway, and Darcie Denkert's new book on the subject, *A Fine Romance*. Hosted by Catherine Zeta-Jones and sponsored by Ferragamo, the event featured cocktails, dinner, and performances by actors Kristin Chenoweth and Hank Azaria, and singer-songwriter Adam Pascal, among others.


Molly Sims

The Ferragamo Lounge at the Fine Romance event.


Shayan Akhzar and Jim Johant of Brooks Brothers with John L. Gile of Project Angel Food.

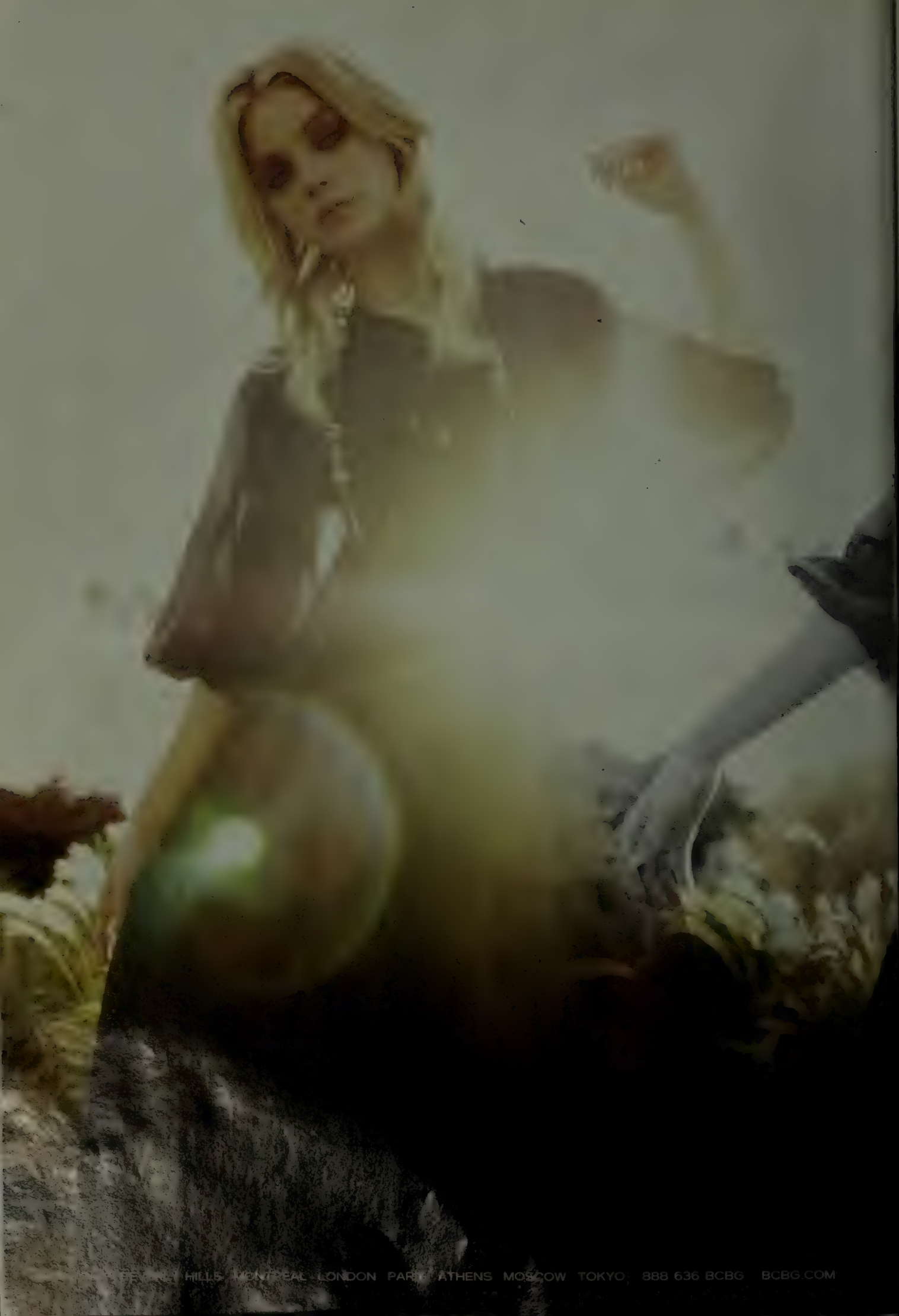

Cathy McCabe and Jodi Platt of TIAA-CREF with guest Peggy Dean.

AN ARTFUL EVENING

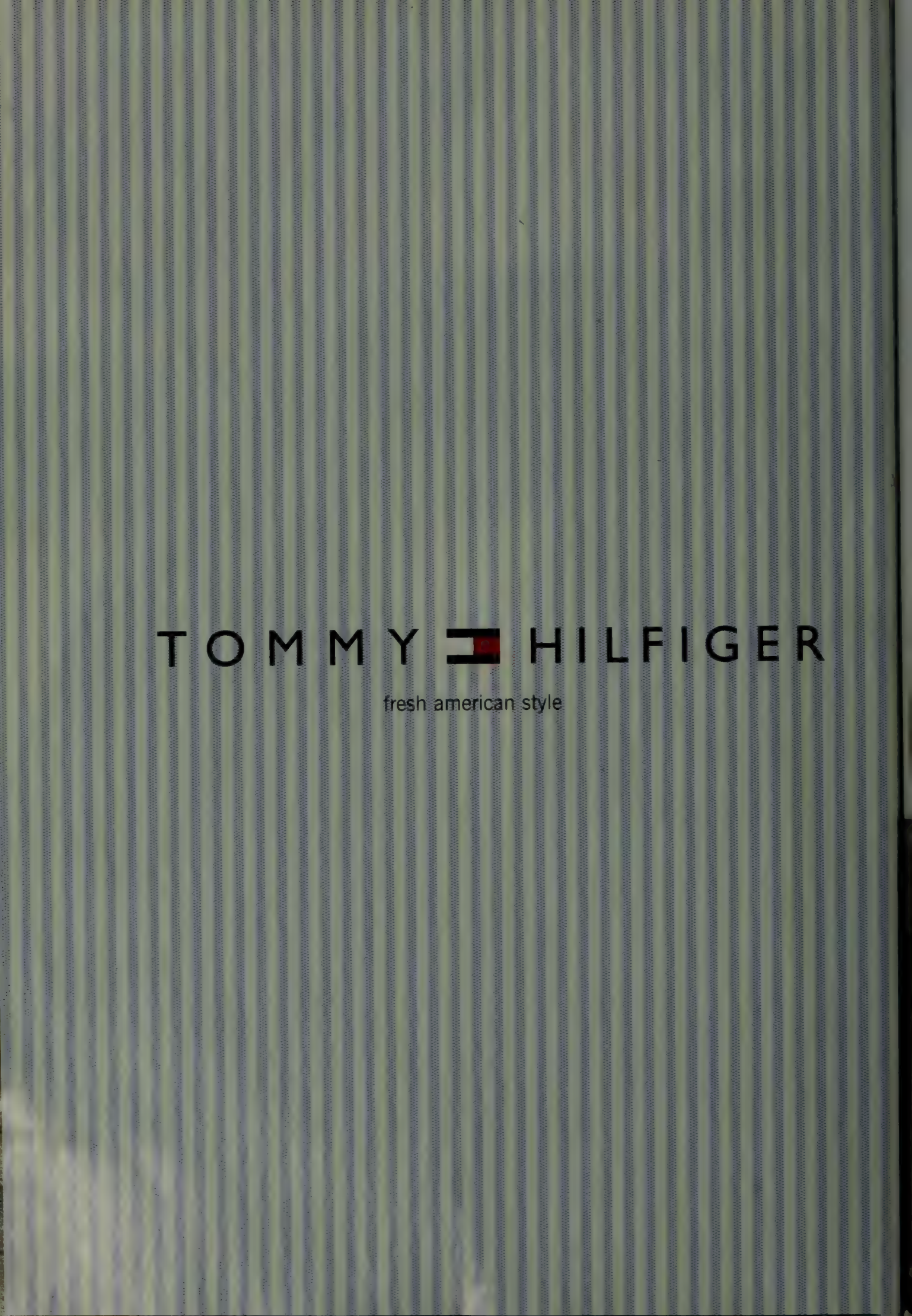
On Friday, November 11, 2005, TIAA-CREF and *Vanity Fair* hosted an exclusive, private evening of art at the Museum of Modern Art in Manhattan. An intimate group of TIAA-CREF clients and V.I.P.'s enjoyed a guided tour of the museum's permanent collection, followed by a reception, hosted by TIAA-CREF vice president Cathy McCabe, at the private dining room of Danny Meyer's restaurant the Modern.

THE SEASON FOR GIVING

Brooks Brothers and *Vanity Fair* spread holiday cheer this past season by hosting a benefit for the nonprofit Project Angel Food, at the Brooks Brothers store in Beverly Hills, on Thursday, December 8, 2005. The event brought together notable guests, including Amber Valletta and Jill Marie Jones, to support the charity, listen to holiday favorites played by the Paliotta al Jazz Trio, sip champagne and hot chocolate, and shop the Brooks Brothers collection. A portion of the evening's sales was donated to Project Angel Food.


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A CAUSE FOR KATE SPADE

On Thursday, December 1, 2005, K[illegible] and Andy Spade and *Vanity Fair*'s P[illegible] H[illegible] hosted an evening in honor of Slim Aarons's new book, *A Place in the Sun*, at the Kate Spade boutique in Manhattan's Soho. A celebration of personal style, the event drew notable[illegible] including Michael Stipe, Helena Chris[illegible], Nina Griscom, Plum and Alice Syk[illegible], Douglas Hannant, and Jane May[illegible] to enjoy cocktails and hors d'oeuv[illegible] conversation, and tracks spun by celeb[illegible] D.J. Mark Ronson. In addition, a silen[illegible] auction of limited-edition Slim Aaro[illegible] prints raised funds for Kate Spade's charity initiative with the Children's Advocacy Center of Manhattan.



Kate Spade with *Vanity Fair*'s Punch Hutton.

A BURBERRY BENEFIT

To celebrate the holiday season, Burberry and *Vanity Fair* co-hosted a charity evening at the Burberry store on Michigan Avenue in Chicago, on Thursday, December 8, 2005. A spirited group gathered to support the Lupus Foundation of America, Illinois Chapter, shop the latest Burberry collections, and enjoy cocktails and seasonal tunes played by a jazz trio. Burberry donated a portion of the evening's sales to the foundation.



Maria Razumich-Zec of the Peninsula Hotel, Sheryl Dyer of Burberry, and Bob Zec of the Lupus Foundation of America.



KEEPING AN EYE ON THE *ROAD TO INNOVATION*

This spring, check your local PBS listings for the premiere of *Lexus Presents: Road to Innovation—Conversations with Charlie Rose*. The series of provocative roundtable discussions about entertainment, technology, politics, and finance—and where they're taking us—will feature a fascinating cast of characters and is sure to ignite lively conversation at cocktail parties. *The Charlie Rose Show* is a national television presentation of Thirteen/WNET New York.

FASHION FORWARD

On March 1, 2006, fashion designer Robert Molnar's Fall 2006 Menswear Collection, which showcases fine wools, cashmere, and sleek suits with a 1960s influence, will premiere at robertmolnar.com. The line will be introduced with a provocative film, shot at B-52's lead singer Fred Schneider's loft in Manhattan. In the film, Schneider plays host to eccentric guests and models at a wild and fashionable soiree, where Patty Smyth and John McEnroe make cameo appearances.



Fred Schneider, Patty Smyth, and John McEnroe

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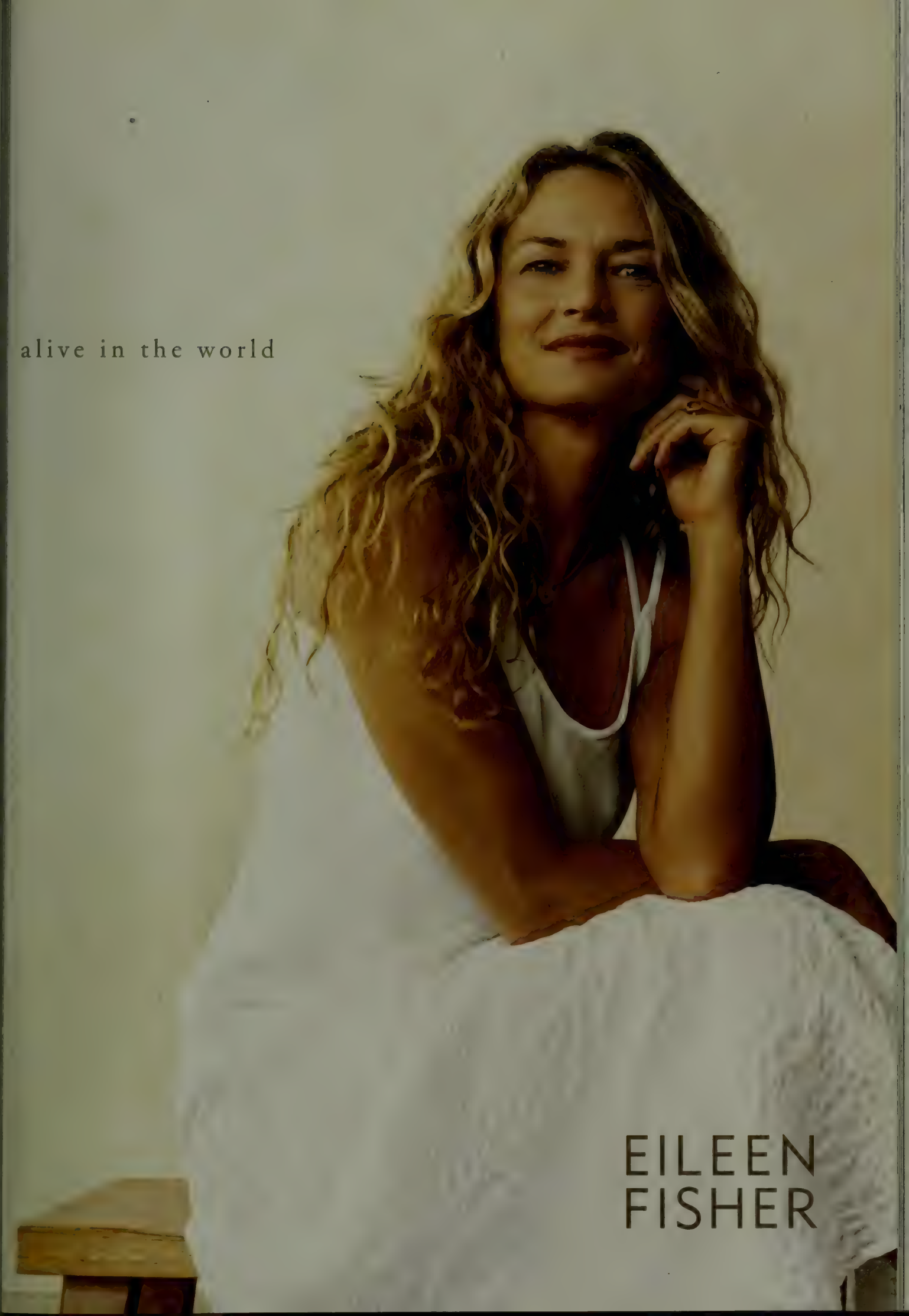
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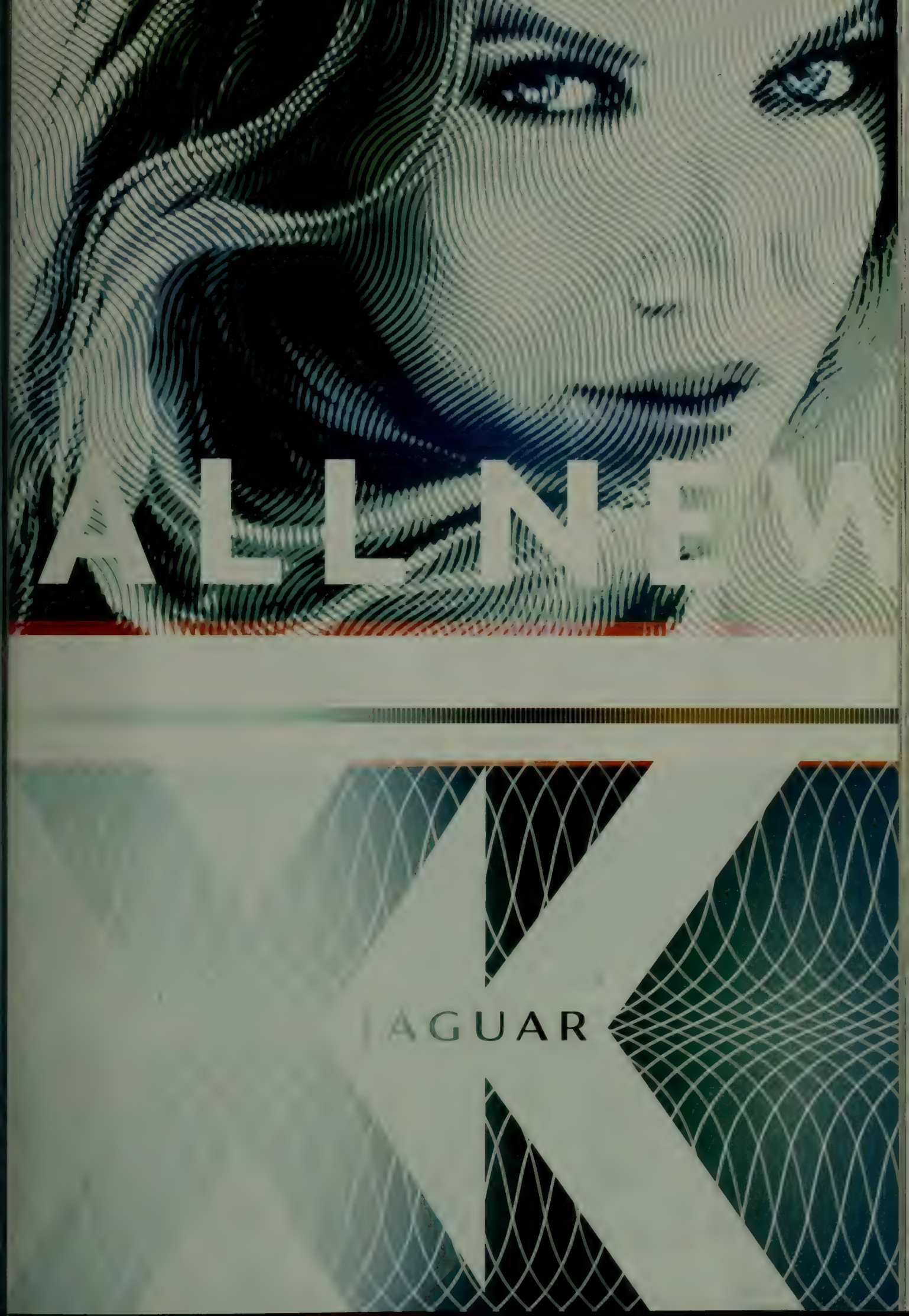





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Fordgate, Abramoffgate, Godfathergate, Quailgate, and Tessiegate . . .



Yes, yes, I know that some of you would have preferred it if we hadn't included Tom Ford on the cover of the last issue. And some objected to the notion of a man who is dressed sharing a cover with women who aren't. Fine, point taken. Perhaps next year we'll have Scarlett and Keira in clothes on the cover and Tom naked. Continuing with Tom news, I forgot to mention the last time we were on this page that soon after he agreed to produce the Hollywood portfolio he dropped by my house in Greenwich Village for a drink, prior to heading around the corner to dinner at Sant Ambroeus. We have a curly-haired Jack Russell terrier named Tess, and the fragrant Mr. Ford, who has two smooth-haired fox terriers of his own, scooped her up in his arms and gave her a good nuzzle. This was on a Monday night. When we went to bed that evening, Tess smelled just like, well, Tom Ford. She did the next morning too. On Wednesday morning she rolled in some dog poop on the street and we gave her a bath. After we dried her off, the smell of dog poop had gone, but the Tom Ford lingered. Only when I got home from work that night was our dear dog back to smelling like our dear dog. I later learned from my *Vanity Fair* colleague Reinaldo Herrera, who also happens to be the husband of Carolina Herrera, that durability is one of the hallmarks of a successful fragrance.

In last month's issue, I recounted how I performed my own impersonation of Truman Capote for Philip Seymour Hoffman at the party we held in Los Angeles the night before the Golden Globes, and how he shot me a pissed-off look and walked away. What I failed to mention was that my 12-year-old daughter was standing with me at the time and was embarrassed out of her mind. I also failed to mention that Mr. Hoffman went on to win the award for best actor the next night. A few weeks following this Hollywood faux pas, I happened to see *Infamous,* the *other* Capote movie. This superb film was written and directed by Doug McGrath, who also made *Emma,* and who occasionally wr for this magazine. In McGrath's han Toby Jones, the young British stage ac who has the lead, doesn't just play Cap he *becomes* Capote. The film open October, and I'm looking forward to ing head-to-head with young Mr. Jo Capote-impersonation-wise.

And in a final bit of mopping-up busi on the last issue, may I also cor something? In the Postscript—the sect of the Letters pages that revisits stories have run in past years—we updated the of the legendary Hollywood studio h Robert Evans, who last appeared in these pages as a story sub more than a decade ago. Now, I have known Bob forever, an when I hear, or see written, that he was the producer of *The G father,* as I have so many times in the past, it barely registers me that this is not, in fact, the case. Bob was the head of duction at Paramount when the studio made *The Godfather.* film's actual producer, the one with his name on the credits, the same one who has the Oscar for best picture up on his b shelf, is another old chum and Hollywood legend, Al Ruddy.

In January, the Pentagon found a new way to scrounge up dozen fresh troops. It quietly ended a 155-year-old traditio having Marines guard the gates of the U.S. Naval Academy, in napolis, Maryland, as well as the crypt of John Paul Jones, of the navy's founders and a great hero in the Revolutionary The freed-up troops will be deployed in Iraq and Afghanistan. a report from the front lines of the Afghan conflict, see Sebas Junger's remarkable dispatch ("America's Forgotten War," page

The Pentagon has also found a novel way of recovering some of $240 billion it has spent to fight its losing war in Iraq: ch soldiers for gear destroyed in battle. First Lieutenant Will "Eddie" Rebrook IV, a 25-year-old West Virginian, found about this new military income stream the hard way. He was ing in the turret of a Bradley Fighting Vehicle last year whe

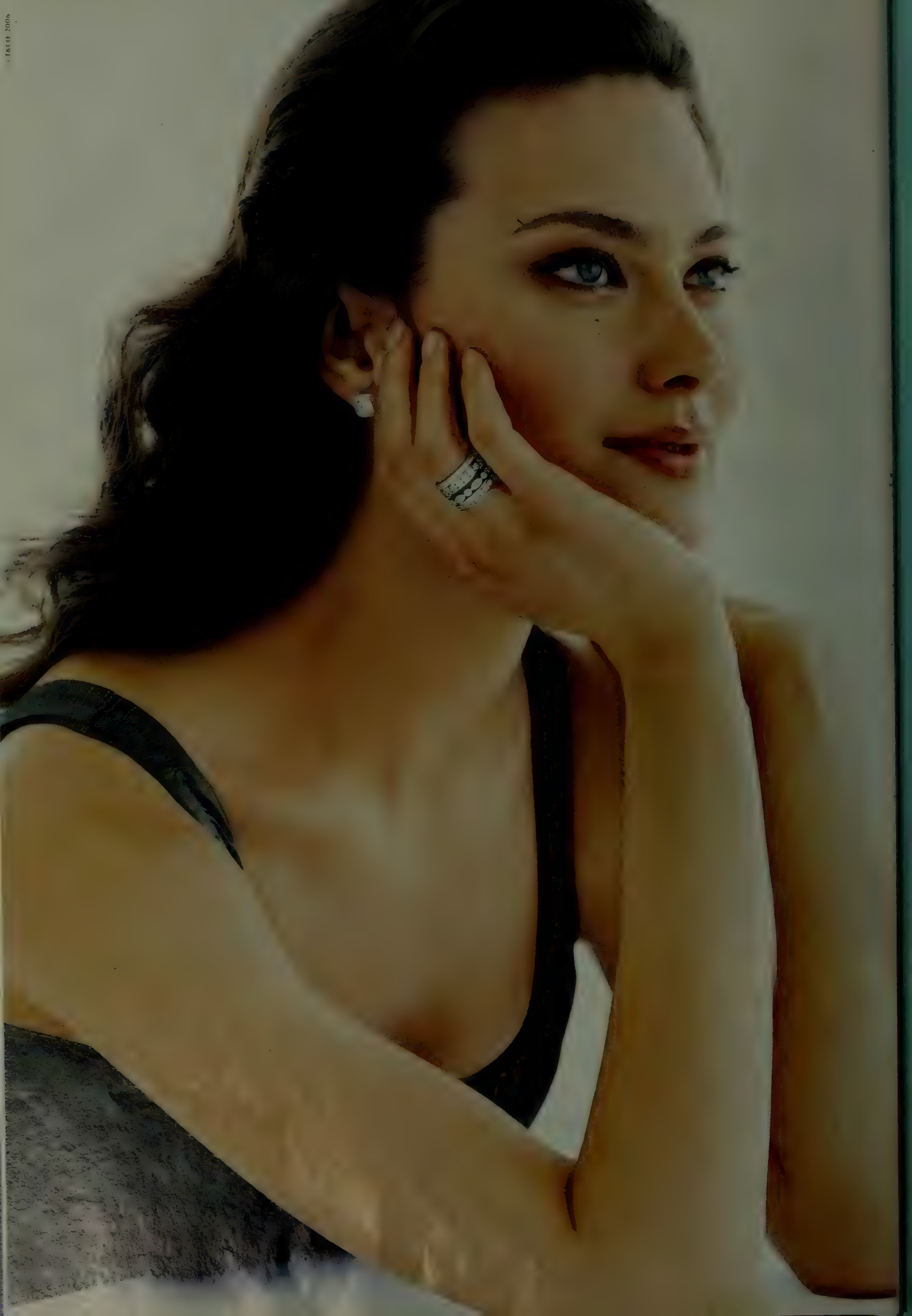
MORPHOLUTION

ON THE ROAD AHEAD, A PATH TO BE AVOIDED



Iraq mastermind Donald "Greeted with Flowers and Candy" Rumsfeld . . . Vietnam mastermind Robert "Light at the End of the Tunnel" McNam


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was hit by a roadside bomb. Rebrook's right arm was wounded and he was picked up by a Black Hawk helicopter and taken to a combat hospital in Baghdad. When he turned his gear in early this year, prior to heading home, he was ordered to pay nearly $700 for the equipment that was destroyed in the attack, including $570 for the Kevlar vest he had been wearing. Not really knowing what to do, Rebrook borrowed the money from his pals in the First Cavalry Division and paid the U.S. Army. When WKWS, a local Charleston, West Virginia, radio station, reported the story, donations flooded in—more than 200 of them, according to americablog, for a total of $5,400. Rebrook, who graduated with honors from West Point, isn't keeping the money. He's giving some of it to the mother of a soldier who helped save his life in Iraq; her house was destroyed by Hurricane Katrina. The rest, he's giving to charity.

You have to hand it to Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld (see previous page). He deserves credit for being able to look on the bright side. Responding to a Pentagon report noting that our troops in the Middle East are stretched thin, he countered by saying that the soldiers still there, the ones who have been forced to do back-to-back deployments, are, and I quote, "battle-hardened."

Joni Evans, when she was a top publisher at Random House, told me about a book party she had gone to in 1992 in Los Angeles for Carol Matthau, Walter's wife, who had just written a memoir called *Among the Porcupines*. This was back in the days when people still went to great lengths to deny they had had a face lift. Except for Carol, who had just had work done and didn't care two hoots who knew about it. At the party, everyone in the room was in animated conversation, except for a man who was standing on the sidelines and whom all seemed to be ignoring. "Don't you know anyone here?" Joni asked. "Oh, I know them all," he said. "Then why are they all pretending you don't exist?" she asked. "Because I'm their plastic surgeon" was his reply. This pretty much describes the plight of former super-lobbyist Jack Abramoff, a man who had been stuffing checks into the pockets of Washington politicians for a decade. Now, as David Margolick points out in his revealing interview with Abramoff, he is, like the plastic surgeon at the book party, the man nobody knows.

Try this, by the way. A young nephew of mine alerted me to the fact that if you type the word "incompetent" on the Google search line, the first three entries are about our current president. Type in "liar" and the first entry is about British prime minister Tony Blair. For more on the Tweedledum and Tweedledee of Western politics, see Christopher Hitchens's column.

As much as members of the administration attempt to keep their figure[illegible] safely protected in his bubble, [illegible] to the days when this becomes impossible. One can only assume that the second Saturday in February was one such day. Indeed there is a turning point for this administration, it might have been morning of Saturday, February 11, when just about everything in paper spelled disaster for the White House and for the nation. Th were the headlines on the front page of *The New York Times:*

1. "EX-FEMA LEADER FAULTS RESPONSE BY WHITE HOUSE; Ci New Orleans Alert; Says Administration Was Too Focus on Terror to Respond Properly." (The report jumped to p A10, where there was more bad news: AUDITORS FIND HU FRAUD IN FEMA AID.)
2. "REPUBLICAN SPEAKS UP, LEADING OTHERS TO CHALLENGE WI TAPS; Doubts on Legal Authority and Calls for Oversight."
3. "U.S. TRADE DEFICIT SETS RECORD, WITH CHINA AND OIL T CAUSES."

And those headlines were *above* the fold. On page A6 every ry had a headline capable of causing distress to the White Hou inhabitants:

1. "EX-C.I.A. OFFICIAL SAYS IRAQ DATA WAS DISTORTED."
2. "IRAQIS CERTIFY ELECTION RESULTS ON A DAY OF MORE VIOLENC
3. "GENERAL SAYS TRAINING OF IRAQI TROOPS SUFFERED FROM PO PLANNING AND STAFFING."

By the time administration readers hit A14, the editorial page, t must have been curled up in fetal positions. These were the headli of the editorials: ANOTHER CAVE-IN ON THE PATRIOT ACT; CONGRE DUTY ON ENERGY; and A WINK AND A NOD FOR LOBBYING REFO And this all happened before the hoo-has over Quailgate a Portsecuritygate. Regarding Quailgate—or "#2 with a Bull as *The Daily Show* tagged Vice President Dick Cheney's pur ing his pal Harry Whittington with a load of birdshot—it m have killed the White House not be able to divert everyone's attent with a quick orange-level terror a like the administration has done in past when things got sticky. This proach was no doubt rejected, inasm as the vice president was wearing orange shooting vest at the time of incident.

To go back to our dog, Tess, fo moment. The weekend before edition of the *Times* I was just t ing about came out, my wife an went out of town for four days to c brate a friend's birthday and left dog with someone whom we trus and who had dogs of his own. We home on the Sunday night to f a very different animal than the we'd left behind. Our friend's w who had been taking a class in grooming, had taken it upon her to give our Tess—who has hair so c that she can be mistaken for a fox rier—a new look. And so, without sulting us, she had shaved Tess's so that she looked like . . . a poo *A poodle*—with close-cropped sn and abdomen, puffy legs, a round at the tail, and a mullet on top poodle! And the folks around the c mander in chief thought he had a weekend. —GRAYDON CA



On the Cover

Teri Hatcher wears a sweater by Polo by Ralph Lauren and a bikini bottom by Chanel. Hair products by John Frieda. Makeup products by Lancôme. Hair by Serge Normant. Makeup by Gucci Westman. Styled by Joe Zee. Photographed exclusively for V.F. by Michael Thompson in Los Angeles on February 17, 2006.


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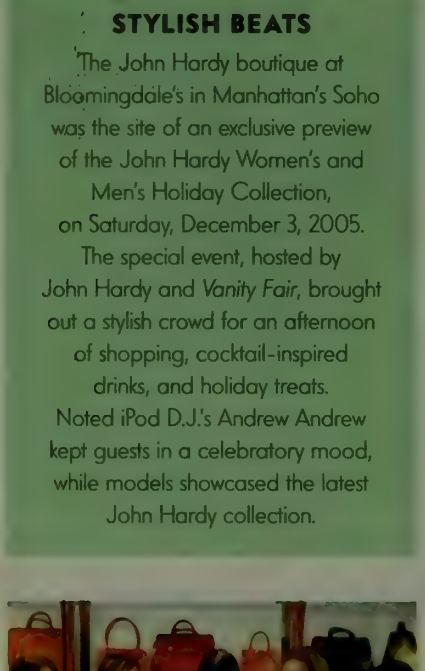
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EVENTS AND OPPORTUNITIES



Models showcased John Hardy jewelry.

STYLISH BEATS

The John Hardy boutique at Bloomingdale's in Manhattan's Soho was the site of an exclusive preview of the John Hardy Women's and Men's Holiday Collection, on Saturday, December 3, 2005. The special event, hosted by John Hardy and *Vanity Fair*, brought out a stylish crowd for an afternoon of shopping, cocktail-inspired drinks, and holiday treats. Noted iPod D.J.'s Andrew Andrew kept guests in a celebratory mood, while models showcased the latest John Hardy collection.

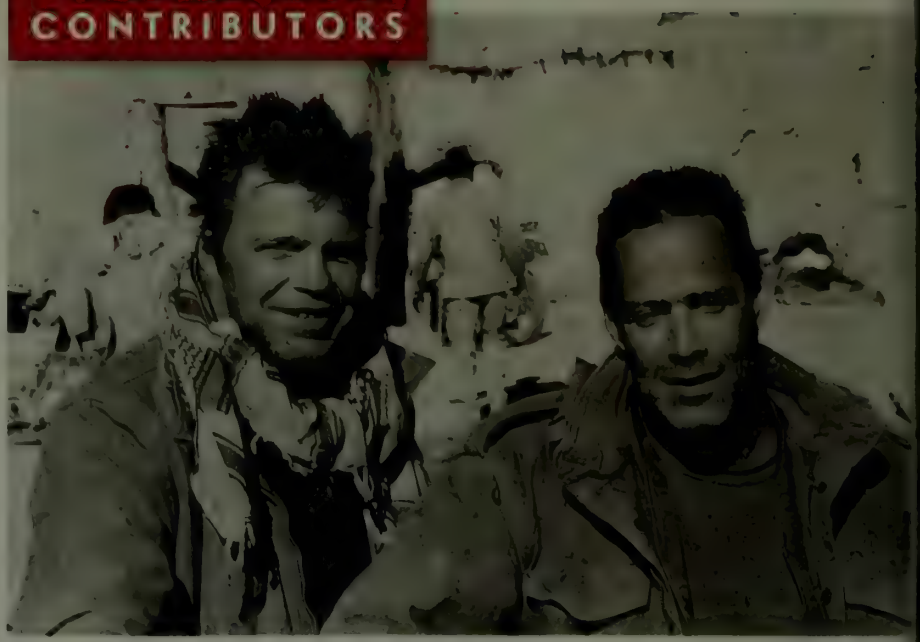


Curtis Sittenfeld (*center*) signing copies of her book.

CELEBRATING *MFA*

On Tuesday, November 15, 2005, Dooney & Bourke and *Vanity Fair* co-hosted a special evening celebrating Curtis Sittenfeld and her book, *[illegible]*. Dooney & Bourke [illegible] an. Sittenfeld [illegible] d mingled [illegible] who sipped [illegible] opped the [illegible] llection. [illegible] ntary

CONTRIBUTORS



Teun Voeten and Sebastian Junger

Contributing editor Sebastian Junger, right, and photographer Teun Voeten have worke together in numerous war zones for *Vanity Fair,* but getting shot at (as they did while reporting their story about Afghanistan, on page 218) is always a shock. "It's so sudden and unexpected," Junger says. "You don't get used to it any more than you get used to ha car accidents. But there's no one I'd rather have by my side than Teun." The soldiers wit whom they were embedded have served in both Afghanistan and Iraq, and America's apparent lack of interest in the former bothers them. "One guy said that when he went ho his friends asked him if we were even still fighting in Afghanistan," Junger says. Junger's new book, *A Death in Belmont,* will be available next month from Norton.



KATE BURTON

Marie Brenner

This month writer-at-large Marie Brenner consider the outing of C.I.A. agent Valerie Plame. "The lar question raised by Plamegate is: Did politics trum the First Amendment?," Brenner says. "The case obsessed American media for more than two years, ruined careers, harmed reputations, and m lead to a consequence that few people predicted a possible avalanche of subpoenas from prosecuto and lawyers emboldened by Patrick Fitzgerald." Brenner is writing her memoir, which will be published by Farrar, Straus and Giroux, and her ar "In the Kingdom of Big Sugar" (February 2001) i now being adapted as the motion picture *Sugarlan* directed by and starring Jodie Foster.

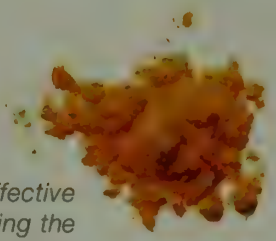
Douglas Brinkley



As the authorized biographer of such iconic Americans as Rosa Parks, Jack Kerouac, and Hunter S. Thompson, historian Douglas Brinkley has made a living out of telling other people's stories. In his first piece as a *V.F.* contributing editor, Brinkley chronicles the life of Clarence Jones, the longtime friend and personal lawyer of Martin Luther King Jr. "Clarence is not a guy you find in all the pictures from the civil-rights movement, but he was there," Brinkley says. "He was the behind-the-scenes guy, and the most influential adviser to King in the 1960s." Brinkley, a native of New Orleans, is a history professor and the director of the Theodore Roosevelt Cente Tulane University. His new book, *The Great Deluge,* is slated for release by Morrow in N

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Jim Seuss of Harry Winston with Darcie Denkert.

ROMANCE AT HARRY WINSTON

On Tuesday, October 18, 2005, Harry Winston and *Vanity Fair* celebrated Darcie Denkert's new book, *A Fine Romance: A Chronicle of the Musical Love Affair Between Hollywood and Broadway*, with an exclusive event at the Harry Winston salon in Manhattan. The special evening drew a bejeweled crowd, including author Darcie Denkert, Tinsley Mortimer, Alexis Bryan, Lewis Black, Mickey Boardman, and Fabian and Martina Basabe. Theatrical lights illuminated the boutique, evoking the glamour of the theater, as guests toasted Denkert with champagne.



Harry Benson with Gigi Benson and Susan Lloyd.

SALUTING *AMERICA*

On Thursday, November 10, 2005, Kenneth Cole and *Vanity Fair* hosted an exclusive exhibition of photographs by *Vanity Fair* contributing photographer Harry Benson at the Kenneth Cole store on Grant Avenue in San Francisco. The event celebrated Benson's new book, *America*, and featured iconic images of politicians, entertainers, and everyday people. A [illegible]-forward group turned out [illegible] the photographs, enjoy [illegible] shop the latest Kenneth Cole [illegible] and take home a signed [illegible] America with their purchases

CONTRIBUTORS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74



HENRY DILTZ

Sam Kashner

Evoking the *joie de vivre* of the late theater critic Kenneth Tynan's decadent last act—played out in Santa Monica, California, alongside Jack Nichols Warren Beatty, and Anjelica Huston—Sam Kashn immortalizes a dramatic personality ("A Hell of a Fade-Out," page 226). "I came to Tynan throu his profiles of Johnny Carson, Louise and Mel Brooks, Tom Stoppard," says Kashner. "I don't think celebrity-profile writing has ever been that good. I always wanted to write about him." Grateful for the cooperation of the Tynan childre Kashner notes, "All three kids care little for the theater. You don't have to be Freud to figure out why." A film adaptation of Kashner's novel *Sinatraland* will be produced by Britt Allcroft an directed by Richard Benjamin this summer.



MARCUS PIGGOTT AND MERT ALAS

Marcus Piggott and Mert Alas

This month's shoot of Natalie Portman was the work of the duo known as Mert & Marcus. Splitting their time between London and Ibiza, Spain, the two also photographe the 2006 Pirelli Calendar as well as recent ad campaigns for Louis Vuitton, Missoni, Bulgari, Shiseido, and Roberto Cavalli. For their first *Vanity Fair* assignment, the pair met up with Portman in a Barcelona studio. The pictures, which begin on page 212, echo iconic images of past starlets, including Liz Taylor and Mia Farrow. "Working with Natalie Portman was really fun," Marcus says. "She is so inspiring to shoot that creating characters with her felt really natural."

Gasper Tringale



Photographer Gasper Tringale likes to take his time when shooting a portrait, meticulously composing each shot to capture his subject's personality. But when photographing former *New York Times* reporter Judith Miller and *The Washington Post*'s Walter Pincus for "Lies and Consequences" (page 204), Tringale had no time to spare. "We didn't have two days to build a set and scout locations—we probably had an hour with each person," he says. The constraints didn't prevent him from getting great pictures. Tringale shot Pincus at his desk in the *Post*'s newsroom—"a little cave of research materials that he'd built up around him"—an surprisingly cooperative Miller at her Manhattan apartment. "Given what she's been throu I thought she might be guarded. But she was remarkably open." CONTINUED ON PAGE



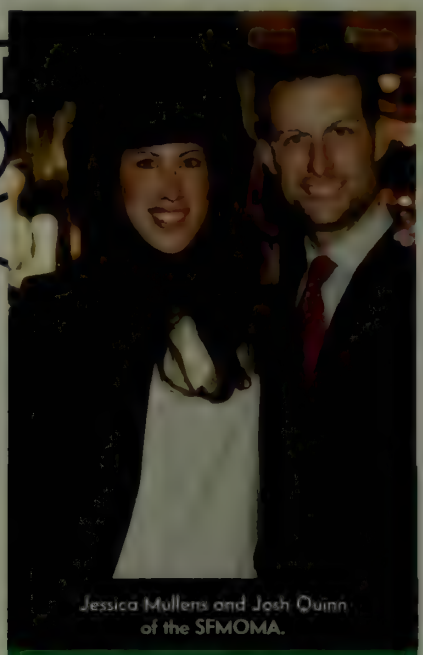
Lang Lang's technical command of the piano is unquestioned. His boundless enthusiasm leaves audiences breathless. He has introduced classical music to an entirely new generation of listeners. All reasons why this young pianist has joined the ranks of the world's best. Maybe they should add poet to the list as well.



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Jessica Mullens and Josh Quinn of the SFMOMA.

THE ART OF CHANEL

Chanel and *Vanity Fair* co-hosted an evening of fashion and art at the Chanel boutique in San Francisco on Tuesday, November 29, 2005. The event featured an exhibition of artwork by notable Bay Area artists, curated in conjunction with the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art's Artist Gallery and Contemporary Extension. Guests, including top Chanel clients, local artists, and museum members, enjoyed the show, viewed a special preview of the Chanel Cruise 2006 Collection, and sipped cocktails as they shopped.



Artist Walter Robinson and Friend [illegible] of the SFMOMA.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76

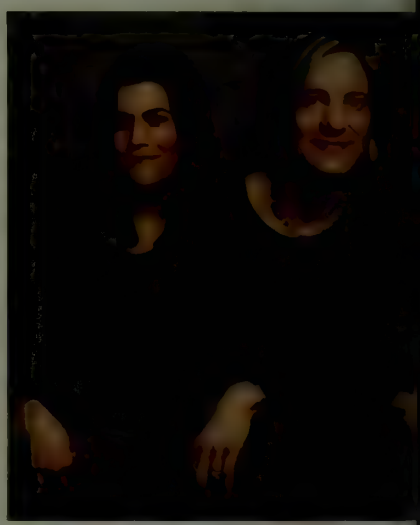


KEVIN O'BRIEN

Michael Thompson

Photographer Michael Thompson, who shot Teri Hatcher in New York and Los Angeles, compares shooting this month's cover girl to "photographing a friend; she immediately was at ease." Thompson, whose previous *V.F.* cover subjects include Gwyneth Paltrow and Jennifer Aniston, has an affection for fashion photography. "The clothes allow for endless story lines on which to base the shoot," Thompson says. "To me, it's like creating a mini-movie on the printed page." Thompson is currently working on a book of his favorite celebrity photographs.

Sara Switzer and Beth Kseniak



If you've ever read an item about *Vanity Fair* in the newspaper or come across one of our writers on television or the radio, chances are Beth Kseniak, *V.F.*'s executive director of public relations, right, and Sara Switzer, deputy director, had something to do with it. It's their job to promote *V.F.*, which may involve anything from pitching a writer to a news show to coordinating the 45 camera crews, 75 photographers, and 40 print journalists who descend upon Mortons to cover our annual Oscar party. Last year they handled the monumental task of managing the media flurry surrounding the unmasking of Watergate's "Deep Throat" in our July 2005 issue. "In this business, it doesn't get any better than the Deep Throat scoop," s Kseniak, who has been with the magazine for nearly 14 years. "When you've revealed secret that's been kept for 33 years and it makes the front page of newspapers arou the world, it's the ultimate P.R. coup." Switzer, who has worked for *V.F.* for a total of ei years, agrees: "It's exciting when our articles become part of the public conversatio



GASPIN IRINGAN

Leslie Bennetts

Contributing editor Leslie Bennetts, who wrote this month's cover story on Teri Hatcher (see page 190), is not a TV-watcher but makes an exception for *Desperate Housewives.* (She can always call it research for her upcoming book about women and marriage, to be published next year by Hyperion.) "There's a lot of Susan Mayer in her," Bennetts says Hatcher, referring to her character on the show. "The sense of vulnerabil you get from watching her is hard to understand." Speaking at length with Hatcher, Bennetts learned an astonishing secret that helps explain the mystery: "Finally, at the age of 41, she has chosen to come forward and reveal the terrible struggle she's been dealing with."


BOTTEGA VENETA



RANTER ON THE RANGE
Don Imus at the Imus Ranch, in Ribera, New Mexico, November 25, 2005.

I WANT MY I-MAN

Imus the Great; flight risks; missing Mississippi; Moore is less; head-hunting; Lindsay channeling Angelina?; loss lessons; and more

I am a Canadian who has watched and listened to Don Imus for years ["Don Imus's Last Stand?," by Buzz Bissinger, February]. The level of respect he elicits from the likes of Tom Brokaw, Andrea Mitchell, John McCain, and others is evidenced by how often they show up on his program and by their willingness to submit to the I-Man's humorous abuse. In Ontario, where I live during the summer, I canceled one satellite-TV provider, Bell ExpressVu, in favor of another, Star Choice, for just one reason: ExpressVu does not carry MSNBC. My added monthly cost to pay for that channel? Less than one Canadian dollar. The I-Man will be predictably pissed when he learns how little his network goes for in rural Ontario, and I can imagine his ordering executive producer Bernie [McGuirk] to call those "pie-faced schmucks" at ExpressVu to straighten them out. May he continue ranting for years to come.

HUNTER GRANT
Naples, Florida

WHAT A FASCINATING ARTICLE by Buzz Bissinger. He really caught the essence of the I-Man.

I started watching Imus's program several months ago because I liked the format, with its mix of humor, news, guests, music, and banter. Plus, I admire Imus and his wife's dedication to the sick children they host at the Imus Ranch.

But his inflated sense of self-importance borders on delusional. It's not funny or entertaining when he abuses his overweight sportscaster and others on his staff, especially when his own son is overweight, or when he demeans the backstage crew and the network that makes him wealthy.

I was appalled to hear him try to destroy a local dry cleaner he frequents because the dry cleaner hadn't used enough starch on his "cowboy" jeans. His good works aside, this megalomaniac could not have underscored the thrust of Mr. Bissinger's article any better. Will MSNBC ever get a clue?

GARY PETOK
Austin, Texas

WHERE HAS BUZZ BISSINGER BEEN? We already know that Imus is a "flamboyant," "outrageous," limo-driven "flamethrower of ridicule" who can be a "prick," "perverse," and "moody." We also know, with some dis-

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sonance, that he is a champion of literacy and human causes, and that he is a proven philanthropic force. Many of us are disturbed by the duality of being attracted to him and repulsed by him, but we are addicted simultaneously to his intelligence and to his inner child. He has an unerring ability to detect hypocrisy, from the smallest infraction to the largest political ruse. We love the possibilities of outcome with guests from the media and political elites.

Lastly, while all this drives the popularity of *Imus in the Morning*, his longevity is in the untold story of Imus's dependence on news anchor Charles McCord. What makes McCord—seemingly a knowledgeable, balanced, reflective, modest but confident news professional—stay with Imus? I can't imagine it would be just the salary or benefits.

DEANNA S. KITAY
Chapel Hill, North Carolina

ABOUT ONCE every decade or so I like to check in on Don Imus to see if he is still a mean-spirited, pompous ass. Yep!

ELAINE GIBSON
Wooster, Ohio

THANKS FOR THE ARTICLE on Imus. The I-Man is the only person on television worth watching. He says what he thinks, and if you don't like it, well, change the channel. His and Mrs. Imus's work at the Imus Ranch should be commended at every opportunity, as well.

DIANNA MOGLIA
Corpus Christi, Texas

SADLY, Buzz Bissinger missed the three biggest reasons behind Imus's continuing success: Charles McCord, Bernard McGuirk, and Lou Rufino.

BEN PATT
Vero Beach, Florida

I WOULD LIKE to commend you for publishing Buzz Bissinger's penetrating, laugh-out-loud article on Don Imus. Bissinger, whom Imus has regularly referred to as a "buck-toothed bastard," deserves a medal for surviving a week with his subject—an experience likely to drive one to drink.

HAIG CHEKENIAN
Smithtown, New York

AIRLINE INSECURITY

I REALLY WANT to thank Richard Gooding for his article about the Federal Air Marshal Service ["In Plane Sight," February].

As somebody who has a very close friend in the D.C. field office, I have heard a myriad of stories about situations in which the agency itself, Transportation Security Administration employees, or airline representatives have compromised the safety and anonymity of the air marshals, and this, in turn, compromises the security of the passengers on board airplanes.

I can attest to the very low morale of the agents, most of whom joined the service out of a desire to protect our country. The agency's "Quiet Professional" motto has become a running joke among its agents, and, unfortunately, the best are indeed jumping ship.

One hopes that articles such as Mr. Gooding's will wake up some people in Washington before it's too late and an air marshal has been harmed by terrorists or afflicted with health problems (due to the amount of time they spend in the air and the number of flights they are assigned to each week).

J. BARA
New York, New York

IT WAS IRRESPONSIBLE of *Vanity Fair* to reveal details of the movements in airports of members of the Federal Air Marshal Service (FAMS).

I have been a flight attendant for 40 years, and like other flight-crew members, I am familiar with FAMS and how it operates. The program is not something I talk about outside the industry. To do so would be careless and potentially dangerous. I might be putting my life in jeopardy, along with the lives of the flying public.

Most frequent fliers can spot federal air marshals, and I do think a few changes need to be made regarding boarding procedures. The important thing is that the marshals are on the planes.

EILEEN FITZGIBBONS
Orlando, Florida

BILOXI BLUES

REGARDING GRAYDON CARTER'S observation that President Bush appears to have lost interest in post-Katrina New Orleans ["If You Have Nothing to Hide . . . ," February], it seems as if the world thinks that New Orleans is the only city suffering.

As a Biloxi native (and news reporter for ABC's Biloxi-Gulfport affiliate), I can say, along with thousands of other Mississippi-coast citizens, that we live in post-hurricane hell. Contrary to worldwide belief fueled by national news coverage, your magazine included, New Orleans did not take the brunt of the hurricane. Biloxi and the 10 other cities in the three counties that make up the Mississippi coast did.

We have flattened neighborhoods and business districts everywhere you look. Bay St. Louis and Waveland, the two cities closest to New Orleans, are gone. What happened in the Big Easy, just an hour west on the I-10, is unspeakably horrible. What


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happened to Mississippi is equally so.

I encourage your correspondents and photographers to visit our coast. They will meet people who have lost everything and are living either in FEMA trailers or in tents pitched on the slabs of their former homes while they await trailers. Your correspondents will also see that we are a strong, resilient people reaching out to help one another and facing the challenge every day of recovering and rebuilding after our country's worst natural disaster.

MARCIA HILL
Biloxi, Mississippi

DO LOOK BACK

JAMES WOLCOTT'S PIECE on the state of documentary film ["Through a Lens, Darkly," February] reminds me of the first documentary that made a lasting impression on me: *Hearts and Minds*. This Oscar-winning film about the Vietnam War was, to me, the final confirmation (after Watergate) that nothing the government says or does can ever be accepted without question. I will never forget General William Westmoreland's opinion that life had less value to "the Oriental" than to "the Westerner," and I still cringe when I hear the phrase "We must win the hearts and minds of the people." (By my count, we're still waiting for a victory.)

The revitalized documentary, as Mr. Wolcott describes it, is good news. It can only mean that more people will have their views challenged by opinionated filmmakers.

JOCELYN BREELAND
Fairfax, Virginia

WHEN I READ James Wolcott's article, I was disappointed to see CONTINUED ON PAGE 92

POSTSCRIPT



RE-INVENTING THE WHEEL
Dean Kamen on a Segway in his Bedford, New Hampshire, home in 2002.

In May 2002, John Heilemann profiled Dean Kamen, the New Hampshire–based inventor who five months before had unveiled the Segway, a self-balancing scooter that took Kamen more than a decade—and $100 million—to create ("Machine of Dreams"). Kamen claimed that the Segway, which was developed in secrecy and revealed amid wild hype and hoopla, would revolutionize transportation. "If this thing has the kind of impact we're hoping for," Kamen told Heilemann at the time, "cities will become pedestrian-only." Obviously, this has yet to happen. While you might notice a cop patrolling around on the vehicle or see an amusement-park worker gliding about (and it was hard to miss President Bush's newsworthy spill in 2003), streets are nearly devoid of the ballyhooed contraption. Has the Segway, which sold only about 6,000 units in its first 10 months, officially crashed and burned? "It inevitably takes a long time before a really new idea takes hold," Kamen says today. "It took me years to develop and make safe insulin pumps. They are great for diabetics. Why did it take 20 years before they became [the] standard of care?"

Heilemann also reported in 2002 that Kamen and his research company, DEKA, were in the process of designing a water purifier and a Stirling engine, which is a portable, nonpolluting generator that can run for years with minimal maintenance on almost any form of fuel. Kamen has made advances with both. Last year, the inventor's Stirling engines, burning—believe it or not—manure as their power source, provided electricity in two Bangladesh villages for 14 weeks. And Kamen is so committed to his water purifier, a box that zaps contaminated H_2O and renders it drinkable, that he even taste-tested his own urine at a conference in 2004. "I opened the bottle that I brought with me, which really was the output of the machine," Kamen says. "[The conference chairman and I] toasted and drank the *water*." Cheers!

It's been nearly five years since special correspondent Bryan Burrough wrote of the bizarre happenings in the affluent Fishing Creek Farm subdivision in Annapolis, Maryland, where a feud between neighbors erupted onto the Internet and became an international spectacle ("Trouble Next Door," August 2001). The dispute revolved around a piece of anonymous hate mail sent to Tim and Lori Gough. The Goughs came to believe that the letter, which attacked their suitability as parents to three children, had been sent by either their neighbor Keith Conrad or his wife, Julie, who was fighting depression. After Julie learned of their suspicions, she suffered a breakdown that sent her to a Maryland mental ward. The Conrads eventually sued the Goughs for defamation; each couple spent thousands of dollars digging up dirt on the other. When the Conrads lost the suit, they posted the steamy details—including rumors of extramarital affairs and cocaine-fueled parties—on the Internet. Their Web site drew newspaper coverage and comment from around the globe.

Nine months after the *V.F.* article, another neighbor sued the Conrads for defamation, citing comments made on their Web site. After 16 months of litigation, the case ended in an out-of-court settlement. Not long thereafter, Keith Conrad shut down the site. The Goughs, meanwhile, have moved to a neighboring town, although Lori, a real-estate agent, continues to sell homes in the area. The Conrads separated in December 2004 and are going through a divorce. Today, Julie lives alone in the family home, on Thomas Point Court, with their children. "We're mending fences," she says. "I really don't care anymore whether people think I wrote that stupid letter. I have no beef with these people."

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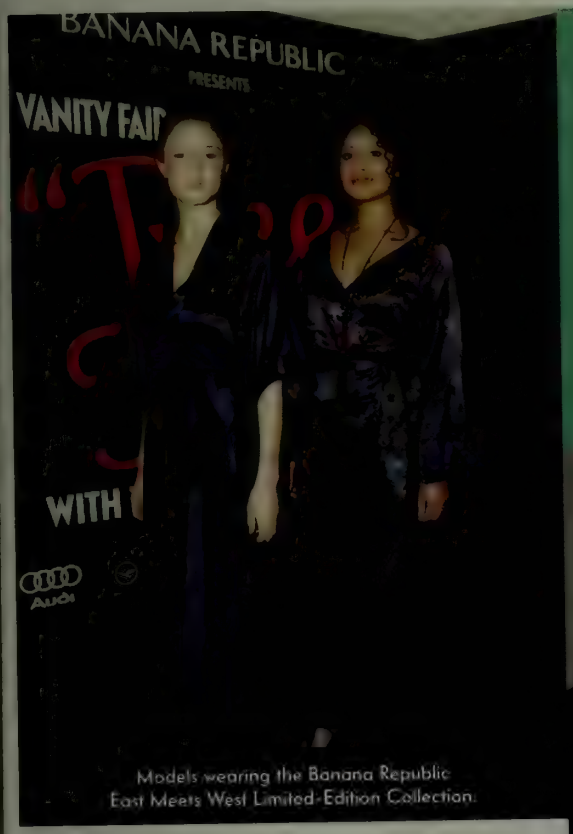
NEIGHBORLY RELATIONS
Keith and Julie Conrad in front of their home in 2001. They separated in 2004.


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VANITY FAIR'S REEL TALK

On Saturday, December 3, 2005, Banana Republic, *Vanity Fair*, and The Film Foundation presented *Reel Talk* with director Rob Marshall at ArcLight Cinemas, in Hollywood. The evening featured a private screening of *Memoirs of a Geisha*, a lively dialogue with Marshall about his highly anticipated film, and a sweepstakes to win two business-class tickets to Europe courtesy of Lufthansa. A V.I.P. reception followed, where guests enjoyed Level Vodka cocktails, a preview of the new Audi A8 L, and sampled coffees, teas, and hot chocolate from the Tassimo Hot Beverage System.



Rob Marshall with moderator Brad Silberling.



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PARTY ANIMALS

Jessica Alba and her pugs are among the celebrity regulars at the Lint Roller Party, Best Friends Animal Society's annual Hollywood benefit. Best Friends operates the nation's largest sanctuary for abandoned and abused animals and was one of the primary Hurricane Katrina animal rescue organizations. For tickets to this year's gala, which will be held at the Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel on Friday, April 7, visit lintrollerparty.com, or call 310-202-4336.



Jessica Alba

Heart bpm

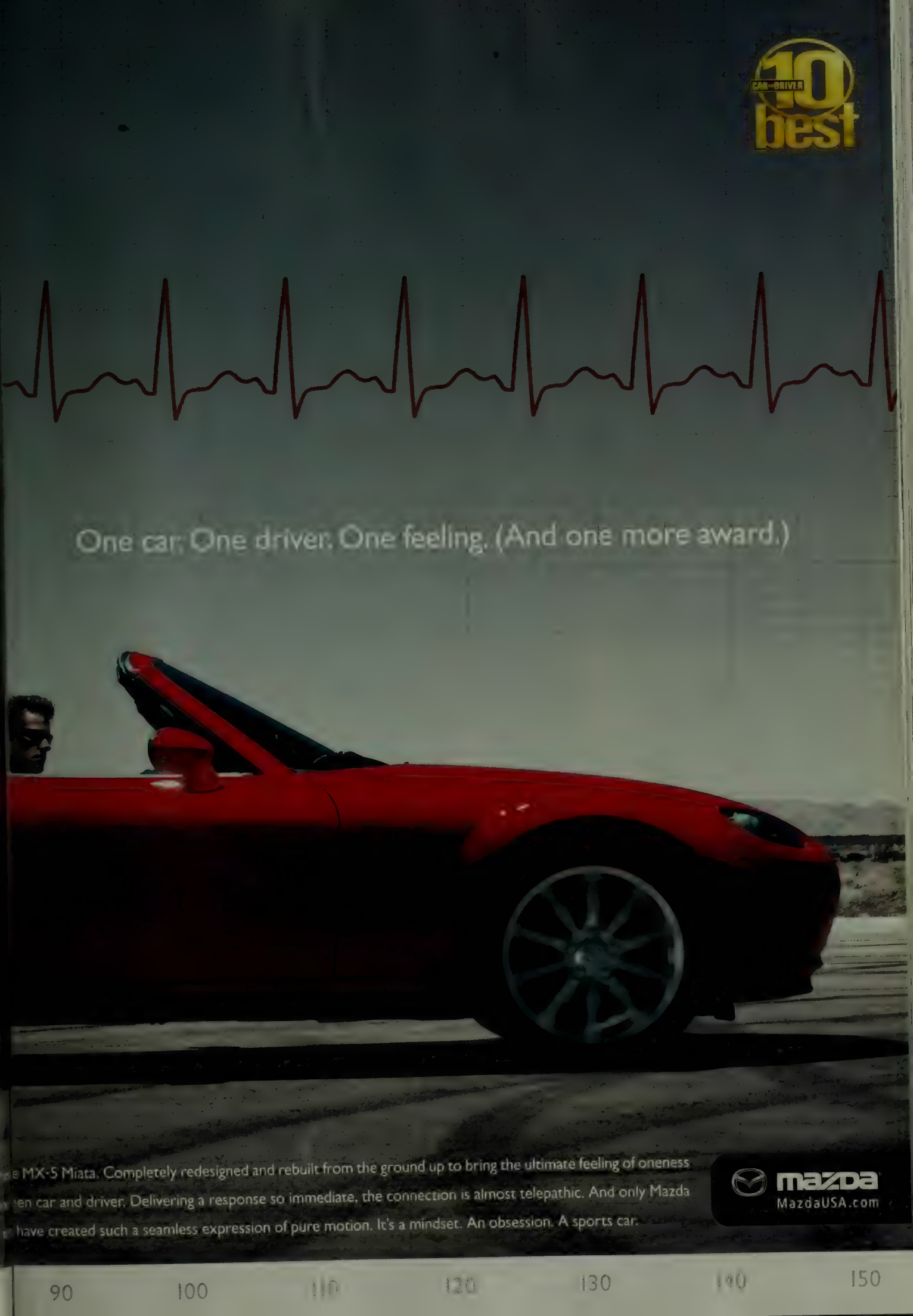
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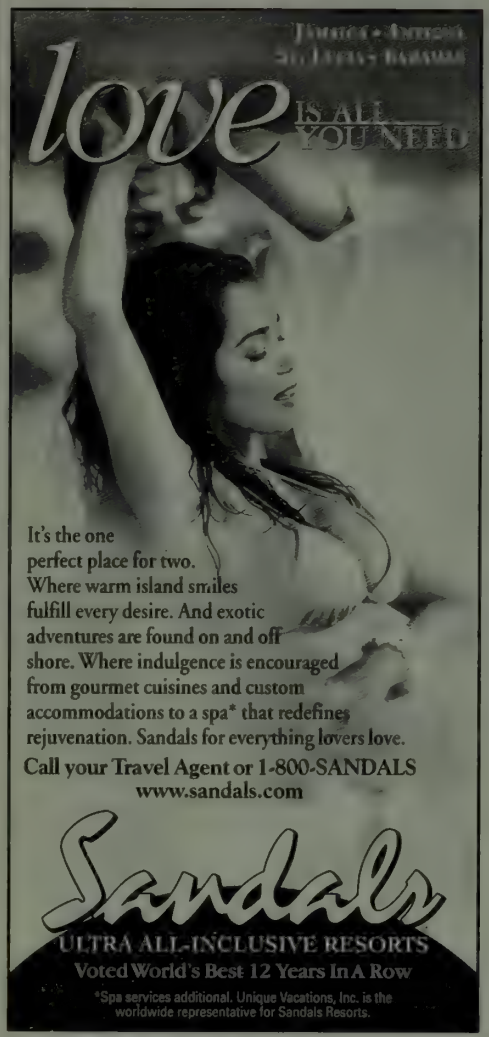
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HEAD CASE
Morry Schwartz, publisher of Australia's *The Monthly*, puts himself in Graydon Carter's shoes, literally, in his magazine's December 2005 issue.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84 the lack of respect shown pioneering documentary filmmakers D. A. Pennebaker and the Maysles brothers. While Wolcott did mention the latter's *Gimme Shelter*, if it were not for these three wonderfully talented and original cinéma vérité filmmakers, the foundation on which people such as Michael Moore have built their houses would never have been laid.

And while I support the political and social challenges that Moore's films raise, they can hardly be called true documentaries. What happened to fly-on-the-wall filmmaking? Yes, Werner Herzog's *Grizzly Man* got a boost at the box office due to recent documentary commercial success, but this film would have found its audience whether or not Moore had achieved box-office success before him. Did you forget that Herzog started making films in 1961, when Moore was just learning not to eat paste in second grade?

Please, Mr. Wolcott, I enjoy your writing and your articles, but next time give a little more credit where credit is due.

ROD BLACKHURST
Albany, New York

PHOTOSHOP CRISIS!

AS A SUBSCRIBER to *Vanity Fair* since 1984, I am, by nature and training, on the lookout for rip-offs of any sort. But surely this is the most egregious yet—the theft of Graydon Carter's Editor's Letter photo, including office, view from window, and ashtray (minus only the head), and its reappearance in the derivative new Australian magazine *The Monthly*.

I suppose the joke is meant to be that the superimposed head is that of Morry Schwartz, the publisher of the aforementioned glossy. Is this vanity or what?

FELICITY DAWSON
Tasmania, Australia

MORRY SCHWARTZ RESPONDS: What man wouldn't want to stick his head on Graydon Carter's elegant body? The idea appealed to me so much that I decided to start my own magazine, and if not for the sleuth from Tasmania, I would have gotten away with it. When the call came in from New York asking for an explanation, I thought, This is it, they'll sue my pants off. What a relief that the great Vanity Fair *has an Australian sense of humor. My wife, Anna, and I will be in New York in April. I hope to visit and give the* V.F. *people an opportunity to see* my *body.*

LA VIDA LOHAN

THANK YOU for putting Lindsay Lohan on your cover ["Confessions of a Teenage Movie Queen," by Evgenia Peretz, February]. She is beautiful and talented, yet appears tormented and flawed. Isn't that a part of her appeal? I have grown so tired of the perpetual myth of perfectionism that exists in Hollywood. Lindsay is a breath of fresh air. I haven't seen this much raw emotion since the young Angelina.

DANIELLE ARIAS
Rego Park, New York

IT IS SO IRRITATING to hear celebrities deny candid statements after worrying how it will affect their "image." No one believes that the Lindsay Lohan interview was taken out of context. Her downward spiral was visible to the world.

Lohan's candor in the article was refreshing. I thought she would become a role model to young girls who are currently struggling with eating disorders. So shame on her and her P.R. team for thinking that denying that she suffered from bulimia would help her image, when, in reality, embracing our experiences and learning from them makes us more likable and able to be related to.

KARIN GENTRY
Orange, California

I CANNOT DECIDE whether to thank you or berate you for your cover story on Lindsay Lohan. On the one hand, it seems that she has become a somewhat more thoughtful person, with at least some perspective on celebrity life. On the other hand, she still comes off as a whining, attention-seeking teen queen who can't figure out why people won't take her seriously. Let me offer some insight: As a 21-year-old student on the verge of graduating from college, I find it hard to sympathize with a $7.5-million-a-


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movie actress who has all the money and opportunity in the world, and yet decides to squander it with the likes of Paris Hilton and Nicole Richie.

If Lindsay wants to gain the respect of her peers, I suggest she take some college classes, turn in some decent movies (I'll wait for *A Prairie Home Companion, Bobby,* and *Chapter 27* before I judge her fully on that front, to be fair), and stop whining about how hard it is to be rich and famous. The people around her seem to think she has talent, so why not let the talent do the talking?

SARA TENENBAUM
Washington, D.C.

THANK YOU for the lovely pictures taken of Lindsay Lohan in Malibu. I am sure you will get some backlash because it seems people, especially the readers of *Vanity Fair,* like to find reasons to complain. Recently, every time I open your magazine, I have to endure letter after letter condemning you for articles or photos on "young Hollywood" or Charles and Camilla or Kate Moss. Are people really so ignorant of the fact that the majority of Americans enjoy reading about the lives of others? I think there is an overwhelming sense of curiosity about these people. I rather enjoyed reading about

MORE FROM THE *V.F.* MAILBAG

Whether or not we are in fact "a bunch of low-life creeps," as one reader posits, we can acknowledge that there were more nays than yeas regarding the February cover. "Lindsay Lohan claims 'the pains were so intense . . . like someone was stabbing me in the head,'" notes Kathleen Maida, of Orland Park, Illinois. "I can sympathize, as I too developed severe stabbing pains in my head while reading this article."

"What were you thinking when you decided to put Lindsay Lohan on the cover of your latest issue?" demands Dana Carey, of New York City. (Well, actually, we were thinking, Let's put Lindsay Lohan on the cover of our next issue.) "I've yet to receive the issue," writes Sarah E. Oliver, of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, "but I am appalled by the cover selection." Fair enough. While we have your ear, mind if we run a few more covers past you? What do you think of October 2006? February 2007? How about April 2007?

Several readers grouse about the actress's scanty outfits in the pictures accompanying the article, but not all. "The pictures are NOT nude," one complains. Nude enough, apparently: "Thank you for not covering up her freckles like most magazines usually do," writes Sarah Azia, from Nottingham, United Kingdom. The freckles universally inspired close reading, or viewing. Floyd L. McIntyre, a doctor in South Dennis, Massachusetts, says Lohan "should see her physician about the dark 'spot' on her medial right thigh." And Beverly Hills dermatologist Robin Schaffran notes the freckling and adds, "It is my sincere hope [that] all of your young readers will be encouraged to wear more sunscreen."

More skimpiness: John Dale McCutchan, of Santa Monica, California, is "looking for the full-page color picture of Tony Curtis in his bathing suit, possibly in Palm Springs, issued in the year 2005." We remember that picture; are you sure you want to find it? Because that was no bathing suit—that was two small Yorkies. "I was a stand-in for Tony Curtis in the motion picture *Johnny Dark,* 1954," McCutchan explains, adding that there was—in a remarkable career parallel—a full-page color photo of himself in a bathing suit in *Outside* magazine in May 2003. (The Curtis photo ran in June 2005.)

Finally, regarding the piece on "thinking man's jackass" Don Imus (quote courtesy of Tari Donohue, of Portland, Oregon), Diane Houser, of Boston, writes, "I love him, I love him, I love him! My husband can't stand him!" Diane! Write us again sometime. We just want to know how you guys are doing.



YORKIES OPTIONAL John Dale McCutchan, *near left,* served as Tony Curtis's stand-in during the filming of *Johnny Dark* (1954). In a strange career parallel, both men recently posed for national magazines wearing little or no clothing (Curtis for *V.F.* in 2005, McCutchan for *Outside* in 2003).

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Charles and Camilla ["Charles and Camilla, Together at Last," by Bob Colacello, December]. Whether or not I agree with the circumstances surrounding their relationship, it was a good read and I learned more about them. And isn't that really the point of it all—to learn something new about people and things we didn't know before?

SHANNON WILSON
Pensacola, Florida

THE TWO WORDS that best sum up Ms. Lohan: "Who cares?" There are so many other young women in the world whose lives are more interesting, and who are undoubtedly more talented. If I wanted to read the same old story about another overhyped, underweight young actress, I would have bought a tabloid.

ALICIA BOGGIO
La Verne, California

ST. PAUL'S LOSS

I DECIDED—after one of many sleepless nights since my son, Clifford Nyquist, died—to respond to Alex Shoumatoff's somewhat flippant reference to his death at St. Paul's School ["A Private School Affair," January].

Cliff's love for academics and sports was exceeded only by his love for his family and friends. He did not smoke, drink, or take drugs. He volunteered at an Alzheimer's-care home and took pride in his physical fitness. The most common message posted on the Internet bulletin board his friends set up following his death was "the nicest kid I know." His wake was attended by thousands.

It had been his dream to attend St. Paul's. In his first year he excelled academically and athletically. His second year began just as well—then the pool opened.

When my son was discovered unconscious in four feet of water from a phenomenon referred to in lifeguard manuals as "shallow-water blackout," he had been underwater so long he was unrecognizable to the two lifeguards on duty or to the athletic director and his baseball coach, who were both poolside, watching their children swim. A school-wide roll call was required to determine which student had drowned.

I write not to argue our case against the school but to make your readers aware of the great loss that Cliff's family and friends, and our world, have suffered as a result of the "hubris" Mr. Shoumatoff describes.

I hope that, rather than dismissing this tragedy as a minor meteorological event to be "weathered," the school will embrace it and use it as an opportunity to show the world—and Cliff's sisters—that the values he embodied do matter, and that talent and education should be used to make all of our lives better, not just the lives of the privileged few.

LESLIE C. NIXON NYQUIST
New Boston, New Hampshire

MONITORING THE RELIGIOUS RIGHT

I THINK CRAIG UNGER'S article exposing the "Left Behind" series of books, by Tim LaHaye, as part of a right-wing movement to shape the culture of North America is a very important piece ["American Rapture," December]. I am an "evangelical Christian" pastor, but, unlike Mr. LaHaye, I believe the coming of Jesus's kingdom is one that we can bring into the present by dealing with issues of justice, mercy, poverty, and bigotry. Unfortunately, most "Evangelicals" (coined loosely) will see your article as a jab by Satan in the never-ending battle of good and evil. The funny thing? Jesus always saw evil as being embodied in the social and political structures, not in individuals. I'm tired of people calling themselves "Christian" when they stand so far from the Christ they claim to serve. It's sad because I think the "Left Behind" series is a very important collection. Thanks, Mr. Unger and *Vanity Fair*, for this very informative article.

RICK ZELINSKY
Williams Lake, British Columbia

I AM AN EVANGELICAL. The article by Craig Unger is a valuable contribution. It mentions Dr. Francis Schaeffer as being the intellectual force behind today's religious right. I knew Dr. Schaeffer and visited with him often when we both lived in Switzerland. If Dr. Schaeffer could see how his valuable theological reflections have been distorted by today's neocons he would turn over in his grave. He would be in the forefront of those condemning the use of torture, the violations of the Fourth Amendment to the U.S. Constitution, and the use of religion to excuse violations of human rights. The focus by people such as Jerry Falwell on Dr. Schaeffer's favorite issues only makes me cringe when I admit that I am an Evangelical. Where are the moral forces needed in today's world?

LEONARD RODGERS
Tempe, Arizona

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FANFAIR

April 2006

O Days in the Life of the Culture





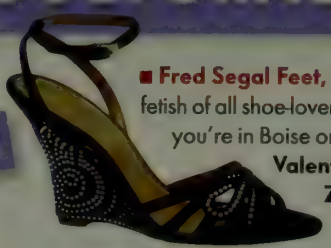
Artist Andrew Wyeth's *Otherworld*, 2002.

APRIL

THE CULTURAL DIVIDE

Architect Frank Gehry launches the Gehry Collection, six jewelry lines and a selection of tabletop items made from such materials as precious metals, stones, and wood, available at Tiffany's.

EVERYONE'S TALKING ABOUT . . .



■ **Fred Segal Feet,** the Los Angeles–based store that fuels the fetish of all shoe-lovers, launches its Web site this month. Whether you're in Boise or Bucharest, the full range of shoes—from **Valentino** stilettos and **Louboutin** espadrilles to **Zanotti** cowboy boots—and handbags are just a click away (fredsegalfeet.com).

■ **The Tribeca Film Festival,** now in its fifth year, will screen 150 films, hold panel discussions with directors and producers, and give cause for numerous after-hours parties (4/25–5/7).

■ ***Lestat,*** the visually breathtaking new musical from **Elton John** and **Bernie Taupin,** based on **Anne Rice's** best-selling *The Vampire Chronicles,* opens at Broadway's Palace Theatre on April 13.



■ **Karl Lagerfeld's** sensational fall '06 collection, his N.Y.C. photo studio, and his new capsule collection, available at Bergdorf's and Neiman's, have everyone buzzing.

■ **Going organic.** Find out all you ever wanted to know about Earth Day (4/22) and organic living (organicearthday.org).

CH-CHECK IT OUT

Armed with 50 handheld video cameras, Beastie Boys fans captured the October 2004 concert at New York's Madison Square Garden. The footage was edited together and, following in the concert-film genre, *Awesome; I Fuckin' Shot That!* (ThinkFilm, March 31) was born.



The Beastie Boys, photographed at the New York Transit Museum, July 27, 2005.

ART OPENINGS

◂ PHILADELPHIA

"Andrew Wyeth: Memory and Magic"
Philadelphia Museum of Art
This compelling Andrew Wyeth retrospective takes a fresh look at seven decades of the artist's accomplishments (3/29–7/16).

NEW YORK

Iris and B. Gerald Cantor Roof Garden
The Metropolitan Museum of Art
Delight in spring. Have cocktails and sandwiches at this heavenly courtyard peppered with flowers, sculpture installations, and spectacular views of Central Park and the New York City skyline (4/25–10/29).

LONDON

"Modernism: Designing a New World"
Victoria and Albert Museum
Using select objects from around the world, including Europe, the U.S., Brazil, Israel, and Japan, the show explores modernism in the designed world—highlighting the years 1914 to 1939 (4/6–7/23).



Wells Coates's ▶ Ekco AD-65 radio, from 1934.

LOS ANGELES

"Degas at the Getty"
The Getty Center
The most modern of traditional 19th-century artists, Edgar Degas brought an intellectual rigor not only to formal portraits but also to the novel subjects of contemporary life. From *Self-portrait* to *After the Bath,* the exhibition spans Degas's career (3/7–6/11).



My name ..... Ken Watanabe

childhood ambition ..... Trumpet player

fondest memory ..... I have too many good memories to remember just one

indulgence ..... reading adventure novels

last purchase ..... Ski wear and ski hat

favorite movie ..... Too many to just choose one

inspiration ..... I am inspired by so many things every day

My life ..... is about taking my own path

My card ..... is American Express

Ken Watanabe

My life. My card.℠



ANDY'S GIRL
Andy Warhol with Edie Sedgwick and Chuck Wein in New York, 1965.

HOT TYPE

He is risen!

This Is Spinal Tap star **Tony Hendra** continues to tap the spiritual in his novel, *The Messiah of Morris Avenue* (Henry Holt), imagining the Second Coming as a radical young man who defies the idea that God is either a Bible-thumping Republican or a tree-hugging Democrat.

All the red, white, and blues of Remarriage American-Style are represented in **Anne Burt's** essay anthology, *My Father Married Your Mother* (Norton). In *Quite Honestly* (Viking), **John Mortimer** ditches his precious Rumpole for a scrappy do-gooder gal eager to convert an ex-con. Fifty years after its publication, Allen Ginsberg's *Howl* still echoes: witness *The Poem That Changed America* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux), editor **Jason Shinder's** chorus of essays by hipsters such as **Robert Pinsky, Frank Bidart,** and **Amiri Baraka.** Master satirist and caricaturist **Edward Sorel's** *Literary Lives* (Bloomsbury U.S.A.) makes hay out of such moments as when Jung buddied up to Nazis and Beauvoir provided Sartre with nubiles for his erotic enjoyment. *Nothing to Wear?* (Hudson Street)—**Joe Lupo** and **Jesse Garza** solve the most vexing sartorial problems. Desperate to land a diamond—with a man attached? **Jessica Kaminsky** shares *The Truth Behind the Rock* (Simon Spotlight).

In *My Lives* (Ecco), **Edmund White** gets gossipy about his shrinks, lovers, and AIDS. **Mark Danner** plots the Bush administration's *Secret Way to War* (New York Review Books). Deep Throat and his lawyer—or **Mark Felt** and **John O'Connor**—tell all in *A G-Man's Life* (Public Affairs). Making their springtime fiction debuts: **Tony D'Souza,** whose *Whiteman* (Harcourt) is a relief worker who refuses to leave his post in the African bush; foreign correspondent **Neil MacFarquhar,** who captures the ferocious absurdity of the Gulf War in *The Sand Café* (Public Affairs); and Harvard sophomore **Kaavya Viswanathan,** who gets giggly over *How Opal Mehta Got Kissed, Got Wild, and Got a Life* (Little, Brown).

The hero of **Colson Whitehead's** *Apex Hides the Hurt* (Doubleday) is a nomenclature consultant whose towering triumph is naming a multi-culti Band-Aid. A widower gives chase to the whale that devoured his wife, child, and arm in **Keith Thomson's** *Gus Openshaw's Whale-Killing Journal* (MacAdam/Cage). **Tony Nourmand** and **Graham Marsh** revel in *Exploitation Poster Art* (Aurum). Phaidon Press makes *Andy Warhol "Giant" Size.* A girl on the verge searches for her father in **Yannick Murphy's** shockingly funny *Here They Come* (McSweeney's). The P.O.V. of a 13-year-old in Thatcher's England powers the audacious **David Mitchell's** *Black Swan Green* (Random House). **Ken Foster** had no idea when he began taking in strays that he'd be the one finding salvation in *The Dogs Who Found Me* (Lyons).

Gimme shelter.





VA-VA-VOOM Howard Hughes's *The Outlaw* pinup, 1943, from *Exploitation Poster Art.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY RUKE GLINN

Spy Wonder

HENRY PORTER THRILLS AND CHILLS

Henry Porter is a double agent, operating as he does as both *Vanity Fair*'s dashing British editor and the author of ripping-good literary spy thrillers. The winner of the 2005 Ian Fleming Steel Dagger Award (one can only imagine how fantastically menacing that must look on the mantel), his most recent tale, *Brandenburg Gate* (Atlantic Monthly Press), is set in East Germany just before the fall of the Berlin Wall. The Communist government is growing desperate. Enter Dr. Rudi Rosenharte, an art historian whose days as a Stasi foreign agent are in his past, until they make him an offer he can't refuse—a job only an able cocksman and master of the agency's "love tutorials" can pull off. The mission: rekindle a romance with an old lover, Annalise Schering, whom the Stasi believes possesses valuable information. The catch: Rosenharte knows Annalise committed suicide 15 years ago. With no choice but to play along, he trysts with his dead lover's double under the watchful eye of not only East German intelligence, which has imprisoned his twin brother, but spies from British intelligence and the C.I.A. What's a good man to do? Ah, trust the crafty Henry Porter not to disappoint. —E.S.





My name Kate Winslet

childhood ambition To act

fondest memory Camping as a child in Cornwall U.K

indulgence Chocolate

last purchase Latte and a muffin

favorite movie Waiting for Guffman

inspiration My parents

My life is my family

My card is American Express

Kate Winslet

My life. My card.℠



A CUT ABOVE
Pierre-Alain Blum in front of the Vilebrequin store on Rue Gambetta, Saint-Tropez, February 10, 2006. *Top right*, shorts from Vilebrequin's Cruise line.



Life of Leisure

TAKING VILEBREQUIN ON HOLIDAY

It's the year of the shrimp or, if you happen to be a crustacean-hater, of the jellyfish. **Vilebrequin,** makers of the chic-est of swim trunks, creates 60 new prints a season. Big, bold, vibrantly hued flowers, fruits, animals, and fishy things leap out among more demure, downbeat, and trad plaids, paisleys, stripes, and national-flag prints. Vilebrequin bathing suits replaced seaside skimpy Speedos in the early 70s, when **Fred Pryskel,** living in the South of France, drew a boxer shape on a tablecloth and had it made up in sailcloth. Pryskel's passion for car racing inspired the label name, Vilebrequin—or "crankshaft" in English.

The brand took off when **Brigitte Bardot's** crowd started wearing their Vilebrequins along the eternally fashionable shores of Saint-Tropez. "The Saint-Tropez thing is big. By the time we opened our first store in '96, all the chic Parisians had heard of us because all the actors and celebrities were wearing us on the French Riviera," says North American C.E.O. **Thierry Prissert.** "But talking is not enough; you have to have a good product. Once they bought one pair they stayed loyal and became collectors, buying every season." The following year, the Paris shop opened, and today, under the direction of president **Pierre-Alain Blum,** there are 55 stores worldwide, 15 of them in the U.S.

Famous for its father-and-son concept, the label is a favorite of toddlers, teens, and their *pères,* who bask beachside in identical tropical prints. Swimsuits come in classic boxer styles and flat-fronted, lace-tie surfer trunks.

As for the new collection, Prissert explains, "Last year was safari prints—this year it's mosaic, shrimp, and coconuts." And turtles. Turtles are big with Vilebrequin. "They're our company image," he says. "They're noble, peaceful. They represent serenity in Hawaii, and they're a symbol of the family." Turtles are on all Vilebrequin buttons.

—TAMASIN DAY-LEWIS

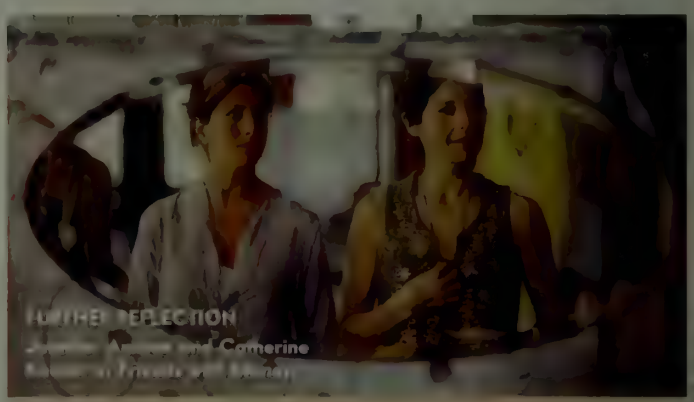
Holy Matrimony!

HBO'S HIGHLY ANTICIPATED NEW SERIES

They call it "the principle"—the doctrine of plural marriage preached by Mormon prophet Joseph Smith, repudiated by the church in 1890, practiced in secret by fundamentalist sects ever since, and if HBO has its way, coming soon to a watercooler near you. *Big Love,* a controversy-courting new series created by **Mark V. Olsen** and **Will Scheffer,** debuts March 12 and stars **Bill Paxton** as Bill Henrickson, a beleaguered, bed-hopping suburban patriarch frantically balancing his responsibilities as owner of a home-improvement chain with the needs of his three wives: **Jeanne Tripplehorn, Chloë Sevigny,** and **Ginnifer Goodwin**—the sensible mother hen, scheming spendthrift, and domestically challenged hottie, respectively. The top-notch cast also includes **Bruce Dern, Mary Kay Place,** and a silkily sinister **Harry Dean Stanton** as Paxton's father-in-law, the leader of his own radical sect. The program handles its incendiary material with such emotional nuance that, in time, the red-state family's transgressions come to seem almost normal. —AARON GELL



MULTIPLE PARTNERS
Ginnifer Goodwin, Chloë Sevigny, Bill Paxton, and Jeanne Tripplehorn in *Big Love.*

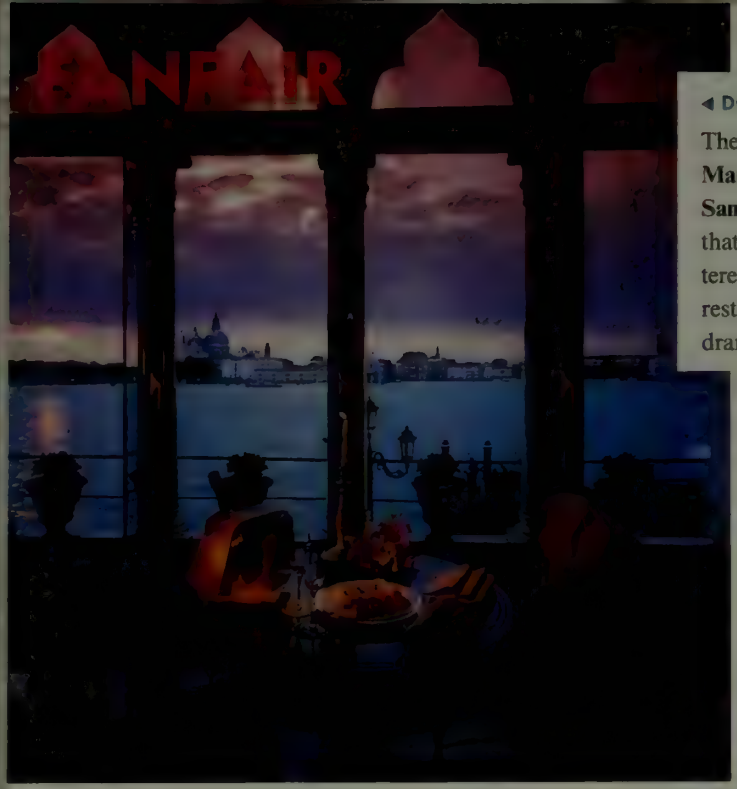


CIRCLE OF FRIENDS

You could describe Friends with Money *as a female* Big Chill *for Generation X, and if you were a marketing executive or a crafter of short movie reviews, you very well might; but doing so would imply a kind of dramatic and sociological glibness from which this funny, well-observed film heroically refrains. Writer-director* **Nicole Holofcener** *(*Lovely and Amazing*) offers a slice of upscale Southern California life, tracking four old friends—played by* **Jennifer Aniston, Frances McDormand, Catherine Keener,** *and* **Joan Cusack***—as they face middle age. Holofcener seems to be positing the radical notion—at least for most Hollywood movies, which are always hectoring us not to let The Dream die—that the real key to happiness is compromise and acceptance. (And in case you're a guest at next year's Independent Spirit Awards, Holofcener pronounces her name* Hall*-off-sen-er.)*

—BRUCE HANDY


Mountains have crumbled.
Glaciers have melted.
Continents have drifted.
Diamonds have remained the same.
Clearly, Mother Nature is a romantic.
Celebrate your past, present and future with the one thing on Earth as timeless as love.
A DIAMOND IS FOREVER
DIAMOND TRADING COMPANY



◀ DOGARESSA SUITE, HOTEL CIPRIANI, VENICE

The view through the Gothic windows of the 15th-century Dogaressa Suite is of **San Marco,** the **Palazzo Ducale,** the beginning of the **Grand Canal,** and the church of **Santa Maria della Salute.** It's like living in a Canaletto painting. Vaporetti (the boats that are Venice's public transport) motor past to the Giudecca and cross to the Zattere. Private water taxis moor at the dock below, bringing guests to eat at Cip's, the restaurant which in summer floats on pontoons. The suite is in the Palazzo Vendramin, the oldest part of the Hotel Cipriani. (Rate: from $5,372.)

GOVERNOR'S SUITE, PARK HYATT SYDNEY ▶

In the land of Oz, open the curtains in the cool Governor's Suite, and the **Sydney Opera House** is in your face, its white roofs, shaped like sails, glittering across the water. Stand on one of the suite's six terraces, and **Sydney Harbor Bridge** arches above. (Rate: from $4,629.)



A Sense of Place

ICONIC VIEWS FROM THE WORLD'S MOST LUXURIOUS HOTEL SUITES

VICTORIA MATHER



◀ PENTHOUSE SUITE, HOTEL HASSLER, ROME

From the seventh-floor terrace of the Penthouse Suite, you can see **St. Peter's Basilica,** the **Pantheon,** the **Spanish Steps,** and the **Borghese Gardens.** Sunbathe in private, among miniature orange trees, with classical statues for company. Paintings from the schools of Tintoretto and Caravaggio decorate the suite, and the **Trinità dei Monti** church is so close you feel you can reach out and touch it. (Rate: from $3,808.)



PRESIDENTIAL SUITE 5101, THE FOUR SEASONS NEW YORK

Architect **I. M. Pei** came out of retirement to design this suite, running the width of this spectacular building. You can see the **Hudson, East River,** and **Central Park** through 10-foot-high floor-to-ceiling windows. In summer, dine outside on the limestone terrace, more than 600 feet above Park Avenue. (Rate: from $15,000.)



◀ KOHINOOR SUITE, THE OBEROI AMARVILAS, AGRA

Silver in the moonlight, golden at dawn, pink at sunset, the glowing **Taj Mahal** sits in perfect view from your bed (it's like tickling a world icon with your toes), your spa room, the tub, and the three private wraparound terraces. Its symmetrical beauty makes one cry. (Rate: from $2,800.)

BELLE ETOILE SUITE, LE MEURICE, PARIS ▼

All of Paris's greatest hits—the **Eiffel Tower, L'Arc de Triomphe, Notre Dame,** the **Louvre,** the **Seine**—are visible from the 360-degree wraparound terrace of the Belle Étoile penthouse. A humming limousine waits to whisk you around the city, and a helicopter is on standby for a day's château-hopping in the Loire Valley or Formula One training in Burgundy. Le Meurice is the most successfully restored palace hotel in Paris. The brilliance is that this penthouse used to be servants' tiny hellhole rooms. (Rate: from $11,873.)





◀ PRESIDENTIAL SUITE, INTERCONTINENTAL HONG KONG

Watch boats sail into **Victoria Harbor** as you swim in your private infinity pool on the rooftop terrace of the 7,000-square-foot duplex with two-story windows which give an Imax view of the Orient. Below, the Star Ferry chugs between Kowloon and Central. The suite also has its own gym, yoga instructors, and Tai Chi masters on call. A Rolls-Royce Phantom VI collects guests from the airport. (Rate: from $10,000.)



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Bound for Glory

AMERICA'S FAVORITE 1950S PINUP GAL

That was director **Mary Harron** working up a big sweat on *I Shot Andy Warhol* as she tried to make a feminist martyr out of real-life nut job Valerie Solanas, the Factory hanger-on who in 1968 did what the film's title says she did. So, you wonder, will Harron take a similar approach with *The Notorious Bettie Page*, her biopic of the 50s pinup queen who has of late been reborn as a style icon for postmodern strippers and girl art geeks? Will Bettie sacrifice herself on an altar of self-expression and leather corsets, the Frida Kahlo of light bondage? Happily, no. Harron's Bettie, despite a few dark moments, is just a healthy gal who digs taking off her clothes and giggles her way through harmless entertainments such as *Sally's Punishment* and *Negligee Fight*. True, she struggles to reconcile her work with her Christianity, but, thank God, only a little. And that's about as deep as the film cares to go. Who knows: maybe there wasn't much deeper to get. (Bettie should have had a dead brother, as Johnny Cash and Ray Charles did.) All the more reason, then, to appreciate **Gretchen Mol's** continually mesmerizing performance in the title role. She captures the original's unself-conscious allure while adding a coltish, almost goofy sexuality all her own.

—BRUCE HANDY



THE REAL McCOY
Cover of *Eyeful* magazine, 1953.



Guess Who's Coming to Dinner?

Two years ago in London, six friends decided to bring together a hodgepodge of international humanity and introduce the **Running Dinner Party.** "We organized this for our friends so they could benefit from a new group of personalities and interesting people," explains founder **Arnaud di Giovanni.** Invitations to the three-course dinner are sent to 400 *verrry* social people—painters, aristocrats, writers, and so forth. Each course is served at a different home. (There are 100 homes that host.) At each flat, guests are introduced to 12 new people. Fortunately, they will have been assigned a "running mate," who accompanies them to each location so they see at least one familiar face throughout the night. Running mates are selected by a committee and matched by interest. If you are married, your running mate will also be married. "This is not just for bachelors," says di Giovanni. The evening culminates at a secret venue—the address is announced at the dessert course—where everyone unites and dances till dawn. This year's party will be on April 22 at fashionable London residences known only to those who receive an invitation. Where will you be? —DAISY PRINCE


PRADA



DAPPER AND ELEGANT
Elliott Puckette and Hugo Guinness, photographed in their Brooklyn town house on February 2, 2006.

Bohemian Rhapsody

AT HOME WITH ART DARLINGS ELLIOTT AND HUGO

"We have absolutely nothing in common, and that's why we get on so well!" says artist **Hugo Guinness** by way of revealing the secret to the institution of marriage in general and to his own—to the wise and elegant **Elliott Puckette**—in particular. Displaying modesty and deference to a superior creature, Guinness concedes that, even though they have been together for a decade, Puckette, an accomplished abstract painter, remains an "absolute mystery." Rather than seeking an answer that may not come, he has elected to "put her on a pedestal and take out the rubbish." When they are not painting or looking after their daughters, Isabella and Violet, they can be found in white armchairs on either side of the fireplace in the drawing room of their Brooklyn town house, Puckette absorbed in gardening catalogues, her husband in graphic novels. With their matched sensibilities, they make a striking, spectral couple. "It's Brits and grits," says Puckette, whose new show of finely rendered calligraphic pictures is currently on view at the **Earl McGrath Gallery,** in Los Angeles. Guinness, who came to America as a potter, has become the darling of the decorative-arts crowd for his pen-and-ink drawings of plants and his whimsical linocuts. ("I am a bad man turned good," he says like a penitent schoolboy.) Additionally, he's a movie muse (to **Wes Anderson**) and a consultant at **Kate Spade,** and has his sights set on becoming a mini-mogul of home furnishings. "His art is gutsy, down to earth, and, whether it's a revolver or a pair of handcuffs, totally unpretentious," says **Picasso** biographer **John Richardson,** who considers the couple's household "an oasis of the Britishness foreigners come to England to find." Except, of course, that it's half *Gone with the Wind*. Described as a classic Hitchcock blonde, Puckette is a notably cool customer with intellectual credentials. (Her father was a calculus professor.) But mainly she's old-fashioned in the courteous manner of southern ladies who take hospitality more seriously than their husbands. During their courtship, he hoped they might open an antebellum B and B down South. (The plan required too much make-believe to sustain.) Still, he took her to England, where she surprised his extended Anglo-Irish family with her way of eating boiled eggs. She took him to contemporary-art galleries, where he exhibited a preference for pictures of dogs and horses. "He was a bit of a cretin," she recalls. "He didn't respond to abstraction at all." Nonetheless, they were married within a year. Nowadays, all they do is talk shop. "He caught on fast. We share a passion for art. We talk about ideas and technique." At their table, Puckette plays the gracious hostess while Guinness says what everyone is thinking but nobody dares say. "He somehow does it with so much finesse that it never ruffles," says friend and artist **Jack Pierson.** "There's something just-as-you-would-have-it, but also something skewed and modern, about them."

—EDWARD HELMORE

PHOTOGRAPH BY JASON BELL


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NIGHT TABLE READING



ANDY SAMBERG
S.N.L. cast member

"I'm currently reading ***Garfield Chews the Fat: His 17th Book,*** by Jim Davis [Ballantine]. Wrongly considered by many to be one of Davis's minor works, it further explores the days and nights of everyone's favorite big-boned feline and his many misadventures. I'm currently working on *S.N.L.* and learning how to read better."



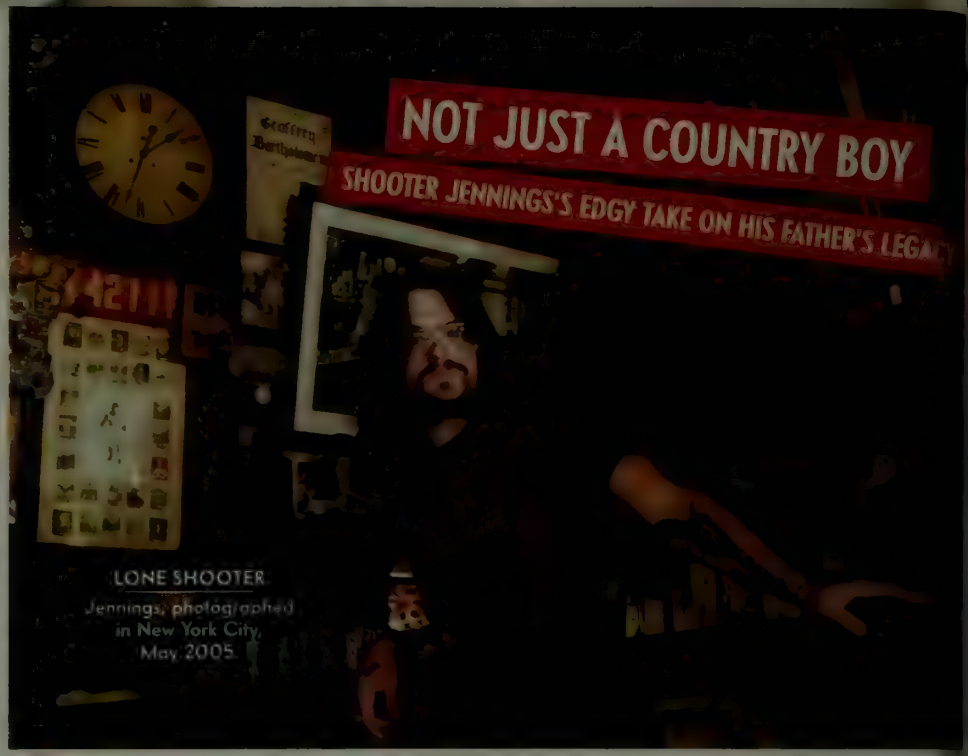
GREG KELLY
White House correspondent, Fox News Channel

Moondust: In Search of the Men Who Fell to Earth, by Andrew Smith (Fourth Estate). "Andrew Smith introduces the 12 astronauts who've walked the moon as they confront what comes next in life. Neil Armstrong retreats from fame but embraces dignity. Harrison Schmitt secures a Senate seat. Buzz Aldrin inspires envy in his peers and starts drinking heavily. Smith's book makes your pending midlife crisis seem a bit more bearable in comparison."



JANE ROSENTHAL
movie producer; co-founder, Tribeca Film Festival

The Very Best Men—Four Who Dared: The Early Years of the CIA, by Evan Thomas (Simon & Schuster). "Packed with details of the men who lived their lives on the shadowy front lines of the Cold War, this book is an integral piece of our country's hidden history and a valuable guide to understanding some of our country's current political policy."



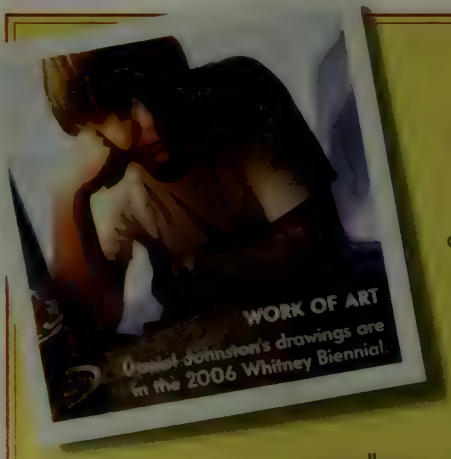
NOT JUST A COUNTRY BOY

SHOOTER JENNINGS'S EDGY TAKE ON HIS FATHER'S LEGACY

LONE SHOOTER
Jennings, photographed in New York City, May 2005.

Shooter Jennings, son of the late country-music hero **Waylon Jennings** and singer **Jessi Colter,** is more than a little bit hard-core country, more than a little bit honky-tonk rock 'n' roll. He occupies a unique place in country music, and according to musician **Lenny Kaye,** who co-authored Waylon's autobiography, Shooter "resurrects and extends the outlaw tradition and rebellious spirit that is his dad's lineage. He's darker, more confrontational, intentionally on the edge." With his well-received 2005 debut album, *Put the O Back in Country,* the wiry, tattooed 26-year-old achieved notoriety for actually putting the outlaw back into country. But he says now that that title was just a "goof" on the spelling of the word. "It wasn't really for 'outlaw,'" says Shooter. "I hate when certain people [he won't say who] call themselves 'outlaws.' That movement—with guys like my dad, **Willie Nelson,** and **Johnny Cash**—was a moment in time. It's like there's never going to be another British Invasion." Shooter performs for audiences who are as much into Lynyrd Skynyrd and Led Zeppelin as they are fans of Willie Nelson and **George Jones.** He recently portrayed his father in the movie *Walk the Line,* and his new album, *Electric Rodeo,* continues the evolution of his country-rock hybrid. With this month's CD release, he'll be back on a tour bus—a place he's called home ever since he slept in a crib on his parents' bus. He divides his time between the road and Los Angeles, where he lives with his girlfriend, actress **Drea de Matteo.** About L.A., he says, "I've adjusted to it. I like to drive, I like good weather, the people who are important in my life are here, and," he says, laughing, "I'm away from Nashville."

—LISA ROBINSON



The Devil Inside

The Devil and Daniel Johnston, **Jeff Feuerzeig's** haunting documentary chronicling the life of folk legend and cult figure **Daniel Johnston,** leaves the audience mesmerized and terrified—it makes you question everything. The film, for which Feuerzeig won the best-director award at Sundance 2005, is a portrait of the fragile prophet from Chester, West Virginia. Johnston grew up in a Fundamentalist Christian family, producing home-spun albums on a cassette recorder, cartoon illustrations, and films shot on super-8. Johnston is an innocent filled with delusions of grandeur, part artistic genius, part amateurish talent. A manic-depressive with a troubled soul, Johnston fears the devil lives within. The film's highlight features him imagining he's Casper the Friendly Ghost and pleading to jump out of the private plane his father is flying. Johnston grabs the controls; the plane crashes. Miraculously, they both survive, and while headed home, they pass a church with a sign that reads GOD PROMISES A SAFE LANDING BUT NOT A CALM VOYAGE.

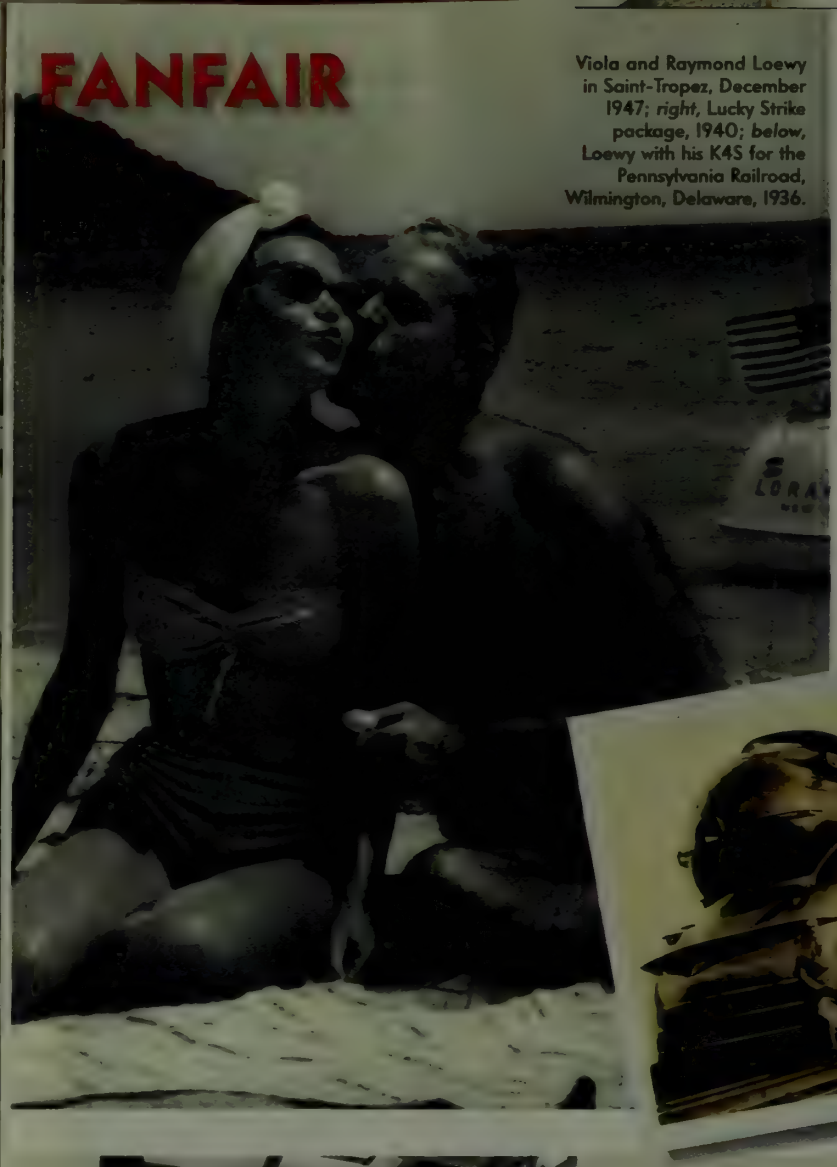
—A. M. HOMES

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES PATRICK COOPER (JENNINGS); BRIGITTE



COACH

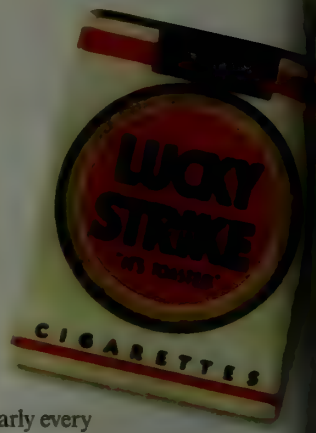
EST. 1941



Viola and Raymond Loewy in Saint-Tropez, December 1947; *right*, Lucky Strike package, 1940; *below*, Loewy with his K4S for the Pennsylvania Railroad, Wilmington, Delaware, 1936.

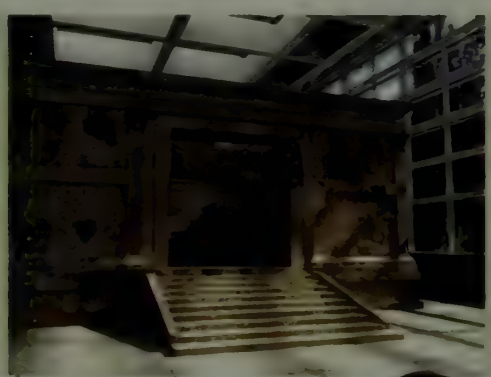
High Loewy

INDUSTRIAL DESIGN'S KING



In the middle of the last century, **Raymond Loewy**—along with his industrial-design peers **Henry Dreyfuss** and **Walter Dorwin Teague**—re-invented the aesthetic of American consumer culture. Industrial design was brought into nearly every aspect of day-to-day life, and Loewy, arguably, had the broadest reach. An entire morning could revolve around Loewy products: the electric razor (Schick), the toothbrush (Pepsodent), the refrigerator (Sears Coldspot), the car (Studebaker), the cigarettes (Lucky Strike). **"Raymond Loewy: Designs for a Consumer Culture"** re-introduces Americans to Loewy's work and its lasting influence, exhibiting his products and logos, drawings, models, and personal archives, as well as rare film footage of the designer at work. The exhibition is at the Long Island Museum, in Stony Brook, New York, through May 21, and travels through 2008.

DESIGN
MATT TYRNAUER



Altered States

The center of Rome has not seen a modern building since the Fascist interventions of the 1930s. That changes this month with the opening of **Richard Meier's** inspired **Ara Pacis Museum,** housing the eponymous Altar of Peace, built by Emperor Augustus in 9 B.C. to celebrate the first decades of the Pax Romana. Traditionalist critics, at first, compared the design to a gas station. Italy's undersecretary of culture called it "disgusting." After more than a decade of debate and construction delays, the museum opens its doors on April 21, the birthday of the city of Rome.

Altar at Ara Pacis Museum, Rome.



TIMES TWO
The last of the die-hard moderns, **Massimo** and **Lella Vignelli**—the husband-and-wife team responsible for the clean look of everything from the interior of a Lutheran church in Manhattan to national railway signs in Italy—have turned their attention to the Swiss watch manufactured by Pierre Junod. The **Vignelli** dual-time model comes in a steel-backed case and a calfskin strap. The unusual side-by-side clockfaces give the watch a racetrack-shaped face, enclosed by a scratch-proof crystal.

SAVANNAH MODERN

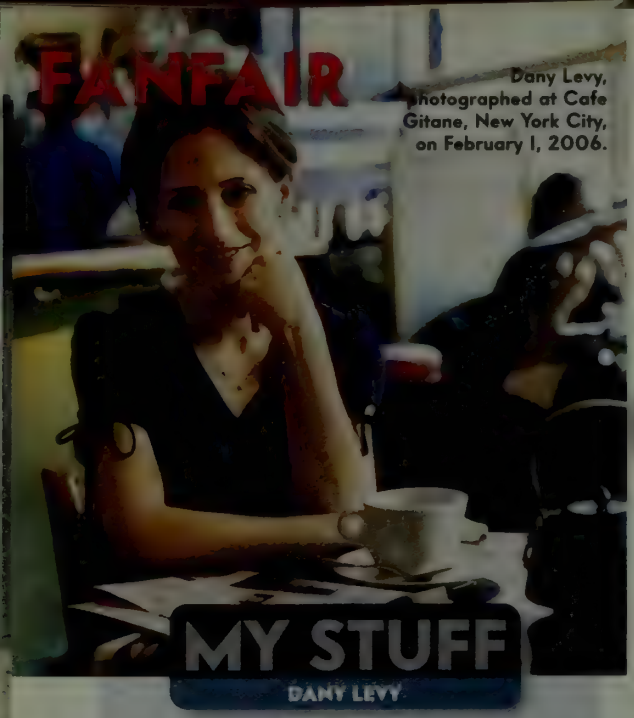
Savannah, due to years of benign neglect, is among the best-preserved towns in the South, organized around beautiful squares shaded by oaks with Spanish moss. The **Telfair Museum of Art** sits on two of the squares, and this month, an addition to the museum, designed by **Moshe Safdie,** is going to put a bright white cube of a modern building smack in the middle of the neoclassic gentility of Savannah. There are already many modern boxes desecrating Savannah, and Safdie's design was scrutinized by a review board for years. Multiple redesigns were ordered. The **Jepson Center,** as the new building is known, comprises two separate structures connected by glass bridges, straddling a historic lane. It houses the Telfair's modern and contemporary art collections. First exhibitions: new paintings by **Robert Rauschenberg,** and a collection of more than 20 works by various artists associated with the late **Kirk Varnedoe,** a Savannah native, who was head curator at New York's Museum of Modern Art.





COACH

EST. 1941



Dany Levy, photographed at Cafe Gitane, New York City, on February 1, 2006.

MY STUFF

DANY LEVY

In 2000, 33-year-old **Dany Levy** launched the sassy pop-culture Web site **DailyCandy** from her New York apartment. Today, with more than one million subscribers worldwide, the site has expanded into seven other major cities—Chicago, Atlanta, L.A., San Francisco, Dallas, Boston, and London. This month Levy and the editors of the Web site will publish their first book, *DailyCandy A to Z: An Insider's Guide to the Sweet Life* (Hyperion). A few favorite things . . .

BEAUTY PRODUCTS

Lipstick **MAC DEL RIO**
Mascara **LANCÔME DEFINICILS**
Shampoo **KÉRASTASE**
Moisturizer **LANCÔME RESOLUTION**
Perfume/cologne **QUELQUES FLEURS**
Toothpaste **CREST VIVID WHITE**
Soap **L'OCCITANE OR DOVE**
Nail-polish color **NARS CHINATOWN**
Where do you get your hair cut?
ANYWHERE THAT WILL TAKE ME.
Eyelashes tinted? **JANNA BEAUTY SPA, IN N.Y.C.**
Sunless tanning method? **BROWNBERRY**

HOME

Sheets **FRETTE** Coffee-maker **BRAUN**
Stationery **SMYTHSON** Pets **A PUGGLE (AS SOON AS I STOP THE INCESSANT TRAVEL SCHEDULE).**
Where do you live? **GREENWICH VILLAGE, N.Y.C.**
Favorite neighborhood restaurant **GUSTO**

BEVERAGES

Bottled water **VITTEL** Coffee **PEET'S**
Favorite cocktail **CRISP WHITE WINE**

ELECTRONICS

Cell phone **BLACKBERRY** Computer **DELL INSPIRON**

CLOTHES

Jeans **LEVI'S**
Underwear **COSABELLA**
Sneakers **NEW BALANCE 991**
Watch **VINTAGE ROLEX**
T-shirt **SPLENDID OR LA COSA**
Day bag **MULBERRY BAYSWATER**
Evening bag **ANYA HINDMARCH**



FAVORITE PLACE

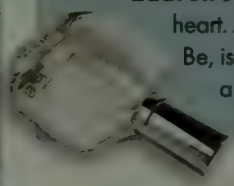
MY BED.

NECESSARY EXTRAVAGANCE

SHOES, SHOES, AND MORE SHOES.

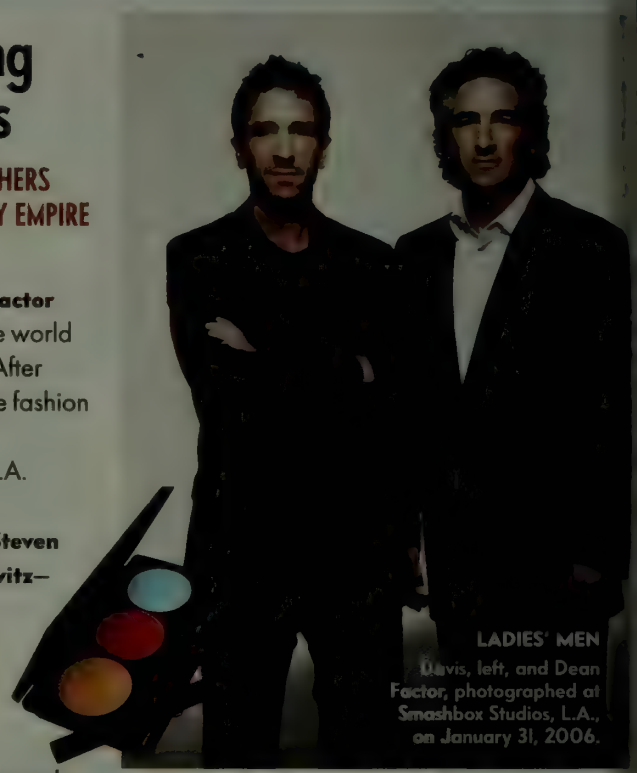


IN THE MOOD Delight in the sweet smell of spring with **Jo Malone's** new Nectarine Blossom and Honey fragrance. . . . Girls just wanna have fun with **Ralph Lauren's** Hot, a flirty fragrance for the young at heart. . . . **Becker-Eshaya's** new signature fragrance, Be, is a sensuous citrus and floral blend. Available as a spray, a fragrance pen, and a candle, it's a scent for every season.



Smashing Success

THE FACTOR BROTHERS EXPAND THEIR BEAUTY EMPIRE



LADIES' MEN Davis, left, and Dean Factor, photographed at Smashbox Studios, L.A., on January 31, 2006.

Dean and **Davis Factor** want to make the world a more beautiful place. After putting Culver City on the fashion and celebrity map with **Smashbox Studios**—the L.A. facility of choice for photographers such as **Steven Meisel** and **Annie Leibovitz**—the great-grandsons of Hollywood makeup legend **Max Factor** have added a modeling agency, a clothing line, and, most recently, Smashbox Cosmetics. Davis, a photographer and the company's chief creative officer, works with their in-house team of makeup artists to develop a cosmetics line that makes his job easier. "Our foundations help create flawless skin on the shoot so I don't have to retouch the photos as much," he says with a laugh. Now that over-30 celebs are the norm, the Factors have added the wrinkle-smoothing Dermaxyl to their best-selling Photo Finish Foundation Primer S.P.F. 15, and line-filling Filter stick to instantly give back some of what time has taken away.

They are also actively giving back to the community. Last year, they created Smashbox Cares, a foundation benefiting a variety of their favorite charities. Last December, their Band Together concert, hosted by **Bruce** and **Demi's** girls, raised more than $200,000 for Save the Children and Habitat for Humanity and launched their teen-designed lip palette; $10 of each sale will go to Covenant House of California. And this Fourth of July, they'll organize a beach bash in Malibu for the **Paskowitz** family's Surfers Healing, which benefits autistic children. "We're about a lot of things," says Dean, the company's C.E.O., "so we want to give back to the world." —CHRISTINE MUHLKE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEVEN KHAN (FACTORS); DAVID LAWRENCE

HOT LOOKS



Dress your lips with **Yves Saint Laurent's** Rouge Pure Shine lipstick, in three luscious new hues. . . . **Giorgio Armani's** vibrant Armani-Silk lipstick was inspired by the designer's passion for silk. . . . Complete your outfit with a touch of **Chanel's** Rouge Allure Lip Colour, available in 22 shades. —JESSICA FLINT

noff® Lime and Cola
z. Smirnoff® Lime Flavored Vodka
Cola
e in tall glass over ice



PLANETARIUM

MICHAEL LUTIN



Joan Crawford

ARIES MARCH 21–APRIL 19

It's natural to feel jittery now—as well as impatient with thick-skulled fools who can't come close to matching wits with you. When your planetary ruler hits your 3rd house, you can't just go through the motions. You need mental stimulation and change. The challenge, however, is to calm your mind and resist acting out wildly. With the new moon conjoining with Uranus, this is a time for looking inward, channeling your imagination, seeking spiritual guidance, and taking the edge off your tension any way you can (without getting caught).



Shirley Horn

TAURUS APRIL 20–MAY 20

Don't despair if you sense your support system collapsing. When Jupiter goes retrograde in your solar 7th house, your trusty cheerleaders sometimes aren't available to keep pumping you up when work politics get you down. But once Venus gets past Chiron this month, you'll put all the insults behind you and be back on top. So, even if it's a stretch, try to think of yourself as an evolved human with one objective: to contribute to the happiness of all beings.



Kanye West

GEMINI MAY 21–JUNE 21

Mercury may be retrograde, but it doesn't look as if anything is going to slow you down or keep you from telling a few people what's what, especially at work. After the months you spent biting your tongue in isolation, you probably don't care if you get canned or not. Even loved ones will have to keep their distance, because right now you're capable of spitting out words you won't be able to take back later. The reason: you're in no mood to bottle up your anger and play nice when all you really want to do is scream, "Get off my back!"



Dan Brown

CANCER JUNE 22–JULY 22

Everybody does silly, self-destructive things once in a while, especially when Mars transits the 12th house. It's during the moments when your compulsions seem to get the best of you that you need to be compassionate toward others whom you've judged harshly for their bad behavior. Be aware that during these periods you can't always be exactly sure who's a friend and who's an enemy. In extreme cases you could begin to think celebrities are speaking to you through the media. If that happens, start meditating at once.



Melinda Gates

LEO JULY 23–AUG. 22

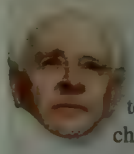
In business or personal relationships, timing is everything, especially when there's an opposition taking place in your 1st and 7th houses. When you're hot to trot, sometimes the other person isn't up for it, and when he or she opens up and makes overtures, you may not be feeling enthusiastic or in the mood to make compromises. At the moment, the trick to bridging the gap between you and the individual staring back at you is to step out of yourself (and your need to be in control) and experiment in ways that once seemed unthinkable.



Fiona Apple

VIRGO AUG. 23–SEPT. 22

If you like the idea of being driven out of your mind, just become emotionally involved with someone you can't count on. If, however, you have self-knowledge, or have spent a fortune on therapy, you won't permit yourself to be victimized by Uranus in your 7th house. Those who can't resist such relationships shouldn't expect their glamorous and unreliable partners to show up on time—or at all. Fortunately, there is a middle ground between masochistically enabling someone and cutting her or him off. It's called maturity.



John le Carré

LIBRA SEPT. 23–OCT. 23

Although you should be grateful that you have time enough to concentrate on work and are healthy enough to meet the challenges presented by your kooky choice of lifestyle, you are nevertheless in a volatile emotional state. It's the love thing again. With Venus approaching Neptune in the solar 5th house, love—whether it's for children, grandchildren, or an attractive but elusive figure who spends half the time running in the opposite direction—has caused several Libras to go totally gaga. You're not one of them, are you?



Erasmus

SCORPIO OCT. 24–NOV. 21

When your Scorpio passions are operating at full blast, as they are now, you should probably wear a sign around your neck to alert the innocent. Not that you would resort to outright harassment, but with a lunation in your 5th house, Mars in your 8th, and Jupiter stationing in your solar 1st, you are bursting as much with sexual desire as with creative zeal. While such moments are perfect for making a masterpiece, they're also prime for forgetting to employ birth control.



Kiefer Sutherland

SAGITTARIUS NOV. 22–DEC. 21

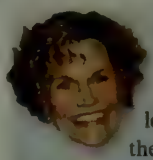
You usually prefer to sidestep an open conflict rather than engage in one, but there's no escaping a public confrontation when Mars transits your 7th house. There's not much peace at home either. If people scream at you and point their fingers accusingly, just tell yourself that honest communication is the best way to clear the air. With so much friction, it's no wonder you'd love nothing more than to disappear without a trace. Trouble is, with your ruling planet tucked away in your 12th house, they would still find you.



Karen Hughes

CAPRICORN DEC. 22–JAN. 19

The opposition of Saturn, Chiron, and Neptune in your 2nd house has made you so aware of your vulnerability that you probably tremble every time you get a little cold. Relax. With Mars and Uranus so active this month, you'll be way too busy to dwell on potential infirmity or disaster. And despite your tendency to interpret all news as bad, once Venus passes over Chiron and begins its transit of your 2nd house you should be feeling more prosperous, less fearful of financial ruin, and, in a few extreme cases, even generous.



Judy Blume

AQUARIUS JAN. 20–FEB. 18

Some Aquarians who thought money was everything have let fortunes slip through their fingers. Others, who dedicated themselves to their art or their cause, have actually struck it rich. Whatever your story, try to remember that any recent events that may have poked holes in your ego are opportunities presented by the universe to show you we are all just frail human beings who should be grateful for the gift of life. You have plenty of time to regain your stature and your strength. Just don't be greedy.



Eva Longoria

PISCES FEB. 19–MARCH 20

Did you ever have a dream in which you were running madly to get away from something (or someone) but, no matter how fast you ran, you stayed in the same place? One interpretation is that you're feeling ambivalent: you want to flee a situation (or person) so you can have your independence, but you feel bound by duty or loyalty to stay and tough it out. An astrologer, meanwhile, would probably chalk it up to the mutual reception between Uranus and Neptune in your solar chart. Maybe the best approach is simply to remember that life is but a dream.

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Our busy stressful lives age our skin as much as the passage of time. Now, there's Clarins NEW Intensive Age-Control Brightening Program. A remarkable 2-step program that's the high-powered solution for intensive skin renewing, firming and brightening. In just 21 days, your skin will look and feel as good as new, and so will you.

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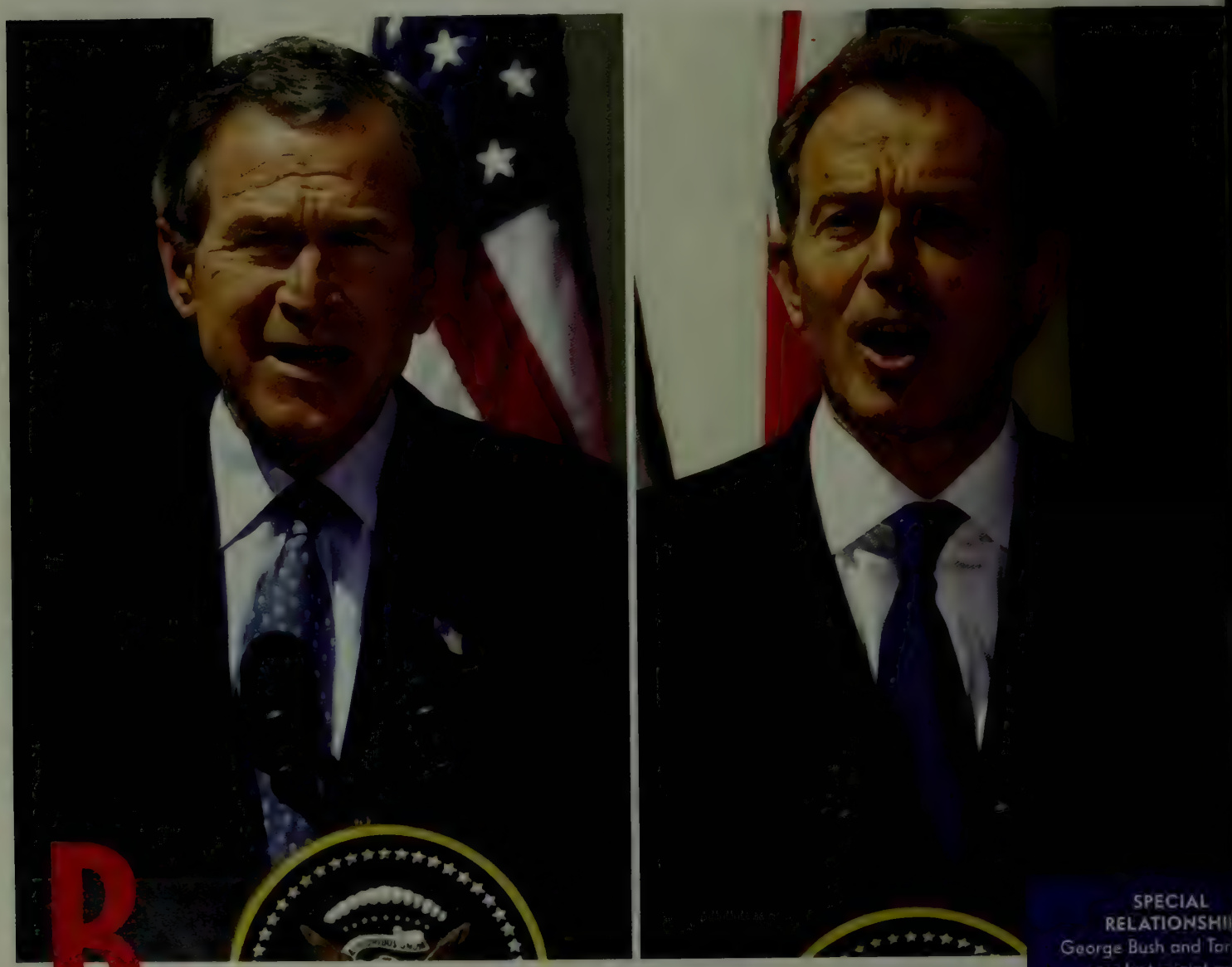
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CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

POWER SUITS

As he waits for American citizenship, the author finds himself involved in two legal actions, helping defend both his adopted country and his native Britain against their own governments. He may be a fervent supporter of the war against our enemies, but the Constitution should not be a casualty



SPECIAL RELATIONSHI
George Bush and Ton
conduct a joint pr
conference in the Whi
Rose Garden o
April 16, 2004—th
they allegedly discu
the bombing o
Al Jazeera headqua

Because I am a supporter of the armed struggle against the forces of al-Qaeda, the Taliban, and Saddam Hussein, I quite often get asked if I have become a Republican in my declining years. Never mind for now the many reactionary Republicans, from Brent Scowcroft to Patrick J. Buchanan, who are my enemies in this argument: the fact is that I have been a republican all my life. Not in the sense that I favor the re-unification of Ireland—though I certainly do—but in the sense of being opposed to all forms of monarchy and absolutism. I moved to the United States a quarter of a century ago, partly to escape the British royal family (whose publicity alas followed me across the Atlantic) and partly because it was much easier to be an independent writer in a country that had a written constitution and a codified Bill of Rights. After the barbaric assault on American civil society that took place on September 11, 2001, I resolved to stop cheating on my dues and applied to become a citizen, and although my paperwork seems to have vanished into the hideous maelstrom that goes by the name "Homeland Security," I consider myself to be standing in line to take a formal oath to defend that constitution against all enemies foreign and domestic.

In January of this year I found myself involved in two legal actions, one in my country of adoption and another in my country of birth, both directed at arbitrary power. In the first instance, I was contacted by Anthony Romero, the director of the American Civil Liberties Union. He asked if I would agree to become a plaintiff in a suit against the National Security Agency (N.S.A.) and by implication against the Justice Department. It had been disclosed that



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ESCAPE HYBRID

Ford

ed on Automobil Revue, Transport Canada and US EPA. EPA estimated 36 city/31 hwy mpg, FWD. Actual mileage will vary. ©The Muppets Holding
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the N.S.A. was engaging in widespread warrantless surveillance of American citizens. It seemed obvious to me (and the suit alleges) that this violated the First and Fourth Amendments to the Constitution, in that it hampered the confidentiality with which reporters and scholars and lawyers must work, in the Middle East and western Asia, and in that it was an unreasonable invasion of privacy rights. The First Amendment is how I make my living. But it is precious to me in other ways, in that it stands against any infringement of free expression. So I said yes.

I then had to fill out a questionnaire about my travels to, and contacts in, such countries as Iran, Iraq, Afghanistan, Pakistan, and Indonesia, all of which I have covered for this magazine in the past few years. One of the questions asked if I was in contact with any person or group that the United States government could regard as being associated with terrorists. I would have paused at this anyway. Most of those with whom I exchange e-mail or phone traffic in Iraq and Afghanistan are dedicated to defeating the forces of bin Ladenism. But then there was this other little matter I'd gotten myself involved with. Two men were about to step into a dock in a London court: one of them, named David Keogh, is a former official in Prime Minister Tony Blair's Cabinet Office, and the other, named Leo O'Connor, is an alleged recipient of a document from Keogh. What the document is said to show is this: that on April 16, 2004, President George Bush proposed bombing the Al Jazeera network headquarters, in Qatar, and was talked out of it only by Tony Blair. Now, I have visited those same offices and have friends there, and I sometimes appear on Al Jazeera chat shows. So it seemed that, by one definition at least, I *did* have contact with suspected-terrorist targets. I had given some help in Washington to a team of British reporters at the London *Daily Mirror,* which broke the story, and also exchanged information with a celebrated British lawyer, Geoffrey Robertson, who had drafted a Freedom of Information request in London, on behalf of Al Jazeera, in order to get a look at the relevant memo.

Both these actions have quite momentous implications. In the case of the first, our lawsuit alleges that President Bush has flat out broken the law: the 1978 Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Act (FISA), which set out "*the exclusive means by which* electronic surveillance . . . and the interception of domestic wire, oral and electronic communications may be conducted." (My italics.) These "exclusive means" do not include the words "by secret presidential fiat." In the second case, if the allegation is true, it means that a very important center of communications, in a neutral country friendly to the United States (and host of the U.S. Central Command), would have been blitzed. I've tried to imagine the possible effect of that in the Arab world, but can't quite manage to do so. Let's just say that it would have put a large and smoldering hole in Karen Hughes's "make nice" diplomacy. It would furthermore have raised the suspicion that the American bombing of Al Jazeera's Baghdad office, in 2003, which killed a reporter, had not been a regrettable accident.

In a way, I am already flirting with lawbreaking by ventilating these questions. Since we filed our suit, the Bush administration has issued a "white paper," and has agreed to hearings on Capitol Hill about the propriety of using the N.S.A. against Americans. But this was not at all the first response to the revelation of the surveillance program. It was angrily announced by the White House that whoever disclosed it had violated the law and was giving aid and comfort to the enemy. A criminal inquiry has been set in motion to uncover the source of the leak. Meanwhile, in Britain, the Crown Prosecution wants to delay proceedings against Keogh and O'Connor while it seeks endorsement of a secret venue from Blair's foreign secretary, Jack Straw. (British law features an Official Secrets Act, allowing the government to decide that even public information is secret, which in the U.S. would be a violation of the First Amendment. Another reason, it occurred to me, why I had changed countries to begin with.) In other words, do bear in mind, dear reader, that you were not even supposed to know about these arguments in the first place!



STRONG, SILENT TYPES President Richard Nixon listens to F.B.I. director J. Edgar Hoover, Washington, D.C., May 28, 1969.

WE HAVE FILED OUR SUIT [IN] THE COURT THAT FIRST HELD THAT WARRANTLESS WIRETAPPING OF AMERICANS FOR NATIONAL-SECURITY PURPOSES WAS UNCONSTITUTIONAL.

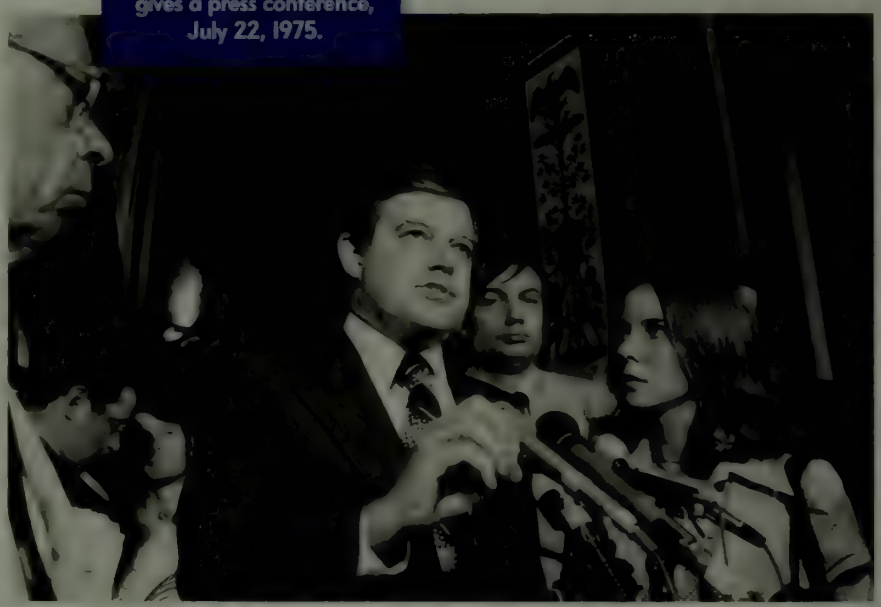
Let us be scrupulous and put the opposite case. Things have changed since 1978, when FISA became law. The distinction between "overseas" and "at home" has been eroded by trans-national jihadist groups. The forces of law and order must be able to move very swiftly. The Justice Department white paper argues that Congress *did* permit the president to order warrantless surveillance when after 9/11 it granted him the Authorization for Use of Military Force (A.U.M.F.). In ruling on the Yaser Esam Hamdi case, which was that of an "enemy combatant," the Supreme Court found that the A.U.M.F. included detention in "narrow circumstances" as a "fundamental incident of waging war." The Justice Department now wants to say that electronic surveillance is also a "fundamental incident." Oh, and Abraham Lincoln suspended habeas corpus during the Civil War.

Well, the fact remains that the A.U.M.F. doesn't say a word about surveillance. And is it not the Republican Party which makes a fetish of "original intent," and opposes the discovery of hidden or novel interpretations of existing laws? Furthermore, Congress amended FISA *after* it passed the A.U.M.F. Thus, it can't be argued that Congress intended that the A.U.M.F. supersede or over-


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ride FISA. It can't be argued even if, as its critics say when they are finally forced to discuss the matter, FISA is itself unconstitutional. If Bush feels that the act unbalances the separation of powers by granting too much authority to Congress, he must ask for it to be repealed or amended, or request that the Supreme Court strike it down. Meanwhile, *it is the law of the land* and he is bound by oath to uphold and obey it. And if the Supreme Court is to be cited, then remember what it said in June 2004, when the administration wanted to hold "enemy combatants" without a hearing. It ruled that "a state of war is not a blank check for the President." In dreams begin responsibilities, and in wars begin the temptation for the rulers to arrogate extraordinary powers to themselves. Bush once appointed an attorney general, John Ashcroft, who knew so little about the United States Constitution that he announced that, in America, "we have no king but Jesus." That moronic statement was exactly two words too long.

CHURCH AND STATE Democratic senator Frank Church, of Idaho, who convened the hearings that led to FISA, gives a press conference, July 22, 1975.



As for the Hamdi case, involving an actual combatant and the "fundamental incident of waging war," if warrantless electronic spying on Americans is now to be defined as such a fundamental incident, then it is difficult if not impossible to say what could *not* be. Warrantless searches of offices and homes? Prior censorship of the press? This is where the Lincoln analogy becomes more relevant. Honest Abe did try unilaterally to suspend the writ of habeas corpus. But the chief justice ruled that only Congress could suspend habeas corpus, and Lincoln was forced to submit the matter to Capitol Hill. I have never heard it argued that this repressive measure actually shortened the war or hastened the Emancipation Proclamation, but it may have had the psychological effect of showing that the Union would use any weapon at its disposal. The thing to keep your eye on is this: we have already been "at war" with our non-state enemies for as long as the Civil War went on. We are endlessly told it will be a lengthy struggle. All the more important, then, that we know what our rights and responsibilities are. The administration tries to dissolve this thought by saying, in effect, "It's an emergency. Be afraid. Trust us."

What sinister poppycock. Our intelligence "community," with its multi-billion-dollar secret budget, left us under open skies on 9/11. The only born-and-raised American who had infiltrated the Taliban was John Walker Lindh of Marin County. George Tenet's reaction to hearing of the Twin Towers in conflagration was to say that he wondered if it had anything to do with that guy in the flight-training school in Minnesota. For this, Bush gave him a Presidential Medal of Freedom. When the C.I.A.

GIVE THIS POWER OR THIS RIGHT TO ANY ONE PRESIDENT AND YOU GIVE IT, INDEFINITELY AND UNACCOUNTABLY, TO THEM ALL.

wasn't generating junk intelligence over Iraq, it was leaking hostile propaganda to discredit the whole idea of "regime change" in that country. These people are not even accountable to Bush: when he "authorized" the warrantless surveillance in late 2001 he found that the N.S.A. had already started doing it without anyone's permission. The F.B.I., on which tons of the resulting raw material was dumped, has stated that it was mostly useless and time-wasting. It also must say something if an organization whose headquarters building still bears the name of J. Edgar Hoover (who wiretapped Martin Luther King Jr. and tried to scare him into committing suicide) has asked the question: Is this even legal? To this and other concerns, General Michael Hayden, former director of the N.S.A., has blandly responded, "I can say unequivocally that we have got information through this program that would not otherwise have been available." Well, presumably. That could also be said if we all had to empty our BlackBerrys into his capacious lap.

If you get yourself involved in a civil-liberty lawsuit, you will invariably find that you have teamed up with people you don't like. I became a supporter of the A.C.L.U. three decades ago, when it lost a good chunk of its membership by defending the First Amendment right of the American Nazi Party to hold a parade in the Jewish suburb of Skokie, Illinois. I told Anthony Romero that he could sign me up for the suit but that I was curious to know who the other plaintiffs might be. The National Association of Criminal Defense Lawyers: fine. Members of this group complain that warrantless eavesdropping destroys attorney-client privilege and makes it almost impossible to represent defendants in far-off locations without flying to see them in person each time. The Council on American-Islamic Relations: yuck. These people produce rationalizations for Muslim fundamentalism and were the advocates for the demented crooner Yusuf Islam (formerly Cat Stevens), who has incited the murder of Salman Rushdie. Still, how mad and pathetic of Homeland Security to divert a whole transatlantic flight just because the crooner was on board. Professors Larry Diamond and Barnett Rubin, of Stanford and of New York University, respectively: good company to be in. Diamond was a member of the transitional authority in Iraq, before he quit in disillusionment, and Rubin remains an invaluable adviser to the United Nations and the government in Afghanistan. These two men have done more to fight the foe than George Tenet ever did, but they now find that old friends and contacts are reluctant to speak freely on the phone or in e-mail. This is important to me too, and to you, because though my own contribution has been slight it is reporters like John Burns and Peter Bergen who have come up with far more valuable advance intelligence about al-Qaeda than the C.I.A. or N.S.A. ever has. Put a chilling effect on the investigative work


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of men like that and you endanger national security. At our press conference, on January 17, the 300th birthday of Benjamin Franklin, I said that this was a sad but appropriate way to commemorate the man who (a) was the presiding spirit at the Constitutional Convention and (b) elucidated the emancipating power of electricity.

Another distinguished co-plaintiff is James Bamford, whose books on the N.S.A., *The Puzzle Palace* and *Body of Secrets,* are the main public resource for knowledge of a gigantic agency which for a long time was not even known to exist. Thanks to Bamford and others, we now know that the N.S.A. was used to spy on American civilians throughout the Vietnam War, in order to try to prove that the anti-war and civil-rights movements were being manipulated by foreign powers. Black Panthers and Quakers were targeted without distinction, and the first writer to touch upon the fact—David Kahn, author of *The Codebreakers*—was himself placed under an extensive watch. It was this wholesale abuse of power that led to the Senate hearings convened by Senator Frank Church, of Idaho, that contributed to the proposed impeachment of Richard Nixon, and that led to the passage of FISA in the first place. The federal court in which we have filed our suit—in the Eastern District of Michigan—is the court that first held in 1972 that warrantless wiretapping of Americans for national-security purposes was unconstitutional. This ruling against Nixon was later upheld by the Supreme Court. One wonders if a Bush-dominated Court will do the same, but when my neoconservative friends complain about my undermining of the "wartime president," I have my answer ready: give this power or this right to any one president and you give it, indefinitely and unaccountably, to them all. The surveillance spreads like weeds, and there is no way to know if it is of you, or to get yourself taken off the watch list. Apparently even John Ashcroft could see this elementary point: I've heard from a friend of mine that he was opposed to a national ID card because he didn't want a future President Clinton to have that much power. In all the recent arguments over the Patriot Act and the "national-security state," one has often seen senior liberal Democrats take a powder, or join enthusiastically in the aggrandizement of police power (as they did when Bill Clinton rammed through the panicky Antiterrorism and Effective Death Penalty Act of 1996 after the Oklahoma City atrocity), whereas certain prominent conservatives, such as Grover Norquist and former congressman Bob Barr, have been consistently libertarian. As I was getting ready to sign on for the A.C.L.U. suit, I had dinner with both of those gentlemen in the interval of a conference of the National Rifle Association. Well, Bob Barr now speaks on tour for the A.C.L.U. as well, so if the fans of the Second Amendment can be mobilized to defend the First and Fourth ones, that's absolutely fine by me.

And what of the War on Terror as it applies to Al Jazeera?



GENERAL CONFUSION Attorney General Alberto Gonzales pauses as students protest during his speech at Georgetown, January 24, 2006.

THESE LEGAL ACTIONS HAVE QUITE MOMENTOUS IMPLICATIONS. THE FIRST ALLEGES THAT BUSH HAS FLAT OUT BROKEN THE LAW.

Stopped by a *Daily Mirror* reporter outside a Virginia church on January 8, Colin Powell (who accompanied Bush on April 16, 2004) said, "You're asking me about a two-year-old meeting that I don't remember." (When contacted by *Vanity Fair,* Powell responded, "My quote does not confirm that I was at the meeting where such a thing may have been discussed. I was at the Blair visit on 16 April, but not necessarily [at] every conversation they had that day. I don't have memcons to recover all this, but I never took seriously any such idea nor did the President.") This falls some way short of a strong denial. One might think that such a conversation would either (a) stick in the mind if it had occurred or (b) appear so unimaginable that it could be roundly and affirmatively said not to have happened at all. The first response to the Freedom of Information request, on 10 Downing Street writing paper, confirmed that the Cabinet Office "holds information which is relevant to your request," concerning "memos or notes that record President Bush's discussions with the Prime Minister about the bombing of the Al-Jazeera television station in Qatar." It then goes on to say that disclosure of the said information "would, or would be likely to, prejudice relations between the United Kingdom and any other state." The Cabinet Office has the right under law to refuse to discuss the matter at all, on grounds of national security, so it is peculiar that it should implicitly confirm the story in a letter. And, of course, if there's nothing to it, or if the president was only making a joke in very poor taste and the transcribers misunderstood, then we'll all climb down. But in that case why are two British citizens facing a trial, which the government wants to conduct in camera?

When I wanted a picture to illustrate this article, I went with a photographer to the turnoff in Virginia where a large public sign points traffic to the GEORGE BUSH CENTER FOR INTELLIGENCE: CIA. We managed to take a few shots before six police cars turned up, and large men kept their hands on their holsters while ordering us to keep our hands in plain sight. It was only with difficulty that we persuaded them they had no right to confiscate the film. We were on public land, on the Potomac Heritage Trail, under the blue skies of America and protected by the great roof of the Constitution, and were next to a sign which millions of motorists pass every year. And what was going unwatched while six carloads of troopers wasted taxpayer money in this way? In my experience, countries where undisguised photographers attract police attention are countries where the citizen is the property of the state. The duty of a true republican is to resist the banana republic, and perhaps some bananas Republicans, as well as bananas Democrats, so that the Bill of Rights survives this war as it has survived the previous ones. When Attorney General Alberto Gonzales made an appearance at Georgetown University Law Center on January 24, a group of students got up to unfurl a banner which read, THOSE WHO WOULD SACRIFICE LIBERTY FOR SECURITY DESERVE NEITHER. And, I might add, will get neither. The words are taken from Benjamin Franklin. □


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JAMES WOLCOTT



BETTER HALF: First Lady Laura B[ush] puts on a happy f[ace] to represent her em[battled] husband, Presid[ent] George W. Bu[sh]

Lost in the White House

In contrast to her husband, Laura Bush remains untouched by controversy, her popularity sky-high and her passions hidden. But, as two new books unintentionally reveal, the First Lady has wasted her moment of power–which may be one reason she's so harsh toward Hillary

First Lady Laura Bush has developed a Day-Glo gleam in her eyes that doesn't seem connected to an off switch, a beatific stare that never blinks no matter how much reality gets thrown at it. Less than halfway through President Bush's second term, his haggard face and salted hair bare the battle fatigue of misplaced optimism, a war gone bad, and eroding popularity; like so many of his predecessors, he has endured accelerated aging, drained of so much juice his head resembles a geological sample. Not Mrs. Bush. She looks the opposite of careworn—so smooth, unmussed, serenely composed, and coated against the elements that it's as if she has found a miracle cure to arrest time and sustain a peachy glow: the secret of Shangri-la. No wonder she has become the White House's favorite good-


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will ambassador and gentle persuader: she is the only member of the administration who doesn't seem to be the bearer of bad vibes, killing the grass wherever she steps. Her sky-high approval numbers testify to the appeal of her soft-spoken positivity. But they also indicate that Laura Bush is perceived as an undivisive, non-abrasive, traditional First Lady—unlike Hillary Clinton, who couldn't (and can't) say boo without pundits and radio hosts whipping themselves into a windy dither. Two new books—*Laura Bush: An Intimate Portrait of the First Lady,* by Ronald Kessler, and *Laura's List: The First Lady's List of 57 Great Books for Families and Children,* by Beverly Darnall—play up the nurturing side of the nation's mom in chief, her bountiful Oprahness. But just as Oprah left James Frey (*A Million Little Pieces*) strewn like a scarecrow across the floor, a scattering of straw, woe be unto him or her who blocks Laura's sunshine. Her pantsuits harden into pastel armor as she drives undeviatingly forward on her husband's and her own behalf, half woman, half tank, pure will. And it's Hillary whom she seems most determined to leave tread marks across.

Ronald Kessler's valentine to the First Lady is hailed by its publisher as "the only book to be written about Laura Bush with White House cooperation." But White House cooperation always amounts to managing the message, which in this instance means fobbing Kessler off with fluffball quotes and dubious factoids, then patting him on the head and ushering him back into the fog. (Part of what makes this biography readable is the rich alternative reality it presents.) As author of the fawning *A Matter of Character: Inside the White House of George W. Bush,* Kessler earned his loyalty badge as a stenographer who could be trusted with access and would be content with whatever was dropped into his trick-or-treat bag. Despite a thank-you list that totals nearly 150 names and includes major players such as Karl Rove, Condoleezza Rice, and Harriet Miers, his "Acknowledgments" section could have been called "Thanks for Nothing," considering the measly candy Kessler got, unless this is his idea of inside dope: "The new dog, Miss Beazley, was born on October 28 in the same New Jersey kennel as Barney. (Her father is Barney's half-brother.) Beazley, as Laura called her, was named after a dinosaur character in Oliver Butterworth's children's book *The Enormous Egg.*" He's the enormous egg, capable of keeping a straight face as he passes along official word from the powder room that "Laura's contacts are not tinted. Nor, contrary to some reports, has she had plastic surgery or Botox treatments." I guess her eyes are just naturally going intergalactic.

As biography, *Laura Bush* re-traces the trail covered by previous histories of her life as if narrating a class trip. Familiar incidents are retold. The tragic car accident in high school when she ran a stop sign and killed a classmate who was driving the other car. Her early career as a teacher and librarian. Her meeting, dating, and marrying George Bush. His run for governor. The birth of the twins, Barbara and Jenna. Her confronting him over his drinking. All of it couched in social history that's as canned as the laugh track on a *Happy Days* rerun. "Boys wore tan chino pants with pink shirts," put gunk in their ducktailed hair, and talked like hepcats: "'See you later, alligator' and 'In a while, crocodile' were favorite expressions." Girls wore poodle skirts, bobby socks, and penny loafers with actual pennies in them. Driving around with nothing to do was the chief recreation. Yes, it was a more innocent Pat Boone America back yonder in Midland, Texas, with no homosexuals flaunting their Judy Garland records ("To be gay meant you were in a laughing mood"), no thrill seekers pursuing illicit kicks ("A Coke party meant that Coca-Cola was served"), not even any of the beery jukebox honky-tonkin' that imperiled Brandon de Wilde's blond idealism in *Hud.* Yes, it was a wonderful time to be a white person, with nearly all of the unfortunate colored people stored unobtrusively in the background. American innocence in its willful naïveté has always plastered pop stereotypes over injustice, social schisms, and prejudice, and when Kessler tries to smooth over Midland's segregated past with *American Graffiti* flashbacks he runs smack into one of his own anecdotes and doesn't seem to notice.

Laura has seemed not just tuned-out but zoned-out.

According to Kessler, racial segregation wasn't a consciously oppressive policy back in Laura's wonder years but an unexamined given, an unchallenged assumption. It was so institutionalized that everyone took it for granted. Yet because the high school she attended was named in honor of Robert E. Lee, the yearbook was called the *Rebelee,* and a Confederate flag flew from the flagpole, do the Yankees get sniffy ideas. "The truth was that Midland's racial bias was no worse than it was in other places. As anyone who lived in the 1960s knows, not only was the entire South segregated, the North imposed a more subtle prejudice that was just as devastating." Just as devastating as Bull Connor, the murders of civil-rights workers Chaney, Goodman, and Schwerner in Mississippi, the bombing of black churches? But let's not quibble. Point is, Laura and her classmates and presumably their doting parents harbored no hate nor sought to keep anyone in their lowly place, according to her portraitist. "Growing up when and where they did, Laura and her friends simply accepted that this was the way things were." The notion that everyone led their adolescence in this chirpy state of anesthesia has a hole torn in it two brief chapters later, when, on November 22, 1963, news hits the classroom of President Kennedy's assassination. Sitting in eighth-grade homeroom is Sandra Moore-Dyrenforth, one of the few black students "allowed to go to Austin Junior High," a school which, apart from a few Hispanics, was lily-white. The class fell stricken-silent after hearing that J.F.K. had been shot, recounts Moore-Dyrenforth, until a kid with Howdy Doody freckles named Arnold exclaimed, "I bet a nigger shot him!" The homeroom teacher assented, reasoning, "Who else would do such a thing?" Moore-Dyrenforth, feeling understandably exposed and vulnerable, bravely stood and said no colored person would have done this, only to be told by teach to sit down and clam up as the rest of the class kibitzed over what should be done to the Kennedy-shooting "nigger." The only student to speak up on Moore-Dyrenforth's behalf was a Mexican, Epifonio Ramiez, who was ordered to the principal's office along with her, the two of them suspended for three days for unruliness and rank ingratitude. ("I was . . . told that I should 'get on my hands and knees' and be 'thankful you are able to attend such a wonderful school,'" she told Kessler.) Ramiez later dropped out of high school and served in Vietnam, where he was killed, one of those sad postscripts that says as much about this country as a full documentary. Moore-Dyrenforth attended his funeral.

So what has this to do with Laura? It's intriguing that she's nowhere mentioned in the anecdote—we're not told if she was one of those white kids sitting in the classroom keeping mute. In fact, she couldn't have been, since she was a senior at Robert E. Lee High that year. So why include it? It's as if Kessler's unconscious sprang



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a leak and let in an intruder to scuff up his pristine fable. For the incident reveals that the racism that he otherwise implies was a sleepy holdover from the faded Confederacy was in fact rattlesnaking through students' minds, ready to snap. The fact that the first projectile out of a kid's mouth after word of Kennedy's assassination was "nigger" and that his teacher didn't try to stuff it back in shows that racism was wide awake during Laura's upbringing, something about which she has remained publicly mum. Ann Gerhart, author of *The Perfect Wife: The Life and Choices of Laura Bush* (about which Kessler is quite slighting, as he is about all the other Lauraography), noted that Mrs. Bush has never acknowledged the segregated conditions she grew up in—"not in interviews nor in all the speeches she has given as first lady of Texas and the United States to commemorate Martin Luther King Day." Instead, she and her husband croon nostalgically about Midland as a simple oasis where "people only had good values." It isn't that I think that they're consciously or even unconsciously racist when they perpetuate this memory-wipe. It's that it would never occur to them to *wonder* if they are, to question their white privileges and the social-political structure that maintains them. (President Bush gets defensively testy on the topic, once telling NBC news anchor Brian Williams, "Somebody—I heard—you know, a couple of people you know, said, 'Bush didn't respond [to Hurricane Katrina] because of race, because he's a racist,' or alleged that. That is absolutely wrong, and I reject that. Frankly, that's the kind of thing that—you can call me anything you want, but do not call me a racist.") The two of them have mastered the discipline to avoid dangerous introspection and move forward in a functioning trance state. If I may be permitted a rhyme: The things that are never spoken keep the spell from being broken.

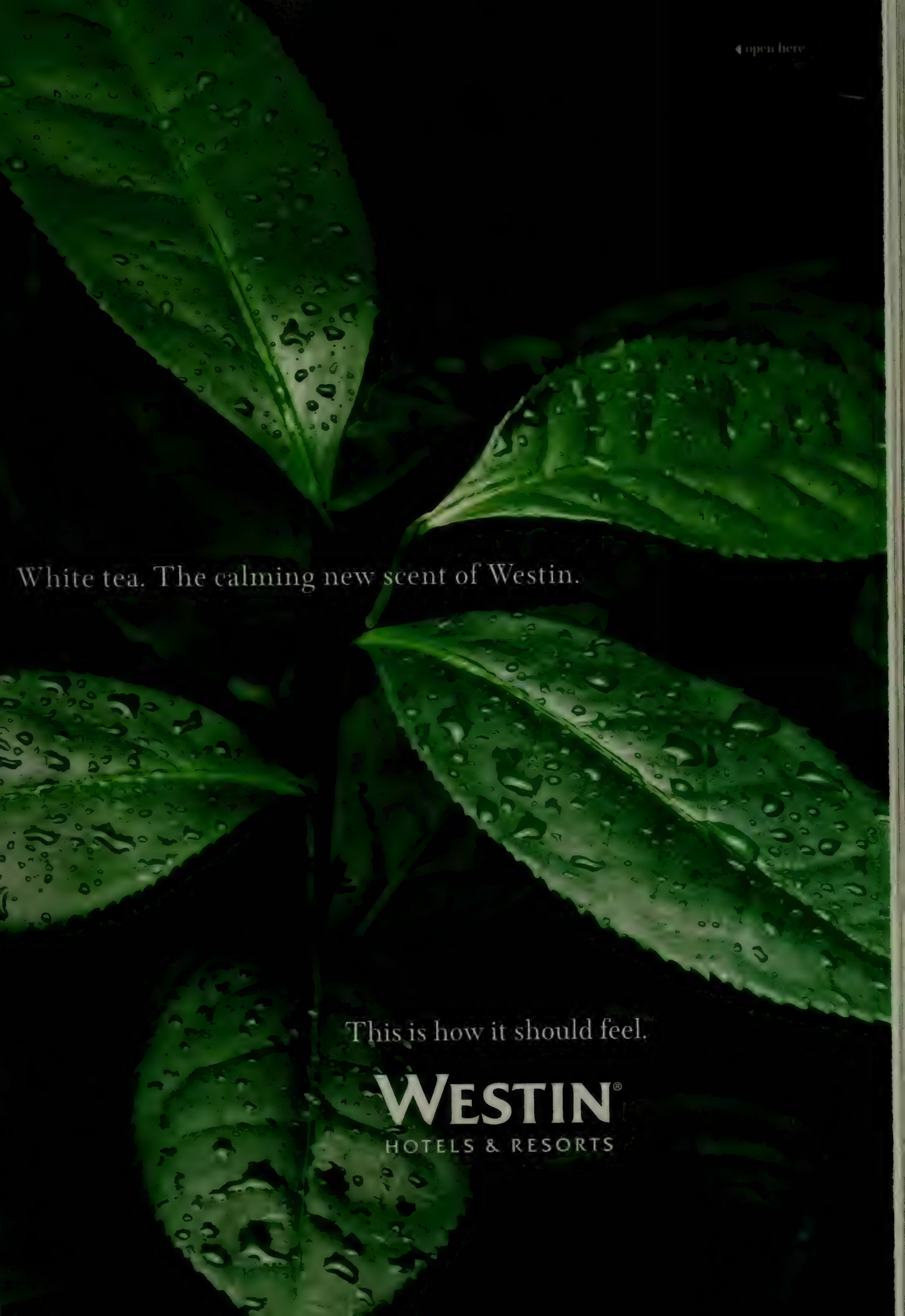
Just as Bush was never fully allowed to express his grief over the death of his younger sister, Robin, from leukemia when he was in the second grade ("My guess is that he repressed a lot of his grief," says his cousin Elsie Walker), Laura walled up her feelings after she inadvertently killed her friend and classmate behind the wheel. "Laura never talked about the accident or mentioned to friends that a tiny scar on her right knee was a reminder of it," writes Kessler. "It was just too painful. Nor was she the type to seek solace by discussing her problems and heartaches with others." What she did was submerge herself in books. Reading was for her what drinking was for him, an escape route, a safety valve. (She at least was improving her mind while he was blotting his.) George and Laura are still walking around with corpses buried inside them, perhaps tuning out what they wish to ignore because they bottled up so much of their own grief decades ago. Since becoming a force as First Lady, Laura Bush has sometimes seemed not just tuned-out but zoned-out, her lack of affect—such as her obliviousness to the degree of hostility she aroused when she visited Jerusalem, in 2005, where she was beset by angry Israeli protesters and a Palestinian worshipper who shouted at her near the Dome of the Rock, "How dare you come in here! Why your husband kill Muslim?"—construed and lauded as grace under pressure. The poise she displayed after 9/11 has calcified into stiff pantomime. Although we're told she studies yoga, she moves like a single, welded-together unit.



FIGHTING WORDS The president and First Lady listen to the Reverend Joseph Lowery criticize the Iraq war during Coretta Scott King's memorial service at New Birth Missionary Baptist Church, Lithonia, Georgia, February 7, 2006

Yet it would be a mistake to portray her as a Stepford Wife, a life-size doll sedated to the gills and programmed to smile and wave and look adoringly at hubby and talk entirely in low-calorie sound bites. Her role is much meatier than that, much more slyly played. The engineering triumph of Laura Bush's persona apparatus has been subtly, methodically politicizing her role as First Lady while managing to keep her fastened on a pedestal, beyond criticism. The press views her as hovering Above Politics even when she's splashing around in them. She interjected herself into the stem-cell debate during the 2004 presidential race (parrying criticisms from Democratic candidates John Kerry and John Edwards by accusing advocates of overselling the best-case scenarios: "We don't even know that stem-cell research will provide cures for anything—much less that it's very close"); floated the hope that the Sandra Day O'Connor seat would go to a woman ("I would really like for him to name another woman," she said, before adding a rhetorical flurry of qualifiers); supported her husband's right to eavesdrop on Americans ("I think the American people expect the United States government and the president to do what they can to make sure there's not an attack by foreign terrorists"); defended the administration's emphasis on abstinence as an AIDS preventive on her recent tour of Africa ("I really have always been a little bit irritated by criticism of abstinence because abstinence is absolutely, 100 percent effective in fighting a sexually transmittable disease"); and, most noticeably,

It would be a mistake to portray Laura as a Stepford Wife.


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flyswatted Hillary Clinton's contention that the Republican House of Representatives is run like a plantation. "I think it's ridiculous," she told reporters. "It's a ridiculous comment. That's what I think."

No surprise that it was a nasty whiff of Hillary that provoked Laura Bush into blowing her salon cool. Hillary is everything Laura has sought to avoid emulating as First Lady: where Hillary is feminist, Laura is feminine; where Hillary's carriage is assertive, hers is cushioned; where Hillary's pantsuits are businesslike, hers have a softer palette. She even deflates Dubya when he begins sounding a little Bubba. After Bush puffed on a cigar and boasted about a boffo speech he'd given that day, goes an anecdote in the Kessler book, Laura brought him down to earth by teasing, "Did you have a little bit of Clintonitis?" Clintonitis is the cootie bug neither of them wants to catch, and the fumigation process began in December 2000, after the Supreme Court handed the election to Bush. With the presidential winner declared, Hillary gave the future First Lady a tour of the White House. "Laura was no stranger to the mansion," Kessler writes.

Back when her father-in-law was president, she had slept in the Lincoln Bedroom and the Queen's Bedroom. Now she was quietly dismayed at what she saw. Not only were carpets and furnishings fraying and in disrepair in the West Wing and public areas, the Oval Office was done in loud colors—red, blue, and gold. The Lincoln Bedroom looked worn because it hadn't been decorated in so long. The East Wing was cut up into small offices and had exposed electrical conduits. Many of the furnishings looked dated.

Despite her opinion of the decor, Laura never said anything critical about Hillary.

Funny how Laura's quiet dismay managed to mouse its way into the book, which indicates she must have murmured it to somebody, perhaps to the author himself as long as he agreed not to drape attributable quotation marks around it. (A cynic might add that the Bushes will probably leave the White House looking fresh and tidy. It's the Constitution that will resemble a frayed dishrag when they get done with it.) Again and again the chord is sounded that Laura is a classy lady with no need to call undue attention to herself, unpretentiously refined (unlike Jacqueline Kennedy, with her aristocratic airs) and kindly disposed (unlike hatchet-faced Hillary). Describing how Laura's support of arts and education helped spare cultural programs from the chopping block in the 2006 budget, Kessler chalks this up to her dab touch in working quietly behind the scenes instead of barging into the forefront to hog credit. "In contrast to some first ladies like Hillary Clinton, she preferred to keep her influence quiet."

Eleanor Roosevelt didn't keep her influence quiet, either, and she may have achieved the most of any First Lady, which was why she was scorned and mocked during F.D.R.'s presidency and long after by conservative columnists ranging from Westbrook Pegler to the *National Review*'s James Burnham, who wrote, "At her macrocosmic level Mrs. Roosevelt makes all the world her personal slum; and on her flat-heeled shoes she charges her humorless way across oceans and continents as a lesser social-service lady pounds the sidewalks of Chicago's South Side or New York's Tenth Avenue." Whatever one thinks of Hillary Clinton, she took barrels of abuse as First Lady (much of it personal—I can recall many a jokey comment on *Imus in the Morning* and right-wing talk radio about Hillary's big ol' butt but nary a wisecrack about Laura's own appreciable can), ran for office, put herself on the firing line, whupped Rick Lazio, and has worked diligently as a senator; she hasn't been an incredible shrinking waste of space in Congress—unlike, say, Senate colleague Elizabeth Dole (also the spouse of a famous politician), who doesn't seem able to think under that Ann Miller pagoda of industrial hair spray.

Reading was for Laura what drinking was for George.

The premise of *Laura Bush: An Intimate Portrait of the First Lady* and similar reactionary feints at gallantry is that a woman wedded to power is far more effective by being soft and persuasive than by acting pushy and abrasive. But what has Laura Bush truly achieved? She has been politically useful to her husband and the Republican Party, no question, helping close the gender divide by making conservative policies look female-friendly, framing the overthrow of the Taliban as if it were the Burka Liberation Act. As Laura Flanders recorded in *Bushwomen: Tales of a Cynical Species*, "Although women in post-invasion Afghanistan faced a critical lack of food, unexploded ordnance and the destruction of roads and water supplies, freedom was measured by one thing: the veil. News coverage turned the floor-length covering, the burqa, into the ultimate totem of female oppression." Domestically, this costume drama was a winner, as Flanders admits. "'It will do nothing but help them with female voters,' one White House advisor told *The New York Times* that December [2001], 'it' being the attacks on the Afghans. He was right. Bush's poll numbers, already high, started creeping up, even among women." Laura has also promoted childhood literacy and the importance of reading, which no one can deprecate, even if the way she promotes it often sounds a bit *Romper Room*. Those are among her pluses.

Her minuses blacken the record. Incorporating women's rights as one of the selling points of the War on Terror has been a resounding flop, as the Bush administration's ham-fistedness has resulted in a rise of Islamic rule. Women had more rights under Iraq's Ba'thist regime than they're likely to sustain in a Shia-dominated state, and the shock victory of Hamas in the Palestinian elections has led to grim humor among the Palestinians about dusting off the burkas. In Africa, the Bush administration's stress on abstinence and its funneling of funds to Christian fundamentalist organizations has deepened the humanitarian disaster and perhaps sentenced millions to death. "The virus threatens the very existence of women in some countries," despairs Stephen Lewis, the United Nations envoy for AIDS in Africa, quoted by Michael Valpy in the Buddhist magazine the *Shambhala Sun*. Women are being wiped out, Lewis says, because they're being infected by their husbands and can't refuse sex or insist on condoms, their status being so subordinate. "It's just the man's predatory entitlement which is so widely accepted, and that gender inequality is really the most ferocious assault on one sex I've ever seen, and I don't think there's any historical precedent." Lewis accused the Bush administration of pandering to the Christian right by tying AIDS assistance in Uganda to policies that stress abstinence and soft-pedal condoms; the result, the *Shambhala Sun* notes, is that previously declining infection rates are edging up again. As long as Laura Bush is America's spokesmodel for abstinence, she can pose with all the African villagers she wants, but the shadow she casts belongs to the Angel of Death.

At home, women's reproductive and economic freedoms are in danger of being rolled back by the doctrinaire men and women her husband nominates for the judiciary. The "O'Connor seat" on the Supreme Court that Laura



I NEVER PROMISED YOU A ROSE GARDEN
First Lady Hillary Rodham Clinton welcomes her successor, Laura Bush, to the White House, December 18, 2000

Hillary is everything Laura has sought to avoid.

Bush wished to be filled by a woman is now occupied by a man, Samuel Alito, whose bearing couldn't be more patriarchal and whose hostility to *Roe* v. *Wade* is unhidden. Despite her background as a librarian, Laura declined to demonstrate solidarity with librarians' groups over the F.B.I.'s desire to nose through library records for evidence of terrorist activity. (Ronald Kessler blames the A.C.L.U. for whipping up librarians with scare talk about the Patriot Act.) And then there is the imposing topic about which she has never made a significant peep, the environment. From Kessler we learn that Laura is responsible for the ranch in Crawford being "ecologically friendly, with geothermal heating and cooling." Rainwater and waste are recycled; Wordsworthian wildflowers abound: "The Bushes agreed to preserve several hundred acres of hardwood forest that is home to the rare golden-cheeked warbler." That's swell. As a birder, I'm happy the golden-cheeked warbler will have a safe place to [illegible]. But Laura Bush is married to the [illegible] residency has busted its zipper [illegible] orations nearly everything they [illegible] for by loosening environmental regulation, undermining the Endangered Species Act, opening forests and national refuges to drilling and logging, strip-mining the beautiful North Cumberland Mountains of Tennessee, and militantly ignoring global warming and the catastrophic specter of drastic climate change—an administration whose greatest source of sexual frustration is being thwarted from drilling for oil in Alaska's Arctic National Wildlife Refuge. Laura Bush could have done so much as a voice for conservation, using the Crawford ranch as a showplace for what could be done across the country to preserve what we have before the Rapture. But, no, that would be too earth-huggy, too Al Gore, for the macho-femme Bushes. They practice environmentalism at home, in private, as the world burns.

The sad waste of it is that Laura Bush is no vacant accessory, no pork-rind philistine pretending to be interested only in NASCAR and Jack Bauer booting evildoer ass around the back lot on *24,* but a woman of intelligence and acuity who has allowed herself to become a repository of political talking points and be wheeled around like a painted urn. There was a time when liberals treasured the belief that Laura was a moderating force on her husband, a candle of sweetness and light to offset the doom patrol of Darth Cheney and the fraternal order of neocons. That faint hope is gone, like so many faint hopes over the last five years, as she too seems to have sworn allegiance to the Empire, taken the oath of lockstep obedience. I wonder if the turning point was in January 2003, when she was set to host a symposium on poets and poetry at the White House. It was to be a celebration of American genius, with panels discussing the works of Emily Dickinson, Langston Hughes, and Walt Whitman. Some of the living-breathing poets on the invitation list had grittier ideas. One of the invited guests—Sam Hamill—barraged his fellow poets with e-mails urging them to contribute poems opposed to the impending invasion of Iraq. With the symposium threatening to degenerate into a partisan food fight and peace rally—a public-relations migraine—the First Lady decided to fold her tents and cancel the event. Understandable, but regrettable for all parties concerned. Whatever one thinks of the anti-war poets' case (opposed as I was to the invasion of Iraq, I feel that those who figuratively flung their invitations back in the First Lady's face did her a discourtesy and their cause no favor), Laura Bush had sincerely reached out to the literary community, only to be spurned. A bridge between the administration and the arts had been blown to toothpicks. I believe Kessler is being truthful as opposed to truthy when he says that the First Lady was "hurt" by the flak and backlash the event received. A rebuff particularly bruising because her devotion to literature is long-standing and authentic. She isn't devoted to middlebrow fluff, escapist kitsch, or dilettantish pretension; her literary taste is impeccable, ranging from Katherine Anne Porter to E. B. White, to Texas novelists Laura Furman and Steve Harrigan, to Truman Capote (curiously enough for *Music for Chameleons,* not *Breakfast at Tiffany's* or *In Cold Blood*), to W. G. Sebald's *Austerlitz.*

Which makes it unfortunate and a bit of a cheat that in *Laura's List* we get only a skimpy page of her literary recommendations for adults, a mere nine authors (Dostoyevsky but not Tolstoy, Cormac McCarthy but not Faulkner, Willa Cather but not Flannery O'Connor or Carson McCullers), the bulk of the list's contents devoted to children's literature, with readers' guides appended to help parents and storytime hosts winkle out their lessons. *The Very Hungry Caterpillar,* a tale that President Bush has cited as a personal favorite, teaches, among other things, the value of a proper diet: "As the days go by, eating makes the caterpillar grow. This is true for children, too." It's enough to drive one out of one's pea-picking mind. Another children's classic that will always be associated with the Bush presidency is *The Pet Goat,* the story that was being read aloud in a Florida classroom on September 11 as President Bush continued to sit and listen, even after being told by Andy Card that the country was under attack. *The Pet Goat* isn't included in *Laura's List.* I guess there are limits. □



Jess Jackson — Adobe House, Alexander Valley

KENDALL-JACKSON

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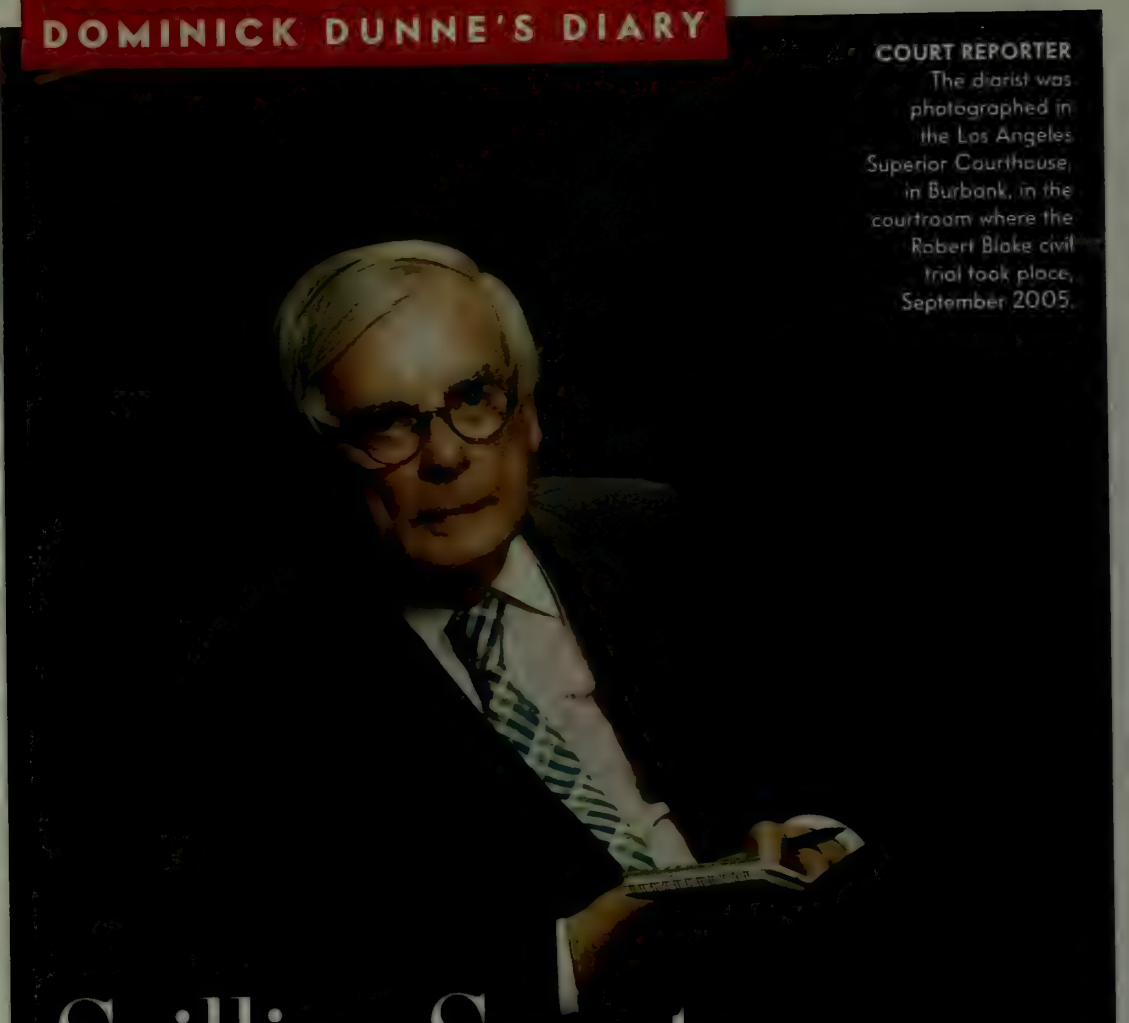
Low-yield farming on high elevation terrain takes a tremendous commitment in terms of time and cost. But anything else would require compromise. And my stubbornness will never allow it.

I understand that many of you enjoy the taste of our wines, but you're not sure why. Hopefully, I can help with the facts. So you can enjoy **A Taste of the Truth.**

Jess S Jackson

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COURT REPORTER
The diarist was photographed in the Los Angeles Superior Courthouse, in Burbank, in the courtroom where the Robert Blake civil trial took place, September 2005.

Spilling Secrets

Learning of Paris Hilton's latest woes—a $10 million slander suit, harassment charges, and a stash of private videotapes reportedly sold at auction—the author had some advice when he saw the heiress's mother. Plus, he's revisiting a 1965 mystery: the overdose death of controversial gossip queen Dorothy Kilgallen

It amazes me how many people remember the mysterious death in 1965 of Dorothy Kilgallen, the controversial gossip columnist and television personality, which was reported in headlines nationwide as an accidental overdose of sleeping pills and liquor. On January 25, when I was a guest on *Larry King Live,* a woman called in from Tulsa, Oklahoma, to ask if I had known Kilgallen and if I had any opinions about her death. I hadn't given a thought to the columnist for decades, but a rush of information came out of my mouth, as if I had taken something long forgotten out of a storage vault.

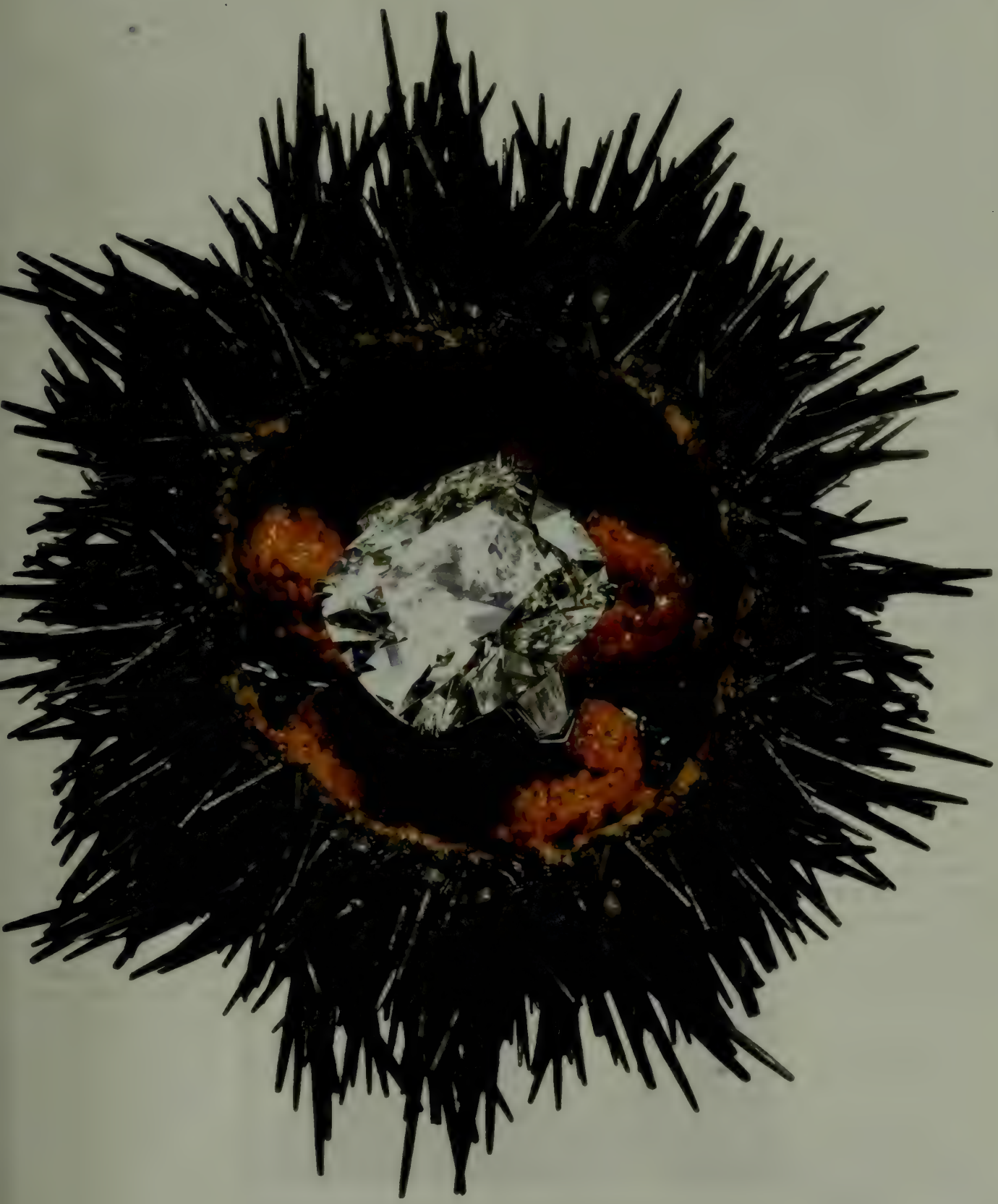
When I first lived in New York, in the 1950s, Kilgallen was a huge celebrity. Her Sunday-night television show, *What's My Line?,* was watched by millions, and her daily column, "The Voice of Broadway," in the *New York Journal-American,* was so popular that she gave the great Walter Winchell a run for his money. She also happened to be a first-rate crime reporter, as her father, Jim Kilgallen, had been before her in the Hearst papers. She broke stories. She covered trials, including the famous courtroom drama of Dr. Sam Sheppard, whose conviction for murdering his wife was later overturned.

Kilgallen was not a pretty woman. She had an unfortunate chin, which robbed her face of beauty, but on opening nights and at El Morocco and the Stork Club she projected an aura of glamour with her magnificent evening dresses and jewels. She had wit, power, and a mean streak. Everybody read her, and a lot of people were afraid of her. Frank Sinatra hated her. Both Johnny Carson and Jack Paar disliked her and took potshots at her. She was married for years to Richard Kollmar, the father of her three children, and they had an early-morning radio show called *Breakfast with Dorothy and Dick.* She went to Mass on Sundays. She was a heavy drinker, and she took Seconal to sleep. She had lovers, and at one point she fell madly, passionately in love with the effete singer Johnnie Ray, whose greatest hits were "Cry" and "The Little White Cloud That Cried." Ray's romantic inclinations, however, went in another direction.

With her fame and her contacts, Kilgallen was able to get what was perhaps the only interview Jack Ruby ever gave before he died in prison. Ruby was the mystery man who shot and killed Lee Harvey Oswald, the assassin of President Kennedy, in the Dallas Police Station two days after Kennedy died, in one of the most watched and most shocking historical moments ever recorded on television. Ruby owned a nightclub in Houston called the Carousel, and he had friends both on the police force and in the Mafia. How he was allowed to be in the station at the moment Oswald, shackled and surrounded by police, was being moved through it remains a baffling question. Kilgallen, a conspiracy theorist, never believed that Ruby killed Oswald out of some deep affection for President Kennedy, as the Warren Report suggested. She died within months of interviewing him.

What I recalled for the woman from Tulsa was a persistent rumor at the time that the sleeping pills in Kilgallen's stomach had not dissolved, which meant that they were undigested. Liz Smith, another famous gossip columnist, told me recently that the late Arlene Francis, who was also on the panel of *What's My Line?,* had been with Kilgallen the evening she died, and she always maintained that Dorothy was not drunk that night. I forgot to tell the woman who called in that no notes or tapes from the Ruby interview have ever been found. Kilgallen told people that she was going to break the case, so Ruby must have told her something that someone important didn't want her to print. At least that's my interpretation. She once wrote in her column that if Lee Harvey Oswald's widow ever told the

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whole story of her life with Oswald it would "split open the front pages of newspapers all over the world," according to Lee Israel in her biography of Kilgallen. There was talk that the C.I.A. had silenced her, but it was never proved. Seconal and vodka were given as the official cause of death. She was found in bed in her town house, on East 68th Street, but it was not the bed she normally slept in. She was in full makeup, including false eyelashes. She had been reading a novel by Robert Ruark, which was by her side. Although Kilgallen could not read without eyeglasses, the police report made no mention of any on or around the bed.

In later years, when I worked in live television, I became a friend of Dorothy's younger sister, Eleanor Kilgallen, who was the New York casting director for Universal Studios in Hollywood. A couple of times, after a couple of drinks, I asked Eleanor about Dorothy's death and the Ruby notes. She would never talk about it, and she made me feel like a skunk for asking, but I was dying to know the truth. Since that call from Oklahoma, I've been thinking once again about Kilgallen's death, and so are a lot of people I've been hearing from.

Michael Skakel is back in the news. Often described in the press as "Kennedy cousin Michael Skakel," he is in the fourth year of his 20-year sentence for the bludgeoning death of Martha Moxley in 1975, when both the killer and the victim were 15 years old. His lawyers appealed to overthrow the guilty verdict of his 2002 trial, but the Supreme Court of the State of Connecticut unanimously upheld his murder conviction. Chief State's Attorney Christopher Morano and Jonathan Benedict, who prosecuted Skakel in the trial, heaped praise on prosecutor Susann Gill, who argued against the appeal.

Now 45, Skakel released a handwritten statement from the MacDougall-Walker Correctional Institute, in Suffield, Connecticut, saying, "I AM Innocent!!! The only thing the State of Connecticut has accomplished . . . is putting an innocent father behind bars! . . . Unfortunately . . . I have only learned just how seriously FLAWED this Criminal Justice System is." Skakel's seven-year-old son, George, lives in upstate New York with his mother, Skakel's divorced wife, who has resumed using her maiden name.

Skakel's only remaining hope of appeal is to the United States Supreme Court. In the meantime, his lawyers have petitioned for a new trial. That is possible if new evidence or information is uncovered that was not available at the time of the first trial. In 2003, a year after the verdict, a cousin of basketball star Kobe Bryant's, Gitano "Tony" Bryant, who had attended Brunswick, the same private school Michael Skakel attended, announced that he and two African-American high-school students from New York had been in the community of Belle Haven, where the Moxleys and the Skakels lived, on the night of the murder. Bryant claims that one of those students killed Martha Moxley. It seems far-fetched to me that the sudden appearance of a trio of young African-American kids in the exclusive gated and patrolled area of Greenwich, Connecticut, had never been mentioned before. Detective Frank Garr, who has been on the case for years, told me that the defense will not reveal the names of the two men who were allegedly with Tony Bryant that night, so it has not been possible to get statements from them. Should a new trial be permitted, Garr said, it would be two or three years before it took place.

Christopher Morano told me, "We are cognizant of the fact that [Skakel] is represented by very innovative, creative, and experienced attorneys and, no doubt, we will have to deal with litigation in the future. No matter where it is filed, we will be there to protect this verdict and to ensure it is not disturbed."

Two years ago, I wrote in these pages about James Sansum, a young antiques dealer on the Upper East Side of New York who had been charged with grand larceny and criminal possession of property in the amount of half a million dollars stolen from his former employer and close friend Helen Costantino Fioratti, whose gallery, L'Antiquaire & the Connoisseur, had as clients some of the richest people in the world, including the royal family of Kuwait. It turns out that it was a disastrous error for Fioratti to file the charges.

Sansum had met Fioratti through her daughter, Arianna, with whom Sansum had had a romance and then a fond friendship when they were undergraduates at Harvard. He worked for Helen Fioratti for 12 years, and they grew so close that Fioratti and her late husband gave Sansum a 6 percent share of the business and a free apartment over the gallery.

The relationship soured, however, when Sansum met and fell in love with Markham Roberts, a successful young New York interior decorator, with whom he wished to live and start his own antiques shop. Several columnists have suggested that Fioratti turned on Sansum when he told her he was gay, an accusation she has adamantly denied. Sansum asked Fioratti to buy his share of the gallery so that he could open his own business, and she declined. He then brought suit against her for gross financial misconduct, and with that their feelings for each other went from love to hate. Without telling the district attorney about the pending lawsuit, Fioratti accused Sansum of stealing art and antiques. Policemen arrived at Markham Roberts's apartment early one morning with drawn guns, and Sansum was subsequently indicted. If he had been convicted, he would have faced four years in jail.

In the meantime, Fioratti, who is referred to on "Page Six" of the *New York Post* as "the doyenne of Italian antiques," once dealt with Dennis Kozlowski, the disgraced C.E.O. of Tyco, who with his partner, Mark Swartz, was sentenced to up to 25 years in prison for the theft of $600 million from their company. Fioratti had sold Kozlowski antiques for his Fifth Avenue apartment, and

There was talk that the C.I.A. had silenced Dorothy Kilgallen.



FINAL SCOOP
Dorothy Kilgallen in 1964, at the trial of Jack Ruby, who perhaps gave her his only interview before he died. Beside her, with glasses, is Ruby's famous lawyer, Melvin Belli.



BATU KALI COLLECTION

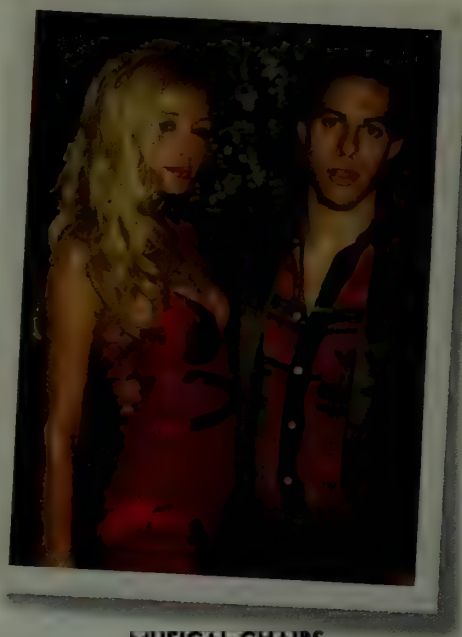
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several of them turned out to be fake, in particular an 18th-century Italian desk for which she had charged the tycoon $142,000. It later showed up in a low-priced arcade sale at Sotheby's, described as a 19th-century copy with a market value of between $4,000 and $6,000. It was later withdrawn from the sale.

Many of Fioratti's accusations against Sansum, he maintains, proved to be untrue. Alexa Hampton, a top New York decorator and a friend of Sansum's, took Polaroids of nine of the allegedly stolen objects still for sale in Fioratti's gallery after Sansum's indictment. One picture Fioratti said Sansum had stolen had actually been stolen years earlier by a furniture-moving man. Fioratti had filed an insurance claim and had been reimbursed. In November, Fioratti was arrested and charged with tax evasion and filing false financial papers. A news release from the office of District Attorney Robert Morgenthau stated, "On numerous occasions, Fioratti and the corporation sent worthless items, like catalogues, to out of state addresses to create records making it appear that the art itself was shipped out of state, all the while allowing the customers to have the actual works sent to their residences within New York. In this manner, Fioratti and her corporation deprived the City and State of sales tax on hundreds of thousands of dollars of art work." Fioratti agreed to pay $650,000 in taxes owed, interest, and penalties.



MUSICAL CHAIRS
Paris Hilton in 2005 with her then fiancé, Paris Latsis, who had dated another heiress, Zeta Graff, who is now suing Hilton.

Sansum was found guilty of underreporting his income for two years. He has subsequently paid his entire debt of $58,000. His felonies were reduced to misdemeanors, and his lawyer, Arthur Aidala, was quoted in the New York *Daily News* as saying that Fioratti's claims against his client had been "wildly exaggerated." In fact, none of Fioratti's charges of Sansum's corporate theft of more than half a million dollars was pursued by the district attorney's office. Sansum pleaded guilty to petty larceny for having in his possession a painting by Arianna Fioratti, worth less than $1,000, which the police had confiscated during a raid on his storage space. Sansum told me that Arianna had given the picture to him, along with approximately 20 others, when they were still friends. He said it had been hanging in his closet for 10 years.

One of the nicest Christmas cards I received this year was a photograph of a father, a mother, and four children sitting in a library elegantly decorated with wood paneling and chintz-covered furniture, looking like the typical rich, handsome American family. It was Rick and Kathy Hilton with their two sons, Barron and Conrad, and their two daughters, Nicky and her very recognizable older sister, Paris. In the picture, Paris is not hogging the camera but is just a member of the family.

Away from hearth and home, however, Paris has turned herself into one of the most talked-about people in the world. Photographs of her appear in newspapers almost daily. Being famous is her career. Since Brenda Frazier made her debut in 1938, I can't think of a single heiress who has promoted herself with such intensity. Even on the infamous sex tape of her with a former boyfriend named Rick Solomon, which turned up on the Internet, her eyes always seem to be on the camera, even during the most passionate moments. It was that tape, seen by millions of viewers, that turned her into an international celebrity. Since Paris appeared on the cover of this magazine last October, she has gotten herself into a lot of trouble. She was then engaged to a Greek shipping heir named Paris Latsis. Before they met, Latsis had dated Zeta Graff, the former wife of an heir to the Graff diamond fortune, who seems to love publicity as much as Paris Hilton does, although she is a decade older and has aspirations to be an actress. Last summer in Europe, as they made the rounds of nightclubs in London and the South of France, the two women grew to despise each other. Paris would scream "old lady" whenever she saw Zeta, and she claimed that Graff had told the mother of her fiancé that Paris had worked as a prostitute on billionaire Paul Allen's yacht during the 2005 Cannes Film Festival. Then, according to Hilton's former publicist Rob Shuter, Paris called him with a story she had concocted and told him to plant it on "Page Six," the country's most widely read gossip column. She said that Zeta Graff had attacked her at a London nightclub named Kabaret and had tried to steal a $4 million diamond necklace she was wearing. In a perfect twist of fate, the diamond necklace was on loan from Graff jewelers for promotional purposes. Zeta Graff promptly filed a $10 million slander suit against Hilton.

Paris would scream "old lady" whenever she saw Zeta Graff.

Paris's engagement to Paris Latsis came to an end, and she is now seeing another Greek shipping heir, Stavros Niarchos, the grandson of the late Stavros Niarchos, whose name was constantly in the papers during his time on the international scene for his wealth, his business acumen, his yacht, his beautiful mistresses, and the mysterious death of one of his wives, Eugenie Livanos, a Greek shipping heiress. The trouble with being famous for being famous is that it has a tendency to backfire. Paris Hilton seems to be in all sorts of difficulties. There is a second, less publicized case, for harassment, filed against her by a Los Angeles promoter named Brian Quintana, who claims to have introduced her to Niarchos. He says Paris bad-mouthed him, referred to him as a "lazy Mexican," and placed threatening phone calls that made him fear for his life. He filed for a restraining order in Los Angeles Superior Court. That's not all. When Paris changed houses several years ago, she put a lot of her personal things in storage and forgot to pay the storage bill. The storage company sent her notices, which she ignored. Then the company put the things up for auction. An unknown person bought her property for less than $3,000. The buyer expects that he can make $20 million by auctioning the contents separately. There are 18 diaries, in which Paris allegedly talks about sexual adventures, along with photos and videotapes. Oh, dear.

Recently I ran into Kathy Hilton at Swifty's, where we were both having lunch. I asked her about Paris's slander suit, reminding her that I have been involved in a slander suit myself, and I suggested that she tell Paris to settle with Graff and get it over with, or it could drag on and on. She said that Graff didn't want to settle. She wanted to go to trial. Naturally, I thought, the diamond heiress would choose to go to trial with Paris Hilton. Just think of all the publicity it would bring. She might even end up with a part in a movie. □


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MICHAEL WOLFF

iPod, Therefore I Am

After 30 years as an outsider, Apple founder Steve Jobs is the white-hot center of mass-market media. His obsession with design is now America's: the machine has become the message. With the $7 billion Pixar deal, Disney—kingdom of content—is Jobs's new playground. How did he turn the tables?

The rise of Steve Jobs in American business life has always been a story about exceptionalism. He's been the alternative. The other. The anti-Gates (with Gates representing the triumph and profitability of hegemony, constancy, mediocrity). Jobs is the artiste as businessman—famously odd, difficult, flaky, rude. His businesses, even his successful businesses, have been, in a sense, unbusinesses. The formative point about Apple, which turns 30 this month, is that most people didn't want one. From an adult-company perspective—that is, a Windows perspective—Apple has been a child's company, a Peter Pan company.

But now it turns out that Jobs is not marginal, or eccentric, or even fanciful at all. His is the at-one-with-the-American-consumer golden gut. He's the ultimate media guy. Everybody wants to know what Steve knows. Everybody wants to know what Steve wants. Whereas his evil twin, Bill Gates, his epic rival, his Moriarty, finds himself smacked upside the head by every Internet entrepreneur and, often, as flummoxed by the direction of modern life and technology as everybody else.

This goes further. For most players in the media business, it's all about blindly groping through a bollixed up, destabilized, haphazard, random world. Nobody can see what's going on. If you survive, you survive by luck and chance (and always with diminished prospects and a lagging share price). Steve, however, proceeds with the greatest assurance and aplomb and ever increasing value. He has special radar. He's the official One-Eyed Man.

But further still. With some perspective—and 30 years will do—it turns out that in critical ways the media business is such a tectonic plate-shifting, existentially precarious place *because* of Steve Jobs. What Jobs has been doing these last 30 years, while everyone thought that all he was up to was his specialized, la-di-da stuff, was literally re-inventing, revolutionizing even—thinking truly differently about—every aspect of the media business.

The bite-size and broken-grid elements of nearly every printed page owe themselves to the Macintosh. The plasticity of pictures, of video, and the ease and economy with which the visual world can be manipulated, in which everybody becomes his own director, in which the barrier-to-entry costs fall every day—the full effect of which has yet to be felt by the media industry—is a Mac by-product. The transformation (or death, depending on your point of view) of the music business is Steve and the iPod—and, shortly, the iPod will do for video what it's done for music. And this is not to even mention the personal computer itself, whose very look and feel and identity and fundamental metaphor come from Jobs (albeit channeled from Xerox PARC). Everywhere, Jobs has been helping media consumers take media away from the media business itself. And now, with uncertain, ostensibly modest purpose ("We're really buying into Bob's vision," he said about Disney C.E.O. Bob Iger), he's entered Disney as its largest shareholder and most eminent figure.



While the full weight of Jobs's subversion of the media business may not have been appreciated as it was happening, it has hardly been a stealth campaign. Without quite being able to test this claim, I'd wager that there have been more books written about Jobs than about any other living American save, perhaps, for Gates himself, Bill Clinton, and, possibly, Michael Jackson. (This is one result of his longevity—Jobs is, like Michael Jackson, a child star whose career has been in the uppermost ranks of publicity for nearly its entire run.) Even Jobs's sister (in one of the stranger quirks of his quirky story, Jobs, who was adopted at birth, discovered in adulthood that his biological sister is the novelist Mona Simpson) has written a *roman à clef* about him. ("He was a man too busy to flush toilets.... He was oblivious to the issuance from his body that might offend. He didn't believe in deodorant

ILLUSTRATION BY PHILIP BURKE

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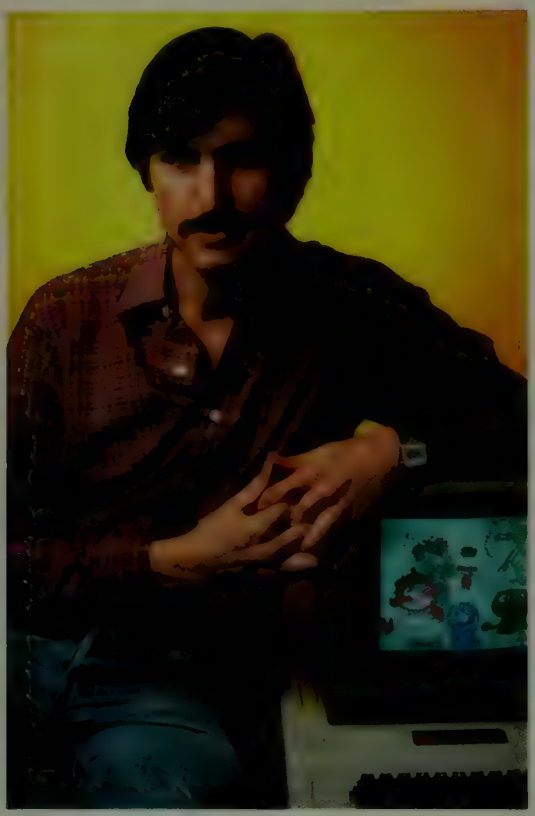
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and often professed that with a proper diet and the peppermint castile soap, you would neither perspire nor smell.")

But in some substantial sense all of these books are, in their way, about the tragedy of Steve Jobs, about a romantic but doomed hero, about Jobs as a Camelot figure whose shining moment is always

through which he has been able to seduce and, subsequently, abandon so many of the people he's worked with. He may be as troubled and unsocialized (and, too, as charismatic) a figure in American business life as anyone since Howard Hughes.

So you can't quite blame his bi-





APPLE'S SEERS
Early Jobs (r.) with an Apple II computer (right, the Apple II; Personal Computer, released in 1984).

who's created a mass market for upscale, metrosexual-ish media. Indeed, his apparent extremism may be nothing more than a slightly neurotic, anal-retentive overattention to design. To be cool—and this is cool as a huge consumer movement—is to follow Steve. ("I'm a bike guy, and I like to plug in music on my iPod when I'm riding along to hopefully help me forget how old I am," said the president recently.)

His obsession with look and feel, this fetishization, is what distinguishes every Jobs product. Design as psychological health and personal creed. The elemental battle of his career has been between good taste and vulgarity, between lightness and literalness, between character and standardization. The Mac, the Next, the PowerBook, the Nano, even Pixar's characters are all about a kind of sheen.

While his David-and-Goliath, Apple-versus-Windows battle makes a class distinction between the hoi polloi and people who have *sensibility*—people who can recognize, afford, get

Jobs's arrival at Disney is a potentially radical transformation of his own myth: he's now the baseline, and everybody else a deviation.

eclipsed by harsh and banal reality. Failure, or, at best, overreaching, has largely been his art. Jobs's arrival at Disney is, therefore, a potentially radical transformation of his own myth: he's now the baseline, and everybody else in the media business a deviation.

Except, there's still the oddness. All the accounts about Steve and Apple and his legacy, every explanation about his relationship to the technology industry and to popular culture, are substantially about how extreme and loopy he is. Over the years there have been reports of his disorder-ish eating quirks, obsessive perfectionism, bouts of depression. There's the mercurial-ness, the tantrums; the hours-long, dictator-like speeches; the famous, desperate, and [illegible] logging of credit; and always the charismatic-leader complex (known [illegible] as the Jobs reality-distortion field"),

ographers for not really seeing him as ready for prime time.

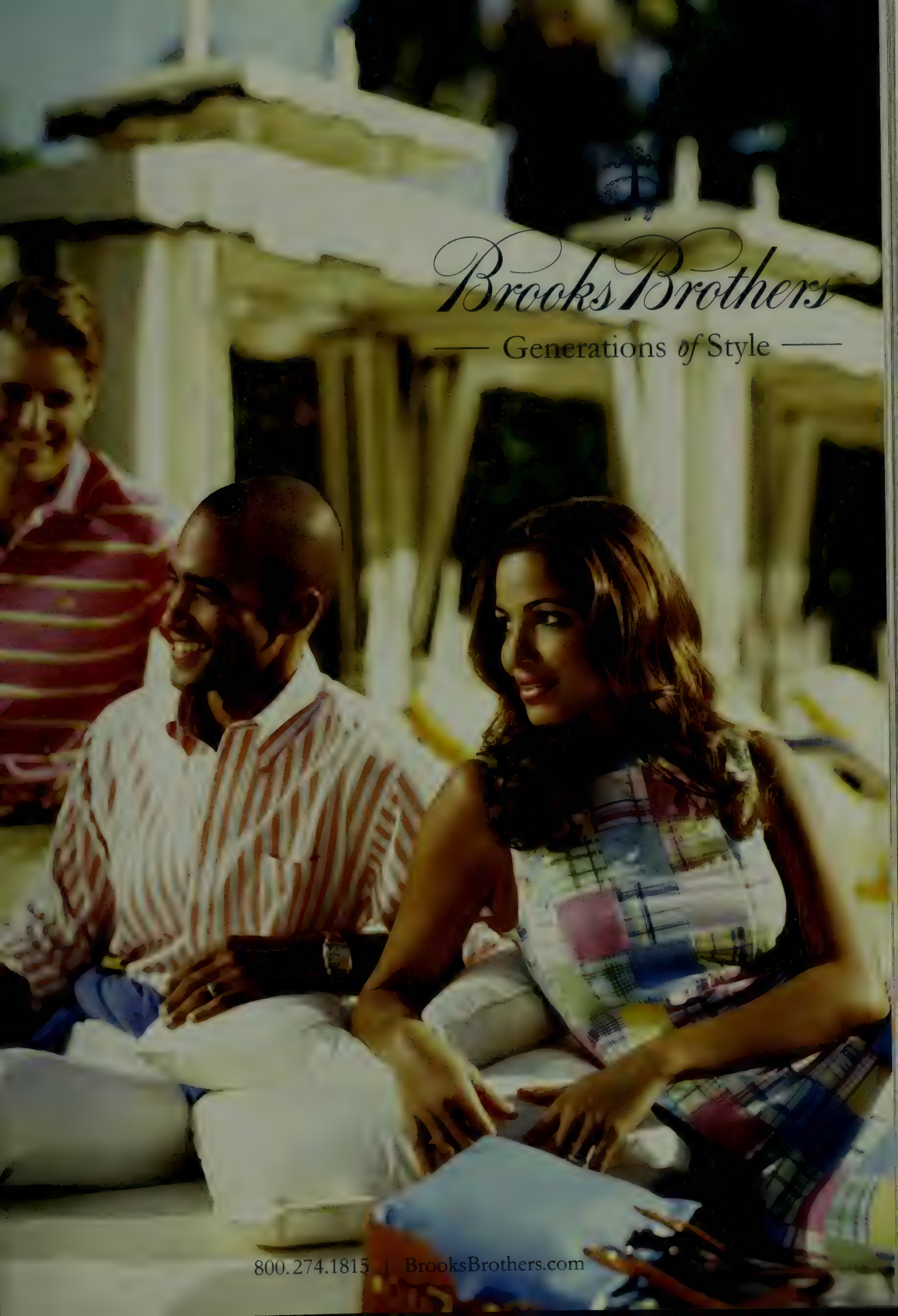
The misapprehension here has also been about mass and class. In this judgment, mass-market culture—dumbed-down, functional, bland, tasteless, banal—wins out over aspirational culture, with its emphasis on the individual, on the details, on the experience, on the indulged and pampered self (Bush versus Clinton). Big media is, at its biggest, a down-market affair. Even the people who worshipped Jobs have always seen that he was hopelessly out of sync—they worshipped him *because* he was out of sync—with white-bread America.

But the truth, it seems to be turning out, is that Steve Jobs is not a cultural disconnect; rather, he's the blue-state Everyman—the ultimate yuppie, even the one true successful Bush-culture antidote—

hot about cleaner lines and more intuitive functionality—it makes such higher standing, such more obvious sexiness, a club anybody can buy into.

One counter-intuitive aspect of Jobs's media sensibility is that it's had little to do with content, that great sentimental area of media concern, and everything to do with hardware—the thing that nobody in the American media business has wanted to have anything to do with for two generations. Steve is really an appliance-maker.

And a stubborn one. For most of his career, the rap has been that Jobs missed out on greatness and ubiquity because he insisted, unlike the folks at Microsoft, on tying his software to his machines. Perversely, it didn't seem to matter to him, or even so much to register with him, that, as Windows


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aimed 97 percent of the P.C. operating-stem market, software-is-everything/ ontent-is-king became the market-making uth. His stubbornness here, his blindness, emed like a business tragedy. Only for a t of flexibility on Steve's part, this could ave been a Mac rather than a Windows orld (ushering in an epoch of peace and appiness).

Except that one day in the near recent ast everybody woke up and found out that hile all the geniuses were blathering on bout content this and content that, the media world. It's the technology, stupid. It's the experience, stupid. It's the *box* that gets us off and makes us what we are. We're not watching media, we're inhabiting it. We're acting it out. (Try having this discussion at your local media conglomerate.)

There is another aspect to Jobs that regresses even further than the 60s. He's not just McLuhan in the media business, he's Edison—the autodidact garage inventor. And, too, he's Henry Ford. Part of the great frustration so many people have had with Jobs is that, in this virtual, transubstantiating age, he has always wanted to act like an industrialist. One of his real loves is manufacturing. Building factories. Making things—which certainly distinguishes him, because there is nobody now working in the American media business who has ever actually made anything.

To Jobs, with his 99-cent-song and $1.99-video downloads, content is the commodity. The machine is the precious, unique, coveted, valuable, holy vessel. The machine is the idea.

How will this wash at Disney?

Or, perhaps, the first question is: What exactly is his interest in Disney—that hoary monster?

It may be relevant that somewhere in the recent past, after taking his animation company, Pixar, public, after being brought back to Apple in 1997 (the company had expelled him in favor of more adult management 12 years before), after shepherding the iMac and then developing his killer app, the iPod, and after being one of the primary agents in the toppling of Michael Eisner, Disney's former C.E.O.,

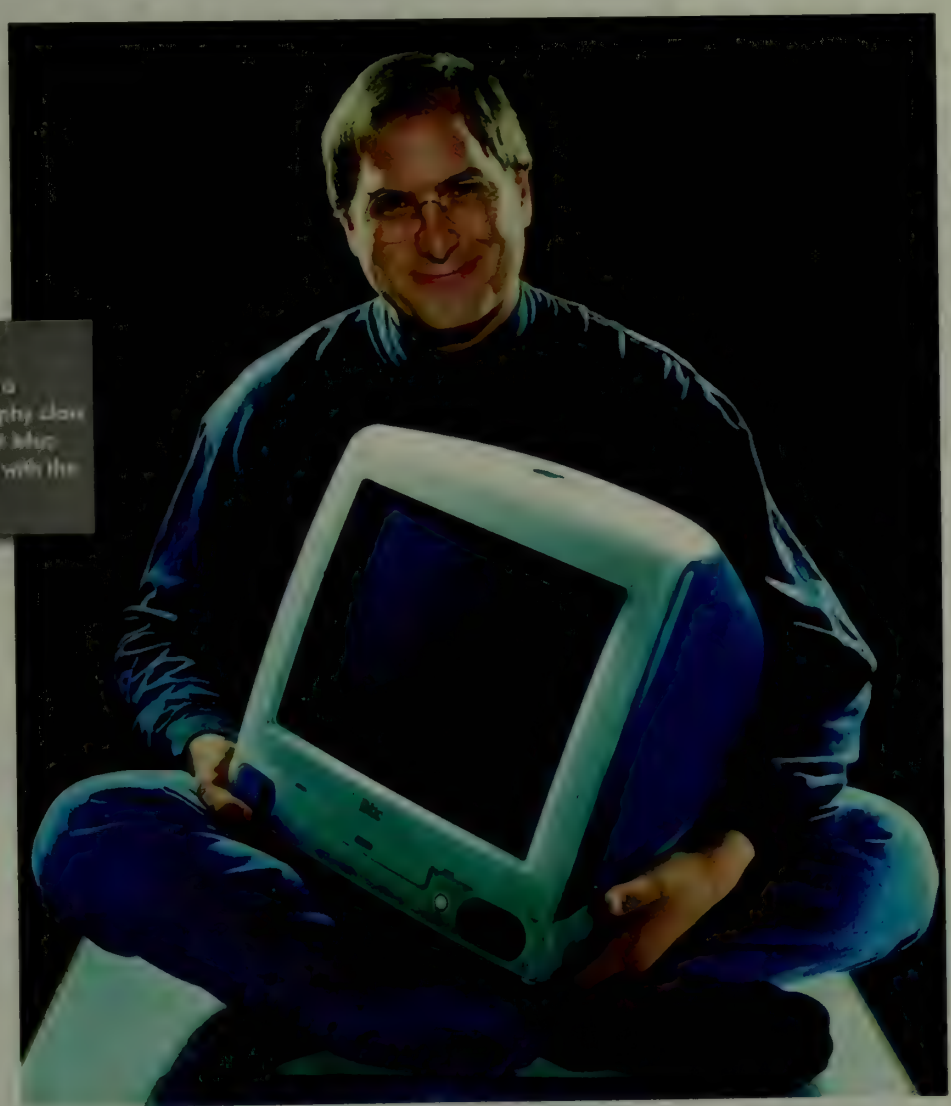
Jobs may be as troubled and unsocialized (and, too, as charismatic) a figure in American business as anyone since Howard Hughes.

nedia culture had, in fact, come to be ominated by machines. It's Steve's gadget-entric world which we just live in.

iPods, Razr phones, BlackBerrys, plas-na screens, Xboxes, TiVos, laptops. Ma-hines are the objects of desire. Machines re the habituating, behavior-changing hings. Machines themselves are fascinat-ng, life-enhancing, cool, sexy.

The medium is the message.

This last point is, perhaps, a fundamen-al aspect of the golden Jobs gut: Jobs re-nains, in an artless and peculiarly arrested-levelopment way, stuck in the 60s, the nost golden (and virtuous) of all media nd marketing moments. (He once dated olksinger Joan Baez and would have mar-ied her—according to Alan Deutschman's 2000 book, *The Second Coming of Steve Jobs*—except that, in Jobs's perfectionist view, she was oo old.) He carries this powerful boomer gene. Arguably, it's not just Jobs that remains so stuck in time, but the whole Bay Area culture that's stuck with him: quaint and solipsistic, stubborn and irritating. Indeed, Jobs, with his Zen utterances, mock turtlenecks, and righteous veganism, became such a success in Silicon Valley perhaps because he was such a marvelous Silicon Valley cliché (as much a cliché in his world as, say, the whoring, screaming, cocaine-snorting producer has been in Hollywood).

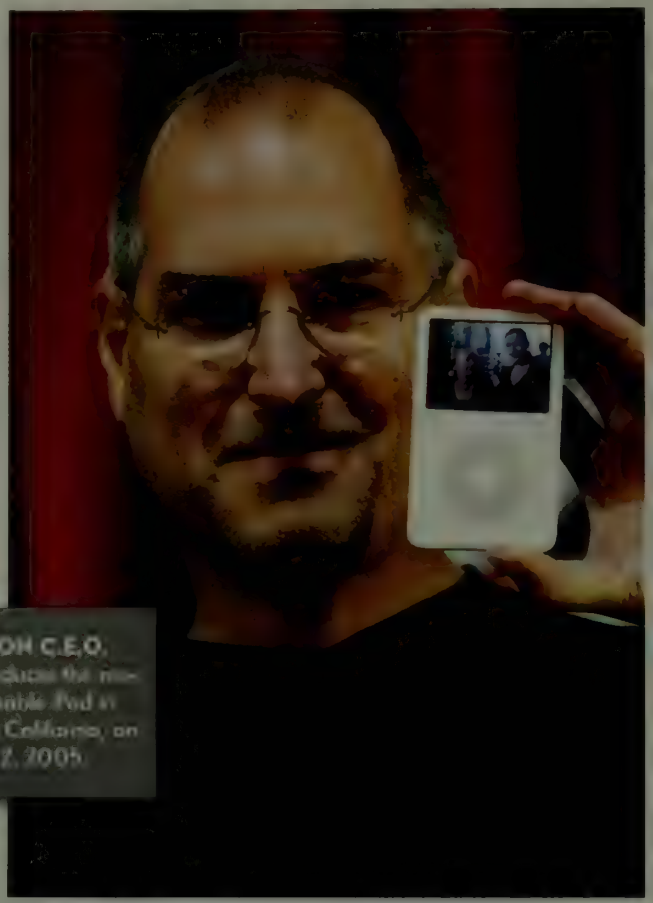


MAC DADDY Jobs, who says a college calligraphy class inspired the first Mac fonts, in 2000 with the Apple iMac

Anyway, when Jobs is thinking about media he is, unlike all of the M.B.A.'s in New York and second-act-reversal script-writers in L.A., thinking from a purer state—he's thinking about Marshall McLuhan, patron saint of the Bay Area's digital culture, and his holistic, even biological

Jobs became a genuine mogul. Even his famous anti-materialism has given way to a mogul lifestyle of personal aircraft and superhomes.

It is hard to miss how much control, true control, sweeping control, has come to mean to him. He seems even to have come up with a new corporate-control paradigm: Double your control by controlling two companies. Two-jobs Jobs. First, it was holding double C.E.O. titles at Next (the company he started after Apple) and Pixar (which he bought for $10 million after his expulsion from Apple), then Pixar and Apple (selling Next to Apple was the Trojan-horse tactic of his return to the company), and now Apple and his grand-Pooh-Bah status at Disney. This creates an interesting dynamic in that you're always walking away from somebody. You're always the elusive and reluctant one. People will want you more hotly because you need them less.



HANDS-ON C.E.O. Jobs introduces the new video-capable iPod in San Jose, California, on October 12, 2005.

Certainly, the negotiation over an extension of the Pixar distribution agreement with Disney, which broke down two years ago, was a thing of mogul beauty. In essence, Jobs's offer was that, with two films left on Pixar's current contract, if Eisner wanted to continue distributing its movies, Disney would have to relinquish its deal on those two films and, on a going-forward basis, make less than it would if it had just continued the contract on those films. Something like: if you let me out of a contract under which I'm bound to pay you $10, I'll agree to pay you $4.

Jobs must have known that Eisner, a famous cheapskate, wouldn't do this rotten deal. He saw too that not doing the deal could be the end of Eisner. Indeed, Eisner emerged fatally wounded from the negotiation, while Jobs emerged as the virtuous party. Eisner was the rude, difficult, imperious C.E.O., whereas Jobs, to the bewilderment of anyone who has ever worked with him, became the reasonable, willing, put-upon, even sensitive one.

Jobs's elevation to functional sainthood meant that Eisner's successor, Bob Iger, not only had no choice but to find a way to do a deal with Jobs, but could most distinguish himself from his predecessor (what every successor has to do) by doing the deal with alacrity and grace.

As it happens, it is, for Jobs, the deal of deals, and for the hapless and helpless Disney the deal of . . . well . . . stepping off the cliff.

Among the significant assets Disney is buying for its $7.4 billion are *Cars* and *Ratatouille,* the remaining films on its existing agreement with Pixar—in other words, films it arguably already owns. After this, no more movies exist—as with any future projects, it's just hope (hope in an increasingly competitive animation landscape that includes a coming generation of simpler, cheaper animation technology). Disney is also buying John Lasseter, the Pixar executive vice president and creative leader who has been responsible for, so far, an unbroken string of hits. Lasseter (a former Disney guy) seems obviously like a good hire, but one you could surely have gotten (he's making $2.5 million a year on his current contract) for, say, a $100 million starting bonus, or even a billion, saving yourself the balance of the $7.4 billion.

What you're really getting, then, for most of your dough is Jobs himself—for better or worse.

While everybody else in the media business is fading—Rupert Murdoch has just turned 75; Sumner Redstone, at 82, has split his company in two; Michael Eisner has been deposed; Time Warner is under siege—Jobs is rising. At 50, having beaten a rare form of cancer two years ago, having remade his fortune (at one point, before the surprise success of *Toy Story,* he was practically broke—now he's worth $4 or $5 billion), having seen Apple prevail, he's the last showman. The last egomaniac. The last control freak.

At Stanford's graduation ceremony in June, Jobs delivered (in his disconcertingly high-pitched voice) a commencement speech that is now on its way into history—scuttling over the Internet—as one of the most famous ever given.

A Hollywood movie director of my acquaintance first called my attention to it as a model of hero monologue, that special combination of humility and self-dramatization which reaffirms the hero's rightful place at the center of the story.

"Today I want to tell you three stories from my life. That's it. No big deal. Just three stories."

In the first story, he drops out of college because, he says, it was costing his parents too much money (Deutschman, in his book, writes that Steve dropped out within weeks of arriving). Continuing to hang around the Reed College campus, in Oregon, he takes a non-credit course in calligraphy, out of which comes . . . *ta-da* . . . the Macintosh, and, for all intents and purposes, personal computing (demonstrating, in graduation-speech lingo, the power of serendipity).

In the second story, he's thrown out of

Jobs's elevation to functional sainthood meant that Eisner's successor at Disney, Bob Iger . . . had to find a way to do a deal with him.

Apple, the company he started in his parents' garage (not incidentally, Jobs also, in addition to creating Apple, helped create the myth of starting billion-dollar businesses in garages). He's devastated. (Deutschman writes that a colleague feared he would kill himself.) "But something slowly began to dawn on me—I still loved what I did. The turn of events at Apple had not changed that one bit. I had been rejected but I was still in love. And so I decided to start over." (Hence, the redemptive power of life's reversals.)

And then, in the third story, death. Jobs, a father of four, is diagnosed with cancer. "My doctor advised me to go home and get my affairs in order, which is doctors' code for 'prepare to die.' It means to try to tell your kids everything you thought you'd have the next ten years to tell them, in just a few months. It means to make sure that everything is buttoned up so that it will be as easy as possible for your family. It means to say your good-byes." But that doesn't happen. What happens is that an operation brings him back from the dead. He's resurrected (don't miss this symbolism). "I had the surgery and, thankfully, I'm fine now." And the message: "Your time is limited, so don't waste it living someone else's life." Proof of this message: look at me.

Now, the central point about American business, not least of all the media business, is that it's not supposed to be about you. It's supposed to be about the consumer. You have to give the people, the American lumpen, what it seems they want. (Although, judging by audience flight, such unctuous eagerness to please in the media business has had the effect of producing things that, in fact, the American consumer doesn't much want.) Whereas the unique thing, and one of the frustrating things about Jobs's business life, is that it has always been about what he wants. What floats his boat. What gets him hot. It's about him—in a single-minded, despotic, unrestrained, not-a-little-dysfunctional way.

Steve's ascendancy represents, for better or worse, the triumph of personal righteousness in American business.

Whether he formally takes over Disney is probably not the issue (although he may certainly be inclined to make it formal). Sitting on the Disney board as its largest shareholder and most public face, and with formal controls over Disney's core animation business, means he is in control. He's in a position to reshape Disney to his needs.

What's more, in some sense it may be just beginning at Apple—everything up to now may have just been preface. (For Mac's loyal band of long-suffering followers, this may or may not be good news.)

The iPod will soon devour moving images. (Over Christmas my house was filled with college students, all of whom had 30-gigabyte iPods loaded with purloined video.) The Apple touch will soon transform cell phones, those charmless devices. There are reports of an Apple set-top box—it will move programming from the Internet to your TV (a body blow to the cable business). What's more, with the Mac converting to the Intel chip this year, there will be no practical barriers to the great corporate Windows culture's finally accepting into its midst the better machine.

So Bill Gates becomes the nation's philanthropist and elder statesman, benign and slightly out of it, and Steve Jobs becomes . . . well, no matter how pleased we in the Macintosh crowd might be with Steve's ascendancy, it's hard not to have also glimpsed that slightly demonic look on his face.

Here we are: no person with such a singular, determined, egotistical, and aesthetic vision (other than various despots) has ever been in such a position to express it as Jobs is now, sitting on top of the juncture of a hundred billion dollars' worth of technology and entertainment resources.

Anyway, happy 30th anniversary, Apple. □





INTO THE LIGHT
Clarence Jones at Manhattan's Riverside Church, where Martin Luther King Jr. made waves with his 1967 "Beyond Vietnam" speech, sections of which were drafted by Jones and Andrew Young.

The Man Who Kept King's Secrets

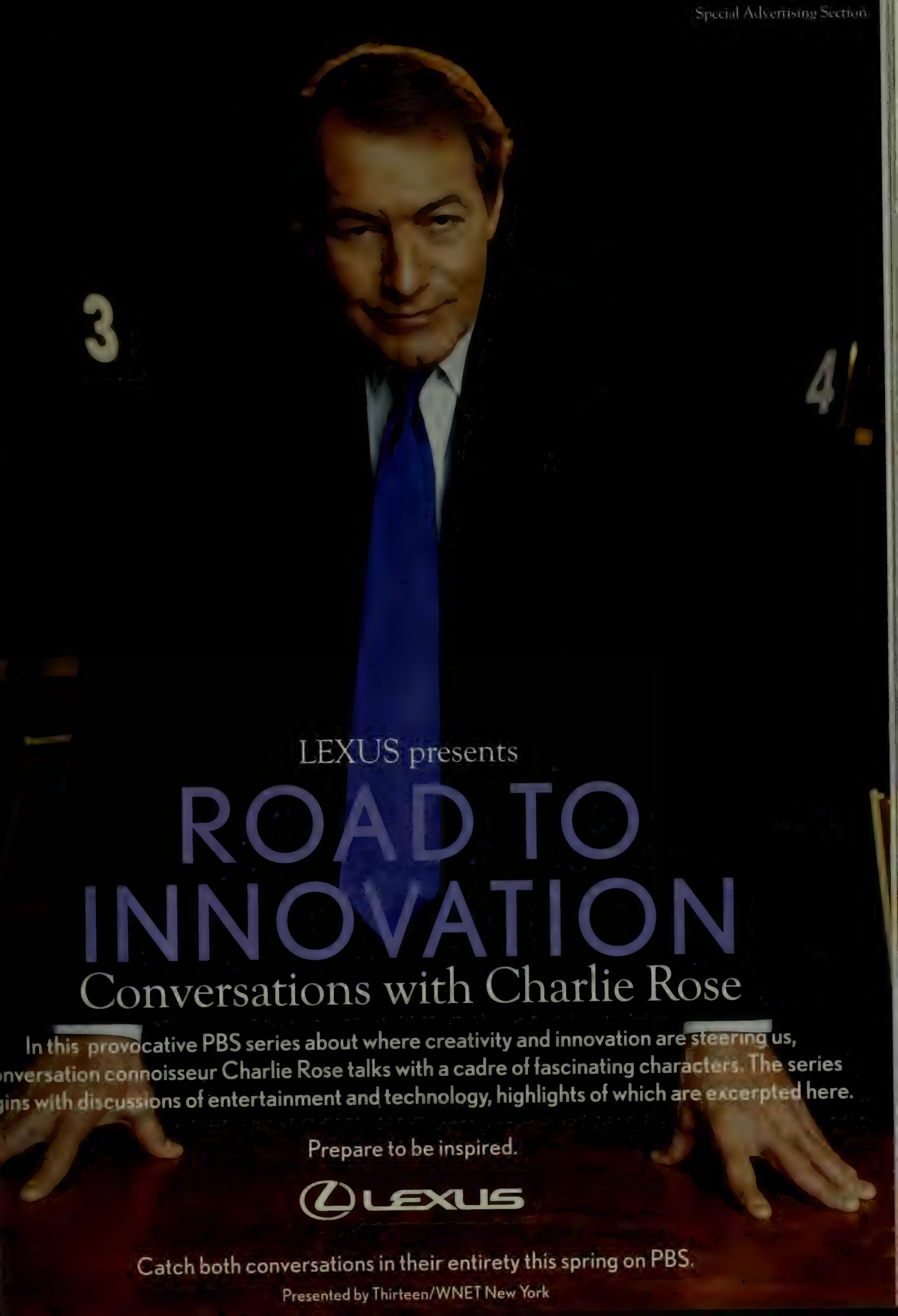
Now 75, Clarence Jones, the galvanizing lawyer who was Martin Luther King Jr.'s trusted lieutenant between 1960 and 1968, has come out from the shadows of civil-rights history. In a groundbreaking interview, he shares his untold tale: the secret missions, the F.B.I. wiretaps, and the "real" Martin of those perilous, passionate years

By Douglas Brinkley

"The Klan's position in Birmingham was that a dead nigger was a good nigger," an agitated Clarence Jones tells me. "Eugene 'Bull' Connor, [the city's infamous] commissioner of public safety, made it very clear there would be no integration while he was alive. Not only were racial slurs shouted out of windows by angry whites cruising down Sixth Avenue, but African-American houses were being blown to smithereens by dynamite sticks and pipe bombs. You hear what I'm saying? It was brutal."

Martin Luther King Jr.'s former attorney is all riled up as he sits in his high-rise office on New York's East Side. Although Clarence B. Jones isn't a household name, it should be. From 1960 to 1968 this razor-sharp lawyer was one of King's ace advisers and speechwriters. Together, the men slew racist dragons from coast to coast. When King checked into New York motels, he did so under his attorney's good name. It was a diversionary ploy used to shake both the F.B.I. and the media types off King's peripatetic trail.

Look up Jones in the indexes of the Pulitzer Prize–winning



LEXUS presents

ROAD TO INNOVATION

Conversations with Charlie Rose

In this provocative PBS series about where creativity and innovation are steering us, onversation connoisseur Charlie Rose talks with a cadre of fascinating characters. The series gins with discussions of entertainment and technology, highlights of which are excerpted here.

Prepare to be inspired.

LEXUS

Catch both conversations in their entirety this spring on PBS.

Presented by Thirteen/WNET New York

TOPIC#1: ENTERTAINMENT Charlie Rose asks George Clooney and Michael Eisner what will fuel the entertainment industry in the next ten years.

Charlie Rose: Are we getting to a point in the film business where technology drives content?

Michael Eisner: Content is still going to be the most important part of the entertainment business. And there's a great history in this country of content. You can watch big, bubble-gum, wonderful entertainment or you can watch *Jarhead* or *Syriana*. People like George Clooney are really doing amazing things. I don't know where all these people are coming from who end up on Hollywood Boulevard being directors. There is a diversity in this country that creates this kind of creative angst. It works.



George Clooney: Technology gives us a chance to play with the medium. For instance, we thought it would be interesting to understand what lobbyists and consultants do. We found the best way to do that was to operate five hidden digital cameras, and use real people. We did it again with *Unscripted* for HBO. Because a lot is improvised, you're actually writing in an editing room.

> "The next wave is these kids with digital cameras..."

CR: Speaking of digital cameras, what about all these kids running around with handhelds?

GC: That's the next wave. We're getting to a place in the film [illegible] re a little romantic comedy will have to make $250 [illegible]. What's more, a writer writes a screenplay and by the time it goes through the process and gets to be made, so many of the edges are knocked off. I think the next wave is these kids with digital cameras who are going to have these wild ideas for a screenplay. They may show us something we haven't seen yet.

CR: And these films will be on television, in theaters, everywhere.

GC: Start with the Internet. Once there are digital theaters, you'll press a button and you'll have downloaded a film into 300 theaters across the country.

ME: Or maybe the film will be on an iPod or on the billion cell phones that are being sold this year around the world. The avenues of distribution and exhibition of movies, whether they're in the home or on a Dick Tracy watch, are improving.

CR: In what other ways is the Internet changing the world of entertainment?

ME: In every way imaginable – in the ability to look at clips and trailers, to do research, aggregate information, view product.

I think, too, that the Internet will revive Walt Disney and Chuck Jones and Hanna Barbera – people who worked in the 30's in those seven- and eight-minute pieces.

Then there's the public content, which is another source of finding professionals. You'll have places on the Internet where you can look at 10,000 kids' student films. You'll see the student films of George Lucas, or Steven Spielberg, or John Lasseter – the Pixar genius. We won't have to find some exotic place where a few students get to show their films. They'll be all over the Internet in user-generated material.

CR: Is the motion picture business learning from what happened to the music business?

ME: We'll never learn completely. The fact is, with the broadband and digital revolution and the speed at which things can be sent, you can distribute one movie 20 times faster. The kid who today downloads *Good Night, And Good Luck* to his computer and wakes eight hours later to it will have it in eight minutes. It will go to 3 ½ billion people because every nook and cranny in the world will be able digitally to get movies and television shows. So there's going to be a period of uncertainty, of difficulty, of bubbles bursting. And the end result will be an unbelievably strong movie, record, and television industry – in no more than ten and possibly in five or six years.

CR: What say you about the personalization of music and entertainment?

ME: It's the reason Google is at $400 a share. There is a giant demand for personalization and home entertainment. But there is just as big a place for a movie theater, a show. I think the digital revolution and the home entertainment systems only create a greater appetite for community entertainment.

GC: People still like a collective. They like to go somewhere and laugh and be scared and share that. It's an event.

This conversation airs in March on PBS stations nationwide. Check local listings.

TOPIC #2: TECHNOLOGY Charlie discusses innovation and the new dynamics that will be at play in our world with Verizon CEO Ivan Siedenberg and Google CEO Dr. Eric Schmidt.

arlie Rose: In five years, what will technology at home look ? Where is wireless in the pantheon of the future?

n Siedenberg: The way we see it, anything that's related to ce, simple data, and human interaction will be transferred to ır cell phone or mobile device. Three or five years out, you'll 'e two or three HDTV channel sets in your house. You'll nt ten megabits of capacity for your computer. You'll want stream capacity to send information the same way you have wnstream capacity.

: Will the cellphone replace the laptop?

The cell phone will replace the functionality of tain things, but it won't replace the whole thing. on't see people walking around with TVs on their ts or in their purses.

: Define the moment in terms of technology.

It's the moment to scale more quickly, and get the vices deployed quickly. In 1991, there might have n five million wireless customers across the whole ntry. Now, there are 160 million. Internet proto-, mobility is where we're going. So we invest in ndwidth, glass (optical fibers).

> "I don't see people walking around with TVs on their belts or in their purses."

: What is your goal going forward?

c Schmidt: We want to organize the world's infor-rion and make it universally accessible. Most of it till not available to you. People haven't figured out ay to copy it from the archival technologies onto v digital forms. Or it's hidden behind locks and walls. In many cases, people would like to sell it, and we 'e to find ways to partner with them.

ere's a tremendous amount of information that's not in ditional sources, but in people's heads. Look at the phenome-n of Wikipedia. Wikipedia has roughly 50,000 contributors d more than two million pages in a hundred different guages. Surveys indicate that it's as accurate as Encyclopædia tannica, which means it has some errors, but the errors get ed more quickly on Wikipedia because there are so many ntributors. They make changes every second.

ogle currently gives you 10 or 20 answers. We want to give ı the perfect, exact, right answer, and we want to do it on bile devices. We want to give much more information, ch more accurate results, and many more types of informa-n. You know, viewers can now use Google Search to find t episodes of *The Charlie Rose Show.*

Great companies like Google create new markets, new indus-s. We want to be a company that will help create something ferent. We're taking fiber optics right into any room in your me. The technology wasn't quite ready for that until now. We're taking down all of the entry barriers for anybody who writes code or software, because we'll now have much more bandwidth and the capacity to deliver it to the desktop or mobile device. We're not trying to complete your call today; we're trying to create a delivery system that gives you unlimited capability on either end. We want to bring 50 to 100 megabits of capacity into any fixed terminal in the home. Our core competency is deploying technology and running networks to create synergies. We can't predict the new services that creative people will develop to use over these networks.



> "We can't predict the new services that creative people will develop to use over these networks."

CR: Tell me about the advertising.

ES: The advertising is a mission-critical sales function. Estimates have the advertising market between $500 and $700 billion worldwide – per year. Roughly half of that is in the U.S. A lot is on television and radio and in direct marketing. Internet advertising is somewhere between one and two percent of that market, depending on how you count. It is a very big growth business. Furthermore, the technology that's being used in advertising has not changed very much in 10 or 20 years. In the television world, the biggest change has been the arrival of Tivo and set-top boxes. Radio, again, not very different from 20, 30, 40 years ago. We believe that technology can be used to improve the effectiveness of advertising. People find ads useful if they're actually trying to buy something. But you have to show them the right ad! It's about relevance and accuracy and measurement. The reason we've been so successful is that we can

go to the vice president of sales in a company and say we can show you who's buying your product because they click on the ads.

CR: Has the technological and Internet revolution been driven more by software or hardware?
ES: It's really both. Twenty years ago, the kinds of things that Google does today weren't possible because the computers weren't fast enough. A fast network cost thousands of dollars a month. Now it costs $10 or $20. People like Ivan have spent years building this amazing worldwide infrastructure. Then, it was a hardware game. Now, it's a software game. Ivan's building the highways; I'm building the stores and movie theaters.

> "The acceleration is going to be breathtaking."

IS: Google is a market-maker. People are always looking for new ways to use technology. Companies like Google will create those new ways. We think we're in a spot where, if we invest in wireless or invest in glass, optical fibers, we can create new growth which means that, sure, we'll take some of cable's current business, but we'll create new businesses as well.

CR: What of affordability issues, and what we once called "the digital divide?"
ES: The good news is that we're in a rapidly declining cost industry.

IS: We deploy so we can scale. People in Roxbury or South Philly or Shaker Heights spend the same amount on communications. So, all the markets are ripe to deploy. If we create the most cost-efficient network, we serve every market. And you can achieve the quickest scale where you have houses every 50 feet so you can run fiber down the street and get it in efficiently.

CR: Where will we see the most growth?
ES: Most people believe the majority of the growth in mobile and Internet will be in China and India over the next 20 years. Nothwithstanding what's called the "great firewall of China," the Internet revolution is happening there – more than 100 million Internet users, more than 400 million mobile phone users, and the growth rates are enormously faster than in the U.S. Many of the world's top programmers come from China and India. It appears they're the two largest untapped resources of technology and brilliant people.

CR: How do you foster innovation?
IS: Innovation to us comes with sticking to what we do well and then creating synergies. We're moving to where the people think the growth is. We're a company of grinders.

ES: Hiring better and better talent. The very best people want to work where their skills are appreciated. Twenty percent of Google employees' time is free to do whatever they want. That time generates almost all our new ideas.

CR: What are the forces driving innovation forward?
ES: People coming out of graduate schools have these amazing visions of what they can do with technology. There's enough venture capital now to build very large companies very quickly. It's amazing to me that one or two people out of Stanford seem to find that idea, get their friends together, get some money, and change the world.

The most interesting things right now are the communities of people being built on top of information and devices. An awful lot of people find each other on the Net, form communities, and create user-generated content. The next generation of leaps in technology will come from the fact that people are always connected and sharing information. Somebody says I've invented this, another says I've invented that, and they connect. The acceleration is going to be breathtaking.

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histories written by Taylor Branch, David Garrow, or Diane McWhorter and you'll learn that, by the time of the famous 1963 March on Washington, Jones had evolved into King's clutch legal lieutenant. A superb fund-raiser, Jones—who circulated easily among the rich of New York and L.A.—would find willing donors to fuel King's frenetic activities with the Southern Christian Leadership Conference (S.C.L.C.), which King cofounded. Jones was, in essence, the moneyman of the movement.

Yet up until now Jones has been comfortable in the shadowlands of civil-rights history. "Clarence has enormous gifts," the singer and actor Harry Belafonte explains. "Back in the 60s every law firm seeking diversity wanted him. But once he got hired he became a problem. Because Clarence always put social justice ahead of making money. And for those of us around King, [Clarence] was always ready with the right word to raise the house spirits." Or as ex-S.C.L.C. chief, Atlanta mayor, and U.N. ambassador Andrew Young puts it, "Clarence was the guy that King could trust—no leaks and no grandstanding."

"African-American houses were being blown to smithereens by dynamite sticks and pipe bombs. It was brutal."

When I recently encountered Jones in his Manhattan office, he was finally ready to talk openly and on the record—to a degree. Jones, the former owner of the *Amsterdam News,* turned to business pursuits in earnest after becoming entangled in a fraud case and being disbarred in 1982. Now a financial guru of the first order, he works for the independent accounting firm of Marks Paneth & Shron. He counts Wall Street titans Sanford I. Weill and Arthur Levitt Jr. among his closest friends. Money, clearly, is not his motivation for speaking out. Instead, he is concerned about both the historical truth and his own mortality. Jones—a cancer survivor, six feet tall, his well-groomed mustache reminiscent of King's—believes he has a sacred obligation to reveal the untold tale of his time with King, and to teach a new generation about the indignities he suffered along the way, such as having the F.B.I. bug his phones. Indeed, former president Jimmy Carter, while speaking at Coretta Scott King's funeral in February, pointedly raised the issue of federal eavesdropping, telling the gathering, which included Jones—and President George W. Bush—about how "Martin and Coretta [had their] civil liberties . . . violated as they became the target of secret government wiretapping."

Wearing blue-tinted eyeglasses and one loop earring, Jones speaks emphatically, waving his hands like an impassioned courtroom lawyer, peppering his comments with "O.K.? O.K.?" after making a trenchant point or refuting charges that he was King's "beard," tasked with escorting his female companions. A genial raconteur, Jones always doubles back, worried he's losing his jury (me) in a Johnstown flood of nostalgia and rhetoric.

Jones's cell phone vibrates incessantly. He frequently switches between pairs of eyeglasses. (He has recently undergone eye surgery.) His mind is agile, his storytelling detailed. Except for being noticeably thin, he appears healthy. Now, with decades elapsed, he is letting the world know the real Martin, whom he still loves like a blood brother.

The mere mention of Birmingham, however, has Jones wired. He points out that, just as surely as Gettysburg and Antietam



TAKING A STAND
Left and above: as Jones looks on, King holds a press conference in strife-torn Birmingham, Alabama, where King and hundreds of others would be jailed, 1963.



DARING TO DREAM
King delivers his "I Have a Dream" speech, the capstone of the historic March on Washington, 1963.

were Civil War battle sites, Birmingham was a bona fide war zone. "And so when Martin decided to make [a national example of] the segregated city, America ... gulped," he explains. "With [Bull] Connor in charge, German shepherds and fire hoses and mass arrests were sure to follow." He paces around his plaque-filled office and laments the fact that back in the Jim Crow era if a Birmingham store owner removed his WHITES ONLY sign Connor cited him for "violations of the sanitary code."

Disgusted, Jones suddenly mumbles "Martin" three or four times while shaking his head and then calms down a bit. Racism has clearly left its psychic scars. His stories of torment continue. Like the time in the spring of 1963 when King persuaded many of Birmingham's African-American parents to let their children skip school to participate in civil-rights demonstrations. "As a result," Jones recalls, "hundreds of children, ranging from age 12 and older, plus hundreds of adults got arrested. Unfortunately, there was insufficient bail money to get them out."

King, clad in denim overalls, was handcuffed and tossed in the Birmingham City Jail along with the courageous teenagers.

hunts around his office and finds a letter from then-president Bill Clinton praising Jones for his part in "giving us Dr. King's wonderful letter from Birmingham jail." Asked how Clinton knew about his smuggling story while most civil-rights scholars don't, Jones explains that "his friend [historian] Taylor Branch told him about me."

It wasn't the moral clarity of the letter, however, that freed King from his tiny cell. Money did. With no bail-bond funds available, King and the others were facing the prospect of spending weeks or months behind bars. But an unexpected angel arrived, courtesy of a telephone call from Belafonte. Jones remembers Belafonte saying in an excited tone, "'I was discussing [the Birmingham problem] with Nelson Rockefeller's speechwriter. It's a fellow named Hugh Morrow—he used to work for *The Saturday Evening Post*—who you'll be hearing from.' Next thing I know I got a call from Morrow—'How can I help?'"

Jones replied, "Well, I'm coming back [to New York] tonight. Let's meet."

Since 1961, Nelson Rockefeller had been writing occasional checks to the S.C.L.C., usually in the range of $5,000 to $10,000. This time, they would need much, much more. "I arrived in New York late," Jones recounts. "Morrow lived on Sutton Place. I called him at one o'clock in the morning. Half asleep, he says, 'We want you to be at the Chase Manhattan Bank tomorrow, even though it's Saturday. We want to help Martin.'

"I walk in at the [appointed] time and there is Rockefeller, Morrow, a bank official, and a couple of security guards. They open the huge vault. There was a big circular door with a driver's-wheel-like handle on it. Lo and behold there was money stacked floor to ceiling! Rockefeller walks in and takes $100,000 in cash and puts it in a satchel, a briefcase-like thing. And one of the Chase Manhattan Bank officers says, 'Mr. Jones, can you sit down for a moment?' I sit down and he says, 'Your name is Clarence B. Jones, right? We've got to have a note for this.'"

Jones hesitated, flabbergasted. "This man filled out a promissory note: Clarence B. Jones, $100,000 payable on demand," Jones recalls. "Now, I wasn't stupid. I said, 'Payable on demand?! I don't have $100,000!' And the bank official ... said, 'No, we'll take care of it, but we've got to have it for banking regulations.'"

Worried he was being impudent, Jones signed the document.

"I would take sheets from a legal pad and stuff them into my shirt [when visiting King in jail]. I'd sneak the pages out."

The national media poured into the racist steel town. Attorney Jones was one of the few people allowed to visit King in solitary confinement. King was eager to embarrass Dixie's white ministers, eight of whom had openly denounced him in *The Birmingham News*, demanding that he end his "unwise and untimely"—though nonviolent—protest. With a few other dedicated foot soldiers, Jones among them, King hatched the idea of writing an open letter to clergymen of various denominations. In history books it is known as the landmark "Letter from Birmingham Jail."

"I would take sheets from a yellow legal pad and stuff them into my shirt," Jones remembers, using papers from his desk to re-enact the scene. "Martin would then write like mad. Very hard to decipher. I'd sneak the pages out. He had confidence that I would get them to Willie Pearl Mackey, [the secretary of King cohort] Wyatt Walker. Until he got the paper, he was writing on the margins of a *Birmingham News* and *New York Times*."

Jones insists he had no idea that the essay would become an inspirational document for the ages. Yet, with a proud grin, he

"I took the money and got on a plane headed back to Alabama," Jones says. "I am a hero. All the kids are bailed out.

"Everybody around Martin knew that I had somehow magically raised bail," he contends, citing others who deserve more credit than he: especially Belafonte, along with Morrow, Walker, and Birmingham minister Fred Shuttlesworth. "I stayed mum all these years about the donor. I didn't tell the story I'm telling you—except to King, who was ecstatic. I had a firm 'Don't Ask' policy.

"I later became close with Rockefeller [then the governor of New York] because we worked together [trying to help quell] the Attica prison revolt [of September 1971], which lasted for three or four days. It ended in a siege by state troopers and National Guardsmen, ordered by Rockefeller. During the crisis I never talked to him about the Birmingham money. It was off the table. The only thing I did say was 'Governor, I want you to know from my mouth to your ears how deeply indebted we are to the support that your family gave to us.' Of course, he was

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rather diffident about it. 'My mother, my family, from early on supported Spelman College. When it comes to civil rights we go all the way back.'"

Born in 1931, Jones grew up in North Philadelphia, his mother a maid-cook, his father a chauffeur-gardener to rich white families. Due to the strains of domestic servitude, young Clarence was placed in a Palmyra, New Jersey, foster home when he was only six. Next, he was sent to a boarding school for orphans and foster children in Cornwell Heights, Pennsylvania. It was run by the Order of the Sacred Heart, which also operated a mission on a Navajo reservation in New Mexico. "I vividly recall being in school with young boys seven or eight years old whose names were Running Deer and Little Bear," Jones reminisces. "The boys had pigtails."

A dutiful altar boy who said his Hail Marys and Our Fathers, praying that his parents would eventually bring him home, Jones fell under the sweet spell of Sister Mary Patricia, an Irish nun. She showed him the meaning of Christian compassion. Her kindness still evokes fond memories: "I remember, a number of years later, Martin King saying to me, 'Clarence, I need you to go up to the North. I know you've got this firebrand radicalism in you. But you're not anti-white. I've never heard you talk about white people in an angry fashion.' I said, 'You know, Martin, it may be [because] the first source of love I had as a young boy were Irish nuns.'"

"My response was 'Just because some Negro preacher got caught with his hand in the cookie jar, it's not my problem.'"

The goal-oriented Jones attended Palmyra High, graduating in 1949. He was chosen president of the honor society and valedictorian of his integrated class. "My speech was 'Tomorrow a Better World,'" Jones remembers, cringing at the sophomoric title. "Much of my class was white. My parents worked for their parents. So it was a big thing for the domestic help's son to give the address. My parents were sitting in the audience, proud as peacocks."

The model student was accepted at Columbia University, where he majored in political science. Determined not to let his skin color impede his scholastic pursuits, Jones started reading the literary canon, from the *Iliad* to *Moby Dick*. He was also a committed freshman football player. Many of his more radical African-American friends, those active in the Young Progressives of America, used to mock him for being a jock instead of an activist.

That's when singer-activist Paul Robeson—a friend of Jones's uncle—entered Clarence's life. An outspoken stage performer with ties to the Communist Party, the controversial Robeson traveled the world speaking out against racism. When Robeson—a former all-American football player at Rutgers who spoke more than a dozen languages—learned that some student activists were ridiculing Jones for his efforts on the gridiron, he sought out the teenager and told him, "Clarence, you go back there and you tell your friends . . . that one touchdown by you, a Negro, with a full stadium on a Saturday at Baker's Field is going to have a greater [impact on] civil rights than [they will have handing out] leaflets on 116th Street."

In June 1953, though the Korean War was ending, Jones was drafted. Radicalized by Robeson, he told his New York induction board that he would not sign an oath affirming that he had not been a member of any of the more than 200 organizations deemed "subversive" by the attorney general—or that he had never associated with members of those groups. Instead, he offered a written statement that he was ready, willing, and able to serve his country, provided he was guaranteed the full rights stipulated under the 14th Amendment. Suspicions were aroused. He seemed uppity, a prima donna on a W. E. B. DuBois trip.

Assigned to the U.S. Army's 47th Regiment, at Fort Dix, New Jersey, Private Jones became a marked man, he claims, in the eyes of his superiors. However, he recalls, "[I] had a personality that the guys just liked. Some of the guys in my unit began to call me 'Teach.' It got back to me that they were being ordered to give me a whupping in the shower. Before that [could] happen I was given an undesirable discharge—as a security risk."

The army had messed with the wrong African-American. Refusing to be bullied, Jones challenged his dismissal. His first legal round occurred at Fort Dix, where he had been "Soldier of the Month" and had scored a perfect 10 rating. Quite convincingly, Jones's commanding officer, who testified on his behalf, described how Jones was a barracks standout for disassembling and re-assembling his rifle while blindfolded. The army, however, refused to reverse the order. Undaunted, Jones turned to the American Civil Liberties Union, which took on his case as it was sent to a hearing at the Pentagon. Splitting the difference, the board awarded Jones a "general discharge."

Many men would have called that a victory. Not Clarence B. Jones. With the A.C.L.U. by his side, he challenged the verdict, taking the case to the secretary of the army, Wilbur Brucker. "I got my honorable discharge," Jones says with a laugh. "And that legal decision allowed me to go to Boston University [Law School] on the G.I. Bill and even collect veteran benefits. I stuck it to them good."

On the very afternoon in 1956 that he was released from the army, he met his future wife, Anne Aston Warder Norton, heiress to the W. W. Norton publishing fortune (his second of four spouses). Educated at New York's Brearley private school for girls and at Sarah Lawrence College, she had grown up amid wealth and privilege, with a governess and servants, in Gramercy Park and Wilton, Connecticut. Anne Norton was white, and considered a "looker," in the parlance of the time. Paradoxically imbued with an aristocratic demeanor but a socialist heart, she possessed a fierce independence and pride as deep as her ice-blue eyes. (When Anne was a teenager, her father died and her mother married Daniel Crena de Iongh, a distinguished Dutch diplomat who became treasurer of the World Bank.)

Jones and Norton started dating steadily in New York, were married there, and then moved to Boston so that both could attend graduate school at Boston University. Leers followed the newlyweds everywhere, even in liberal Massachusetts, where interracial dating was largely frowned upon. Even so, the late 1950s were an idyllic time for the Joneses. Anne, filled with admiration for Jane Addams and Eleanor Roosevelt, earned a degree in social work while Clarence received his law degree.

Their love was based, in part, on a shared interest in community causes. They made friends easily (with playwright Lorraine Hansberry, for example, who sent Clarence her early drafts of *A Raisin in the Sun*, eager for his advice). The cold New England winters, however, were irritating, and Boston was a backwater for entertainment law, Jones's newfound area of expertise. Clarence's close friend the painter Charles White had just moved to sunny Pasadena. In June 1959 the Joneses followed suit.

It was while living in Altadena, a Pasadena suburb, that Jones met King, already renowned as the indomitable leader of the

1955–56 Montgomery bus boycott. The circumstances were hardly ideal. In 1960 a beleaguered King had been indicted by the state of Alabama for perjury on a tax return. A group of New York civil-rights lawyers thought Jones—who had acquired a reputation as a legal whiz kid—was the ideal attorney to represent King. "My response to this at the time was, in effect, that 'just because some Negro preacher got caught with his hand in the cookie jar, it's not my problem,'" Jones recalls. "I told them I would not—under any circumstances—go to Alabama to work essentially as a law clerk in the preparation of Dr. King's defense."

Refusing to be brushed aside, King, through an intermediary, asked if he could stop by Jones's house on his next visit to Los Angeles. At the very least, King suggested, they should become acquaintances. "What could I say?" Jones asks, grinning ear to ear.

The Joneses lived in a modernist mansion that had a palm tree in the middle of it. Part of the ceiling was retractable. Depending upon the weather and the time of day, the living room might open onto drifting clouds or the Milky Way. The San Gabriel Mountains could be seen from almost every window. Thousands of indoor flowers and plants transformed the residence into a virtual arboretum.

It was in this verdant setting, Jones says, "that King, accompanied by Reverend Bernard Lee, came into my home and sat down to talk with me." King began to interrogate Jones about his hardscrabble upbringing and Horatio Alger rise. It was a pleasant exchange, but Jones held firm: no Alabama and no working for the S.C.L.C. He was making good money working for an entertainment lawyer, interacting with the likes of Nat King Cole and Sidney Poitier, and didn't want to get mired in lunch-counter sit-ins and school-desegregation cases. At the time, in fact, he was trying to organize a "jobs" protest for the upcoming Democratic National Convention in Los Angeles. "Plus I had a daughter, and my wife was pregnant," Jones says. "I couldn't pick up and leave California willy-nilly."

The next morning, the telephone rang. It was Dora McDonald, King's secretary, calling to invite Jones and his wife to be his guests at Friendship Baptist Church, in well-heeled Baldwin Hills, where many of L.A.'s "Negro intelligentsia" lived and where King was to be that Sunday's guest preacher. Unable to get a babysitter on short notice, Jones, unwilling to further offend King, attended alone. "The church parking lot was filled with Lincolns, Cadillacs, and a few Rolls-Royces," Jones remembers. "I was escorted to my seat in about the 20th row from the front. The church was filled, standing room only. Boy, Martin really had rock-star status."

When King was introduced, the congregation roared. King's oratorical temperature soon rose, and he began an impassioned spiel about Negro professionals. Claiming that white lawyers were helping the S.C.L.C. more than black ones, he launched into a modern-day parable about a selfish, wealthy black man in their community. "For example," King exhorted, as Jones recalls, "there is a young man sitting in this church today who my friends and colleagues in New York, whom I respect, say is a gifted young lawyer. They say this young man is so good he can go into a law library and find cases and things that most other lawyers can't find, that when he writes words down in support of a legal case, his words are so compelling and persuasive that they almost jump off the page."

For a flickering moment Jones pondered whether King was referring to Jones himself or some other poor soul. A few seconds later he had his irrefutable answer: King was roasting him for breakfast, espresso-style. "This young man lives in a home, in the suburbs of Los Angeles, with a tree in the middle of his living room and a ceiling that opens up to the sky. He has a convertible car parked in his driveway.... But this young man told me something about himself. His parents were domestic servants. His mother worked as a maid and cook, his father a chauffeur and gardener. I am afraid this gifted young man has forgotten from whence he came."

Mortified, Jones slumped down in his pew. "He never looked in my direction or said my name," Jones says, finding high humor in the decades-old humiliation. "He then went on to talk about my mother and so many other Negro mothers who have wanted to educate their children." King, on a rhetorical roll and perspiring greatly, then read the Langston Hughes poem "Mother to Son" in his majestic voice:

> Well, son, I'll tell you:
> Life for me ain't been no crystal stair.
> ... But all the time
> I'se been a-climbin' on.

The Hughes poem brought Jones to tears. Martin had cut to his core. "I began to think about my mother, who died at the age of 52 in 1953," Jones remembers. "His sermon had emotionally messed me up." More reflective than piqued, Jones decided to have a word with King after the service. He found the reverend busy signing autographs in the church parking lot. "He looked at me," Jones recalls, "and smiled like a Cheshire cat and said in effect that he hoped I didn't mind his using me to make a point in his sermon. I simply extended my hand and



IN THE SHADOWS
Clockwise from bottom left, at a 1966 S.C.L.C. meeting in Atlanta: Stanley Levison, Jones, Cleveland Robinson, James Bevel, King, and Andrew Young (back to camera).

asked, 'Dr. King, when do you want me to leave for Alabama?'" King nodded and hugged him. "Soon" is all he said. "Very soon." Jones had become a "Movement Man."

Before long he was off for Alabama, working for S.C.L.C. lawyers, scouring law libraries in Birmingham and Montgomery. After months of legal wrangling, a jury would rule in King's favor, and Brother Jones would be embraced as the svelte new member of King's kitchen cabinet. Jones soon moved his family to New York's Riverdale section so he could be close to the S.C.L.C.'s Harlem office, taking up residence in a smart Douglas Avenue home overlooking the Hudson River. Jones was made a partner in the law firm Lubell, Lubell & Jones, and became general counsel for the Gandhi Society for Human Rights, which had been founded by King. In short order, he was working on S.C.L.C. projects every day, with Stanley Levison as his erstwhile coach. A savvy political strategist, fund-raiser for Jewish causes, and real-estate investor, Levison was rumored to be the manager of the Communist Party's finances and, as a result, was on the government's radar. Soon, the F.B.I. began monitoring Jones's varied activities, assigning agents to shadow him in hopes of proving that King had unseemly Communist ties.

It wasn't until late 1961—when Jones shared a boardinghouse bedroom in Albany, Georgia, with King—that the two men became personally inseparable. Demanding the abolition of segregation in southwestern Georgia, as they were doing, was a hard dollar. With constant death threats, the lawyer and civil-rights leader tried to keep low profiles, grabbing dinners at supporters' homes and church basements. They felt like fugitives. Both were B.U. graduates, both were fathers, both had wives expecting a third child. They had a lot to live for. "Martin was depressed, emotionally torn," Jones recalls. "He was obsessed about just versus unjust laws. When do you have a moral obligation to go to jail? He felt his leadership was declining. And he was bitter about the media. He'd say, 'You don't know how the press can eat you alive. They build you up just to tear you down.'"

Curiously, King and Jones also shared a deep mutual respect for Judaism. Influenced by Levison, they had developed into staunch supporters of Israel. "Jewish Americans, along with a few guys like Rockefeller, financed the civil-rights movement," Jones explains. "And Martin's sentiments regarding Jews were not opportunistic, as some have claimed. It was real. He consistently sought to maintain the historic coalition and alliance with leaders of the Jewish community." According to Jones, King took great solace in the teachings of the Jewish philosopher Martin Buber, author of the 1923 classic *I and Thou*.

"As King interpreted Buber, there were 'I-Thou' people (Good Samaritans who had a relationship with God) and 'I-It' people (folks like the Black Power cabal that were self-centered)," Jones maintains. "He loathed anti-Semitism and was enraged by the rise of the Black Power movement, of guys like Stokely Carmichael, H. Rap Brown, and others who wanted to reduce the leadership role of whites in black organizations. Martin would question how anyone who had any familiarity with the biblical and political history of the Jewish people could have anything but the most profound admiration and respect for the Jewish community."

When Malcolm X, the charismatic leader of the Nation of Islam, talked about the "white devil," often coupled with anti-Semitic rhetoric, King, according to Jones, would privately lament that Malcolm was behaving no better than a hooded Klansman. This did not mean, however, that Jones disliked the man. On the contrary, Jones would serve as a liaison between King and Malcolm X. "At first Malcolm was disdainful of Martin's whole 'turn the other cheek' philosophy," Jones recalls. "But after [Malcolm's] trip to Mecca, he changed. [He] started speaking to me in very respectful terms of his admiration for the courage of Martin." Often, Jones would attend secret summits with Malcolm X, African-American scholar John Henrik Clarke, intellectual and civil-rights figure John Killens, actor-activists Ossie Davis and Ruby Dee, and others. "It was like a black caucus of political thinkers," he recalls. "My job was to collect insights gleaned from these sessions and share them privately with Martin."

A strange White House tête-à-tête on June 22, 1963, brought the two even closer. President John F. Kennedy, while squiring King around the Rose Garden, informed him that J. Edgar Hoover, head of the F.B.I., was convinced that two S.C.L.C. associates—Levison and an S.C.L.C. director, Jack O'Dell—were Communists. "You've got to get rid of them," Kennedy cautioned King. Although King told Jones that he was not startled by the accusations, King said he was jarred that Kennedy would try to intimidate him this way. A month later, Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy, the president's brother, would approve F.B.I. wiretaps on Jones's Riverdale home and Manhattan office.

Shortly after the Rose Garden stroll, King asked Jones to chair an "internal investigative panel" to determine if Hoover's allegations were true. "The end result was that Martin would not have direct contact with Stanley," Jones recalls. "Contact, if any, would be through me. Meanwhile, O'Dell resigned his S.C.L.C. position. But the joke was on us. Unbeknownst to me at the time, the F.B.I. was monitoring me daily."

With the bureau and the segregationists out for his scalp, King trusted fewer and fewer people. Correctly fearing bugs and wiretaps, he started relying on Jones more and more. They devised a private code for discussing key figures: Hoover being "the other person," and Levison referred to only as "our friend." Instead of Levison, Jones was now charged with helping to oversee the *Why We Can't Wait* project—King's personal memoir of the Birmingham campaign, which writer Alfred Duckett had been commissioned to ghostwrite. Stepping into the wordsmith void, Jones started drafting King's speeches, learning how to put memorable phrases into the mouth of America's greatest orator. "I had listened to King speak so often that I could hear his cadence in my head and ears," says Jones. "If I was stuck I would call Stanley and meet him, and we would complete the material together."

The two men became inseparable. With constant death threats, the lawyer and civil-rights leader felt like fugitives.

As the stresses of 1963 started to wear King down, Jones offered to let the reverend stay with him in Riverdale for a few weeks in August. With its lavish grounds and spectacular view, Jones's home afforded King, his wife, Coretta, and the children a secluded retreat. During the day the Kings would sightsee; in the evening King made notes for his upcoming March on Washington speech or improved the latest draft of *Why We Can't Wait*. Unfortunately, the F.B.I. was listening in and caught King speaking to people in a salty, midnight manner. "Martin rarely cursed," Jones maintains. "Sometimes he'd get risqué when describing various women. Not curse words, mind you, but silly things like 'She really knows how to trot.'"

The civil-rights struggle, in truth, was not altogether grim. Laughs were plentiful and high jinks were par for the course. King and


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Jones, though both were married, had a history of skirt chasing—a late-night activity sometimes audiotaped by Hoover's agents. While charges of womanizing may have dimmed King's legacy in the intervening years, the subject still brings a wide smile to Jones's face.

And then there were the deadpan put-downs, which the men traded routinely. Jones, for example, recalls the time his wife, Anne, commented to King that he had a gift for saving lost souls. King responded teasingly: "Clarence, as you know, has a lot of devil in him. He may be beyond redemption." (Anne, who would have four children with Jones, was prone to depression and died at age 48 in March 1977, under mysterious circumstances.)

On the Saturday before the historic march, several of King's confidants, such as Roy Wilkins, James Farmer, and John Lewis, joined him at Jones's home to discuss logistics and formulate ideas for King's speech. According to Jones, some of the activists thought King should speak for only five minutes; any more, they believed, would be grandstanding. Jones remembers that during the give-and-take he exploded over the attempt to limit King's oratory with an egg timer. "I don't care if they speak for five minutes, that's fine," Jones said to King with everybody listening. "You are going to take as much time as you need."

When King headed to Atlanta just days before the march, Jones and Levison stayed in New York to craft the speech. They titled it "Normalcy—Never Again." After three drafts, they got a copy to King, who made crucial substantive changes. Then, on the evening before the event, they all rendezvoused at the Willard Hotel, in Washington, D.C. King, in essence, held court in the lobby and listened to all of his key advisers' suggestions. "Martin kept saying, 'Clarence, are you taking notes?'" Jones recalls. "And I said, 'Yes.' We both kinda rolled our eyes at each other. The other leaders were determined to tell Martin what to say and how to say it."



LEGAL AIDES
Attorneys Jones and William Kunstler confer outside New York's Attica State Prison during the riots of 1971.

King and Jones had a history of skirt chasing—a late-night activity sometimes audiotaped by Hoover's agents.

After listening for 90 minutes to the recommendations of Walter Fauntroy, Bayard Rustin, and Ralph Abernathy, among others, Jones took the draft to a quiet corner and incorporated various ideas into the text. "I brought it back," Jones continues. "When I started reading it aloud, everybody started jumping on me, and Martin said, 'Hush. Let 'im finish.' I had tried to incorporate not only what this group had recommended but also what Stanley and I had written in Riverdale." A bout of bickering ensued, and King wisely excused himself. "All right, gentlemen," Jones recalls him saying. "I thank you very much. Now I am going to go upstairs and counsel with the Lord. Clarence and I are going to finish this speech."

"I visited Martin in his hotel suite that evening," Andrew Young remembers. "Martin was working away, editing the speech text, desperate to find the exact right word for every sentence. Clarence was coming and going, giving Martin encouragement and ideas." Exhausted, they all went to bed, leaving Dora McDonald to type up a clean copy in the wee hours. By five A.M., King's speech had been mimeographed and was being passed out to the press. When informed two hours later of the document's dissemination, Jones put an immediate halt to it. "I called Martin in his room and said, 'You know, this could be a major speech, and I'm concerned that you are protective of the ownership of this. So we've got to be sure it's not published. . . . Don't give up the copyright.' Little did I anticipate that my act of moderate wisdom would be deemed as the most prescient service I rendered for King."

Jones roots around his office and eventually produces the original 1963 copyright application for the "I Have a Dream" address. Jones had ensured that the speech would not become part of the public domain but would instead belong to King and, eventually, his heirs. "Whenever oral recordings or republications of the speech are sold without permission from the King Estate," Jones boasts, "a lawsuit occurs."

As a quarter of a million people converged on the National Mall on August 28, Harry Belafonte welcomed the celebrities. Early on, he had enlisted Marlon Brando. Building on Brando's commitment, he conscripted other Hollywood luminaries, such as Paul Newman and Burt Lancaster. "Clarence," says Belafonte, "was in charge of making sure the stars were both visible and safe."

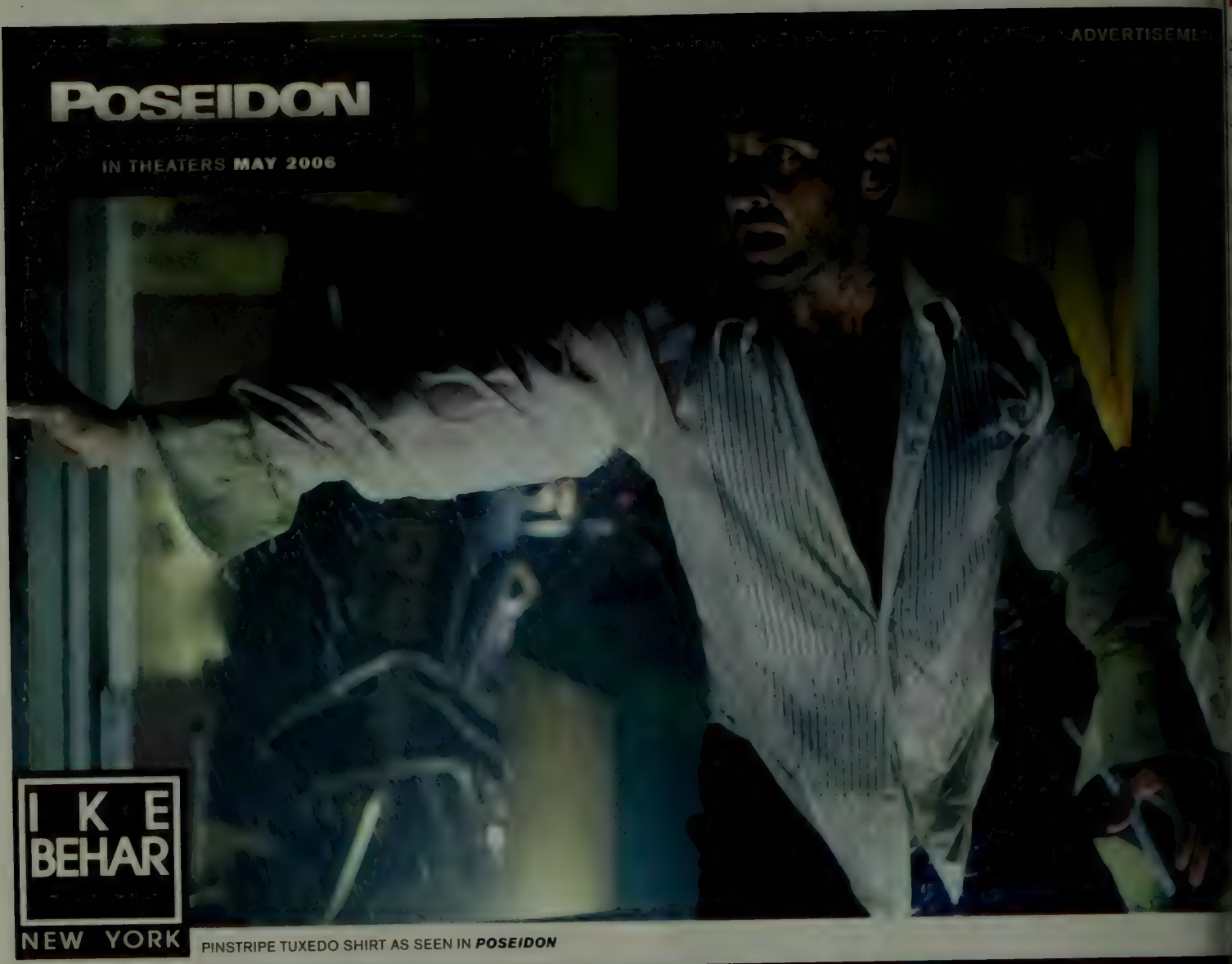
"My job was to make sure the cameras saw all of the famous faces around the Lincoln Memorial," Jones says. "Believe it or not, Charlton Heston—yes, the N.R.A. man—was co-chair. And I had with me Steve McQueen, James Garner, Diahann Carroll, Marlon Brando, Shelley Winters, Judy Garland, and many others. We circulated amongst everyday people, and I positioned the stars near the stage. Many of the celebrities were white, and we wanted the message to be that the March on Washington was an integrated event. So Brando and Poitier standing together cheering, for example, was the kind of visual I tried to choreograph."

Clearly the highlight of King's 17-minute oration consisted of the various "dream" sequences aimed at confronting corrosive racism in America. "I have a dream," King proclaimed with high-Baptist élan, "that one day this nation will rise up and live out the true meaning of its creed: We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal." Watching from 15 yards away, Jones shook his head in utter wonderment. King seemed almost biblically possessed, hitting feverish notes Jones had never before imagined. His rhetoric soared, crescendoed, inspired.

"I have a dream," King continued, "that my four little chil-


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dren will one day live in a nation where they will be judged not by the color of their skin but by the content of their character."

When King finished the speech, he came over and shook his cohort's hand. "You was smoking," a euphoric Jones told him. "The words was so hot they was just burning off the page!"

The success of the speech, however, only intensified the F.B.I.'s determination to discredit King's 32-year-old attorney. As evidenced in hundreds of newly released transcripts chronicling many of the bureau's eavesdropping sessions from 1963 to 1968, the government had as many as six agents listening in on Jones, Levison, and King. In late 1963, for example, the F.B.I. overheard a conversation between Jones and novelist James Baldwin. The fact that Baldwin blamed Hoover personally for violence against civil-rights workers in Alabama clearly worried Justice Department officials.

Even now, at the rueful age of 75, Jones thinks about King daily. He recalls the horror of the civil-rights leader's assassination in Memphis in 1968, and the pain and drama of the funeral in Atlanta. Before the memorial service, Jones says, he escorted Jacqueline Kennedy, widow of the slain president, to a private meeting with Coretta Scott King. "It may be that me taking Mrs. Kennedy to the home of Mrs. King triggered bad memories," Jones recalls. "She was in great anguish. It wasn't so much what the widows *said* to one another that lingers, but their physical action. The way they immediately embraced and held each other. You're talking chills."

Over a dinner in New York, he confesses that he plans on writing a memoir, tentatively titled *The King and Me*. Once a week, he says, he has been going to the Schomburg Center, in Harlem, to read declassified transcripts of his bugged conversations. "If the F.B.I. could monitor my activities around the clock," a perplexed

When King finished the speech, he came over and shook his cohort's hand. "You was smoking," a euphoric Jones told him.

The transcripts also reveal that the Feds were concerned by Jones's comments that liberal New York attorney William vanden Heuvel—an associate of Robert Kennedy's—was willing to help Jones procure nearly $2 million to purchase the *Amsterdam News*, fearing King would use it as a media vehicle to denounce the Vietnam War. A gleeful Hoover, in fact, feeling justified in his wiretaps, reported first to R.F.K. and then to his successors, Nicholas Katzenbach and Ramsey Clark, that Jones had metamorphosed into not only a chief King speechwriter but also a leading S.C.L.C. opponent of U.S. military involvement in Vietnam.

"Preparation of Martin's first public speech on Vietnam was the only time that Levison and I had a major policy disagreement," Jones admits. "He thought the movement had to stand by L.B.J. because we owed him. I answered that Martin had a moral obligation to denounce an immoral war." King endorsed this view, and Andrew Young, with input from others, including a significant draft from Jones, helped pull together the famous Riverside Church speech King gave on April 4, 1967. "The Johnson administration went ballistic," says Jones. "Exactly one year [later], to the day, King was killed in Memphis."

After the "I Have a Dream" speech, Jones began worrying about possible assassination attempts against King and others in the movement. And for good reason. Violence and retribution were in the air. After one caucus in Brooklyn on February 20, 1965, Malcolm X offered Jones a ride home to Riverdale in his armored car. "Malcolm opened up his car trunk and handed out two shotguns to his driver and bodyguard," Jones recalls. "I remember him urging me to meet him at the Audubon Ballroom the next afternoon, saying, 'When you come tomorrow, I'm going to introduce you to the African Unity Movement to let them know that even the so-called Negro professionals, if you don't mind me calling you that, want to join our organization.'"

Jones capitulated, even though he realized he was being tweaked by Malcolm X. "I promised Malcolm I would attend. So I'm driving the next afternoon, just coming off the West Side Highway at 158th Street, headed for the [theater], when the radio announced that Malcolm had been shot. I look out my window and see people pouring out of the Audubon Ballroom. Malcolm dead? I was just with him last night. It was awful. As Ossie Davis said, 'Malcolm was our Black Prince.'"

Jones asks me, his forehead as furrowed as a washboard, "why didn't they monitor the activities of [King's assassin] James Earl Ray and [his associates]?" Although he can't prove it, Jones believes the bureau was somehow involved. "Essentially the F.B.I. had declared open season on Martin," he exclaims. "They have blood on their hands."

Some months after my dinner with Jones, Coretta Scott King, suffering from ovarian cancer, passed away at the age of 78 from complications following a stroke. That week, Jones called his daughter Alexia Norton Jones. "When I talked to Dad," she recalls, he acknowledged the passing of an age. With a wistful finality, she says, her father told her, "I know Martin's gone now." □



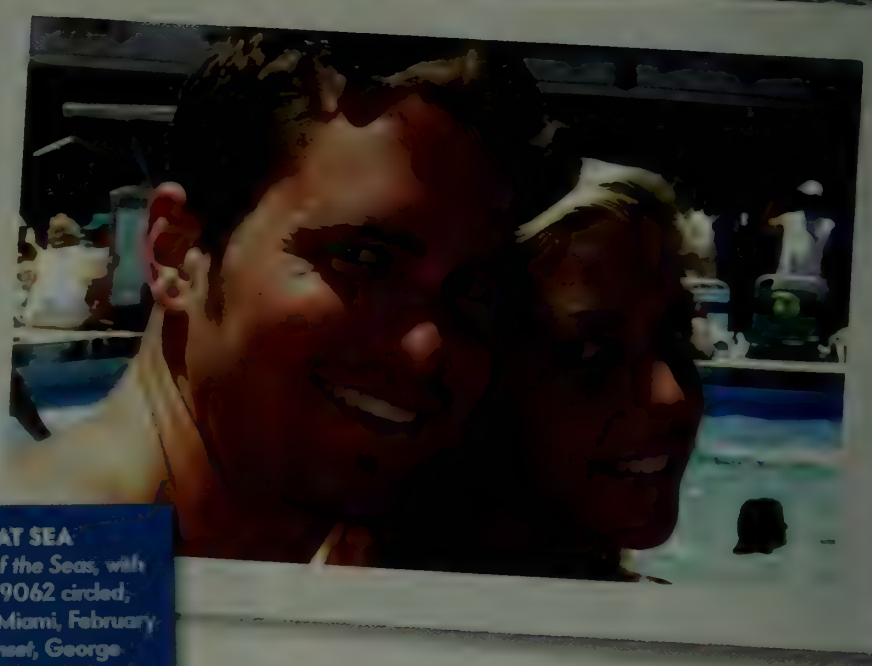
MAN ON THE MOVE
Jones, who plans on writing a memoir called *The King and Me*, near his New York City office on August 3, 2005.

HONEYMOON OVER

George and Jennifer Smith's Royal Caribbean honeymoon cruise ended prematurely last July, the night George vanished. Did he fall or was he pushed? Where was Jennifer? Who were the young Russians in their cabin? The F.B.I. remains silent, but almost everyone else is talking

BY BRYAN BURROUGH





DANGER AT SEA *Brilliance of the Seas*, with Stateroom 9062 circled, departing Miami, February 3, 2006; inset, George and Jennifer poolside on their honeymoon.

On Monday evening, July 4, 2005, a mammoth, multitiered cruise ship, *Brilliance of the Seas*, weighed anchor and eased out of the harbor at the Greek island of Mykonos, in the Aegean Sea. It was the sixth night of the ship's 12-day circling of the Mediterranean, a voyage begun in Barcelona the previous Wednesday. Captain Michael Lachtaridis of the Royal Caribbean line, which owns the ship, ordered a course north by northeast. The ship was scheduled to reach the Turkish port of Kusadasi around dawn.

Aboard that night were 2,300 guests, most of them Americans. One was a handsome, muscular 26-year-old Connecticut honeymooner named George Allen Smith IV, whose family owns a popular liquor store in the upper-crust Connecticut town of Cos Cob, near Greenwich. Smith and his attractive blonde bride of 10 days, Jennifer, who was to begin a new job teaching third-graders upon their return, had a stateroom with a balcony on Deck Nine. After a day among the whitewashed villas of Mykonos—the highlight of which was an unlikely encounter with the actress Tara Reid, who was filming her now canceled show, *Taradise*—the Smiths returned to the ship for a romantic dinner. Afterward, they headed to the casino and then to the discotheque, where they were seen drinking with a circle of shipboard acquaintances late into the night.

It should have been another fun, frolicsome evening, the first night of the rest of their lives. But what started out as a story suited for Jimmy Buffett turned out to be



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one for Agatha Christie. Sometime in the hours before dawn George Smith vanished, presumably fallen overboard into the dark Aegean. All that was found the next day was a single ugly bloodstain on a life-raft canopy beneath his balcony—just the first macabre detail in an extraordinary set of clues, quasi-witnesses, possible suspects, and grieving relatives that have become fodder for the nonfiction soap operas that unscroll on the cable-television "justice" shows. Was it an accident? Or murder? Or something else?

Night after night, Greta Van Susteren on Fox News, Joe Scarborough and Rita Cosby on MSNBC, and Larry King and Nancy Grace on CNN have repeated the tantalizing particulars: The bloodstain. The "misplaced" wife. The flirtatious casino boss. The ugly scene in the disco. The troublesome "Russian boys." The bottle of absinthe. The suspicious noises inside the Smiths' stateroom. The cop listening through the wall. The "thud."



HIGH SPIRITS A 2003 photo of George Smith III, left, with George Smith IV at their Cos Cob Liquor store, in Cos Cob, Connecticut

Just about everyone on television appears to believe George Smith was the victim of foul play, though the F.B.I., which is investigating, hasn't said a word. The longer the case remains unsolved, the darker its undertones grow. Allegations of a Royal Caribbean "cover-up" have been tossed about while journalists and congressmen murmur about the dangers lurking aboard cruise ships.

The case was actually slow to attract national attention, in large part because Smith's family remained silent during the early stages of the F.B.I.'s investigation, but in November, frustrated by what they characterized as a lack of information from Royal Caribbean, Smith's wife and parents hired attorneys. A month later they went public, granting interviews to King and Scarborough, and making statements before a congressional hearing investigating cruise-ship security.

In short order Smith became the first white male prominently featured in the five-year boomlet of Missing White Women media sagas that began with the murder of Washington intern Chandra Levy in 2001 and have endured through the coverage of Laci Peterson and others. The Smith case quickly elbowed out the dwindling updates surrounding the disappearance of Alabama teenager Natalee Holloway in Aruba, of which there has been little news in months. "Now that the Holloway case is going nowhere, everyone is looking for the next big thing," a cable booker told me in January. "I guess this is it."

The Smith coverage, however, has been oddly circumspect, in part because the F.B.I. has asked witnesses to refrain from discussing what happened that night. But if you talk to the bookers and reporters who have followed the case since the beginning, it becomes clear that everyone knows who the "persons of interest" are. Strangely, their names have been kept out of the press for months and are only now trickling into view. In the vacuum, cable hosts have been left to examine side issues: whether Royal Caribbean "contaminated" the "crime scene"; whether its officials "abandoned" Jennifer Hagel-Smith in Turkey following her husband's disappearance; whether cruise ships are safe. All three ideas are being pushed by plaintiff's attorneys, who smell big money in filing lawsuits against Royal Caribbean. Valid or not, this kind of marginalia has tended to obscure the central question: What really happened to George Smith?

"I THINK THERE ARE ARRESTS COMING DOWN," SAYS MAUREEN SMITH. "MY SON WAS MURDERED ON THIS CRUISE SHIP."

The Smiths have been a fixture in the Greenwich area for decades. The first George Allen Smith, a major-league pitcher in the 1910s and early 1920s, taught high-school math there for years. His son, George Allen Smith II, was a dentist and prominent horse breeder. George Smith III, the missing George's father, is an accountant who purchased the Greenwich area's oldest liquor store, Cos Cob Liquor, in 1982. He and his British-born wife, Maureen, live in neighboring Glenville, where George IV and his older sister, Bree, now a lawyer in Hong Kong, grew up.

His family remembers George IV as a fun-loving, free-spirited boy who grew up doing the things American boys do. He played driveway basketball, rode his bicycle for miles, and was on the football team at Greenwich High before being sidelined by a bout of mononucleosis. The family joker, George was a devotee of the British sitcom *The Office*. In the family, and later at Babson College, in Wellesley, Massachusetts, where he studied computer science and received a business degree, he was known as a whiz with anything electronic. "He was the go-to person for all that kind of stuff," says Bree. "Still, when something goes wrong, I think I'll ask George, and it just hits me. You can't ask George anymore."

At Babson, where he pledged the Tau Kappa Epsilon fraternity, George was known as a friendly, quiet student who suffered through an extended breakup with a longtime girlfriend. "A sweet guy, not too chatty, he wasn't the center of attention at a bar, but he was well liked by everybody," remembers a woman who knew him there. "Like every college student, he partied pretty hard, but we all did."

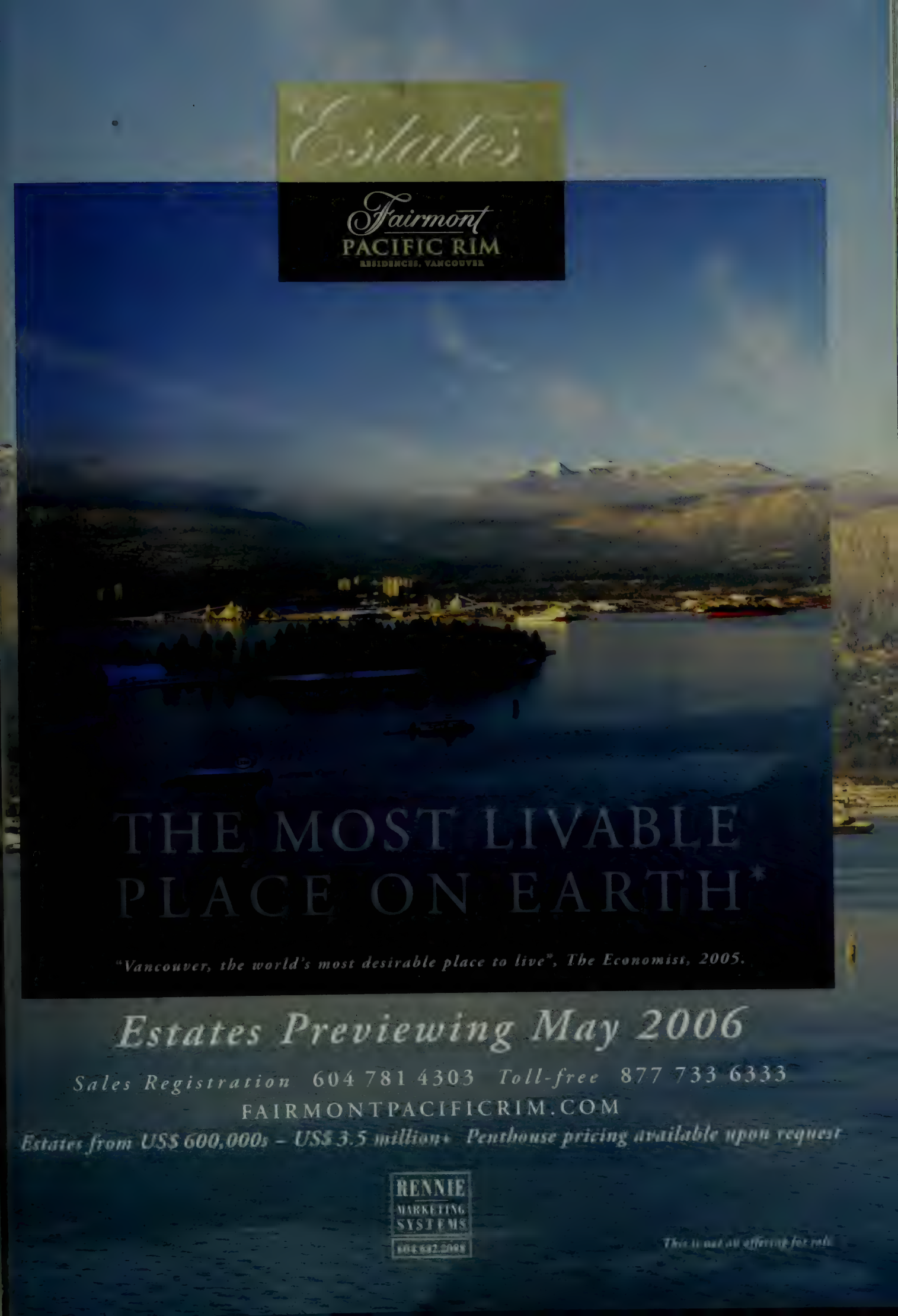
After graduation, George took a job with a computer firm in Stamford, Connecticut, doing research on Internet search engines. He later moved on to a firm in suburban Boston, where his boss, a Ph.D. named Amanda Watlington, remembers him as a favorite employee, a hard worker who took vacation time at Christmas to help his father at Cos Cob Liquor. "I cannot remember him ever having an unkind word for anyone," says Watlington. "He was a big, gentle man."

In 2003, George surprised his family by quitting his job and coming home to work at the family store. "It was the pull of family—absolutely the pull of family," says Watlington.

"At his job, you know, he worked at a desk from eight to six every day, and he said he couldn't sit in front of a computer anymore," says Maureen.

"He needed more social interaction," adds Bree.

George moved into an apartment in Byram, close to Cos Cob, and set to work updating the store's computer systems and


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building its Web site. His father hoped George would take over the business someday, and George was laying plans to move aggressively into Internet liquor sales. A handsome young man devoted to weight lifting, he began each day with a trip to the gym, and soon his father noticed the store seemed to be building its female customer base. "So many women would come into the store," says his mother, "just to see George. But he was so, so loyal to Jennifer."

George met Jennifer Hagel in 2002. He and some friends had taken a summer share in a dilapidated rental house in Newport, Rhode Island, and when his shower broke down, he began using the bathroom of an upstairs apartment whose tenants included Jennifer's brother, Johnny. "George was very quiet about his relationships, at least with us, but suddenly we started hearing the name Jennifer a lot," says Bree. "My brother was a serial monogamist, but he and Jennifer seemed to get quite serious quite fast."

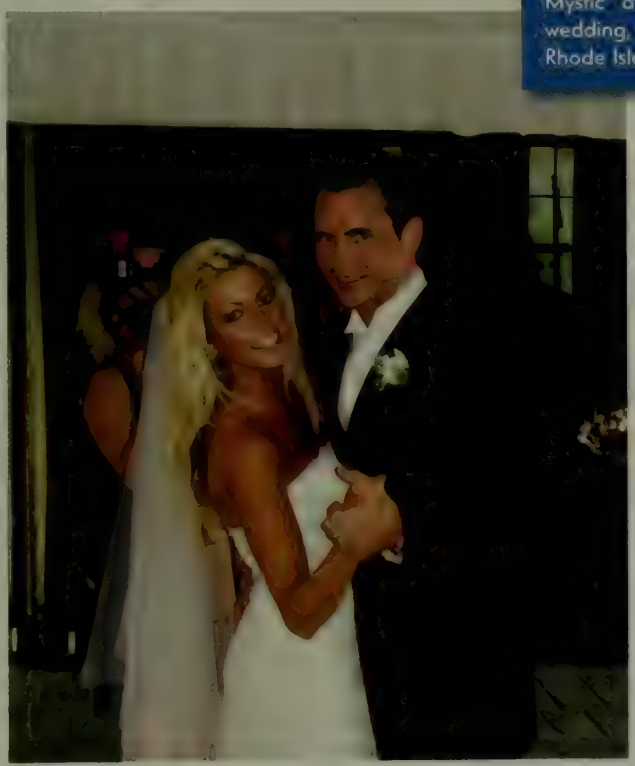
A pretty platinum blonde, Jennifer grew up in the nearby town of Cromwell, where her father, a former policeman, runs a construction business. Her mother is a real-estate agent. Jennifer attended Trinity College, in Hartford, and was, when she met George, working toward a master's degree at Roger Williams University, in Bristol, Rhode Island. Before the Smiths realized it, Jennifer had moved into George's apartment, and the couple seemed to be spending every available minute together. On Monday, his day off, George would swing by a Fresh Fields market to buy Jennifer's favorite, Chilean sea bass, which he barbecued outdoors no matter the weather. "That was actually my engagement gift for him—a new grill—because every time we went over there, even in winter, we had to sit outside while George grilled," says Maureen. "In our coats."

George and Jennifer spent long hours together finalizing details of their wedding, which was held at the waterside Castle Hill Inn & Resort, in Newport, on a beautiful Saturday afternoon in late June. They danced their first dance to Van Morrison's "Into the Mystic." The next day, running late for a limousine that would take them home and then to the airport, the newlyweds hurried away from the family luncheon before saying good-bye to Bree.

"I never got a chance to say good-bye," she says.

"But we all have our guilty moments," Maureen adds with a sigh. "George's father and I had been on several cruises, and we encouraged them to go cruising. We said he'd love it. But, you know, once you delve into it, that can be a pretty sinister world. You have no idea."

They met the ship in Barcelona. All that Wednesday afternoon, on June 29, as *Brilliance of the Seas* sat quietly at anchor in the harbor, guests climbed the gangway and spread throughout the ship, finding their staterooms and getting their first look at the casino, the disco, the restaurants, and the three swimming pools. *Brilliance of the Seas* is one of the largest of Royal Caribbean's 19 ships, a 90,000-ton behemoth with 12 passenger decks, powered by gas turbines. It sails 52 weeks a year, spending summers off the coast of Europe and winters in the Caribbean. The ship is manned by about 850 Royal Caribbean employees and can house as many as 2,500 guests. It has a spa, a full-service medical facility staffed by doctors and nurses, and even a brig for unruly passengers.



LAST DANCE George dances with Jennifer to "Into the Mystic" at their June wedding, in Newport, Rhode Island.

The Smiths unpacked their things in Stateroom 9062, a narrow space lined with a couch on one side, burled-wood cabinets on the other, and a double bed next to the balcony's sliding door. By all accounts, George and Jennifer appeared to be having a wonderful time those first few days. Photographs show them embracing by the pool—George shirtless and buff, Jennifer beaming with happiness and love. They certainly sounded as if they were having fun. On the second night, after many of the passengers had spent the day prowling Villefranche-sur-Mer, in France, the din of partying from the Smiths' room kept their neighbor, a man named Cletus Hyman, awake until almost 3:30 A.M. The next morning Hyman walked by the guest-relations desk and asked what could be done. If it happened again, he was told, call the desk, and they would handle it.

On the third day, Friday, the ship docked in Italy, and hundreds of passengers piled into taxis and buses for an outing in Florence. The Smiths shared a car with a 20-year-old community-college student from California's Orange County named Josh Askin, who remained friendly with them after their return to the ship. Askin, who was traveling with his podiatrist father, his mother, and two siblings, is described as an avid snowboarder and, according to his high-school yearbook, was once voted "Most Likely to Marry for Money."

"Josh was young, you know, a cute California boy," says a person who met him aboard *Brilliance of the Seas*. "The kind of boy who just wants to have fun."

"I LOOKED OUT MY DOOR. AND THAT'S WHEN I SAW THE MALE SUBJECTS," SAYS CLETE HYMAN. "THREE MALE SUBJECTS."

A strange series of events transpired aboard *Brilliance of the Seas* in the days after it left Italy. Mystery still shrouds many of the basic facts, and divining the truth requires storming a defensive line of F.B.I. agents, corporate executives, and uncooperative attorneys; all have their own agendas, few of which—at the moment, at least—entail divulging much to reporters. Push a little and it's clear many don't have all that much information to divulge.

Another thing that's clear is that, besides Josh Askin, George and Jennifer Smith met another group of young, hard-partying vacationers—four boisterous young Russian-American men whose activities aboard *Brilliance of the Seas* are now a focus of the F.B.I. investigation into George's disappearance. The four were traveling with relatives; their group, numbering eight people in all, consisted of two families named

Rozenberg. One, from South Florida, is headed by Mikhail and Larisa Rozenberg. The second family, believed to be from Brighton Beach, a Russian section of Brooklyn, is headed by Michael and Angela Rozenberg. Between them the families had three sons aboard, all said to be in their teens or early 20s: Jeffrey, Zachary, and Greg. Also in the group was a burly Brighton Beach 20-year-old named Rostislav "Rusty" Kofman.

One of the oddest things about the Smith case has been the media's reluctance to identify these young men. In a situation with striking similarities—the Natalee Holloway case—three young men last seen with Holloway were publicly identified within days of her disappearance; for months afterward, the main suspect, a Dutch student named Joran van der Sloot, was endlessly discussed on the cable justice shows.

Something different happened in the Smith case. For months Askin was the only one the press identified, after his attorney spoke last summer to Katie Couric on the *Today* show and on *Dateline NBC*. Even after that, most press outlets declined to identify him. Rostislav Kofman, whose name I learned from a cable booker in December, was not publicly named until January, by the *New York Post*. This article is the first to name the Rozenbergs.

"WE HAD NO JUSTIFICATION FOR INVADING A GUEST CABIN . . . [DUE TO] ONE SIMPLE PARTYING NOISE COMPLAINT," ROYAL CARIBBEAN STATED.

Why the disparity in coverage? One likely explanation arises after a talk with the Rozenbergs' New York attorney, Arthur Gershfeld. Gershfeld, himself a Russian émigré, is a former assistant district attorney in Brooklyn and an unsuccessful candidate for the New York State Assembly. When I told him I expected to print his clients' names, he tersely threatened to sue me.

"These kids are being put through a tremendous amount of stress for something they didn't do," he says. "I personally don't think the feds are ever going to charge them with anything."

In part because of Gershfeld's admonitions, very little is known about the Rozenberg group beyond names and addresses. The four young men are all said to be students although where they attend school is unknown. A [illegible] who encountered Rusty Kofman describes him as "a strapping young guy, cropped hair, nice smile, huge hands." An attorney with knowledge of the younger Rozenbergs describes them as muscular and streetwise.

But if little is known of the Rozenbergs' backgrounds, a good deal is emerging about their activities aboard *Brilliance of the Seas*. According to several people involved with the case, Kofman and the Rozenberg boys first attracted attention on Sunday night, July 3, five days into the cruise. The ship's solarium, which contains a hot tub, was a favored after-hours "hookup" area, where young people flirted and occasionally slipped off to quiet liaisons. The solarium is a nonsmoking area, however, and at least one of the Rozenberg group lit up cigarettes. When admonished to stop by a ship's officer, one or more of the men allegedly cursed at him and kept on smoking.

The next morning—the day the ship docked in Mykonos—a report on the incident crossed Marie Breheret's desk. Breheret was the ship's guest-relations manager, and she had begun the cruise expecting things like this; with high schools and colleges on summer break, *Brilliance of the Seas* had an unusually high number of teenagers on board. She telephoned one set of Rozenberg parents—apparently the Florida family, Mikhail and Larisa—and asked them to her office. There Breheret took them into the hotel director's office. As she recalls the meeting, "we basically explained to them that . . . Well, I reminded them of our Guest Vacation Policy, and we told them that any further occurrence of this behavior would cause us to disembark these boys. The parents apologized and promised their kids would be supervised, and there won't be any further problems."

The Rozenbergs had been put on notice. The problems with their children, however, were only beginning.

That night, as *Brilliance of the Seas* left Mykonos for the Turkish coast, George and Jennifer Smith headed to the casino after dinner. Jennifer has said they hoped to meet up with another couple they had gotten to know. Instead, by all accounts, they spent much of the evening gambling separately, Jennifer playing blackjack, George at a craps table, teaching Josh Askin the game. Three of the Russian boys, including Kofman, were also in the casino.

The most detailed account of what happened in the casino comes from Askin's attorney, C. Keith Greer. According to him, Askin noticed Jennifer becoming "cozy" with a strikingly handsome South African croupier named Lloyd Botah. When the casino closed at 2:30, the Smiths, along with Askin, crowded into an elevator, heading for the disco. Also in the elevator, Greer says, was Botah, who stood beside Jennifer—too close, by Askin's estimation. "He was definitely stepping over professional boundaries," says Greer. "It was awkward, but I don't know that George noticed it at the time." Botah's attorney, Andrew Rier of Miami, denies that his client flirted with Jennifer.

In the disco, according to all accounts, the group was joined by Kofman and two of the Rozenberg boys. They sat around a table with George as several of the group took shots from a bottle of absinthe, the green, highly potent liquor that is illegal in most of the West and isn't sold aboard *Brilliance of the Seas*. Royal Caribbean officials have suggested that the bottle was probably smuggled aboard the ship against the rules. Before long, all accounts agree, both George and Jennifer were very drunk.

Askin, meanwhile, remained uncomfortably aware that Jennifer was sitting very close to Botah, says Greer. According to Kofman's attorney, Albert Dayan, she was "draping herself" over other men. In time George noticed and objected. Three people—Rusty Kofman's attorney, as well as a 24-year-old New Jersey man named Dominick Mazza and a Phoenix schoolteacher named Margarita Chaves, both of whom spoke to the Associated Press—say George and Jennifer engaged in a brief argument that culminated with Jennifer kicking her new husband in the groin and walking angrily out of the disco. According to Askin's account, Botah followed her.

Askin says he didn't see the fight. "He only learned of it from a media account," says Greer. Rier denies that Botah followed Jennifer anywhere. "He left the disco between 3:10 and 3:20," the lawyer says, "and when he left, George and Jennifer and all those kids were still there. He didn't see anything like [an altercation]. He went right back to his room." For her part, Jennifer has insisted she remembers nothing after leaving the casino. If so, it's possible she suffered an alcohol-induced blackout.

Shortly after the Smiths' disagreement, at about 3:30, the disco closed. Of the young men with George at the time, only two—Josh Askin and Rusty Kofman, via their attorneys—have publicly given a version of what happened next. According

Dear Ketel One Drinker
Life is a roller coaster.
Be careful not to spill your
drink.

to both, George was too drunk to walk unaided, so Askin and the three Russian boys helped him to his cabin.

When they arrived at the stateroom, however, Jennifer wasn't there. George wanted to find her. According to one account, George changed his shirt and then, with Askin and the three Russian boys, headed to the solarium, where the cruise ship's younger crowd tended to congregate after hours. Jennifer wasn't there either. The group then guided George back to his room, arriving at 4:02—a time verified by a computerized monitoring system that tracks when key cards are used to open stateroom doors. George Smith was never seen alive again.

"WE ENCOURAGED THEM TO GO CRUISING," SAYS MAUREEN. "BUT . . . ONCE YOU DELVE INTO IT, THAT CAN BE A PRETTY SINISTER WORLD."

Two versions of what happened next—so far the only ones that have been made public—come from people whose staterooms flanked the Smiths'. The more detailed of the two comes from Clete Hyman, who, as it happens, makes an excellent witness. Hyman is the deputy police chief in Redlands, California. He has 31 years of experience in law enforcement.

According to Hyman, he was awakened a few minutes after four A.M. by "loud cheering—what sounded like a college drinking game" in the Smiths' stateroom. Irked, he pounded on the wall. The sounds subsided for a minute or two before resuming. Hyman picked up his telephone and complained to the operator, who assured him the situation would be investigated. "There were two times the yelling came to a crescendo and dropped off," he recalls. "After I banged on the wall, it never reached a high pitch again. Then, basically, it was what I'd call party noise. Loud talking. For about five minutes it was just loud talking."

At one point, Hyman heard voices drift toward the stateroom door. He thought—but wasn't certain—that at least one voice could be heard in the corridor. If so, someone may have left the room—an important detail, as the rest of his account makes clear. Hyman tried to go back to sleep, but it was no use. Suddenly, he says, "out of the blue, and I'm trying to drift in and out of sleep, there was a loud argument on the balcony. Three voices. I could not make out [what they were saying], and I didn't really attempt to. These voices were raised. And you know, it sounded like an argument. Not a fight. An argument. That went on for a minute or so."

By now, Hyman estimates, it was 4:15. At that point, he could hear voices moving across the room, toward the door. "You could definitely hear a voice ushering people out of the room," he says. "'Good night,' 'Good night,' 'Good night,' repeatedly. I hear the door close. And then I waited a little bit, 10 seconds or so, and I looked out my door. And that's when I saw the male subjects. Three male subjects."

This is a crucial moment. If George Smith was still alive in his room—and there's no reason to believe he wasn't—the three men Hyman saw can probably be cleared of any involvement in his death. But Hyman, out of respect for the F.B.I. probe, won't say whom he saw. He won't even say if he has identified whom he saw. "Sorry, I won't even go that far," he says. "I saw three suspects. All I can say."

On the other side of the Smith stateroom, vacationers Greg and Pat Lawyer, who heard many of the same sounds as Clete Hyman but not all, did not see the young men leave. But they heard them speaking. Two of the three young men, they claim, had accents. The Lawyers' account does not contradict Hyman's key assertion: only three men left the room.

If Josh Askin is correct, four young men had taken George back to his room: Askin, Rusty Kofman, and the two Rozenbergs. Kofman's attorney, Albert Dayan, insists that all four left at the same time—that Hyman miscounted. But if only three left, that might mean someone was still in the room with George. Or it might not—that is, if one of the men had left earlier, as Hyman thought possible. As of this writing, no one is certain who was in the room after 4:15.

Whatever the case, Clete Hyman continued to listen through the thin walls. He is certain he heard someone talking—"in a conversational tone"—but he heard only a single voice. At the same time, he began to hear louder noises. "There was movement in the room, and again this was sporadic," Hyman says. "It sounded like someone going in and out of cupboards, drawers, maybe furniture being moved. The thoughts that go to my mind is that they were cleaning the room—they had a party there, and they were cleaning. I was very happy."

By Hyman's estimation, this lasted eight minutes or so. At that point, sounds moved toward the balcony. Two metal chairs were there, and Hyman says he heard at least one being moved. And then, silence. For a minute or two, Hyman says, he heard no sound. Then, roughly between 4:20 and 4:25 A.M., Hyman heard what he describes as "a horrific thud"—so violent he felt the vibration in his bed.

"My first thought was that someone fell on the balcony—not off," he says. "But because it was so loud, I discarded that thought. Someone would have to be very heavy to make that sound. The second thought I had is that, well, they had been moving furniture. I thought maybe they were throwing furniture overboard. It sounded heavy enough to be a couch. I didn't look out. There was total silence after that. I didn't hear any screams, any movements, after that."

Presumably the "thud" was the sound of George Smith going over the balcony and hitting the canopy below. The critical question remains: Was he pushed? Or was he alone? Ordinarily, Hyman says, he could hear the Smiths leaving their cabin; he could hear their door open. After the thud, he did not hear the door open. If someone was inside Stateroom 9062 when George met his fate, the person slipped out without making a sound. Hyman acknowledges the possibility. (Royal Caribbean's monitoring system can't clear up the mystery. It notes the opening of a stateroom door when a key card is used, but not when a door is opened from within.)

The next thing Hyman heard came three or four minutes after the "horrific thud." Two Royal Caribbean security men, responding to Hyman's earlier call, walked down the corridor and approached the Smiths' door. They heard no sound from inside. There was no reply to their knock. Assuming the party was over, they didn't attempt to enter. Hyman remained in his room and did not talk to the officers, who walked away. "Security left believing all was well," Royal Caribbean noted in a time line it issued. "We had no justification for invading a guest cabin on the basis of one simple partying noise complaint."

Hyman laid his head on the pillow and tried to go back to sleep.

Josh Askin, via his attorney, denies he played any part in George Smith's disappearance. He indicates that he, Kofman, and the two Rozenbergs stayed with George for 10 or 15 minutes, during which Askin used the bathroom. He says that everyone departed by 4:15, leaving no one inside but George. Rusty Kofman's attorney disputes this time line, placing

everything several minutes earlier; he says his client and the two Rozenbergs were all back in Kofman's room by four, and claims to have a time-stamped photo proving it. Whatever the timing, Kofman insists the last he saw of George Smith was when the boys left him on his bed; George was so grateful, he says, that he actually kissed one of the boys and promised to buy them a round of drinks the next day. According to Askin, he went to Kofman's room with the others and was back in his own stateroom by 5:15 A.M.

Where was Mrs. George Smith during all this?

For months there was speculation about Jennifer's whereabouts in the hours before and after her husband returned to their stateroom. In interviews she has given, she insists she remembers nothing after leaving the casino. On its face, this might appear suspicious. No guest came forward to establish where she had been. Indeed, the questions surrounding her whereabouts lay thinly atop the big question: Did Jennifer Hagel-Smith have anything to do with her husband's disappearance?

The mystery began to clear up in January, when Royal Caribbean issued its time line of events. According to several witnesses, Jennifer was seen leaving the disco at about 3:15—just minutes before George and his friends left. It should have taken her less than five minutes to return to her stateroom. If she had walked directly there, she might have been there when George was partying with Askin and the Russian boys—the "drinking games" Clete Hyman heard began around 4, which continued until at least 4:20. In fact, had Jennifer returned to the room, there's little doubt the night would have ended differently. If George met an accidental death, she could have prevented it or, at the very least, raised the alarm had he fallen overboard. If George was the victim of foul play, she might also have prevented that. Or she too might have ended up in the Aegean.

But Jennifer apparently did not return to her room. From the disco she took the elevator down to Deck Nine, but she was evidently so drunk she became disoriented. Instead of turning right, into the long port corridor that led to their stateroom, she turned left, into the starboard corridor. From there she walked until the corridor ended in an alcove. In the alcove was a maintenance door. It was locked. Jennifer slumped against the wall, slid to the floor, and fell asleep.

Her attorney, James Walker, has suggested that Jennifer may have been drugged. It's also possible that someone led her to the alcove and left her there—and she forgot about it after a blackout. And it's at least conceivable that she did in fact return to the stateroom and then left once more. The most likely explanation, however, is that Jennifer was so drunk she became confused. When her husband tumbled overboard, she was passed out in a hallway.

According to Royal Caribbean, a security guard found Jennifer a little after 4:30—just about the same time the two other security guards responded to Clete Hyman's complaint and found the Smith stateroom silent. On a walkie-talkie, the guard who found Jennifer buzzed the nurse on duty that morning. The nurse suggested he apply a wet paper towel to her forehead and attempt to rouse her. This he did. Jennifer woke, gave her name and stateroom number, and said, "I'm O.K."

Two more security men appeared and helped Jennifer to her feet. She was able to walk, but not well. Rather than frog-march her through the hallways in this condition, two of the three men walked the length of the ship to the Smith stateroom. They arrived at the door at 4:48, 15 minutes after the first pair's visit. There is no indication





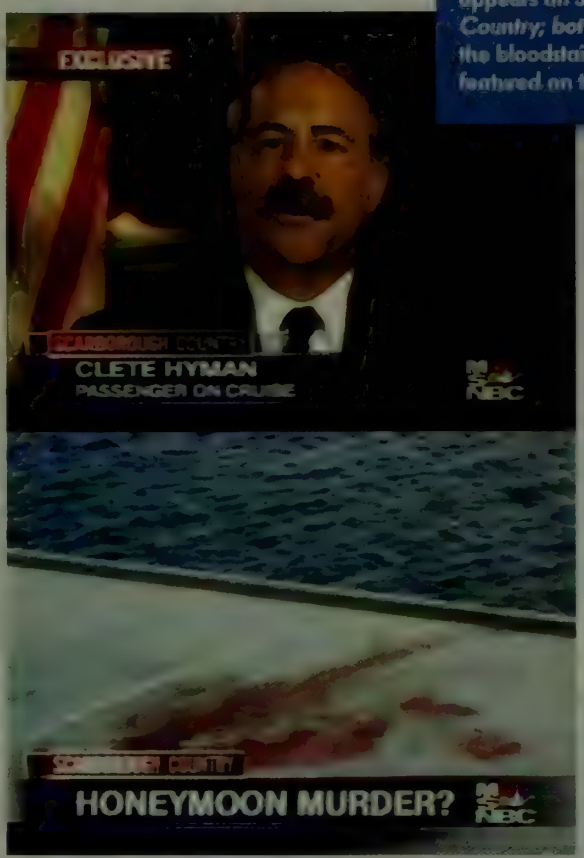
PARADISE LOST Above, George Smith on his honeymoon; right, a stateroom with balcony on *Brilliance of the Seas*.

"MY FIRST THOUGHT WAS THAT SOMEONE FELL ON THE BALCONY—NOT OFF," SAYS HYMAN. "IT SOUNDED HEAVY ENOUGH TO BE A COUCH."

the second pair of security men knew of the first pair. "So they knock," says Bill Wright, a Royal Caribbean senior vice president, "and no one answers. So they go in, look in the bathroom, look around. No one's there. That's it. They were just looking for her companion."

A wheelchair was summoned for Jennifer, and she was accompanied back to her stateroom by two security men and a female employee. They re-entered her cabin at 4:57. The three Royal Caribbean officers guided Jennifer to the bed, where she lay down atop the covers. Today, Royal Caribbean says none of its men noticed anything amiss—no signs of a struggle, blood trails, or anything that would remotely suggest wrongdoing. As they were leaving, Clete Hyman stuck his head out the door of his room and told them of his earlier complaint. He urged them to go inside. They said they had just been inside. Hyman returned to bed.

Jennifer slept about three hours, until eight o'clock. When she woke and found no sign of George, she later told authorities, she didn't worry. She claimed he had slept outside their stateroom at least one other evening during the cruise. The Smiths had massage appointments at 8:30. She kept hers and later said she expected her husband would show up at the spa. When he didn't, she went on with her massage anyway. By this time line, George Smith had not been seen for more than four hours.



IN COLD BLOOD? *Below, Clete Hyman appears on Scarborough Country; bottom, the bloodstain as it was featured on that show.*

At about the time Jennifer Hagel-Smith arrived for her massage, several passengers on their balconies had noticed the bloodstain on the white canopy. A group of ship's officers examined it, as did Captain Lachtaridis. All knew what this might mean: *Brilliance of the Seas* was experiencing what Royal Caribbean terms an "overboard situation."

But who went overboard? There were four decks of staterooms above the bloodstains. Captain Lachtaridis ordered a check of the four staterooms directly above the blood, plus the eight rooms on either side. Guests' entry onto and exit from the ship is monitored via a card system called Seapass; it took only minutes to establish that many of the guests in those rooms had already gone ashore. It took less than an hour to determine that the Smiths were the only guests not accounted for.

A page for Mr. and Mrs. George Smith was announced on the ship's intercom. After a few minutes, a spa attendant called to say Jennifer was in a massage room. Three officers went down to meet her. She said she had no idea where her husband was. She said she assumed he might be sleeping somewhere else aboard ship. The officers, who refrained from mentioning the bloodstains for fear of alarming Jennifer, escorted her to a nurse's office. Marie Breheret came in and, with other officers, gently explained the situation.

"She was like a zombie," Breheret says. "She was just desperate. She had a look in her eyes that said, 'Help me.' She was crying. She seemed to be confused. We called in the doctor, to make sure she was O.K. She couldn't go back to the room. So we found an empty cabin. I took her there. Because she couldn't get any clothes, we opened the shop to get her some clothes. They all had the Royal Caribbean logo. Those are the only items we sell, you know."

A few minutes after the Smiths were paged, Askin approached a ship's officer and volunteered that he had been partying with the Smiths late the previous night. He said they were probably in their stateroom, asleep. Later, once it became clear George was missing, Askin was paged to be questioned. "When Joshua heard the announcement," says Breheret, "he came to us with his mom. When Jennifer arrived, Mrs. Askin was acting very motherly toward Jennifer. She was hugging her. She kept saying, 'Don't worry, we will find him.' I thought they were friends. I thought they were cruising all together."

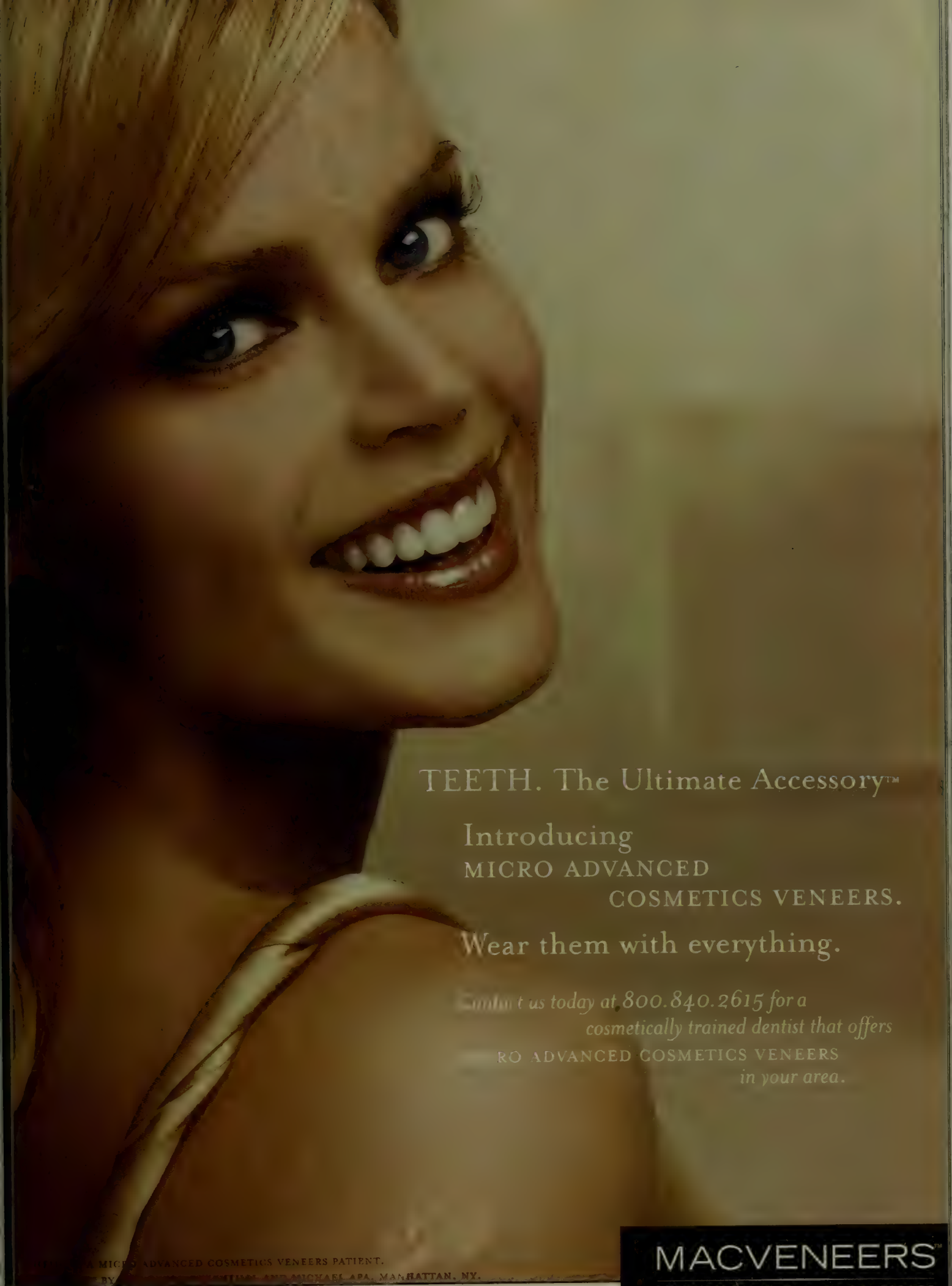
Both Jennifer and Askin were led ashore to be interviewed by the Turkish police; neither Rusty Kofman nor any of the Rozenbergs was interviewed. Police also boarded the ship, photographed the bloodstained canopy, and searched the Smiths' stateroom. According to Greer, Askin's attorney, they found droplets of blood on a bedsheet and a towel. Greer, who has reviewed Turkish documents on the case, says the amount of blood was small—not, he insists, an amount consistent with someone being stabbed or seriously injured. "It wasn't something that someone was hiding," he says. "This was on a boat, remember. If you do something nefarious, you throw it overboard and it's gone forever. You don't leave it lying around."

The Turks later turned over their findings to the F.B.I. So did Royal Caribbean, which says it has given the F.B.I. nearly 100 tapes from security cameras around the ship. With permission from the authorities, Captain Lachtaridis ordered the bloodstains hosed off at six that evening, and prepared to leave Turkey. Several days later he filed a report with authorities in the Bahamas, where the ship is chartered, terming George's disappearance a "probable" accident; the Smith-family attorneys have used this to suggest a Royal Caribbean cover-up. A Royal Caribbean attorney says the captain acted on a premature assumption and calls the report's filing "a stupid mistake."

"SINCE WHEN DOES A CRUISE LINE HAVE AN OBLIGATION TO BECOME A C.S.I. UNIT AND SOLVE CRIMES?" ASKS ONE PASSENGER.

There is no suggestion that anyone seriously considered mounting an ocean search. The ship had covered nearly 200 miles the previous night; George Smith, or his body, could be anywhere. Jennifer, meanwhile, telephoned her parents in Connecticut, who broke the news to the Smith family. She then boarded a Lufthansa flight for home.

That evening *Brilliance of the Seas* left the Turkish coast and headed back into the Aegean toward Athens, where it would



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anchor the next morning at the Greek port of Piraeus. The drama involving the Smiths was over, but troubles with Rostislav Kofman and the Rozenberg boys were just picking up steam. Two more incidents involving them allegedly occurred over the next 48 hours. One evening, ship officials say, Greg Rozenberg was carded at the disco. His passport indicated he was 17. He insisted he was 18. Marie Breheret was summoned, as were Greg's parents. According to attorneys familiar with what happened, the parents argued to Breheret that the passport was in error, that Greg was in fact 18, but Greg was barred from the disco.

On another occasion, Breheret took a call from one of the women who answered room-service calls. She complained that Kofman and the Rozenberg boys had phoned in an order and, during the course of ordering, cursed at her. Breheret picked up the phone, called the boys, and took their order. She says she told them they would have to be more polite. They assured her they would be. Even so, Breheret felt that two more incidents justified a second meeting with the Rozenberg parents.

Once again they were summoned to the hotel director's office. This time Breheret was emphatic. "I would say they were helpful and nice again," she says, "but we made it very clear; we told them that if this kind of situation reoccurred, we will ask them to leave the ship. We made it very clear—there won't be any further warnings."

On Thursday, July 7, an elderly passenger had a heart attack and died. After the ship docked at Naples the next morning, Breheret spent the day helping the widow. Which is why she didn't get involved that morning when a 20-year-old woman—her identity has not been made public—arrived at the medical center and, according to one source, asked a nurse about the morning-after pill. The nurse sensed something was amiss, and gently pressed the girl, who during the ensuing conversation said she had been the victim of a rape.

What happened next is hazy at best; no one directly involved in handling the girl's allegation has been willing to discuss it in detail. But according to attorneys working on the Smith investigation, the girl identified those involved as Rusty Kofman and the three Rozenberg boys. Once again, ship officials called in both sets of Rozenberg parents, as well as Josh Askin's parents. The incident, it turned out, had been videotaped. Attorneys on the case say one of the Rozenberg parents produced a copy of the tape. Another copy, these attorneys say, was "found"—they won't say how.

Of the young men on the tape, only Rusty Kofman, via his attorney, Albert Dayan, has addressed it publicly, acknowledging that Kofman took part, but claiming the sex was consensual. Dayan says Kofman was asleep in his room that night when one of the Rozenbergs telephoned him, told him they were having sex with a young woman they had met in the ship's solarium area, and asked him to bring his camera, which he did. Askin's attorney says his client took no part in the incident whatsoever. The Rozenbergs' attorney, Arthur Gershfeld, refuses to discuss it.



BEARING WITNESS Jennifer listens to testimony in Congress about the disappearance of her husband, December 13, 2005.

Meanwhile, word spread that the young men involved in the rape allegation were the same young men rumored to have been last seen with George Smith. "When we realized it was the same names involved, I was concerned for our safety," says a person who was traveling with the girl involved in the rape allegations. "Especially when we made some accusations. I was concerned—where was all this going to lead?"

Royal Caribbean officials, however, moved swiftly to defuse the situation. Hours after the girl had come forward, both Rozenberg families and the Askin family—13 people in all—were escorted off the ship. A number of guests gathered on balconies to see them go. "We watched this group as they walked off and down to their luggage on the dock," says the person traveling with the girl. "We were just tickled to death [they were gone]. I watched them go down through security at the end of the dock, and it was obvious that Italian customs put them through the ringer, absolutely everything they had, item by item. It took them a long time to go through customs."

Afterward, the rape allegation was reviewed by a magistrate in Naples. According to an Italian newspaper article, the magistrate, after viewing the videotape, found no evidence of a crime. Others involved in the incident, however, say the magistrate did not rule on the evidence, but instead declared that the court had no jurisdiction, and turned the case over

"JENNIFER WAS LIKE A ZOMBIE," BREHERET SAYS. "SHE WAS JUST DESPERATE. SHE HAD A LOOK IN HER EYES THAT SAID, 'HELP ME.'"

to the American Consulate. The F.B.I. is now investigating the case.

News of George Smith's disappearance generated several national media reports last summer, including pieces by *Dateline NBC* and *A Current Affair,* but all efforts to dig further into the case were stymied by the grief-stricken Smith and Hagel families, who refused to talk to the press. "It was total shutdown mode," says Brad Hamilton, a reporter for the *New York Post.* "You went to the liquor store and employees worried they might be fired if they talked. I talked to the store's distributors. They were aggressively hostile. We went to the Hagel home, on a cul-de-sac in Cromwell. The neighbors were aggressively hostile. For the most part, you know, the story just went nowhere."

Everything changed in December, however, when both Jennifer and the Smith family suddenly opened up, granting television interviews and agreeing to testify before a congressional committee—chaired by Connecticut's Christopher Shays—investigating cruise-ship safety. Both criticized Royal Caribbean: the Smiths for its supposed failure to keep them apprised of the investigation into George's death, Jennifer for what she described as poor treatment by ship's officers the day of his disappearance. She claims she was left alone in Turkey to fend for herself, a contention strongly denied by Royal Caribbean officials.

Caught off guard, Royal Caribbean brought in a crisis-management team of attorneys from the Washington firm of Orrick, Herrington & Sutcliffe headed by Lanny Davis, a special White House counsel to President Clinton. In early January, when a torrent of news stories and cable chatter surged after a holiday lull, the Davis team led Royal Caribbean officials in a spirited defense against claims they had neglected Jennifer, sullied the "crime scene," and downplayed George's death.

They produced Marie Breheret, who said she had been at Jennifer's side almost every minute she spent in Turkey. They issued a time line laying out everything they knew about what had happened, as well as a list of the "Top Ten Myths" about George's disappearance. When Jennifer agreed to discuss the case on *Oprah,* Royal Caribbean's president, Adam Goldstein, went on the show and apologized to her for how the incident was handled.

"It's so hard to attack back," Davis told me. "What are you going to do, attack a grieving mother? You can't win. But they're accusing us of a criminal conspiracy, of covering up a crime. We have to figure out, What do you do in this Internet-cable-do-it-first-before-you-do-it-right kind of echo chamber? This is a great example of this culture of cable TV and misinformation that starts to gain its own reality."

Overall, Royal Caribbean has succeeded in countering the most damning claims. There seems to be little substance to Jennifer's complaints of being abandoned. And while two family attorneys—James Walker and Brett Rivkind of Miami—have eaten up hours of coverage castigating the cruise line for "contaminating" the "crime scene" by failing to seal it off, several guests caught up in the furor defend Royal Caribbean. "They did seal the room; we were right next to it," says Clete Hyman. "And I worked with Marie. She was extremely compassionate and professional. I see all of this, frankly, as a smoke screen erected by attorneys who are only interested in money."

The guest who was traveling with the girl who initiated the rape allegation agrees. "Watching all this stuff in the press, I just started feeling very, very sorry for Royal Caribbean," this passenger says. "The day all this took place, with the help of the ship's doctor, who was extremely nice, we had the name of the F.B.I. agent who was involved in the case, his telephone number, all that stuff, within hours. This is just so different from the way Royal Caribbean has been portrayed. I mean, since when does a cruise line have an obligation to become a C.S.I. unit and solve crimes? This whole thing is crazy."

While the war of words continues, the F.B.I. investigation drags on. Attorneys for Rusty Kofman and Josh Askin say their clients have been repeatedly interviewed by the F.B.I. They say the Rozenberg boys have not agreed to similar interviews; the Rozenbergs' attorney won't say whether this is true. So far, most lawyers involved in the case speculate, no one has admitted to much of anything beyond having consensual sex with the 20-year-old woman. Without a confession, the case may be difficult to solve. "That's what worries me," says Clete Hyman. "That [the F.B.I.] may never come out and say anything."

So what really happened to George Smith?

Even his family isn't sure. "We get more and more confused each day," says Bree.

"I don't," says Maureen.

"I do," says Bree. "You know, Josh Askin is in the media one day, this Rusty Kofman the next. I just don't know . . . "

"I'm actually convinced that the F.B.I. has the answers," says Maureen, "and I think there are arrests coming down, and there needs to be. My son was murdered on this cruise ship."

He may well have been. But, based on the evidence presented thus far, I'm inclined to think the four (or three) young men who departed the room that morning left George alone and alive. Clete Hyman emphasizes that he heard nothing up to that point that could be construed as a struggle. If one of the young men stayed behind in the room, it would be suspicious. It's difficult to believe that Josh Askin, a college student with no prior links to Kofman and the Rozenberg brothers, would cover up for them if one of them had remained behind in Smith's cabin. If it was Askin who remained behind, it's difficult to believe the others wouldn't finger him. Currently, there's no evidence that anyone else visited the stateroom.

"THIS WAS ON A BOAT," SAYS ASKIN'S LAWYER. "IF YOU DO SOMETHING NEFARIOUS, YOU THROW IT OVERBOARD AND IT'S GONE FOREVER."

Why would someone want to kill George Smith anyway? There's been speculation that he spoke of having a large amount of cash in his stateroom, but no one involved in the case says any money was missing. A plausible scenario revolves around an otherwise innocuous fact that hasn't been made public: George Smith, like many men, apparently enjoyed a good cigar while on vacation. At least one guest had smelled cigar smoke wafting from his room earlier in the cruise. The noises Hyman heard after the young men left that morning—drawers opening and closing—could well have been George hunting up a cigar. Maybe he took it outside to smoke and decided to sit on the balcony railing.

The ship's captain, Michael Lachtaridis, later told Royal Caribbean executives he saw what he called a "butt print" on the balcony railing—the outline of a derrière in the dew the next morning. Even allowing for the captain's premature statement that George's death was possibly an accident, his statement can't be discounted entirely. "The boat was rocking pretty good that night," one passenger told me. "If he sat up on that railing, it wouldn't be hard to fall off—especially if he was really, really drunk." □


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VANITIES



JOSEPH GORDON-LEVITT

AGE AND OCCUPATION: 25, actor. **PROVENANCE:** Los Angeles. **ROCK ON:** A lot of hapless screen ers find a second career in sitcoms (*cough*—Charlie Sheen), but Gordon-Levitt appears to be one of the select few who find critical success going the oth way (*cough*—Tom Hanks). Having taken a break after six years on *3rd Rock from the Sun* to attend Columbia, Gordon-Levitt went on to star in serious movies, including Rian Johnson's *Brick* (Special Jury Prize, Sundance 2005), coming out later this month. **SITCOMPLICATED?** "No. A sitcom is the cushiest gig in show business." And then Gregg Araki came along with *Mysterious Skin*. "I'll always be indebted to Gregg for being somebody who saw that I could do something else." **KNOCKIN' 'EM DEAD:** Up next is *Killshot*—based on the Elmore Leonard book—in which Gordon-Levitt plays a killer opposite Mickey Rourke. "It was kind of agonizing to kill people; I'd never killed anybody in a part before, and I don't take that shit lightly." —KRISTA SMITH

PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFF BURTON

EDWIN COASTER 2/2/06

Dear Graydon:

I suspect that there's going to be a stink about this in the papers shortly, so let me give it to you straight: I have been less than forthcoming about the circumstances that compelled me to write my debut novel, In a Green Pink Country, in 1957. I was not dishonorably discharged from the army for insubordination, nor did I sleep through the Inchon Landing, nor did I give the clap to the entire village of Joo Gok Ri, nor did I spend six months on a post-traumatic bender on Cape Cod after the war, trawling the beaches for stray dogs to sexually violate. In fact, I'm ashamed to say, I received an Army Commendation Medal for helping drag my wounded commanding officer to safety in 1951, and, in the mid-50s, I lived quietly in New Canaan, Connecticut, with my second wife and infant daughter.

I duped my editor, Al Knopf, into believing I'd done these monstrous things because I wanted him to believe that my transgressive work of literature—the first anywhere to refer to the perineal area of the human body as the "taint"—derived from true-life experiences. But now I realize that this was wrong, and I have prepared a new introduction for Random House's Modern Library reissue of Green Pink. I would like to enlist your ever able P.R. person Beth Karsooniak in getting me on Oprah and Larry King. Only by extensively explaining my egregious misconduct in high-visibility media outlets will I be able to cleanse my conscience.

Ed

CC: William Bastone, editor, theSmokingGun.com

VANITY FAIR

BETH KSENIAK
EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR OF PUBLIC RELATIONS

February 8, 2006

Graydon:

If Ed's expecting a "scandal bounce" in his book sales, he can forget about it. I've called around, and no one cares about something that happened almost 50 years ago with a dead editor and an old writer. However, the guys at the Smoking Gun confirmed Ed's valorous war record, and further produced documents showing that he organized the '54 Easter Egg Hunt for the New Canaan Rotary Club. F.Y.I.: they also found mug shots of you when you were booked and fingerprinted as a teen for protesting the CBC's cancellation of the popular Canadian satirical TV program *This Hour Has Seven Days*.

Bette

AMY SACCO

February 9, 2006

Graydon:

This must stay entre nous. Things are not going well btw fiancé Ed and me. He's been acting weird, asking me to flagellate him while he yells "I'm sorry, Oprah, I'm sorry!" I'm not into that kind of stuff. Frankly, he's creeping me out. Would it be wrong of me to call off the wedding?

Love,

Amy

The COASTER CORRESPONDENCE

More of the very expensive words of Edwin John Coaster, contributing editor



ILLUSTRATION BY TIM SHEAFFER



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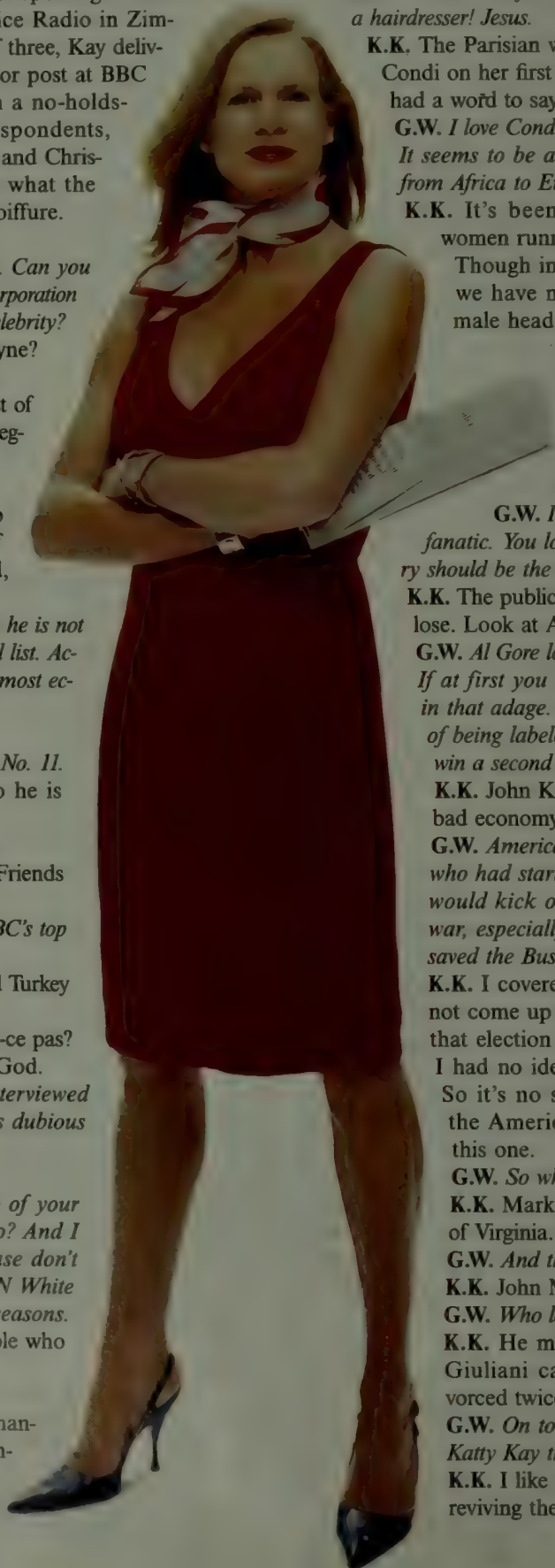
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GEORGE WAYNE Q&A

Around the World with Katty Kay

BBC America's top correspondent goes on the record

The daughter of a high-ranking British diplomat, Katty Kay first hit the world-news-reporting scene in 1990, for BBC World Service Radio in Zimbabwe. Now a wife and a mother of three, Kay delivers the news from a cushy top-anchor post at BBC America, in Washington, D.C. In a no-holds-barred discussion between correspondents, Kay fields questions on Elton John and Christiane Amanpour, and talks about what the French really thought of Condi's coiffure.



George Wayne: *Quiz time, Miss Kay. Can you tell me who the British Broadcasting Corporation considers the world's most eccentric celebrity?*

Katty Kay: Apart from George Wayne?

G.W. *I didn't know I was a celebrity.*

K.K. There has got to be a whole host of them, starting with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

G.W. *Interesting choice. Why?*

K.K. He went from bodybuilder to superstar to governor. So in terms of gob-smacking the rest of the world, Arnie's up there.

G.W. *As far as the BBC is concerned, he is not in the Top 20. This is from the official list. According to them, Björk is the world's most eccentric celebrity.*

K.K. Because of the swan dress.

G.W. *Precisely. Elton John was only No. 11.*

K.K. Well, he just got married, so he is normal now.

G.W. *Are you friends with Sir Elton?*

K.K. I'm still waiting to get on the "Friends of Elton" list.

G.W. *How long have you been the BBC's top gal in D.C.?*

K.K. Only a couple of years. I toured Turkey and Africa before I came here.

G.W. *Katty Kay is a pseudonym,* n'est-ce pas?

K.K. It is my real name. I swear to God.

G.W. *Well, the last media hag I interviewed was Kitty Kelley, so welcome to this dubious distinction.*

K.K. Kitty lives on my street.

G.W. *Tell her G.W. says hello. Who of your peers do you give the most props to? And I am being gender-specific, and please don't say Dana Bash. She's the worst CNN White House correspondent we've had in seasons.*

K.K. I've always looked at the people who can still carry on traveling.

G.W. *Like a Christiane Amanpour.*

K.K. The people like Christiane Amanpour, and the BBC has Hilary Anderson, who has been reporting from Africa.

G.W. *Let's head to Germany. Angela Merkel needs a thorough makeover. Those ill-fitting pantsuits have got to go. And get a hairdresser! Jesus.*

K.K. The Parisian women said the same thing about Condi on her first trip. "Get a hairdresser." No one had a word to say about the politics.

G.W. *I love Condi's hair. And those knee-high boots. It seems to be a trend: women running countries from Africa to Europe to South America.*

K.K. It's been around for centuries, strong women running countries. It's not really new. Though in Africa we are seeing something we have never seen before: an elected female head of state.

G.W. *Well, it ain't gonna happen in America, 2008. The Hillary-Condi hype is just that: hype.*

K.K. I do agree with you there. America is not ready for a woman commander in chief.

G.W. *I know that you are a John McCain fanatic. You love John McCain. But I think Kerry should be the next president.*

K.K. The public doesn't like to reward people who lose. Look at Al Gore.

G.W. *Al Gore lost because he was just too wooden. If at first you don't succeed, try again. I believe in that adage. This ridiculous notion in America of being labeled a "political loser," that you can't win a second chance.*

K.K. John Kerry had so much to work with—a bad economy, the mess in Iraq.

G.W. *America was not ready to oust a president who had started a war. There was no way they would kick out a president who had started a war, especially at that time. The war was what saved the Bush presidency.*

K.K. I covered that election, and Kerry could not come up with a plausible policy. I covered that election every day for an entire year, and I had no idea what John Kerry's policy was. So it's no surprise he could not convince the American people. We will disagree on this one.

G.W. *So who is your dark horse?*

K.K. Mark Warner. He is a former governor of Virginia.

G.W. *And the Republican ticket?*

K.K. John McCain.

G.W. *Who looks as if he suffers from gout.*

K.K. He may have the age issue, but Rudy Giuliani cannot be elected. He's been divorced twice.

G.W. *On to more pressing matters. What does Katty Kay think about the new James Bond?*

K.K. I like Daniel Craig. He gets my vote for reviving the James Bond franchise.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHRISTIAN WITKIN. STYLED BY LISA MOSKO. DRESS BY DOLCE & GABBANA. SCARF BY CELINE. SHOES BY CESARE PACIOTTI. EARRINGS BY R. J. GRAZIANO.

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have you spotted it?

LIBERATED WOMAN

Prime-time superstar, first-time author, and self-described "strong chick" Teri Hatcher, photographed in February 2006.



Teri Hatcher's

Teri Hatcher spent Valentine's Day reading *He's Just Not That into You*, but the desolation she felt went far deeper than being dumped by a rakish Mr. Wrong. In an exclusive interview with LESLIE BENNETTS, the breakout star of *Desperate Housewives* reveals the abuse she says she's hidden all her life, the horrific suicide that finally forced her to confront the past, and her determination to turn tragedy into inspiration



Desperate Hour

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL THOMPSON; STYLED BY JOE ZEE

BAILEY: PROPS AND SET DESIGN BY TOM BELL. FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE

REOPENED WOUNDS

The secret Hatcher says she had tried to bury in her past took on shocking urgency in 2002, when she learned about the tragic suicide of a girl from her hometown.



"I was just blown over by this girl's pain. I thought, Boy, that's really close to being me."



At night on Wisteria Lane, the immaculate houses glow in the dark, their lighted windows warm and welcoming. The pastel-hued façades look as cheerful and innocuous as gaily painted Easter eggs: Lynette's is mint green, Bree's a cool blue gray, Gabrielle's an intense goldenrod. But as fans of *Desperate Housewives* know, those perfect exteriors conceal dark secrets. On Wisteria Lane, everyone is haunted by terrible crimes that stubbornly refuse to remain buried in the past.

Behind the pale lemon-yellow walls of Susan Mayer's house, her ex-husband sits at the kitchen table, eating cake and gloating at the angry confrontation he has engineered between Mike the plumber and Susan's current flame, Dr. Ron, who has just performed surgery on her. As cast and crew members watch, Teri Hatcher careens frantically down Susan's front walk in a wheelchair, which then tips over and dumps her onto the street. Again and again, through innumerable rehearsals and countless takes while the cameras are rolling, Hatcher—a tiny woman whose pencil-thin arms and legs make her look like a matchstick doll even when she's not sprawled on the ground—tumbles out of the wheelchair, repeatedly scraping her knees and bruising her elbows while assuring everyone she's absolutely fine. As this bit of risky business makes clear, Hatcher, who plays the disaster-prone Susan Mayer, has a gift for physical comedy as formidable as her stamina. "I think she's the modern-day Lucille Ball," says Paul Plannette, one of the show's cameramen.

Between takes, Hatcher is cracking jokes as usual; merriment bubbles up around her like an irrepressible spring as she moves about the set. No one but her makeup artist, who just spent several hours tending her swollen eyes with ice packs and hemorrhoid cream, knows that she has been on an emotional roller coaster for several sleepless days and nights.

After all, Hatcher is an actress—and a convincing one, at that. She's had a life-

time's practice in putting on a happy face to fool the outside world. But this is *Desperate Housewives,* where the appearance of wholesome normality is never to be trusted.

At the moment, Hatcher's life seems to be a smashing success story: a self-proclaimed has-been when the show unexpectedly catapulted to the top of the ratings heap last season, she emerged as the breakout star of an ensemble cast and won a fistful of awards to prove it. As if her triumphant comeback and the resulting riches weren't enough, the 41-year-old actress has written her first book, *Burnt Toast.* A wry, self-deprecating compendium of the wit and wisdom of Teri Hatcher, complete with homemaking tips, parenting advice, and rumor refutation ("I am not nor have I ever been anorexic!"), it will be published in May.

Hatcher is justifiably proud of herself for writing the book while continuing to film *Desperate Housewives,* which shoots for more than 10 months of the year, along with being the kind of divorced single mom who gets up at 5:45 A.M. to make breakfast (an omelet and hot oatmeal) for her eight-year-old daughter, Emerson Rose; pack her lunch (pasta with truffle salt and olive oil, along with a cloth napkin because Emerson's progressive school doesn't believe in wasting paper); and drive an hour and a half to school and back before starting her own day, which also includes horseback riding with Emerson in the afternoon, regularly baking cakes and cookies for the show's cast and crew, and staying up half the night to turn out such extravaganzas as 300 individually wrapped homemade chocolate butterfly lollipops for Emerson's school.

Watching Hatcher joke around with the crew of *Desperate Housewives,* her big brown eyes crinkled with laughter, one might think she was on top of the world. The tabloids even started the year by linking her with George Clooney, a heartthrob by any woman's standards. The two were spotted having dinner one night in January, but Hatcher has been denying that they're an item ever since. "He's a neighbor," she says. "I'm not dating him." When pressed, she looks you defiantly in the eye. "I wouldn't talk about it if I was, and he wouldn't either, which is basically some version of saying, 'No comment.'"

By mid-February, however, she is confiding to me that a recent romantic adventure has evaporated. Even this she labors valiantly to turn into a punch line. "Aren't you proud of me for not sobbing because I don't have a valentine?" she calls out in the middle of a *Desperate Housewives* scene on Valentine's Day. Her babysitter finally takes pity and buys long-stemmed roses for Hatcher to find when she comes home from work, late that night, all alone.

Love gone wrong can inflict deep wounds, but it is not the worst thing that can happen to someone. As will soon become clear, the crimes that haunt Hatcher's past are far more harrowing than a lost romance. Although they have shaped her entire life in profoundly damaging ways, she has concealed them with ferocious determination.

But once we start talking, the waterworks begin—and now the secrets that have caused her such shame for so long are all ready to pour out.

Finding her house is the first challenge; up in the hills of Studio City, on the same street where Clooney lives, Hatcher's home shares a driveway with a much grander residence, a tile-roofed Italianate mansion where no one is answering the doorbell. Tucked away under the trees is a 1960s stone-and-stucco house painted the unassuming color of café au lait; the modest brown structure looks like a caretaker's residence, but it turns out to be Hatcher's house.

When she opens the door, her head is wrapped in a towel and she's wearing a silicone face mask that leaves slits for her eyes, nostrils, and mouth, making her look like Hannibal Lecter on a bad day. "Don't be scared," she says. "My eyes are so puffy from crying, and I'm just trying to make the swelling go down."

Hatcher has to be on the set of *Desperate Housewives* in less than three hours, but first she will do a lot more crying. "Do you mind if we go up to my bedroom to talk?" she asks. "I feel safe there." A gas fire burns silently on the big stone hearth upstairs; beside it is a huge beanbag chair that could fit every one of the show's desperate housewives. As Hatcher sinks into its embrace, nervously fingering the glistening mask, she looks like a very small, very strange doll. Next to the beanbag is a wicker pig, a gift from her romantic disaster.

Let us call him Mystery Man, although he followed a pattern dismally familiar to single women everywhere. After an elaborate courtship, Hatcher opened her heart to a handsome guy who convinced her that she was entering a magical new relationship, only to have him disappear as soon as she'd let down her guard. He charmed, he conquered, he said, "I'll call you," and—*poof*—he was gone.

"Look at what I bought," Hatcher says, laughing even as tears stream down her face. She holds out a book with a shocking-pink cover. "*He's Just Not That into You!* Can you believe I bought that? I thought there must be something in there about a guy who does this to you, and here it is—a whole chapter on guys who disappear! 'He's Just Not That into You if He's Disappeared on You.' That's what I needed to read! It's so accurate! 'No answer is your answer. . . . His silence is a deafening "See you later." The only reason to ever write him again is to give him the chance to say it louder.' Oh my god! His silence is my answer!"

She buries her face in her hands for a moment, and then gives up on the face mask, which is now full of tears. Peeling it off, she replaces it with a turquoise plastic eye mask, which transforms her into Snoopy in his flying-ace goggles. "Oh my god, can you believe what a mess I am?" she says, giggling as she blows her bright-red nose. The makeup man will have his work cut out for him today.

For weeks it's been clear that Hatcher is having a hard time; more tremulous even than the excruciatingly vulnerable Susan Mayer, she cries at the drop of a hat and often seems emotionally flayed, stripped of every protective covering until she's nothing but exposed nerve endings. "I have so much pain," she tells me. "I'm a woman who carries around all these layers of fear and vulnerability. I'm trying to be my powerful me; it's in there, but I have to find the strong part underneath the layers of 'I'm shit. I'm never going to go anywhere!'"

But the depth of her grief has begun to seem disproportionate, despite the regrettable experience of being seduced and abandoned by a world-class Don Juan. Why does Teri Hatcher feel so bad?

Her book compounds this curious sense of cognitive dissonance. The tone of *Burnt Toast* is humorous and lighthearted, even when Hatcher is discussing her divorce from actor Jon Tenney, not to mention such other marital debacles as their failure to have sex once on their entire honeymoon. Her ever ingratiating voice is eminently accessible, and reading her book is like gabbing with a funny, appealing girlfriend who is completely aware of her own neuroses and has already figured out how to fix them, even as they trip her up yet again.

In real life, however, Hatcher grew up as the only child in an intact middle-class family with intelligent, educated parents who remain close and are happy to serve as loving grandparents to Emerson. Teri seems never to have CONTINUED ON PAGE 240

NYMOUS ANGEL

the suicide led to an
, Hatcher quietly approached
osecutor—and became a
witness. "I knew I couldn't
myself in the mirror if I
," she says.



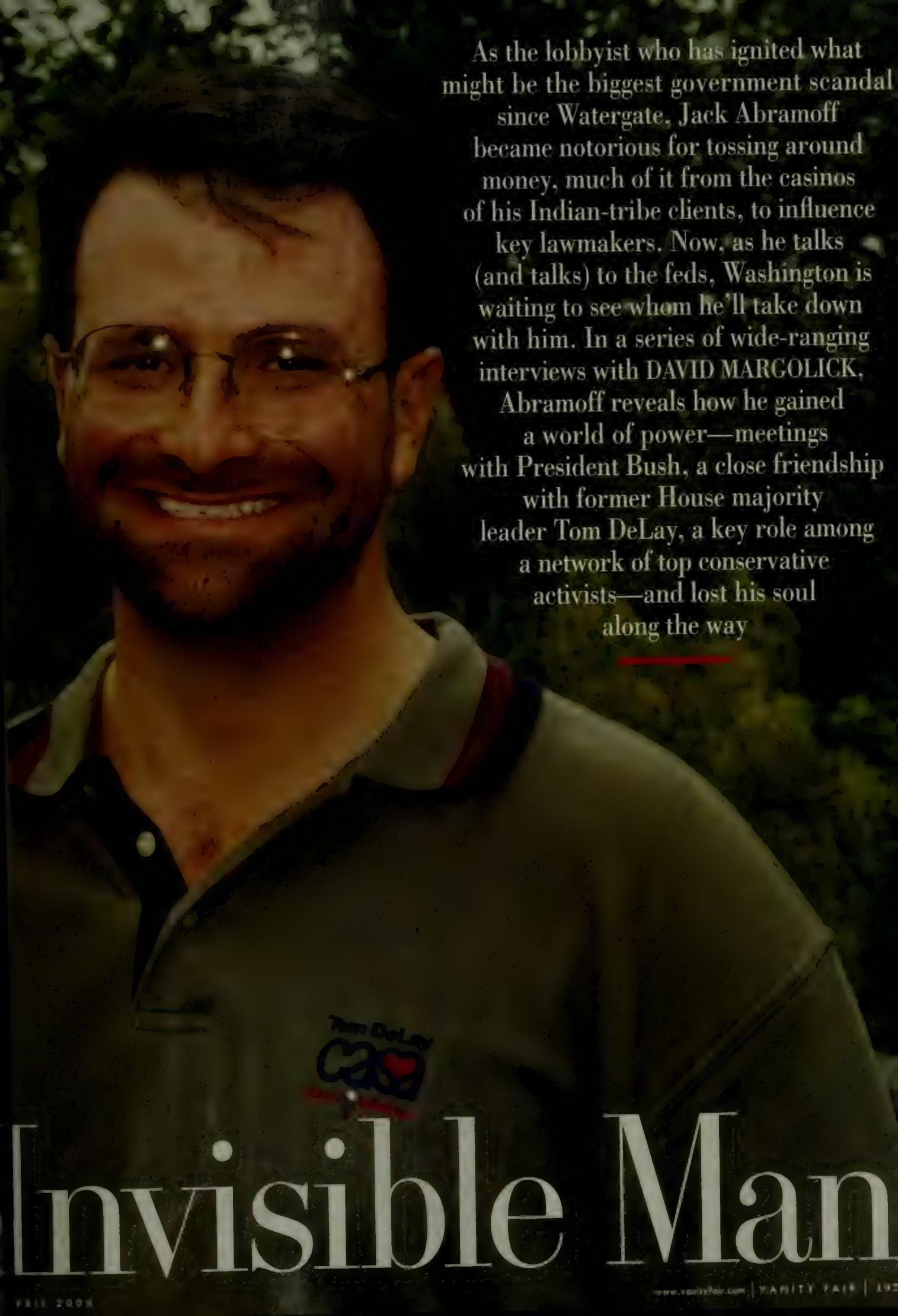
"I don't want to pretend it never happened anymore. Now everyone is going to know."



DOUBLE BOGEY

Tom DeLay and Jack Abramoff at a Houston golfing fund-raiser. "We would sit and talk about the Bible," says Abramoff.

Washington's



As the lobbyist who has ignited what might be the biggest government scandal since Watergate, Jack Abramoff became notorious for tossing around money, much of it from the casinos of his Indian-tribe clients, to influence key lawmakers. Now, as he talks (and talks) to the feds, Washington is waiting to see whom he'll take down with him. In a series of wide-ranging interviews with DAVID MARGOLICK, Abramoff reveals how he gained a world of power—meetings with President Bush, a close friendship with former House majority leader Tom DeLay, a key role among a network of top conservative activists—and lost his soul along the way

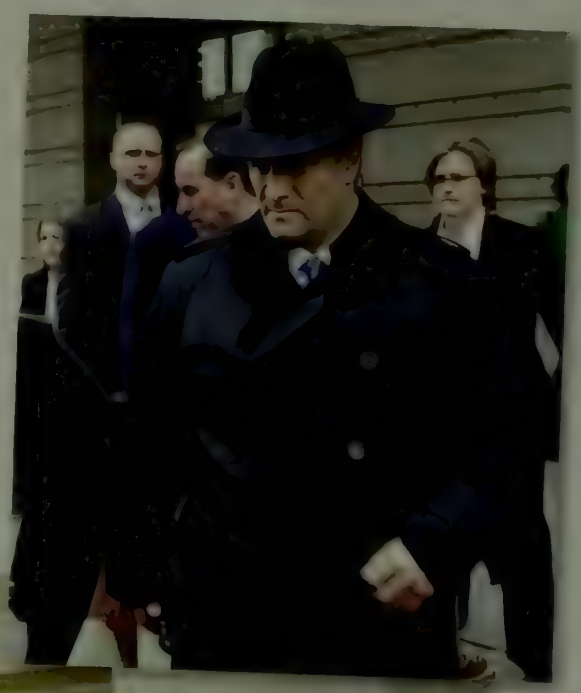
Invisible Man

By now, Jack Abramoff is known in just about every home and Grange hall and shopping mall, every Middlesex village and farm, in America. He's the Washington lobbyist who bought all those senators and representatives, the man who ripped off all those Indian tribes he represented, the butt of all those late-night-TV jokes. He's the fellow responsible for what might be the biggest government scandal since Watergate, the man whose sullied example could maybe, possibly, help clean up Washington. He's the guy who wore that infamous black hat on the day he admitted it all.

Abramoff is known everywhere but in two buildings, that is: the United States Capitol and the White House. Sure, he spread around millions of Indian-tribe dollars, to say nothing of golf trips to Scotland and free meals at Signatures, his own fancy restaurant, and luxury-box seats at sporting events—American Indians, of all people, paying for Redskins tickets—among roughly 270 members of Congress. Sure, a few senators and representatives admit to having brushed up against Abramoff, but only long enough for him to have "duped" or "misled" them. And President Bush can barely remember him: for a couple of Hanukkahs, Abramoff apparently stood on grip-and-grin lines at the White House to be photographed with the president, but almost anybody can do that.

Being airbrushed out of a whole community in which he cut so wide a swath for the past 10 years, where he helped revolutionize lobbying, where he was very nearly ubiquitous and invincible—it's enough to hurt someone's feelings. On other matters related to his situation he tiptoes, as would anyone whose fate—the amount of time he will languish in prison—lies in the hands of prosecutors and the judge. But for someone who has fought his whole career to be acknowledged and respected and feared, being treated like a nonperson is simply too much to take. "For a guy who did all these evil things that have been so widely reported, it's pretty amazing, considering I didn't know anyone," Abramoff says sardonically. "You're really no one in this town unless you haven't met me."

Just to cite one typical example, the head of the Republican National Committee, Ken Mehlman, said in an interview "Abramoff is someone who we don't know a lot about. We know what we read in the paper," even though, according to documents obtained by *Vanity Fair*, Mehlman exchanged e-mail with Abramoff, did him political favors (such as blocking Clinton administration alumnus Allen Stayman from keeping a State Department job), had Sabbath dinner at his house, and offered to pick up his tab at Signatures. (According to a spokesperson, Mehlman does not recall the e-mail exchange, "because he was often contacted by political supporters with suggestions and ideas," or the Sabbath dinner.) The newly elected House majority leader, John Boehner, Republican of Ohio, also doesn't know Abramoff, but Abramoff's clients gave him $30,000 over the past few years, and ate many meals at Signatures. (For a couple of years, Abramoff's principal liaison with Boehner was David Safavian—a former member of "Team Abramoff" and later head of procurement for the White House Office of Management and Budget—who has been indicted for lying about his Abramoff ties.)



Then there's presidential adviser Karl Rove. He has not spoken of his relationship with Abramoff, but the White House insists Rove, too, barely knew him, acknowledging only that they met at a political event in the 1990s. "He would describe him as a casual acquaintance," a White House spokesman said. But Abramoff was Rove's spiritual heir at the College Republicans in the 1980s; both men headed the group, and the two met from time to time in connection with it. After George W. Bush took office, Susan Ralston, Abramoff's admin



THE RIGHT PEOPLE

Left, Abramoff, center, and Grover Norquist with President Ronald Reagan in the Oval Office, 1981; *above*, Abramoff leaves federal court in Washington, January 3, 2006, after pleading guilty to charges of conspiracy, tax evasion, and mail fraud. *Opposite: top*, Abramoff and then House majority leader Dick Armey outside Armey's office, around 1999; *bottom*, Abramoff with then House Speaker Newt Gingrich on the veranda outside Gingrich's office on Capitol Hill, about 1997.

I did wrong, but I did a hell of a lot right too," says bramoff. "I was the best thing [the Indians] had going."





trative assistant, took the same position ith Rove at the White House, where Abraoff met with Rove at least once. (An eyeitness also recalls seeing Abramoff merge from a car near the White House nd have what looked like a pre-arranged, reet-corner meeting with Rove; Abramoff ys he can't recall that.) Rove dined sevral times at Signatures and was Abraoff's guest in the owner's box at the .C.A.A. basketball playoffs a few years go, sitting for much of the game by Abraoff's side. Recently, three former assoiates of Abramoff's have told how he equently mentioned his strong ties to ove, and one described being present hen Abramoff took a phone call from ove's office.

Then, most important, there's President Bush. "I, frankly, don't even remember having my picture taken with the guy," he has said. But how about those 10 or so photographs of him ith Abramoff, or with Abramoff's sons, r of Laura Bush with Abramoff's aughters, apparently taken during all f those meetings that never took place? nd the time when the president joked ith Abramoff about his weight lifting: What are you benching, buff guy?" How bout the invitation to the ranch in Crawrd, where Abramoff would have joined ll of the other big Bush fund-raisers? Abraoff didn't go to that—it fell on the Sabath, which, as an Orthodox Jew, Abramoff bserves—but how about that speech Bush ave to big donors in 2003, when Abramoff t only a few feet away, between Republian senators George Allen (Virginia) and rrin Hatch (Utah), and was the only lobyist on the dais?

"He has one of the best memories of ny politician I have ever met," Abramoff rote of the president in yet another of his otorious e-mails, which have evolved from is principal means of communication to he rope with which he has hanged, and ontinues to hang, himself. "Perhaps he has forgotten everything. Who knows."

There are other people from Abramoff's more distant past who also never knew him, such as former Republican House Speaker (and rumored 2008 presidential candidate) Newt Gingrich, who first never met Abramoff during the latter's firebrand days atop the College Republicans. "Before his picture appeared on TV and in the newspapers, Newt wouldn't have known him if he fell across him. He hadn't seen him in 10 years," Gingrich's spokesman, Rick Tyler, tells me. That this especially rankles Abramoff becomes clear as he rummages through a box of old memorabilia with me. "Here's [former Republican Texas congressman and House majority leader] Dick Armey," he tells me. "Here's Newt. Newt. Newt. [Former president Ronald] Reagan. More Newt. Newt with Grover [Norquist, the Washington conservative Republican *Über*-strategist and longtime Abramoff friend] this time, and with [Seattle archconservative Republican] Rabbi [Daniel] Lapin. But Newt never met me. [Indicted Iran-contra figure and longtime Abramoff friend] Ollie North. Newt. Can't be Newt . . . he never met me. Oh, Newt! What's he doing there? Must be a Newt look-alike. I have more pictures of him than I have of my wife. Newt again! It's sick! I thought he never met me!"

After a public evisceration unlike any in recent history, and facing a decade or more in jail, Jack Abramoff, the 47-year-old father of five, who spent 10 hyperkinetic, largely introspection-free years as both Washington's most powerful lobbyist and a key Republican activist, is contrite and humble. He is

trying to salvage for himself a modicum of self-respect, along with some mercy and understanding from the judge who holds his fate in her hands. He admits that he stepped over ethical lines, insulted and misled his clients, offended the God to whom he regularly prays. By court decree, he owes the Indian tribes approximately $25 million in restitution, and he owes the I.R.S. at least $1.7 million. On Yom Kippur, the Jewish day of atonement, when Orthodox Jews beat their breasts for their sins, he can flagellate himself with great conviction. But for Jack Abramoff, the time for on-the-record rancor is over. However angry he may be with former cronies who supped at his trough and accepted his favors but who now call him a "sleazebag" or a "creep" and wish he'd never been born, he bites his tongue. What really upsets him is all this revisionism, all these people pretending he never existed.

"Any important Republican who comes out and says they didn't know me is almost certainly lying," he says. Such lies are not just, well, lies, but dumb to boot, he adds, for, as his own humiliations suggest, old e-mails never die; they just sit on hard drives, waiting to be subpoenaed and then to be leaked to the press. "This is not an age when you can run away from facts," he declares. "I had to deal with my records, and others will have to deal with theirs."

On January 3, Abramoff pleaded guilty to conspiracy, mail fraud, and tax evasion. Court documents describe how he encouraged at least four Indian tribes to hire his former associate Michael Scanlon, who had his own public-relations company, for grassroots work—largely political campaigning in the field, such as letter writing, phone banks, and media advertisements—without disclosing that Abramoff himself was getting kickbacks of almost half of Scanlon's profits. Both Scanlon's fees and Abramoff's take were enormous: $30,510,000 from the Louisiana Coushattas, of which Abramoff received $11,450,000; $14,765,000 from the Mississippi Band of Choctaws ($6,364,000 to Abramoff); and $3,500,000 from the Saginaw Chippewas of Michigan ($540,000 to Abramoff).

Similarly, Scanlon received $4,200,000 from the Tiguas of Texas, who were seeking to reopen a casino in El Paso. Abramoff had assured the Tiguas that he would work for free, but under his arrangement with Scanlon he surreptitiously pocketed $1,850,000. In this instance, compounding the deceit was a conflict of interest: Abramoff failed to disclose that, on behalf of another tribe, he had helped shut down the Tiguas' casino to begin with, then aided in killing legislation that might have allowed them to start up again.

"I think Jack is the ultimate con man," said Marc Schwartz, a former consultant to the Tiguas, who watched Abramoff win over tribal members in 2002 with his chartered jet, his wireless laptop and BlackBerry, and what appeared to be his dazzling accomplishments for other Indian tribes. To Schwartz, who became friendly with Abramoff, subsequent revelations about his dishonesty and bribery of public officials have made him the Mark McGwire of lobbyists, a man whose cheating has tainted whatever good he accomplished. "Greed and avarice got to Jack, and his constant references to his Orthodoxy and his self-described passion for righting wrongs made the betrayal I felt so much greater," says Schwartz.

The plea agreement also charges Abramoff with "corruption of public officials," in particular "Representative #1," universally understood to be Republican congressman Bob Ney of Ohio. It states that in exchange for "a stream of things of value"—foreign and domestic travel, golf fees, food, jobs for relatives, and both campaign contributions and a contribution to the National Republican Campaign Committee at his request—Ney became Abramoff's fixer on Capitol Hill.

The offenses don't stop there. Abramoff ripped off the law-and-lobbying firm he worked for by essentially lobbying behind its back. He misused tax-exempt charities such as his own foundation, the Capital Athletic Foundation, in one instance using $50,000 donated to it by a tribal client to help fund an August 2002 golfing trip to Scotland for himself, members of his staff, Ney, Ney staffers, and former Christian Coalition head Ralph Reed.

Abramoff also funneled $50,000 through a charity to the wife of Tony Rudy, a top aide to former House majority leader Tom DeLay (Republican of Texas), in exchange for Rudy's help in obtaining legislation to block Internet gambling and in opposing postal-rate increases. Rudy subsequently went to work for Abramoff, as did Ney's former chief of staff Neil Volz, who lobbied his former employer within less than a year of his departure—yet another violation of the law. As if that weren't enough, Abramoff in a separate case has pleaded guilty to fraud and conspiracy in the 2000 purchase of SunCruz Casinos, a Florida casino-boat company. That transaction ended in a bankruptcy and a Mob rubout, though no one, including the prosecutors in Miami, has ever linked Abramoff directly to the murder.

In return for what he hopes will be a shorter sentence, Abramoff is spilling his secrets to the Justice Department. In the past 19 months or so, prosecutors and investigators have spent something approaching 200 hours pumping him for information. Allegedly as many as [illegible] people—from various branches of the Justice Department (including the F.B.I.), the Department of the Interior, the Internal Revenue Service, and other federal agencies—are listening. It is an evolving process, with prosecutors (as with reporters) Abramoff has been a work in progress, moving from defiance to denial to self-justification to contrition. As time has passed and the parties have grown accustomed to one another, the information has grown more solid and specific. For Abramoff, unemployed and unemployable, talking with the authorities is as close as he gets these days to a full-time job. Once, his stock-in-trade was whom he knew. Now it is what he knows. "In a different era I'd be killed on the street or have poison poured into my coffee," he says.

What they are all interested in is the nearly $4 million—largely gambling revenue from the casinos of his tribal clients—that Abramoff spread around Washington. Two-thirds of that went either to the Republican Party, his ideological home since college, or to individual Republicans, many of whom could dole out appropriations, move along legislation, or perform a host of other chores that the tribes wanted. Democrats, too, mainly in the Senate, could do Abramoff favors, and, while they may have abhorred his politics, his money still smelled good. They got more than a million dollars.

The other shoe seems poised to drop in Washington, implicating perhaps a handful of senators and congressmen, as well as their staffs, relatives, and other public officials. The most obvious target is Ney. In their heyday, he and Abramoff played golf together, traveled together, philosophized together. Ney was one of the few elected officials Abramoff invited to the Bar Mitzvah of one of his three sons. Now Ney says that Abramoff "duped" and "misled" him. But, according to the plea agreement, Ney threw a lucrative contract to an Abramoff client, intervened with agencies and offices to seek favors for other Abramoff interests, helped a relative of one of Abramoff's Russian clients obtain an Amer-

an visa, agreed to introduce legislation hat would help reopen the Tigua casino, nd, to assist Abramoff in buying the SunCruz line, read two statements into he *Congressional Record,* one in which he described Abramoff's main partner in hat deal, Adam Kidan—a man who'd been disbarred, declared bankruptcy, nd had Mob ties—as a man of the utmost integrity.

For such services, Ney, according to he plea agreement, got "a stream of hings of value" from Abramoff and hose he represented: a "lavish" golf rip to St. Andrews, seats in Abramoff's ports boxes, freebie dinners at Signatures (Ney was a "sushiholic," one yewitness recalls), and at least $37,500 n donations to various political-action ommittees on his behalf. Rather than o for Ney immediately, prosecutors





"Every appropriation we anted [from Senator Conrad Burns's committee] we got," says Abramoff.

ppear to be encircling him, possibly striking plea deals with frightened staffers, themelves desperate to stay out of jail.

Also in the prosecutorial crosshairs may be Republican senator Conrad Burns, of Montana, one of the largest single recipients of Abramoff loot. As head of the Senate ppropriations subcommittee for the Department of the Interior, which handles ndian affairs, he was Abramoff's point nan in the Senate for federal goodies.

Burns told a reporter he wishes Abramoff had never been born, and, more recently, has blanketed the airwaves in Montana with ads claiming that Abramoff "lied to anybody and everybody" and "ripped off his Indian clients," but that "he never influenced me." Abramoff won't comment specifically on the ads, clearly empted as he is. "Every appropriation we vanted [from Burns's committee] we got," e says. "Our staffs were as close as they ould be. They practically used Signatures s their cafeteria. I mean, it's a little difficult for him to run from that record." As or Burns's wishing he'd never been born, Abramoff remarks, "That's quite a statement, coming from a pro-life Republican."



LET'S PLAY BALL!

From top: **Abramoff in his Greenberg Traurig office, 2003, and on the Beverly Hills High School football team, about 1976; Michael Scanlon leaving federal court, November 21, 2005.**

Burns, however, ranks only fourth on the list of Abramoff's recipients, having taken $55,590, according to the Center for Responsive Politics (though even Burns's own people put that figure at closer to $150,000). The other four of the top-five largest individual recipients, all Republicans, were: Representative J. D. Hayworth of Arizona, co-chairman of the Congressional Native American Caucus ($69,620); Senator Thad Cochran of Mississippi ($65,500); House Speaker Dennis Hastert of Illinois ($58,500); and Representative John T. Doolittle of California ($45,000). Several of them are reportedly targets of the Justice Department's investigation, as is the man who was Abramoff's main liaison at the Interior Department, former deputy secretary J. Steven Griles, a onetime mining-industry lobbyist who a high-ranking colleague told the Senate was Abramoff's water carrier in the department.

The Democrats CONTINUED ON PAGE 247

FOOLS FOR LOVE

"It's a Sam story," full of missed chances and emotions that overwhelm everybody, Jessica Lange told talk-show host Charlie Rose. She was referring to *Don't Come Knocking,* in which she stars opposite Pulitzer Prize–winning playwright Sam Shepard, who also wrote the screenplay. The spectacularly photographed film, directed by Wim Wenders and due out this month from Sony Pictures Classics, follows an alcoholic, over-the-hill cowboy-movie star (Shepard) who quits his latest picture to wander around the U.S., hoping to find himself. He ends up re-uniting with an old flame (Lange), who turns out to be the mother of a son he never knew he had.

No one knows better than Shepard how to write about disconnected characters searching for their lost families. Most of his great plays—from *Buried Child* to *True West*—contain this theme. Lange, meanwhile, has played everything from a lawyer to a seductive waitress and has earned two Oscars—for her supporting role in 1982's *Tootsie* and her leading performance in 1994's *Blue Sky*. On April 17, the Film Society of Lincoln Center will run clips from those movies and others in a much-deserved Gala Tribute.

The scenes between Lange and Shepard shimmer—perhaps because they have been lovers for 22 years. (They have also starred together in three other films: *Frances, Country,* and *Crimes of the Heart.*) Today, the couple share a corner apartment in New York's Greenwich Village, and they have a son and a daughter, Walker and Hanna. (Lange has another daughter, Alexandra, with the dancer Mikhail Baryshnikov; Shepard has a son, Jesse, with his first wife, the actress O-Lan Jones.) "After all the turmoil and insanity," Lange said of her life with Shepard, "you finally find a way to be friends."

—PATRICIA BOSWORTH

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRUCE WEBER



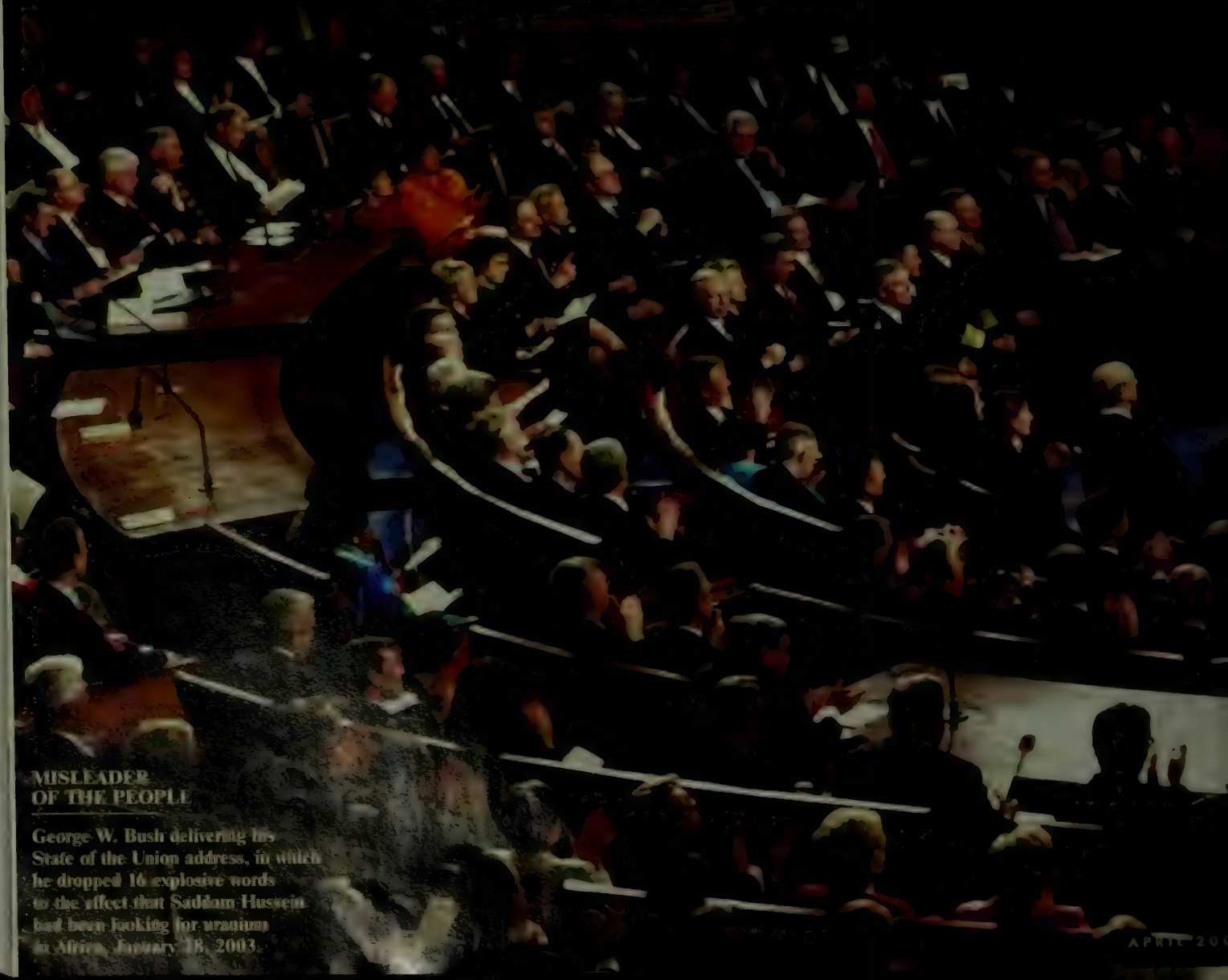


DRAMATIC DUO

Don't Come Knocking co-stars Sam Shepard and Jessica Lange take their 22-year romance to New York City's St. Regis hotel, December 17, 2005.

LIES AND CO
SIXTEEN WORDS THAT

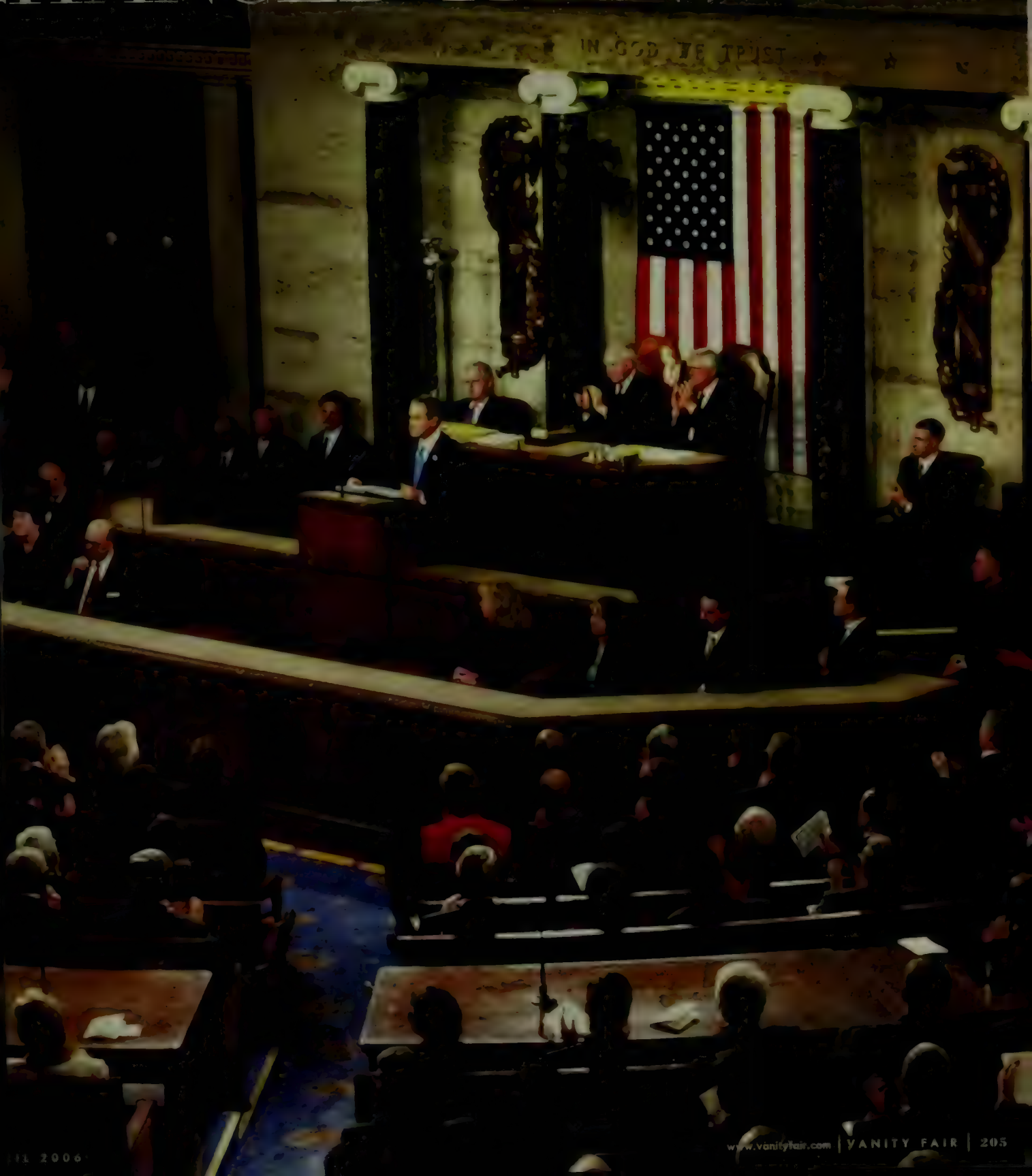
With 16 words in his 2003 State of the Union speech—the claim that Saddam Hussein had tried to buy uranium—President Bush not only started a war but triggered a showdown over freedom of the press. One journalist has been jailed, a special prosecutor has forced others to reveal confidential sources, and now reporters around the country are fighting subpoenas. From Walter Pincus, Floyd Abrams, Joseph Wilson, Judith Miller, and Bob Woodward, among other key players, MARIE BRENNER captures the untold story of "Plamegate": how one of the most fundamental protections of the media has been threatened



MISLEADER OF THE PEOPLE

George W. Bush delivering his State of the Union address, in which he dropped 16 explosive words to the effect that Saddam Hussein had been looking for uranium in Africa, January 28, 2003.

NSEQUENCES
CHANGED THE WORLD



The British government has learned that Saddam Hussein recently sought significant quantities of uranium from Africa.

—George W. Bush, State of the Union address, January 28, 2003.

What has been the impact of the Fitzgerald investigation on the American press? Prosecutors now feel empowered to go after reporters when they may have at least thought about it more carefully in the past. Now I am hearing reporters say for the first time, "Well, maybe if our sources are manipulating us for political reasons, it is O.K. to identify them." We haven't had this many subpoenas since the Nixon years. . . . My whole staff is working on this issue 24-7.

—Lucy Dalglish, the Reporters Committee for Freedom of the Press, February 15, 2006.

I. The Scrimshaw Artists

March 15, 2003, Washington

"I have doubts," Walter Pincus told Bob Woodward in the newsroom of *The Washington Post* that Saturday. "I am hearing they may not exist."

Pincus braced himself for the invariable Woodward response when he was about to disagree with a friend: *I would be careful with that.* His tone was often custodial, and he could sound condescending, as if he alone were in possession of all the facts. At 59, Woodward, the son of a judge, had the decency of a Dodsworth, but he often behaved as if he were surrounded by stones. His conversation carried the implication of inside information.

All winter long, Pincus, who knew more about weapons and defense systems than almost any other reporter in the capital, and Woodward, his longtime colleague, had been going around and around with each other on the subject of Iraq's weapons of mass destruction, or W.M.D. In the 70s, Woodward and Carl Bernstein had helped topple the Nixon presidency, and since then Woodward had reached the stage of importance where his sources often came to *him.* But as Washington prepared for war, Pincus and Woodward were sifting and resifting what they heard from their sources at the State Department, the Pentagon, the White House, and the C.I.A. It was a time when reporters were chasing shadows on a screen. Both men would soon come to know more about the overarching power of the White House Iraq Group, the president's policies to sell the war, and the machinery behind the campaign to inflate Ahmad Chalabi, the head of the Iraqi National Congress.

Now Pincus had written the first draft of a story that stated in the strongest terms he was capable of that the W.M.D. claim was not supported by any real evidence. He spent that Saturday making a desperate attempt to convince an editor on the national desk of the rightness of the article and trying to persuade him to push it into the Sunday edition.

"I have a piece that casts doubt on this whole thing," Pincus told Woodward.

"What whole thing?"

"The weapons. I am picking up all over the place that there *are* no weapons," Pincus said, and girded himself for the usual Woodward response.

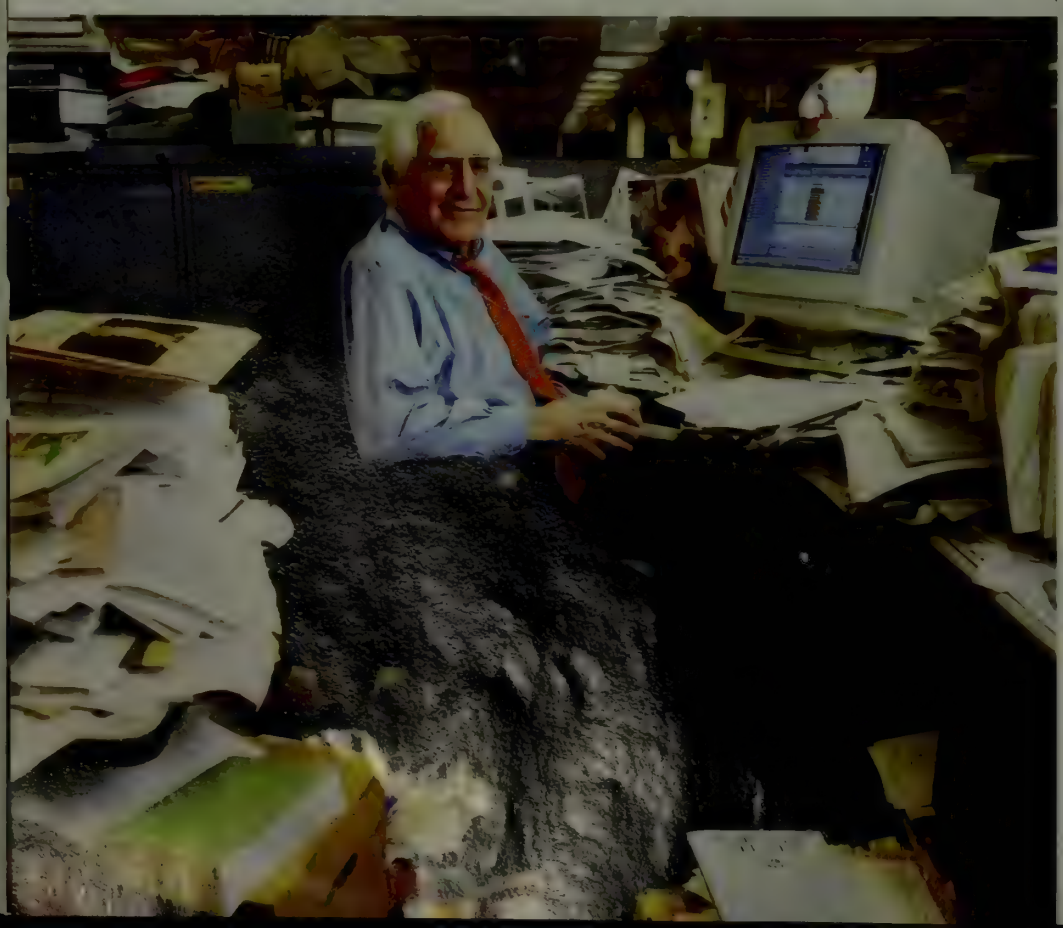
But Woodward startled him. "I am picking that up, too," he said.

"You are?"

"Yes," Woodward said. "There seem to be real doubts now. Let me see what you have written and let's see if we can get it into the paper."

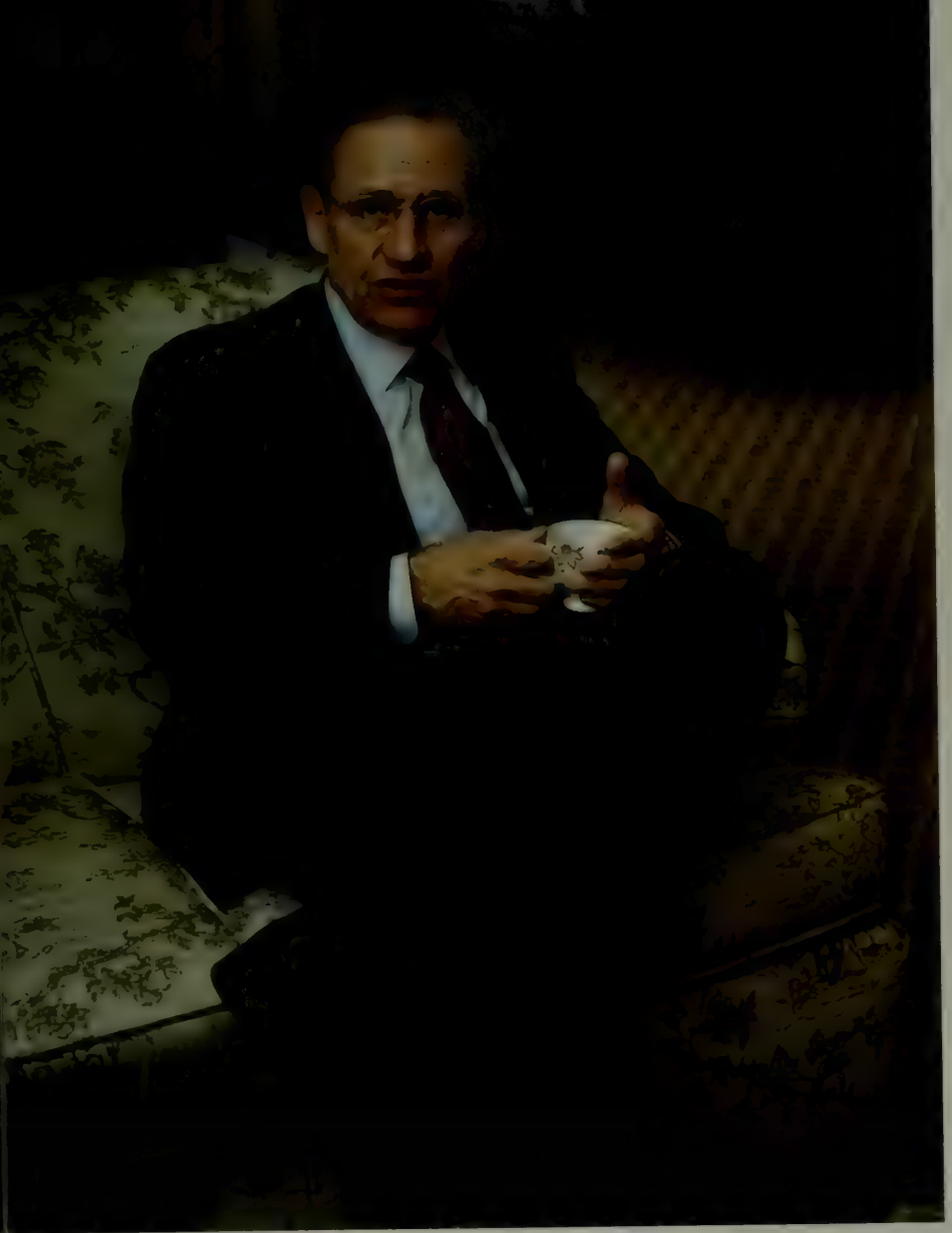
Both Pincus and Woodward maintained a fierce attachment to the reporters' code they had learned as apprentices. They shared a clear understanding of the importance of objectivity, the rules governing the use of anonymous sources, the grid of required confirmations and denials, and the need to guarantee sources the protection of confidentiality.

Pincus at 71 retained the lean and hungry look he had had as a young man, but he radiated a sense of gloom. He taught a seminar on public policy at Stanford in Washington, and he had been devoting 20 minutes of each session to the inevitability of the coming war. Pincus often talked to his class about the decline in news standards and how Rupert Murdoch and



VETERAN SKEPTIC

Reporter Walter Pincus, who began early on to doubt the existence of weapons of mass destruction in Iraq, at his desk at *The Washington Post,* January 27, 2006.



WATERGATE HERO

Author Bob Woodward, who knew in 2003 that Joseph Wilson's wife was at the C.I.A., but did not consider it important, photographed by Annie Leibovitz in the Hay-Adams hotel, in Washington, D.C., July 29, 2005.

"You'll see," Woodward had been telling Pincus. "They are moving stuff around at night in Iraq. The W.M.D. will all be found."

Woodward had been making notes for *Plan of Attack*, rechecking the moment when Prince Bandar bin Sultan, the Saudi ambassador and a close friend of the Bush family's, pressured the president to go to war. Woodward later wrote that the president had "bristled" at the prince's obvious audacity, but he barely mentioned Prince Bandar's long association with the Bushes, which would have provided a telling context. "What I do is all on the page," Woodward told me. "I don't weaponize my words. I don't feel the need to write, 'Guilty, guilty, guilty.'" Woodward had seen presidents and special prosecutors come and go and had written 10 No. 1 best-sellers over seven administrations. He had been criticized for being too close to his sources, and he had taught himself to keep surface emotion out of his writing.

"THE REST OF THE COUNTRY . . . THINKS FITZGERALD IS THE AUTHOR OF *THE GREAT GATSBY*," SAID WOODWARD.

eregulation had changed everything, resulting in the 24-7 news ycle and the Fox propaganda machine. Many of his students orked on the Hill or in government. Future podcasters, they bsorbed much of their information from the growing mass of loggers and other Web sites. It was obvious to them that the ews business was undergoing a seismic transformation: newspers were being hammered; young readers were falling away. incus had just discovered Jon Stewart, the satirical-news phebmenon, but blogs and the folkways of digital natives were a m and secondary arena for him. He knew that Washington had hanged since the 1970s, and that his kind of reporting, no matr how crucial, was no longer central to the news game. In a ay, he and Woodward had become as antiquated as scrimshaw tists; they were labor-intensive masters of detail, making endss phone calls, working sources, putting stories on hold until ey had triple confirmations.

Outrage was for the younger reporters who needed to shake their maracas—as he once had—to make the front page.

Pincus was in the awkward position of having to convince young editors who had been in grade school when he worked for the Senate Foreign Relations Committee during the Vietnam era that, despite the stories coming from the administration, the C.I.A., *The New York Times*, and his own paper, the W.M.D. claims were highly questionable. Though a friend of 30 years' standing of Hans Blix, the chief U.N. weapons inspector, and close to George Tenet, the director of the C.I.A., Pincus nevertheless couched his information in the subdued language of a more cautious era. In the age of screamers and scolds on cable and talk radio and in the mushrooming blogosphere, doubt was not page-one material.

Woodward read Pincus's draft and wrote a new lead, then tracked down the national-security editor, and the story ran the



POLARIZING FIGURE

Former *New York Times* reporter Judith Miller, who spent 85 days in jail rather than reveal a Washington source, photographed at her home in New York City, February 1, 2006.

created, perhaps by the administration, t discredit him. First published by a well known right-wing columnist, the leak would reveal the ambassador's wife as an undercover C.I.A. agent. That revelation may have been a violation of a rarely prosecuted national-security law, so a special prosecutor was appointed to investigate. He would unleash the fiercest debate over the meaning of a free press since the height of the Vietnam War. One journalist, long a lightning rod at her newspaper, would spend 85 days in jail before revealing her source. One of the president's men would be indicted—not for violating the Intelligence Identities Protection Act, but for perjury, obstruction of justice, and lying to the F.B.I. Woodward himself would ultimately be revealed to have been one of the reporters who had been aware of the information all along. And the rage over

"I URGE YOU TO AVOID SUBPOENAING JOURNALISTS," ABRAMS SAYS HE TOLD FITZGERALD.

next day. Woodward got a credit at the end of the article. The headline was sober—U.S. LACKS SPECIFICS ON BANNED ARMS—and the content, obscured somewhat under a muddle of qualifiers, was ominous: "Senior intelligence analysts say they feel caught between the demands from the White House, Pentagon and other government policymakers for intelligence that would make the administration's case and what they say is 'a lack of hard facts.'" The article made the Sunday edition, but on page A17, sinking into oblivion as America went to war. That day in the newsroom would later be written about and parsed by both men, who would disagree about the exact date of their conversation. Woodward would say, "In retrospect, I should have fought harder for the front page."

Neither Pincus nor Woodward could have predicted that day that the president's 16 words would ignite not only a war against Iraq but also a war between the C.I.A. and the White House, and another war still, in the press. For the sources who were feeding the American and British intelligence services wrong information about the W.M.D. had also influenced many reporters in the mainstream media, or MSM, as the bloggers called it.

When a former ambassador came forward to question one small piece of the White House's intelligence, a leak would be Bush's war would create a further possible danger: the weakening of reporters' ability to protect confidential sources.

The subsequent debate brought under national scrutiny a form of tipster journalism that had long been a basic ingredient of mainstream Washington reporting, but now it was magnified as countless blogs played to their cyber-constituencies. In 2003 there were 100,000 bloggers. Today there are about 27 million, a vast amoeba amplifying all sides of every issue. The partisan rants of Fox News and right-wing bloggers often echoed and endorsed the politics of the White House, but they also helped to enrage an opposition determined to undo the man it considered the most dangerous president since Nixon.

Gone were the days when Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan proclaimed "there will be blood on the walls" before he would support enforcement of press subpoenas. That was in 1992, when NPR's Nina Totenberg and *Newsday*'s Timothy Phelps were investigated by a special counsel after they reported during the Clarence Thomas Supreme Court confirmation hearings a leak about Anita Hill's allegation of sexual harassment.

Now, as America went to war, the issues would get skewed and

storted. The truth of the matter would be subject to partisan ne-
otiation, as Martin Kaplan, the associate dean of the University
Southern California Annenberg School for Communication,
er remarked, "driven as much by specific people and historical
rcumstances as by abstract, timeless principles like press integri-
and the public's right to know." For reasons that often seemed
personal as they did political, many reporters opposed to the
aq war remained silent regarding the First Amendment
ghts of reporters they felt supported the administration's point
view. The paradox was that it would appear that so much of
e rage against the journalists under siege would come from
unexpected flank—their traditional allies in the progressive
ft. Kaplan continued, "First Amendment laws apply both to
eople we love and people we loathe.... How would we parti-
ns of one side react if the principle we were fighting about
as 'our people,' rather than who they actually turn out to be?
hat is politics, not justice."

n told by a person involved in the Niger caper that more
an a year ago the vice president's office asked for an investigation
the uranium deal, so a former U.S. ambassador to Africa
as dispatched to Niger. In February 2002, according to someone
esent at the meetings, that envoy reported to the C.I.A. and
ate Department that the information was unequivocally wrong
d that the documents had been forged.... Now something is
ain rotten in the state of Spookdom.

—Nicholas Kristof, *The New York Times,* May 6, 2003.

Pincus was having breakfast when he read Kristof's piece on the op-ed page. Kristof was a comer, and he had picked up something big. Annoyed at ving missed it, Pincus hurried to e *Post* and began making calls. then a statue of Saddam had en toppled in Baghdad and jubi-nt Iraqis had taken to the streets. he president's approval rating was 71 percent, and Kristof had al-ady started getting bitter mail. You &#*! Who cares if we never nd weapons of mass destruction, ecause we've liberated the Iraqi eople from a murderous tyrant," summarized the content. But at morning Kristof had raised e question that plagued Pincus: here were the "500 tons of mus-rd gas and nerve gas, 25,000 ers of anthrax, 38,000 liters of otulinum toxin, 29,984 prohibited unitions capable of delivering chemical agents, several dozen Scud missiles ... 18 mobile biological warfare factories"?

Pincus started by calling a source at the C.I.A. "Did you read Kristof this morning?" It was a given that all the calls were on background, that the information Pincus would get was on the basis of trust. "Nobody knew who the ambassador was," Pincus later said. "Whoever had brought in this guy was not at the top of the agency."

It took two weeks for Pincus to get the name Joseph Wilson. Wilson had been the acting envoy in Iraq before the 1991 war, and in 1992 he had been appointed by George H. W. Bush as ambassador to the African countries of Gabon and São Tomé and Príncipe. Out of foreign service after 23 years, he had accepted a position as an unpaid adjunct scholar at the Middle East Institute, and he was happy to appear in any forum to take on the neocons in their push for war. Pincus was unaware that Wilson had recently been on Fox News debating the issues and had published an article in *The Nation* arguing against going to war in Iraq. When he finally spoke with Wilson, he wanted to know if the vice president had sent him on the mission, as Kristof suggested.

Wilson said he had been startled to hear the president suggest that Saddam had been uranium shopping in Africa. The next day he phoned the State Department, asking if the president had been talking about Niger. Had the president misspoken? Wilson was told that perhaps the African country referred to was not Niger. Wilson's anger grew, however, when he heard Colin Powell address the U.N. on February 5. "There was no mention of Africa and Saddam's purchase of uranium," he told me, adding



LEGAL EXPERT

First Amendment lawyer Floyd rams, who initially represented both Judith Miller and Matthew Cooper, *Time* magazine, in the Valerie Plame affair, photographed at his office n New York City, January 10, 2006.

that Powell later explained he had not included the information because "it did not rise to his standards. So how the hell did it rise to the standards of the president of the United States?"

Wilson was soon a controversial public figure: a hero to many anti-war Democrats, a preening careerist to his critics. He understood one basic Washington rule: The person who has the biggest megaphone wins. He published a book grandly titled *The Politics of Truth* and used the honorific "Ambassador" in the byline. Soon after Powell's speech, Wilson made a series of TV appearances—CNN, *Now with Bill Moyers, Nightline.* He did not, however, disclose his C.I.A. mission to Niger. Kristof and Pincus would be the first journalists to reveal it.

Pincus listened to Wilson tell his story, but he did not ask him about his personal life. He concentrated on whether Cheney's office had sent him on the trip. The interview was all on background, at Wilson's request. After returning from Niger in March 2002, Wilson had reported to the C.I.A. that there was no evidence to support allegations of uranium sales to Iraq. Now, increasingly frustrated that no one would correct the record, Wilson took a half-step into the spotlight, allowing Kristof and Pincus to write about his trip without mentioning his name. Pincus's article ran in *The Washington Post* on June 12, on page one. Since *The New York Times* had not followed up Kristof's column with a news story, Pincus's article was a scoop. It was, however, written in the careful style required with an unnamed source and such explosive material. For anyone outside the loop, it was difficult to understand what the bombshell was: that the C.I.A. had buried important intelligence, and that the administration was discarding critical information. Pincus's phone rang almost immediately. "You have this wrong," a C.I.A. source told him. "This is the completely wrong emphasis. No one at this agency buried any information."

Those news stories about that unnamed former envoy who went to Niger? That's me.

—Joseph Wilson, *The New York Times,* July 6, 2003.

Disappointed when Pincus's article made little impact, Wilson considered what to do next. Since he detested the pro-war editorial policy of *The Washington Post,* he decided to approach *The New York Times* about going public on the op-ed page. The *Times* titled Wilson's article "What I Didn't Find in Africa." Pincus and another reporter, Richard Leiby, persuaded Wilson to let the *Post* publish a profile of him the same day. During the preparation of the article, Leiby mentioned to Pincus that Joe Wilson had baby twins. It was the first time Pincus knew that Wilson was even married.

The articles brought down a fusillade of attacks on Wilson. The first sign of real trouble was on July 8, when a friend showed up at his office after having run into the columnist Robert Novak on Pennsylvania Avenue, who had said, "Wilson's an asshole. The C.I.A. sent him. His wife, Valerie, works for the C.I.A."

People who know Novak have no trouble imagining him in that scene. At 75 he is still volatile, with a free-flowing anger that keeps him churning out his syndicated column. He has stormed off a set at CNN yelling "Bullshit" and gotten into scuffles at airports. For years he collaborated on a column with the late Rowland Evans Jr., and he tirelessly propels himself through the Washington party circuit. Many people consider him an apologist for the Bush White House.

Wilson took immediate action, complaining to Eason Jordan, chief news executive at CNN, and later berating Novak himself on the phone. Novak apologized and responded, "Can I use this as a confirmation?" He followed up with a now infamous column on July 14, in which he said, "Wilson never worked for the C.I.A., but his wife, Valerie Plame, is an Agency operative on weapons of mass destruction. Two senior administration officials told me his wife suggested sending Wilson to Niger to investigate the Italian report."

On July 21, Wilson got a call from Chris Matthews, the host of *Hardball,* saying, "I just got off the phone with [Bush chief political adviser] Karl Rove. He says, and I quote, 'Wilson's

"IT WOULD HAVE BEEN A TWO-DAY STORY AT MOST.... THEN THEY CAME AFTER MY WIFE," SAID WILSON.

wife is fair game.'" "It never occurred to me that they would go after my wife," Wilson later told me. Valerie Plame had been undercover at the agency for nearly 20 years.

The publication of Novak's column, Wilson later wrote, "marked a turning point in our lives." Asked by the C.I.A. not to publish Valerie Plame's name, Novak charged ahead, saying he believed that the request had been "a soft no, not a hard no." This, for Wilson, indicated "new heights of journalistic irresponsibility," but it also provided an opening for journalists to suggest that Novak had been deliberately used by the administration. That charge was led, not insignificantly, by David Corn of *The Nation,* who knew Wilson. On July 16, Corn asked on his blog, "Did senior Bush officials blow the cover of a U.S. intelligence officer working covertly in a field of vital importance to national security—and break the law—in order to strike at a Bush administration critic and intimidate others?"

Corn's blog helped to mute the White House's insinuation that Wilson's mission to Niger had been driven by nepotism. One week later, Wilson was in New York, in the boardroom of *The Nation* with the editor, Katrina vanden Heuvel. Wilson later reported that somebody said, "We should give him a standing ovation." That afternoon he went to *The New York Times* to meet David Shipley, the editor of the op-ed page. That night he went on *The Daily Show* with Jon Stewart and made jokes about receiving a letter from Dick Cheney asking him to co-chair the Washington, D.C., campaign to re-elect Bush and Cheney. The



ANGRY SPOUSE

Former U.S. ambassador Joseph Wilson, whose rage at the exposure of his wife, Valerie Plame, as a C.I.A. agent propelled him into the public spotlight, photographed at the Four Seasons Hotel in Washington, D.C., February 9, 2006.

llowing month in Los Angeles, he was introduced by the writer rianna Huffington at an event given by an activist organization unded by TV producer Norman Lear.

Wilson was now in place to become the new anti-administration lebrity hero. Months later he told me, "It would have been a two-y story at most. My part was over. I had come forward. The hite House said that the intelligence did not rise to the level of in-usion in the State of the Union address. That was the end of it. ney had corrected the mistake of the 16 words. I was ready to go vay. I had done my civic duty. Then they came after my wife." He lded, "Guys like Scooter Libby [Dick Cheney's chief of staff] ould go around and say, 'There is more to come on this.' If any-ne thought this was going to come out on its own, they were wrong. anyone thought I was going to let them impugn my character nd drag my wife into the public square, they were *dead* wrong."

If the charges now filed against him are true, I. Lewis "Scoot-" Libby, a cunning lawyer who had represented fugitive finan-er Marc Rich, made a severe miscalculation in failing to see at by leaking Plame's identity to discredit Wilson he was acti-ting a trip wire that would lead to a special prosecutor, and could not have guessed that the end result of his action would his own indictment. No other special prosecutor had ever gone far as to demand that reporters either divulge their sources nd testify in front of a grand jury or go to jail.

Joseph Wilson's war had a purpose—to have the Justice De-artment investigate the White House. Within the press corps ere were soon demands for something highly unusual—that obert Novak give up his sources—and there were triple flips logic to make that seem reasonable. On the op-ed page of the *Times*, on February 6, 2004, a former *Washington Post* ombudsman expressed what would become the view of a significant portion of the mainstream media: "Journalists' proud absolutism on this issue [of protecting anonymous sources], particularly in a case involving the syndicated columnist Robert Novak, is neither as wise nor as ethical as it has seemed." Was Novak protecting a criminal White House? Traditionally, there have been two generally recognized exceptions to journalistic privilege: matters of life and death and imminent actual threat to national security. *The Wall Street Journal* archly commented on "the Novak exception" on February 20, soon after Special Prosecutor Patrick Fitzgerald was appointed to investigate. The anti-Novak argument at first sounded plausible, but it would become a quagmire for the profession. By failing to defend the rights of a columnist they might despise, did Novak's critics leave themselves vulnerable to a possible avalanche of future subpoenas? Did partisan politics trump the First Amendment?

II. The Renegade

There are not going to be 50,000 reporters or 54,000 reporters arguing for confidentiality, and that is because our Attorneys General of the United States and their delegates have had the good wisdom and the good judgment not to push these kinds of issues very often.

—Robert Bennett, attorney for *New York Times* reporter Judith Miller, July 6, 2005.

In May 2003, while Judith Miller was still in Iraq, the e-mails started coming. Their sheer volume made it impossible for her to access her system. She was oblivious to the fact that she had become a major target for the intense public anger directed at Bush's war, owing to her reports that Saddam Hussein was producing weapons of mass destruction. Miller had to wait until she got back to New York that month to turn on her personal computer, and when she did the screen blinked and went blank. "What is going on here?," Miller asked a technician she called in. "You have 8,000 of these messages," he said.

It was a period of chaos at *The New York Times*. Howell Raines, the executive editor, was in deep trouble CONTINUED ON PAGE 256

HOLLYWOOD HIPSTER

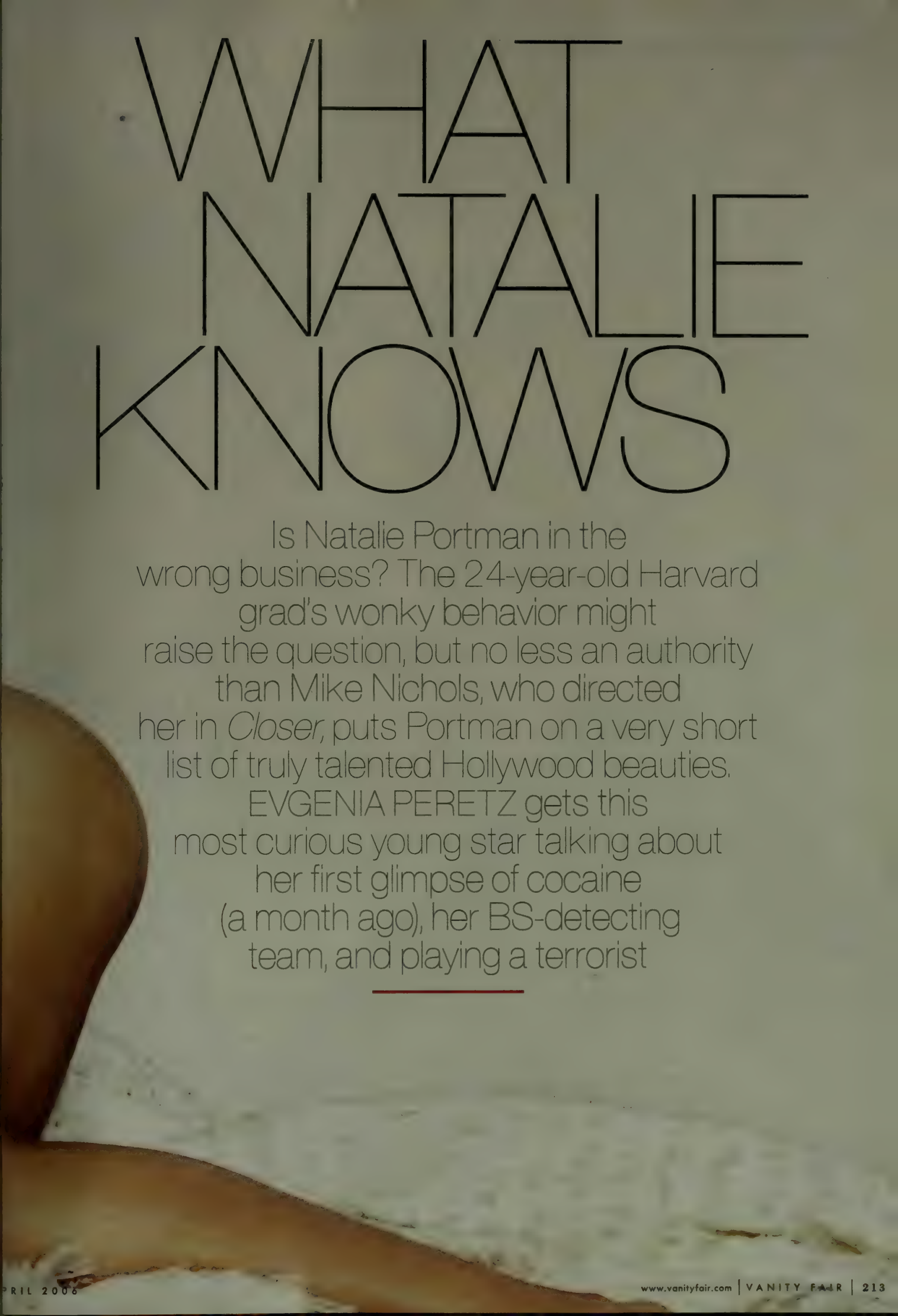
Natalie Portman on December 12, 2005, in Barcelona, Spain, where she was filming Milos Forman's Goya's Ghosts, with Javier Bardem.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY MERT ALAS AND MARCUS PIGGOTT • STYLED BY GEORGE CORTINA

WHAT NATALIE KNOWS

Is Natalie Portman in the wrong business? The 24-year-old Harvard grad's wonky behavior might raise the question, but no less an authority than Mike Nichols, who directed her in *Closer,* puts Portman on a very short list of truly talented Hollywood beauties. EVGENIA PERETZ gets this most curious young star talking about her first glimpse of cocaine (a month ago), her BS-detecting team, and playing a terrorist



There are many Hollywood-star things you will never see Natalie Portman do. You will never see her pole-dancing with Kate Moss at Scores, or read obscenities she scrawled about Scarlett Johansson on a bathroom wall. You will never see her in a homemade porn video. And you will never see her slip into the ladies' room with pals and re-emerge distinctly re-invigorated.

"I saw cocaine for the first time a month ago in Spain," says Portman, her large, innocent, Audrey Hepburn eyes popping wide open as she curls her tiny body into an armchair. "I mean, for the first time in my life somebody was like, 'You want a line?' I was like, 'Oh, my *God!*'" she says, recalling the unbelievable moment.

Her only sniffing addiction is to handbags, to make sure they don't contain a trace of leather, as her strict vegetarianism extends to the materials she lets touch her skin. She wears sneakers every day (usually Converse), and for special events, like the Oscars or Golden Globes, a brand called Beyond Skin, vegan footwear that looks a lot like Easy Spirit. She doesn't wear diamonds to such events, but rather "conflict-free" earrings, such as $3 knockoffs from a place called Claire's that she swears look just the same. She drives a Prius. She had wanted it in black, but when they didn't have it in stock, she settled for lavender. She has no idea what kind of jeans she wears. "Citizen?" she asks hesitantly, about one pair that she got after a photo shoot. Most of her clothes are the same ones she has had since she was 14, when she stopped growing.

Her entire wardrobe fits into a normal-size closet, in a normal-size house, in a deeply normal part of suburban Long Island, 20 minutes from her parents'. She has a Mac computer, but only uses it to check e-mail and the news on the Web sites of *The New York Times* and *Ha'aretz*, the Israeli paper. She has a television, but doesn't actually watch any shows—except for the occasional David Chappelle or Ali G on DVD. Her taste in comedy is the only thing about her that veers toward stoner: the one movie she can watch over and over is *The Big Lebowski*. Her real weakness is for books, which are arranged neatly on massive shelves. (On her most recent film shoot, she took along 30 of them.) Her Harvard diploma, for "Natalie Hershlag" (her real last name) is displayed proudly in her bedroom, near a stuffed animal that belonged to her mother.

How can a young woman so levelheaded and brainy be such a hot Hollywood commodity, you wonder? Certainly, the tabloids have never found her interesting, except on two minor occasions, when she was sunbathing topless on vacation and when she was picking a wedgie. She puzzles, quite adorably, about her Goody Two-Shoes image, saying, "Granted, I'm not super scandalous, but I've had drunken nights out, you know?" Yet she can't help but acknowledge the reality. "I don't court it, I don't go out every night. I don't date famous people most of the time." (She has, however, been linked with actor Gael García Bernal, something *she will not comment on.*)

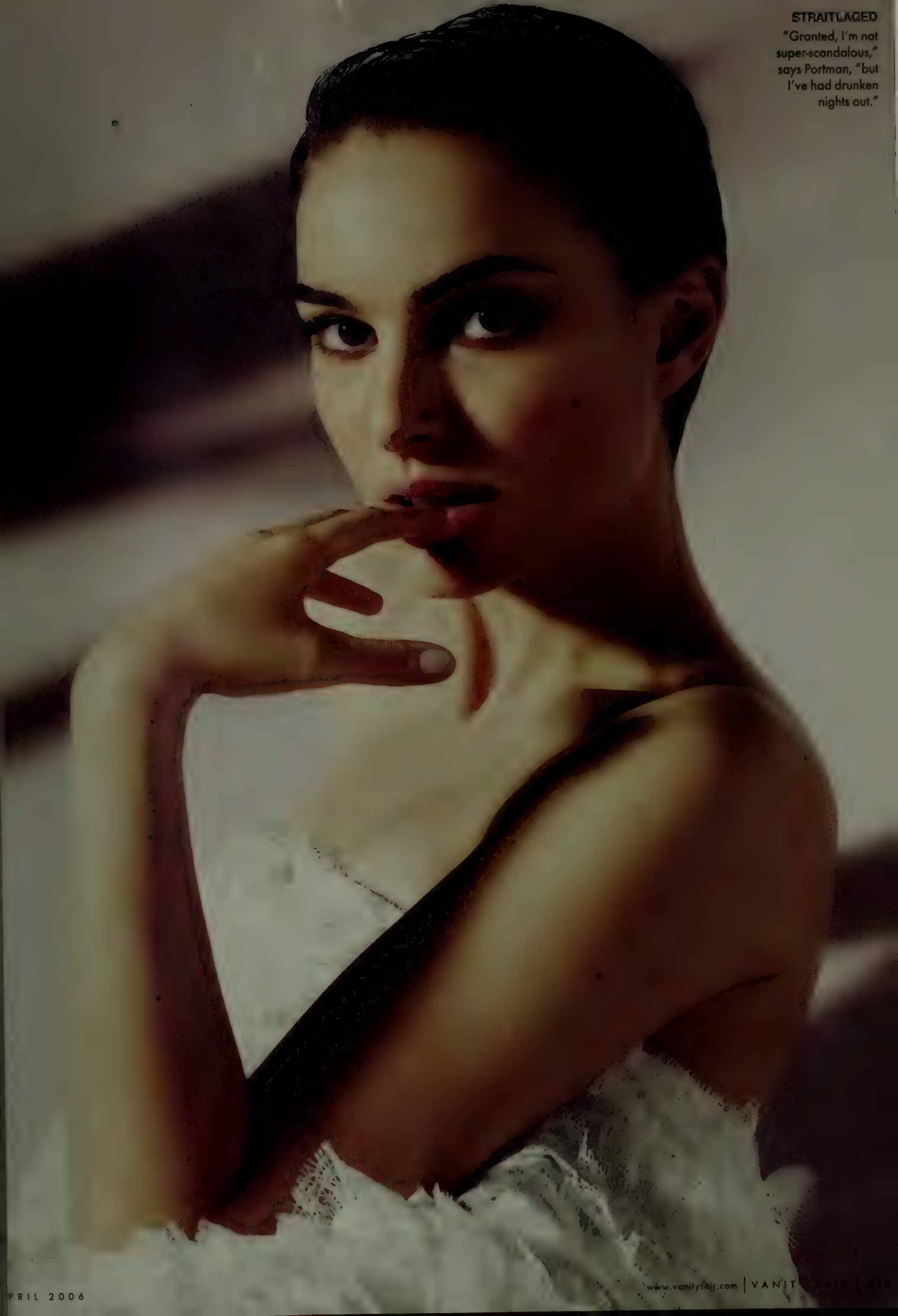
Portman, however, is anything but a bore. Anyone who has spent real time with her invariably comes away mesmerized; first by her exquisite beauty, which she seems oblivious to, and then by the thing that sets her apart from almost every actor in Hollywood—a total, intelligent absorption in everything but herself. Her curiosity about the world knows no bounds. She will talk breathlessly about her old law professor Alan Dershowitz's ideas on justified torture, or about how the New Zealand Moriori tribe's philosophy of nonviolence doomed them to extinction, or how the two-party system is hampering American politics. She never sounds pompous, because it's all punctuated with "like"s, goofy laughs, and the word "super," which she frequently uses as a prefix to adjectives. "She's got a little bit of the spaz going on," says Peter Sarsgaard, who worked with her in 2004's *Garden State*. Still, highly educated people often walk away from her questioning their own intelligence. "Sometimes when I'm talking to Natalie about a book or a film, it feels like I'm in grad school. And she's the professor," says Aleen Keshishian, who, like Portman, went to Harvard and has been managing Portman's career since its start. As Dershowitz, one of her several prominent admirers, puts it, "She's not one of those Hollywood stars who plays on her stardom to have you listen to her on other issues. She's worth listening to because of her own inherent intelligence, experience, and background."

Besides all that, she exudes a warmth and an authenticity that carry over onto the screen and have made her one of the most moving actresses working today. Mike Nichols, who directed her in 2004's *Closer* and who has become her mentor, sees her on a very short list of all-time icons. "It confuses people to think that someone so completely beautiful could really be a first-rate actor too. It's hard to grasp, but it's happened. It's happened a few times before, with Garbo and Louise Brooks." Just the other night, at the 50th anniversary of New York's Public Theater, he was reminded of Portman's odd, transcendent power when the petite actress was onstage surrounded by many other actors. "I said to [the person] I was with, 'Look. Everybody if they're near Natalie, they look like they're out of proportion.'"

Given her thirst for probing complex questions, it's no surprise that she jumped at the chance to work on the controversial new

"I will not allow myself to be on a porn site."

TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 244; PHOTOGRAPHS CONTINUED OVERLEAF



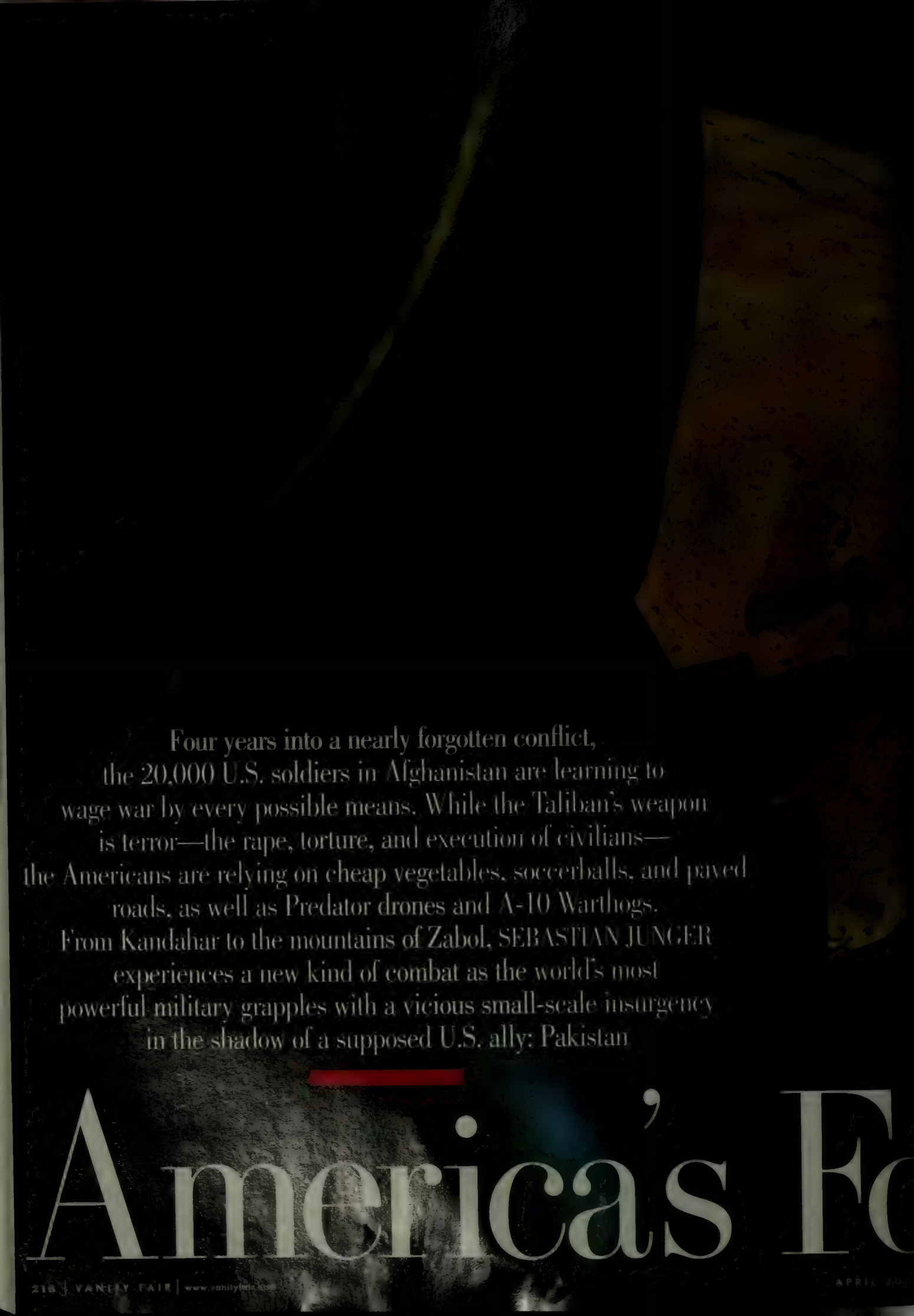
STRAITLACED
"Granted, I'm not super-scandalous," says Portman, "but I've had drunken nights out."

At Harvard she always worried, "Ever



INFINITE BEAUTY
Portman poses in ways that recall Elizabeth Taylor as Cleopatra in the 1963 movie.


inks I'm the dumb actress."



Four years into a nearly forgotten conflict, the 20,000 U.S. soldiers in Afghanistan are learning to wage war by every possible means. While the Taliban's weapon is terror—the rape, torture, and execution of civilians—the Americans are relying on cheap vegetables, soccerballs, and paved roads, as well as Predator drones and A-10 Warthogs. From Kandahar to the mountains of Zabol, SEBASTIAN JUNGER experiences a new kind of combat as the world's most powerful military grapples with a vicious small-scale insurgency in the shadow of a supposed U.S. ally: Pakistan

America's Fo



VISIONS OF WAR

The Afghan landscape reflected in a visor worn by an American door gunner in a Chinook helicopter.

gotten War

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TEUN VOETEN

This now, too, is war: an American colonel striding through the market of a mud-walled Afghan town, scanning the produce. There's lots of it—fresh tomatoes, peppers, carrots—which one vegetable seller attributes to a new storage facility in nearby Kandahar functioning as it should. Otherwise, the produce would be overpriced and imported from Pakistan. All this, in some indirect way, is good news for the American military, which for four years has been fighting an infuriatingly low-level war in the mountains of Afghanistan. If there's plenty of food, according to this line of thought, the locals are doing well and will support President Hamid Karzai's fragile coalition government in Kabul. And if they support the government, they won't help the insurgents, who have kept 20,000 American soldiers pinned down in an almost forgotten war.

As a result, Lieutenant Colonel Mark Stammer walks through town every week or so to take the pulse of the community. Minutes earlier he finished up a visit to a local girls' school—built with American money—where he had knelt down in front of the headmistress and knifed open several boxes of school supplies for the children. The supplies had been sent by his wife, and included soccerballs bought by the women's soccer team at the University of Texas. The schoolmistress thanked him, and another person added that if he "heard anything" he would let Stammer know. By that, he meant that he would call if he got word of Taliban activity in the area—which, in turn, might allow Stammer to pre-empt an attack on American soldiers.

By all measures the situation in Afghanistan may be skidding dangerously off the rails. American military deaths in the past year—nearly a hundred—almost equal those for the three preceding years combined. According to a recent internal report for the American Special Forces, opium production has gone from 74 metric tons a year under the Taliban to an astronomical 3,600 metric tons, an amount which is equal to 90 percent of the world's supply. The profit from Afghanistan's drug trade—roughly $2 billion a year—competes with the amount of international aid flowing into the country and helps fund the insurgency. And assassinations and suicide bombings have suddenly taken hold in parts of Afghanistan, leading people to fear that the country is headed toward Iraq-style anarchy.

None of this dulls the enthusiasm of Colonel Stammer, who has exactly one year to make a difference in one of the poorest and most ravaged countries in the world. Back on the street, the inevitable crowd of curious young boys gathers around him as he moves through the market. He's a big man, and even bigger in body armor, and his head never stops swiveling from side to side as he walks. His slate-blue eyes seem to take in everything: the butcher shop that has plenty of meat, the pharmacy that still has medicine on the shelves, the townspeople who seem relatively at ease despite the Humvees at the end of the market. Two soldiers walk ahead of Stammer, and two walk behind, casually keeping an eye on things. Halfway through town, a car pulls up and the elderly Afghan man at the wheel honks so that he can get by.

"That's good!" Stammer says as he steps aside. "That's a good sign! The guy's got balls, honking at me like that—it means he's not scared! We're coming together here, I think!"

Stammer is waging war by every possible means: with children's books, with cheap vegetables, and, of course, with guns. He is the commanding officer for, primarily, the 700 or so soldiers of the 2nd Battalion (Airborne), 503rd Infantry Regiment, based in the dusty town of Qalat, in southeast Afghanistan. He is energy personified: every sentence ends in an exclamation point; every greeting turns into a hearty back thump or headlock; every idea is acted upon as fast as possible.

"I always carry a hand grenade because once I really, really needed one!" Stammer informs me at one point, in his typically rapid-fire way. We were suiting up for a trip off-base and he was, I suppose, explaining all the armaments he was draped with. "I went one-on-one with an ACM at about 20 meters. He was in a hole, and I didn't have a hand grenade, so I shot him with my Beretta when he stood up! Dude, what a horrible time to stand up!"

ACM means "anti-coalition militia," which is military terminology for the Taliban fighters America is at war with. They are for the most part young Afghans who have been lured into the movement by cash salaries and the fierce rhetoric of hard-core Islamist mullahs. (Since Afghan soldiers and police are paid only around $70 a month, Taliban leaders—many of whom work hand in hand with the opium growers—don't have to spend much to outbid the Afghan military.) Taliban forces are believed to number around 3,000 or 4,000 fighters in total, and they are led mainly by former commanders from the Taliban's brief, humorless reign.

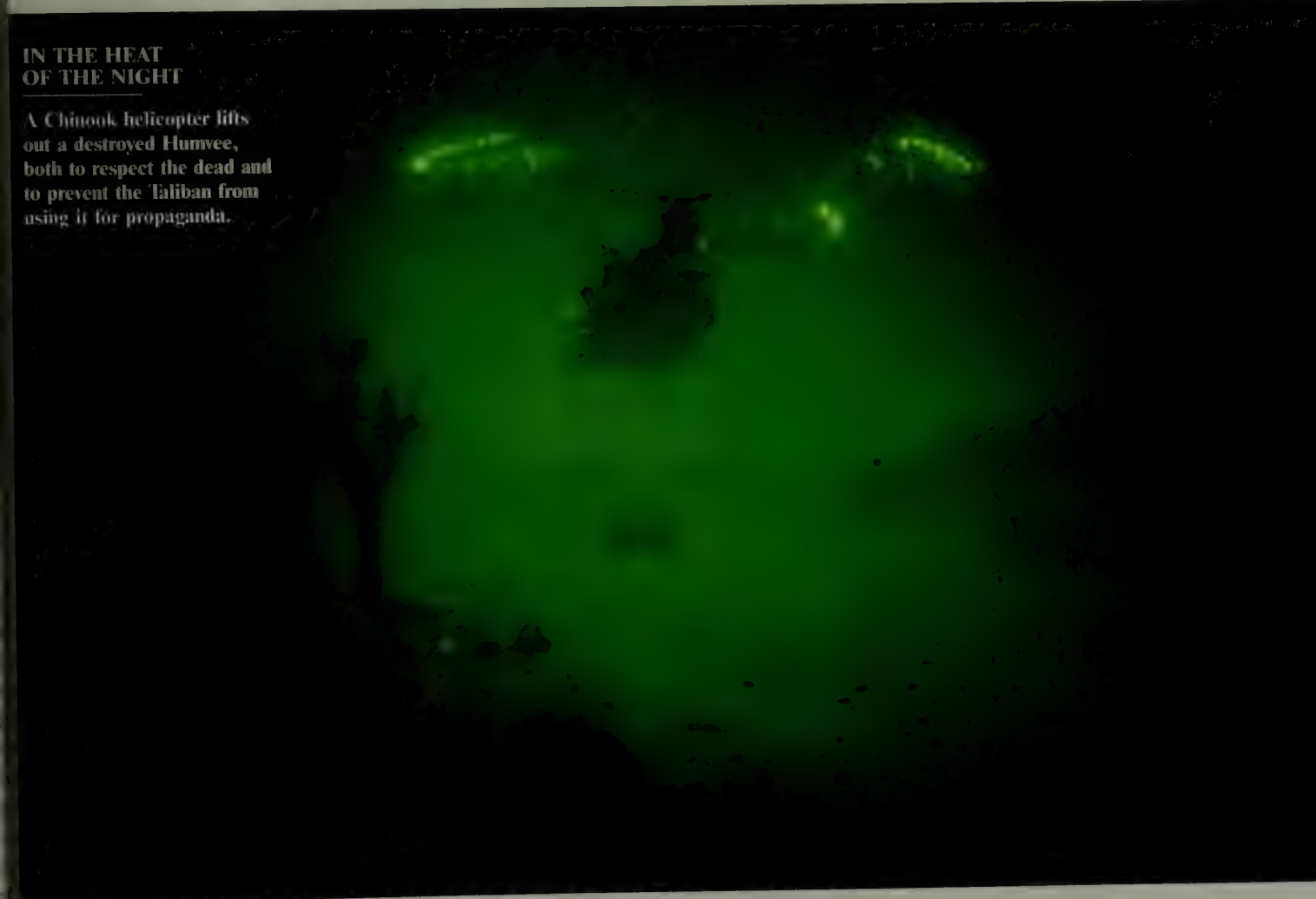
Colonel Stammer estimates that in Zabol Province—his "battle space"—there are probably fewer than 300 active Taliban, and half that many during the winter. As a military power they are insignificant, but therein lies the problem. Because of the way the U.S. military is designed, the larger the army they are fighting, the faster it will be destroyed—a large army simply offers a broader target for America's superior weapons. The one force the U.S. cannot seem to defeat, however, is a small-scale insurgency that is not supported by a central government. The U.S. is effectively trying to weed a garden with a backhoe, and its success may well depend on the ability of men such as Colonel

> "It's intimidation . . . guerrilla tactics. Whoever controls the population controls the war."



WORDS OF WISDOM

Capt[illegible] McGary talks to [illegible] elders in the Hazarbus Valley.



IN THE HEAT OF THE NIGHT

A Chinook helicopter lifts out a destroyed Humvee, both to respect the dead and to prevent the Taliban from using it for propaganda.

Stammer to re-invent, on the fly, the way America wages war.

To that end, America has spent a total of $1.3 billion on reconstruction projects in Afghanistan over the past four years. They have built or refurbished 312 schools. They have built or refurbished 338 medical clinics. They and other coalition forces have trained 82,000 Afghan soldiers and police. They have helped stage two national elections. They have increased by a factor of five the number of children in school, a figure that includes 1.6 million girls. They have helped pave a new highway from Kandahar to Kabul, which was formerly a dirt road. Colonel Stammer directed a village medical-outreach program that has treated 4,000 Afghans in Zabol Province alone, many of whom would otherwise have had to walk or ride for days to reach help. There is a new school in Qalat, the roads have been re-surfaced, and, stunningly, more than 50 percent of the civilian population turned out to vote in the last election.

This being Afghanistan—and this being the U.S. government—the development efforts have been tarnished by disturbing incidents of graft, inefficiency, and scandal. The American government has also been criticized for awarding development contracts to non-Afghans; the Kabul-to-Kandahar highway, for example, was built by a New Jersey company using Turkish and Indian workers. And yet, the post-9/11 era is doubtless the best thing to have happened to this poor, bullet-riddled country in the past 30 years.

Helping matters still further is the fact that, from the beginning, Afghan support for American involvement was exceptionally high. The last time I was in Afghanistan was in late 2001, when I watched Northern Alliance militias take Kabul after a mercifully brief battle across the Shomali Plains. As the battle progressed, Afghan children climbed onto the roofs of their mud houses and cheered as they watched American bombers drop ordnance on the Taliban positions. A few days later, an Afghan man hugged me on the streets of Kabul simply because I was American.

The American military has a way of squandering that kind of goodwill, of course, and stories of American soldiers' torturing Afghans at Bagram Air Base and mistakenly bombing wedding parties have obviously not made Colonel Stammer's mission any easier. But to the extent that such things can be measured, Afghan support for the American presence in their country seems relatively undiminished. An opinion poll late last year by the Program on International Policy Attitudes found that—four years after the "invasion"—a full 83 percent of Afghans had a favorable view of the American military in their country. Roughly the same percentage also approved the overthrow of the Taliban and American attempts to kill or capture al-Qaeda fighters. Far from objecting to the presence of the American military, most Afghans seem terrified they will leave. This fear is most apparent around the southern city of Kandahar, where the Taliban still have the ability to carry out attacks at will.

"The only thing keeping the Taliban from overrunning this place is American airpower."

"The only thing keeping the Taliban from overrunning this place is American airpower," one elderly Afghan man in Kandahar told me. This man had fought the Soviets in the 1980s, and he said that the Taliban were using the same tactics that he remembers from his days with the mujahideen. He went on: "The Russians organized local militias with village leaders, and we took the village leaders and killed them. We made it difficult for anyone working for the government to move around. Gradually we got closer and closer to Kandahar, and finally we took the governor."

It was from Kandahar—not Kabul—that the Taliban ruled the country until 2001; it was from Kandahar that Osama bin Laden orchestrated the attacks of September 11. Kandahar was the last major city to fall to Americans, and even after it did, a dozen or so wounded Arabs held out in the city hospital for weeks. Since then, troubles have pulsed out of that area like a dark tide. In 2005 a beloved police chief and 19 other people were killed in a horrific bombing at a mosque. A month before I arrived in the city late last fall, the Taliban ambushed and killed a district chief from nearby Oruzgan; a few weeks later they killed another district chief and two police officers; and the day after I arrived, a suicide bomber blew himself up against a Canadian military convoy. He didn't kill any Canadians, but a month later another suicide bomber managed to kill a senior Canadian diplomat in a nearly identical attack. In early February, a suicide bomber killed 13 people—most of them policemen—at the Kandahar police station.

Perhaps more devastating than the high-profile attacks, though, are the continual threats to common people. To understand how deep the poverty is in that area, consider that local women will spend all day shelling almonds without pay, just to take the husks home to burn in their cooking fires at night. Obviously, a government job is not something that many people can afford to turn down, yet working for the government may also put them on a death list. Unable to lure the population over to their side through political persuasion, Taliban operatives have started leaving "night letters" in mosques that threaten people with execution unless they quit their government jobs. There is little that the police can do about it.

Late last November, for example, a night watchman at a children's school outside Kandahar was found hanged with his own turban because he had ignored such a warning. A night letter was pinned to his body that named 13 other teachers—all of whom quit. "I put a checkpoint at the school, but they were not willing to keep working," the district police chief told me sadly when I asked about the murder. "The school has been closed ever since."

This sort of ruthlessness is in many ways due to the fact that the Taliban cannot hope to confront the Americans head-on. In a country like Afghanistan, the destructive ability of even one fighter plane is so absolute that it almost attains the power of God. An A-10 Warthog, for example, carries a 30-mm. Gatling gun that can fire up to 66 rounds a second. The sound of this gun in use cannot even be identified as gunfire; it's just a deep, evil belch that comes from somewhere up in the night CONTINUED ON PAGE 25



**NOON FOR
HE MISBEGOTTEN**

n American soldier
atches for Taliban from
e roof of a safe house
the town of Andar.

PRIL 2006

Spotlight

SHAKESPEARE & CO.

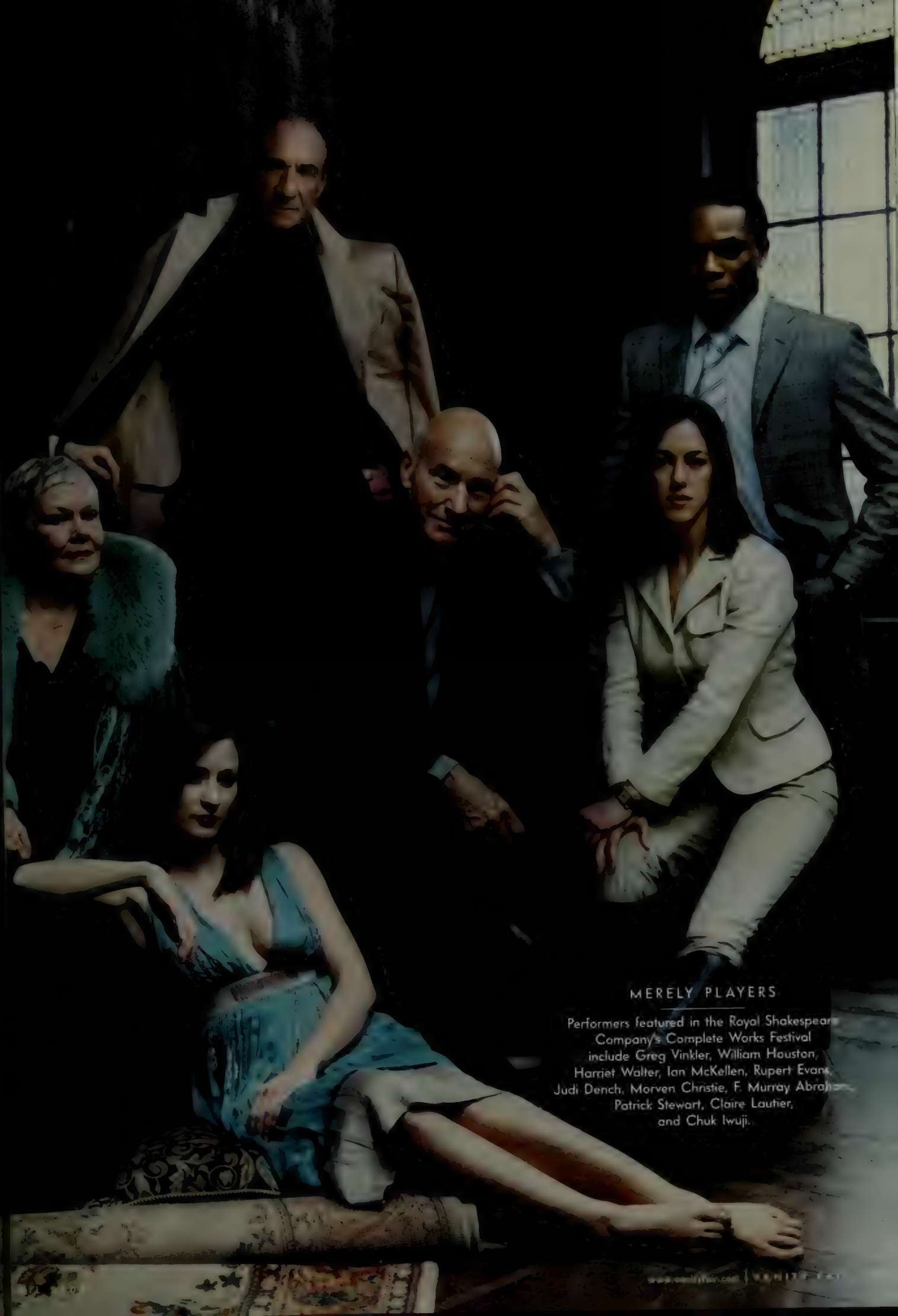


Where there's a Will, there's a way. This month, to mark the 442nd anniversary of William Shakespeare's birth, the Royal Shakespeare Company will open its Complete Works Festival in tiny, tidy Stratford-upon-Avon, where the bard was born and buried. During the next year, every word Shakespeare ever wrote can be heard there, from the lips of some of the world's greatest players—every tragedy, every comedy, every major poem, every sonnet.

The idea is the brainchild of the R.S.C.'s inventive artistic director, Michael Boyd. Fifteen of the 37 plays will be presented by the R.S.C. itself, and Boyd is emphatic about returning to the ensemble approach that helped forge the company's reputation, preferring group triumphs over stunning moments of stardom. Not that there will be any shortage of stars. Dame Judi Dench, Sir Ian McKellen, and Patrick Stewart are returning from the glory days of the R.S.C. to share the stage with Britain's and the world's brightest new talents. The cycle will include a Japanese *Titus Andronicus*, a Russian *Twelfth Night*, and a version of *Richard III* with a protagonist envisioned as a young Saddam Hussein. The message, perchance: no writer in any medium has ever equaled Shakespeare's output of verbal imagery, unforgettable characters, sweeping narrative, and the piercing, delightful *rightness* that seems to soar from the stage [illegible] theater be the food of life, play on.

—DAVID JONES

PHOTOGRAPH



MERELY PLAYERS

Performers featured in the Royal Shakespeare Company's Complete Works Festival include Greg Vinkler, William Houston, Harriet Walter, Ian McKellen, Rupert Evans, Judi Dench, Morven Christie, F. Murray Abraham, Patrick Stewart, Claire Lautier, and Chuk Iwuji.

A Hell of a

Suffering from emphysema, the great British theater critic Kenneth Tynan arrived in Santa Monica in 1976 with his dazzling second wife, Kathleen, their two children, and hopes for a new beginning. But as the Tynans dove into Hollywood's social whirl, Kathleen's career took off, while Ken was smitten with a much older woman: 71-year-old silent-film star Louise Brooks. SAM KASHNER chronicles the extravagant parties, the extramarital affairs, and the tragic finale



Fade-Out



A PLACE IN THE SUN

Kathleen and Kenneth Tynan
in Spain in 1970. Spain was his
sunny climate of choice,
Kathleen opted for California
and the movie business.

In October of 1976, sun-drenched Santa Monica was about to receive some unlikely guests: the English drama critic Kenneth Tynan, his beautiful wife, Kathleen, and their two children. Tynan, widely regarded as one of the greatest—and most feared—theater critics of the 20th century, had established his reputation at two London newspapers, the *Evening Standard* and *The Observer,* while still in his 20s.

A self-described "talent snob," Tynan had formed friendships with Marlene Dietrich, Richard Burton, John Huston, Noël Coward, Orson Welles, Katharine Hepburn, Tennessee Williams, and Sir Laurence Olivier, whom he worshipped and at whose side he mapped the direction of London's National Theatre from 1963 to 1973. But at the age of 49, this quintessential London aesthete, suffering from emphysema aggravated by a two-packs-a-day smoking habit, decided to jump the pond, packing his bags for America.



They rented a $2,200-a-month house in Santa Monica that belonged to the American screenwriter Lorenzo Semple Jr. (*The Parallax View, Three Days of the Condor*)—"a glorious, sprawling Spanish-style house at the end of Kingman Avenue," wrote Kathleen in her 1987 biography, *The Life of Kenneth Tynan.* "It was more than we could afford, but it was a luxury I felt we needed to launch our new life. The place had thick-walled privacy, and silence, except for the cooing of pigeons and the sound of the children splashing and squealing in the swimming pool. We were close enough to the ocean to be free of smog, and the air smelled of eucalyptus and orange blossom, and, at night, of woodsmoke from the open fire in the high-beamed living room."



Tynan wrote to Marlene Dietrich, "Santa Monica is very strange after London. Every morning a large golden disc appears in the sky.... People remove their clothes and jump into pools of water. It is all very odd." In this blissful setting his health seemed to improve, and he and Kathleen launched a very social life of party-giving and party-going.

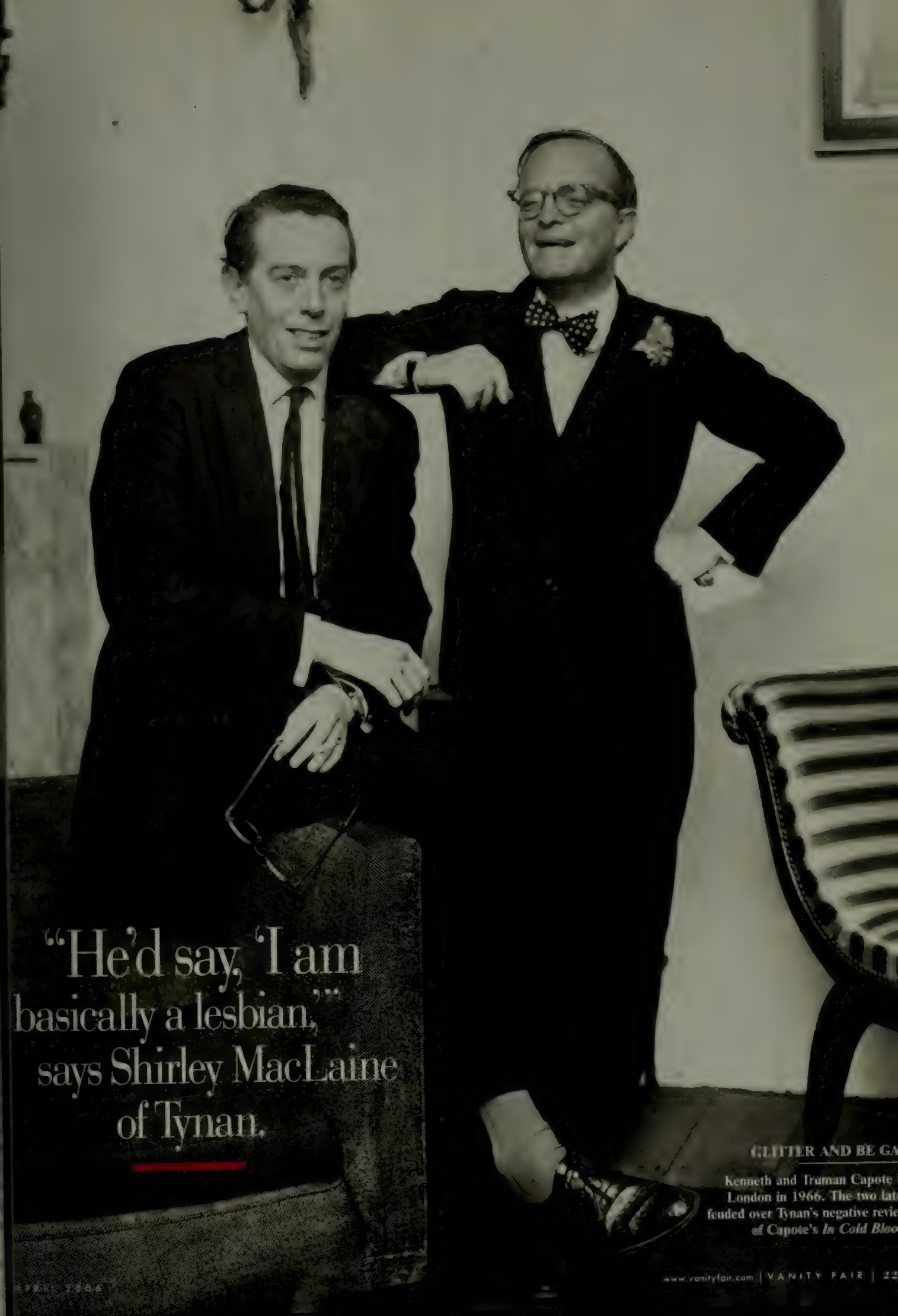
"The Wilders and the Tynans had the only salons left in the 60s and 70s," says Sue Mengers, the most powerful Hollywood agent of the era. "I remember being seated at Thanksgiving dinner—it was at the Billy Wilders', seated between George Burns and Ken Tynan. During dinner, Ken put his hand down the back of my dress, and he was just fondling my buttocks. Ken loved buttocks, and in my case, there was a lot to love. I mean, [he was the producer of the 1969 Off Broadway erotic revue] *Oh! Calcutta!,* after all. He whipped buttocks! What's the big deal? Ken was not content with the ordinary."



"He was wonderful company and was always asked back," Kathleen would later write. "Ken noted that in London, he wore a dinner jacket roughly once a year, whereas in Los Angeles, during the course of one week, he had worn black tie to the premier of *The Last Tycoon,* to the wedding of Marisa Berenson ... and to a dinner given

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE

From top: Kenneth, Elaine Dundy, and Peter Ustinov in England, 1950s; Kenneth and Sir Laurence Olivier rehearse for the British TV program *Tempo,* early 60s; Kenneth and Marlon Brando in London, 1964.



"He'd say, 'I am basically a lesbian,'" says Shirley MacLaine of Tynan.

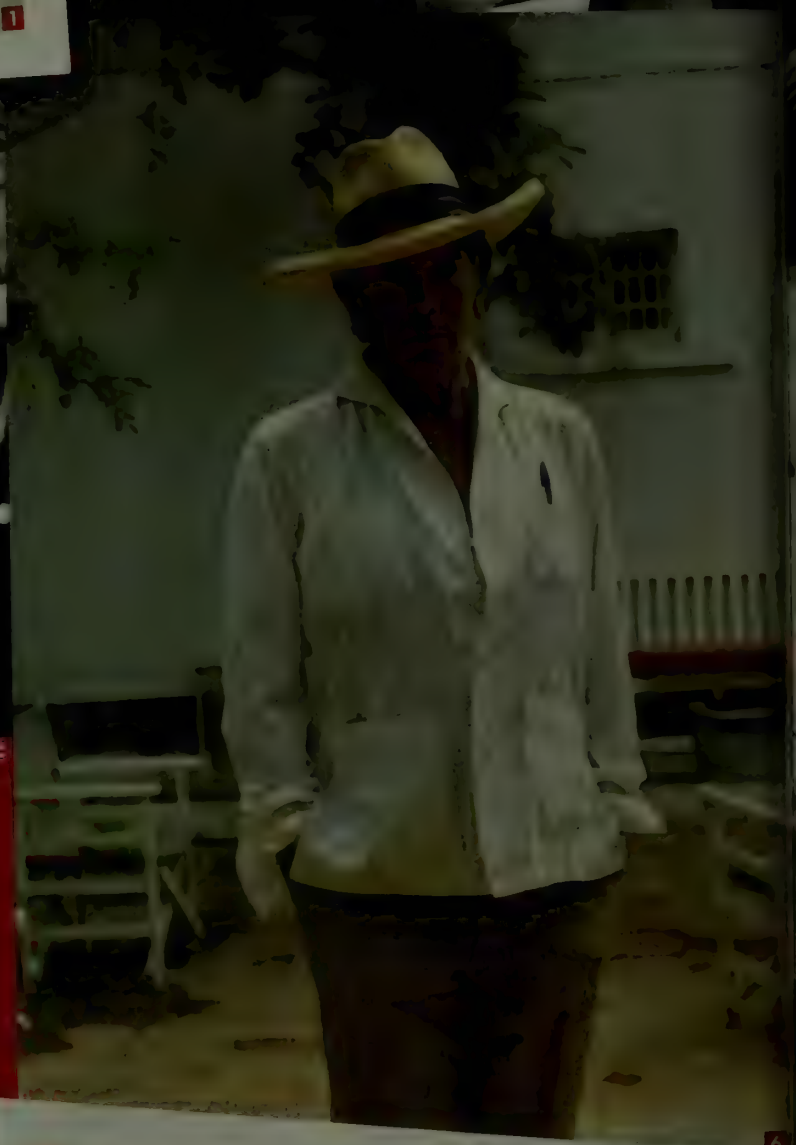
GLITTER AND BE GA

Kenneth and Truman Capote
London in 1966. The two lat
feuded over Tynan's negative revie
of Capote's *In Cold Bloo*



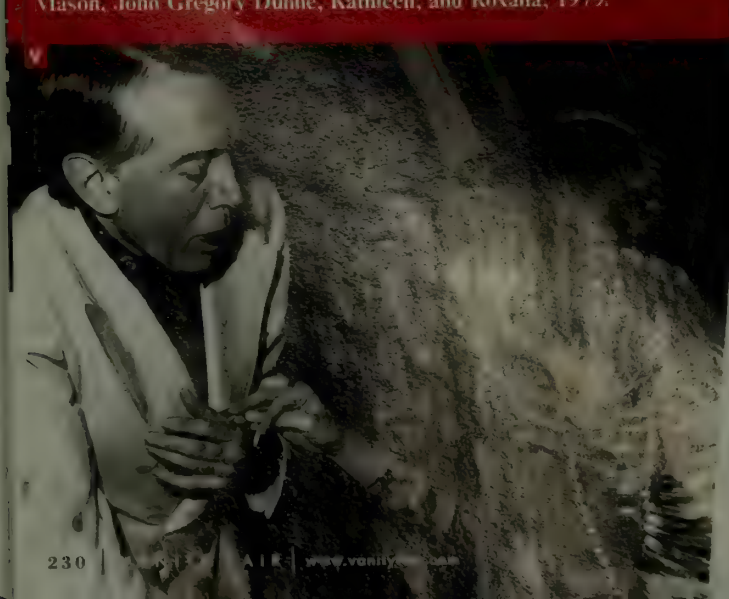


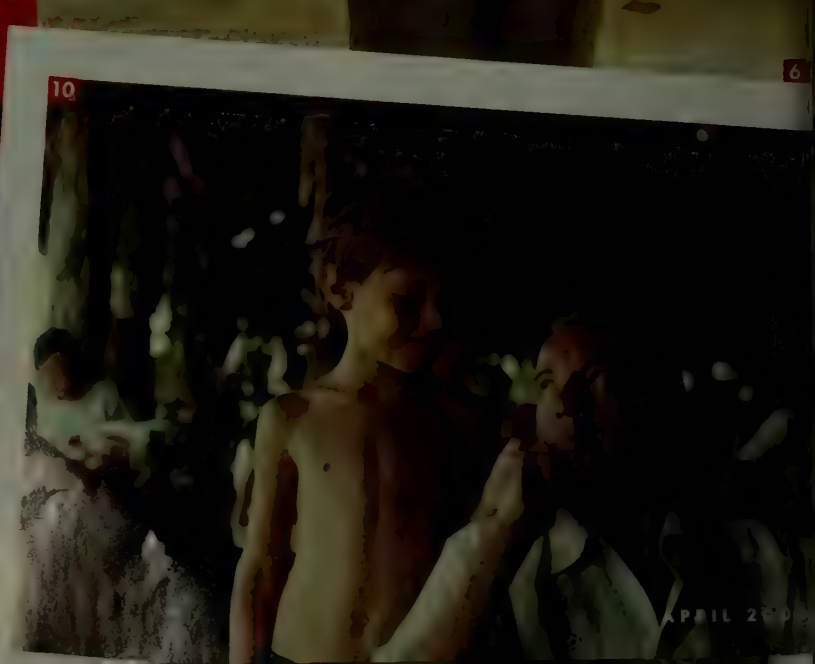




ALL IN THE FAMILY

(1) Roxana and Kenneth in Mexico, 1978. (2) Kathleen and Kenneth in Spain, 1969. (3) From left: Roxana, Matthew, Kathleen, Tony Richardson, Princess Margaret, Gore Vidal, and Jack Nicholson at a party at the Tynans' Bel Air home, October 1979. (4) Kenneth at his house in Thurloe Square, London, 1976. (5) From left: Kathleen, Robert Silvers, Marlene Dietrich, Kenneth, and Penelope Gilliatt in June 1967 after the Tynans' wedding. (6) Kenneth in France, 1971. (7) The Tynan family at home in Bel Air, 1970s. (8) Kathleen at a bullfight in Spain, 1968. (9) Kenneth and Shirley MacLaine in London, 1976. (10) Matthew and Kenneth in Mexico, 1978. (11) From left: Neil Simon, Joan Didion, Marsha Mason, John Gregory Dunne, Kathleen, and Roxana, 1979.

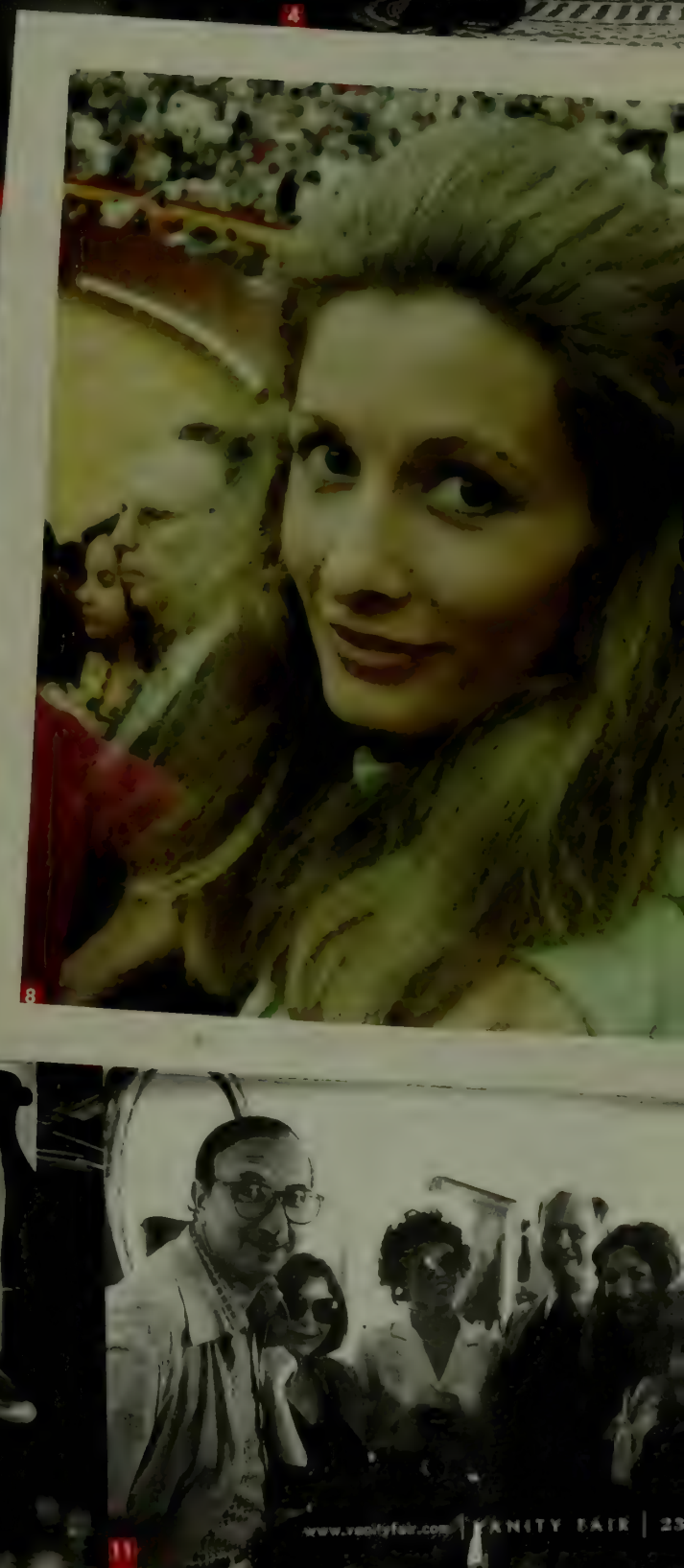












by the agent Swifty Lazar and his wife."

Lazar's party was a mix of Old and New Hollywood: Jack Nicholson, Anjelica Huston, Liza Minnelli, Warren Beatty, plus Dinah Shore, producer Ray Stark, and a magnificently preserved Merle Oberon. Mengers recalls being present, angry that Lazar had poached her guest list for a party she had planned for the following night. She hissed into Tynan's ear, "That goddamned Swifty! He swore to me he wouldn't ask Warren, and guess who just walked in the fucking door! . . . I'll show the bastard: I'll get Streisand tomorrow, so help me!"

And so she did, along with Ryan O'Neal, Steven Spielberg (fresh from the success of *Jaws*), James Coburn, Dudley Moore, Tuesday Weld, and Tina Sinatra.

"Dudley . . . was a welcome relief in a room criss-crossed with hostile emanations from so many warlike egos," Tynan wrote in his diary.

As a young man at Oxford, Tynan had been a dandy (known for his dove-colored suits and—later—his leopardskin trousers, worn on a gaunt, elegant frame). At the age of 23, he published his first book, *He That Plays the King,* for which he had flattered Orson Welles, one of his idols, into writing the introduction. Throughout his career, he delighted his readers with witty descriptions of actors: "What, when drunk, one sees in other women, one sees in Garbo sober"; "[Anthony Quinn] always acts as if he were wearing a suit for the first time"; John Gielgud is like "a tight, smart, walking umbrella."

By 1955, Tynan was so much a public figure that Alec Guinness spoofed him in *The Ladykillers,* by aping Tynan's habit of effetely holding a cigarette between his middle and ring finger. He would come to be known, as well, as a connoisseur of wine and food—of what his friend and frequent dining companion Gore Vidal referred to as "the higher piggery."

In his 30s, Tynan left *The Observer* to become the dramaturge of the newly founded National Theatre, under Laurence Olivier's direction. He was also largely responsible for dragging English theater into the modern age by championing "Angry Young Man" John Osborne's 1956 drama, *Look Back in Anger,* and extolling American playwrights Eugene O'Neill, Arthur Miller, and Tennessee Williams. He was the creator and impresario behind *Oh! Calcutta!,* which the *Guinness Book of World Records* listed as "the longest running revue." He created a national furor and was denounced in Parliament when he uttered the word "fuck" on a BBC broadcast about censorship. (Although, as Gore Vidal recently pointed out, given Tynan's noticeable stammer, it was more like "f-f-f-fuck.")

Tynan had lived in the U.S. briefly in 1958, when he accepted a stint as theater critic for *The New Yorker.* He brought along his first wife, the American novelist and heiress Elaine Dundy, to New York for two theatrical seasons, after which the couple returned to London. By then Tynan was exhausted by this long, bitter marriage,

LIST OF THINGS ABOUT KT CURRENTLY DISAPPROVED OF BY K:

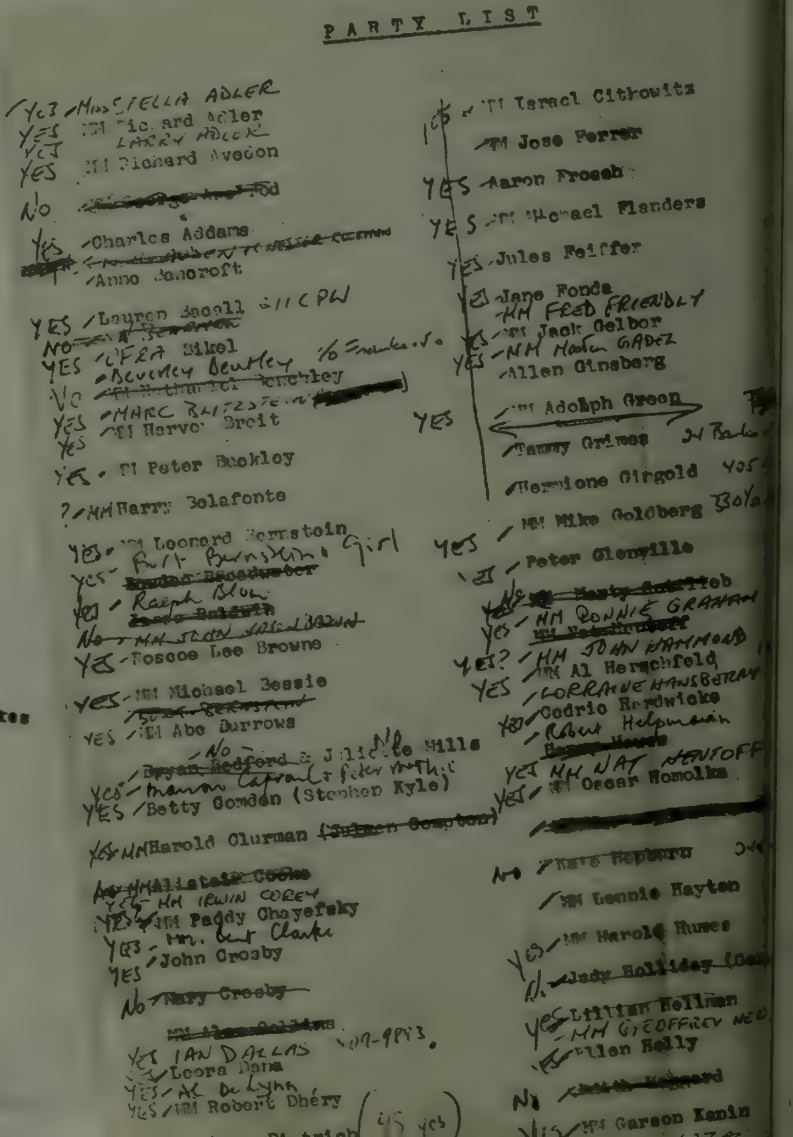
Cigar-smoking
Physical laziness
Slackness at work
Sexual remissness
Lack of information
Eating habits
Drinking habits
Bathing habits
Expenditure on clothes
Conversational egotism
Dislike of exercise
Interest in cricket
Sloppy thinking
Inability to dance
Weakness of memory

List of things about K disapproved bf by KT

Lazy
Rotten housekeepr
Cant spell
Bad at games like all girls
Bad at organization like all girls
Bad at languages
No good with exams
Nags KT
Doesnt care about KT
Is a liar
Talks to other men too long
Is too polite
Likes tasteless food
All her tastes are what she [illegible] not what she likes
etc etc
Is a filfred



PARTY LIST



which had been a punching match characterized by infidelities on both sides. In December of 1962, he met Kathleen Halton, who was working on an arts-news column at *The Observer.*

At 24, Kathleen was tall and slim, with a wide smile and a mane of dark silky hair. Though she described herself as middle-class, she had a somewhat aloof, aristocratic air, and she was the kind of woman who lit up a room. "She was the image of perfection—physical perfection. Men were just absolutely riveted to her," says Mengers. The London-born daughter of a Canadian journalist, Kathleen had just six months earlier married Oliver Gates, the scion of an aristocratic English family, but after eight months of being wooed by Tynan she left Gates.

Married in June 1967, Ken and Kathleen launched their exuberant life together at 120 Mount Street, where their huge parties helped define Swinging London in the 1960s. Norman Mailer, Duke Ellington, theater director Peter Brook, Marlon Brando, Richard Harris, Gore Vidal—even Princess Margaret and Tony Snowdon—were among the guests. The Italian director Michelangelo Antonioni based the London orgy scene in his 1966 film, *Blow-Up,* on a Tynan party.

But in 1973 Tynan was ousted from his influential post at the National Theatre after a protracted battle with the theater's censorious board of directors. Olivier, his idol and mentor, seemed content to let Tynan twist in the wind, though some cast Tynan as Machiavelli to Olivier's Prince. At 46, Tynan found himself unemployed, with an expensive lifestyle, a glamorous second wife, and their two young children—Roxana and Matthew, born in 1967 and 1971—to support. (He had insisted that Kathleen leave her job at *The Observer* so she wouldn't have to disrupt their mornings by getting up early.)

But it was Tynan's health that changed the script. Dr. John Batten, a chest specialist he'd consulted, told Kathleen that he would probably live only 10 more years. Ken "sat in our dining room, (his latest workplace)," Kathleen recorded, "and did not work. He was excessively depressed." Then, like a bolt of lightning, an enticing offer from William Shawn to return to *The New Yorker,* to write six profiles a year, gave Tynan his third—and final—act. The profiles would be of personalities as diverse as Olivier, Ralph Richardson, Tom Stoppard, Johnny Carson, and "the two Brookses"—Mel and Louise. One of them—silent-film star Louise Brooks—Tynan rescued from obscurity, and the 71-year-old recluse became the last grand passion of his life.

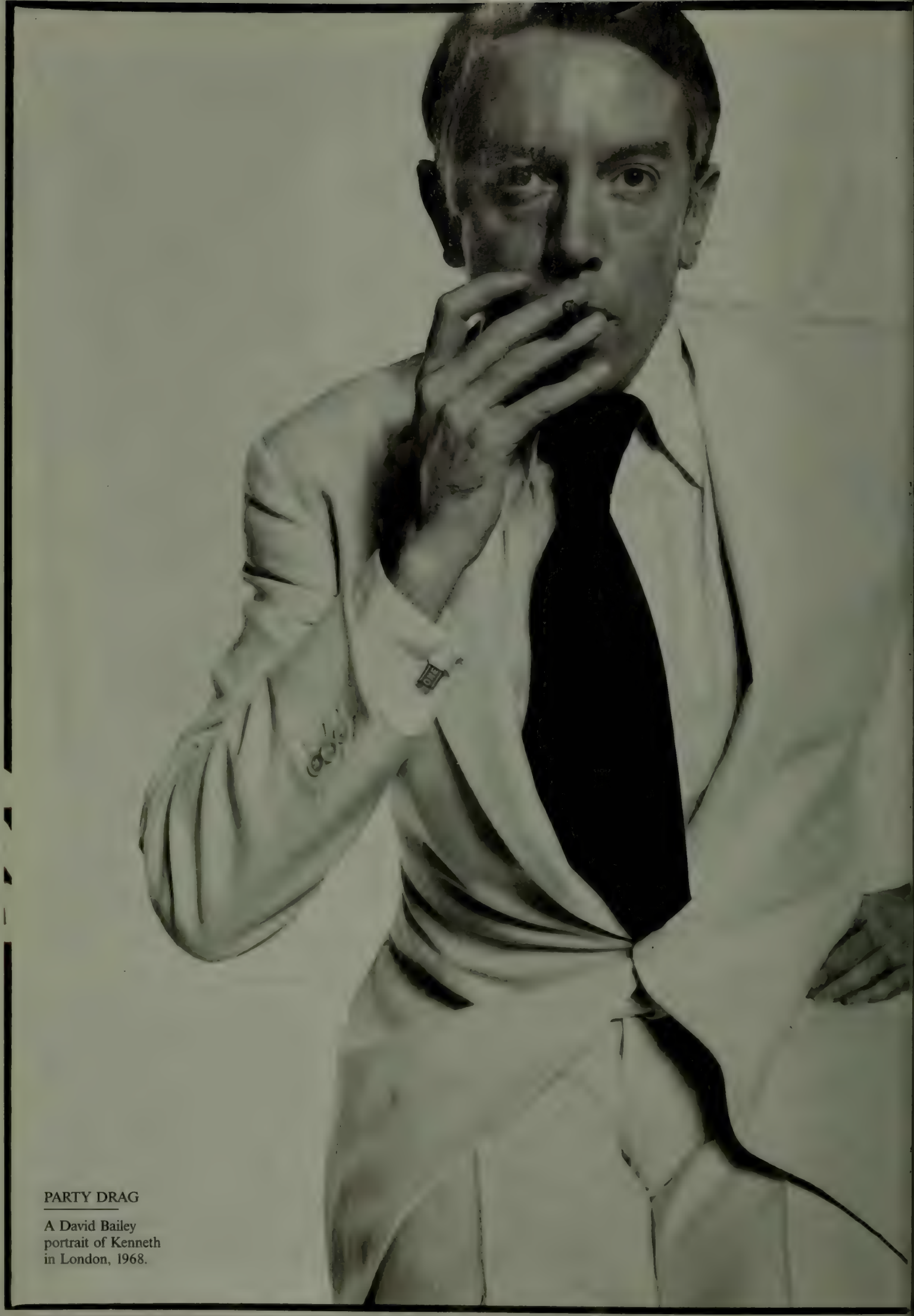
"All of a sudden, everything had to be bigger and better," recalls 35-year-old Matthew Tynan, who lives in Williamsburg, Brooklyn, and resembles a lighter-haired version of his father. With *The New Yorker's* promised salary of $44,000 (plus all-important medical coverage), income from renting out their London house (they had by then taken a lease on a large house on Thurloe Square), and modest royalties from *Oh! Calcutta!,* they embarked on an extravagant lifestyle in



"He had addictions to everything," says Matthew. "And his addictions were necessary for his work."

NOTES FROM A MARRIAGE

Top, Kenneth Tynan in the doorway of his home at 1500 Stone Canyon Road, 1979. *Opposite: left,* the Tynans' lists of what annoyed each about the other; *right,* an invitation list to a party given by the Tynans.



PARTY DRAG

A David Bailey
portrait of Kenneth
in London, 1968.

which they attempted to keep pace with their movie-star friends in Los Angeles.

Matthew, however, felt that "on some level Dad must have known that L.A. was not going to cure his ills. Especially when we were getting thrown out of the classroom every few hours for smog alerts. It was clear to me that it was not a good place for lungs. But it was sunny."

Kathleen and Ken's daughter, Roxana, a strikingly intelligent woman now in her late 30s who has her mother's slender beauty and mane of brown hair, felt that her father "missed bad English food, he missed mostly the conversation, and he complained about it a lot." Indeed, Tynan looked out of place in Santa Monica: a "tall, grievously thin Englishman," in Louise Brooks's description, eccentrically dressed, with an English pallor and a cigarette held elegantly "between two spidery fingers," showing up among the bronzed, shorts-and-sandals-clad denizens.

He immediately adopted two local customs: he leased a four-door Buick Riviera (with blue crushed-velvet seats) and took great pleasure in driving through the Brentwood car wash. "The big thrill was to go to the car wash with him," Roxana recalls. "We would sit in the car with the windows rolled up." Tynan described the "spray, cascade, and whirling brushes," followed by a "shivery curtain of chamois leather"; he concluded that the "ceremony of the car wash" is, "in fact, a purification in which it is not so much the car that is purified, as its owner."

Tynan discovered a local bullfight club and joined a cricket club founded by homesick English expats; he'd regularly go into Brentwood and pick up a clutch of English newspapers, stopping off at the Book Nook to browse. He replaced "grande bouffe-ing" at three-star restaurants in Paris with dining at Dan Tana's and the Brown Derby. He was immediately sought out by "agents, movie stars, and elderly socialites," Kathleen recorded, but not for work, even though Tynan wanted very much to produce and direct films and was trying to develop an erotic film for a German producer.

A trip to Las Vegas to catch Shirley MacLaine's one-woman show at Caesars Palace brought MacLaine back into Tynan's orbit. They had met earlier, in London, when Tynan described her act at London's Palladium as a "high definition performance"—his highest accolade—for which he praised the redheaded dancer and actress as "a credit to the species." Though she admired Tynan ("I loved his mind—I never found him pretentiously intellectual," she says), it was Kathleen who became her closest friend. "I was always jealous of Shirley MacLaine's friendship with Kathleen," says Mengers. "To Kathleen, I was probably 'the amusing Jew.' I admired Kathleen but didn't feel close to her—that's not really the way you felt around her. I wish I had gotten to know her better. To have been their court jester."

Tynan was most at home with the small expat colony, which included writer Christopher Isherwood and his companion, Don Bachardy, and director Tony Richardson (by this time divorced from Vanessa Redgrave) and his two daughters, Natasha and Joely. "Tony Richardson, each year, would do this Easter-egg hunt, and it was very fun for us," remembers Roxana. "Tony was one of their friends who actually liked kids."

They also befriended Gordon Davidson, artistic director of the innovative Center Theatre Group, and screenwriters Robert Towne and Joan Didion and John Gregory Dunne. Davidson recalled, "Kathleen was such a beautiful woman, one wanted to be in her company. I remember Tynan, brilliant, in a white suit. He loved the theater, and that love came through in everything he did."

"I do think people like Gore Vidal, Christopher Isherwood—intellectual peers—kept him alive," Matthew says. Despite an overflowing social life, however, the great transatlantic transplant was in danger of not taking. One reason was financial.

Their parents' tension over money was becoming increasingly apparent to the children. "I had this vision of us as being enormously wealthy," Roxana recalls, "and why wouldn't I? Next door to us were these teenage girls—they had walk-in closets. Whereas I would have a sweater and a pair of shorts, they would have the same sweater in 10 colors. It dawned on me that we weren't on that level."

In England, Roxana recalls, her parents had cooked elaborate meals and "loved Vincent Price's *Come into the Kitchen* cookbook," with its recipes for "Tiny Tim Finger Rolls" and "Fish Balls à la Mrs. Benjamin Harrison." In L.A., they hired a cook, a Canadian named Sheila Weeks.

Matthew remembers, "They always had to one-up everyone. Their parties were huge, enormous events." If Sue Mengers and Swifty Lazar could produce Hollywood royalty, the Tynans could produce the real thing. They gave a party for a visiting Princess Margaret, despite Tynan's socialist leanings and his belief that the monarchy

should be abolished. "It was grand," recalls Matthew. "There were Secret Service everywhere. Mum and Dad had ordered Indian food with the idea that this was kind of different and exotic. But really, it's because it was dirt-cheap, and they could feed the 300 people who were there, who remember it as ridiculously opulent. Most of the time, I was the waitstaff."

"Before Diana came along, Princess Margaret was *it*," recalls Mengers. "That's who you would see at the Tynans'. Who cares about Steve McQueen? Kathleen asked me if I would hold a small luncheon for her. I wanted to throw out all the furniture and hire 50 chefs, but, no, they told me how to do it. They guided me in how to host a princess."

Even with economies that could be viewed as merely good taste, the Tynans "just went into debt," says Roxana. "I mean, that's the English thing, when you're middle-class. Your banker would give you an overdraft and let you borrow more money. And his fame was helpful in getting him credit. They're spending more than half their income on rent. They were keeping up appearances, but they also wanted to keep on living their lives. Dad didn't want to be dying for four years."

The Tynans' household staff included, besides the cook, a secretary, a housecleaner, and a series of nannies. "Mum tended to go for these 22-year-old au pairs, whom they met at parties," Roxana recalls. "They were all pretty great, but some of them were maybe not quite mature enough to be looking after children." They also managed private schools for Roxana and Matthew and frequent trips to Spain, Mexico, New York, and London.

"My parents were freelancers," Roxana says, "and if you think about the way a lot of freelancers live now—certainly not like my parents. They would travel all the time. They'd go on six-week trips to Europe. They went to Ceylon. They spent everything they had."

In the spring of 1977, Tynan confided in his journal, "If I do not write, I shall be broke. (At present I have $300 in the bank, an overdraft in excess of £5,000 in London . . .)"

One of the secretaries Tynan hired to help with correspondence and to set up interviews for his *New Yorker* profiles was an attractive woman in her 20s named Judy Harger. She showed up one morning around 10 at 765 Kingman Avenue, on a temp job, and was let in by the cook. "And here he comes," Harger recalls about her first meeting with Tynan—"skinny, with this slightly haggard quality. I was around 27, and he was only 50 but seemed very old to me." She was impressed by his mustard-colored dressing gown, "with dots on it, like enormous oranges. And the thinnest legs you ever saw, and velvety house shoes, in gold, black, and gray stripes. He was the most outlandish-looking person." Tynan welcomed his new secretary and proceeded to order and eat his breakfast, consisting mostly of "nearly raw, Farmer John hunks of bacon."

Tynan was then finishing his 1978 profile of Johnny Carson. Harger typed his correspondence to William Shawn, which was mostly about money ("Dear Mr. Shawn: I've written to Louise Brooks. . . . As I told you, the return air fare between L.A. and Rochester is $398, and I'd be very grateful if the magazine could let me have a check for this amount in advance"). Or to the producers of *Oh! Calcutta!*, complaining about skimpy royalties from the long-running revue. Her stenographer's notebooks are full of woeful tallies of paltry sums, followed by instructions to rent a villa in Madrid, and shopping lists topped by "liquor, Scotch, J&B, wine, 6 pinot noir, 6 sauvignon blanc." One entry reads simply: "Order the Jaguar."

Soon after arriving in Los Angeles, Tynan was talked into seeing a prominent physician, Dr. Elsie Giorgi, who marveled at the fact that Tynan was still alive: "He had the highest carbon dioxide level [in his bloodstream] ever recorded and the lowest oxygen." Tests revealed that he had a genetic deficiency that contributed to the destruction of his lung tissue—as did his smoking. Tynan took in that information by lighting up a cigarette. In Kathleen's biography Dr. Giorgi remarked, "I don't think I've ever met a person who could write about other people with such insight . . . who displays so little insight about himself." Tynan had been taking Dexamyl, an amphetamine, and Dalmane, a sleeping pill, for 25 years in addition to his two packs of cigarettes a day. He wasn't about to stop now.

Tynan seemed to Harger to have a "forlorn quality. He wanted to be producing plays. I think he failed to recognize that he was going to need to invent another self to navigate the second part of his life. Like Orson Welles, he'd been so flamboyant and gifted in his youth. Now he talked about his poor health, making comments like 'I shan't be alive then.'" Harger felt that he "was depressed, and he was lost. He had missed the boat somehow."

"There was a sadness about Ken. This wasn't the robust man-about-town of the 50s and 60s," recalls Mengers. "I remember trying to get Ken work, but it was hard. It didn't really work out. I don't think Ken was out here looking for a gig in the movies—he just wanted someone to buy his ideas, perhaps make him a producer."

But if Tynan seemed to languish, nursing his anguished lungs and trying to stop smoking—except that he couldn't write unless he could smoke, and he couldn't make a living without writing—Kathleen was flourishing. "When I finally met her," Judy Harger recalls, "I was kind of astonished at her beauty. It was her coloring and her bones. She was just a natural, someone who looked great first thing in the morning."

Matthew felt that the moment his mother arrived in Los Angeles, "she began to bloom, to come into herself." A screenplay Kathleen had begun in London about the 11 lost days of Agatha Christie's life in December 1926 was picked up by the producer David Puttnam, and Dustin Hoffman—who had proved his box-office worth in *The Graduate* and *Midnight Cowboy*—signed on, virtually ensuring that the film would be made. Her mother made the deal to write *Agatha*, Roxana believes, even before setting foot on California soil. Kathleen "did very well forging her own career," Matthew says.

Though Hoffman was egregiously miscast in a role that called for a tall, aristocratic Englishman, *Agatha* was released in 1979 to respectable reviews. Roxana and Matthew both feel that Kathleen's success was difficult for their father. "It was genuinely tough for Dad," says Roxana, "and then, more than anything, he was really ill. It's unpleasant to be deeply ill. Dad was never mean to Matthew or me, ever. But he was occasionally mean to Mum, in front of us."

Added to Tynan's envy of Kathleen's success was his own failure to write and produce *Alex and Sophie*, which he'd worked on for several years. Begun in 1970, while he was still at the National Theatre, the film never got off the ground (to the relief of Kathleen, who found its subject of sadomasochism distasteful and who worried that, if produced, the film would just bring Ken more notoriety). "Mum didn't really want him to do it," Roxana recalls. "She felt it was too revealing, and instinctively knew it was really not very good and that it would be kind of embarrassing to him. He sort of chose to blame her for its not getting made."

There were other unrealized projects: plans to write his autobiography and to publish a life of the controversial psychoanalyst and sexologist Wilhelm Reich, for which he'd already written about 70,000 words. Most painfully, his attempt to expand his never published *New Yorker* profile of Laurence Olivier into a biography—"a small monument" to his revered former mentor—failed spectacularly when Olivier withdrew his consent, and Tynan was forced to return a hefty advance of $120,000 to Simon & Schuster. With an additional $30,000 for research and $120,000 upon completion and publication, the book would have gone a long way toward solving Tynan's financial woes—not bad for a labor of love. But Olivier called Tynan to say he would not cooperate and would instruct his friends

not to speak with him. He preferred to write his own book, saying, "I owe Ken a lot, but I don't owe him my life." Tynan was shattered.

As Kathleen thrived, Ken's emphysema continued to sap his strength. "There were lots of times where Mum was giving the parties, and Dad would have to show up and then leave because he was too ill," Roxana remembers. "I'm sure he was annoyed and angry and tired of that."

They had a spectacular fight one night when Kathleen gave a party that Tynan felt they couldn't afford. He took off in his Buick and proceeded to announce over his CB radio (which was all the rage in the 70s) that Jack Nicholson was at 765 Kingman Avenue, signing autographs. Luckily, no one believed him.

"It was awful for Kathleen," says Gore Vidal. "He was vicious to her. Dying is a great excuse for misbehavior."

"She was a true survivor," Matthew says about his mother. "I think she knew early on that Dad's time was not long, and she knew she had to start thinking about the future. He was thinking about the end, and she was thinking about how she was going to move things forward. He made almost no attempts to help his own health. He tried to quit smoking many times. I remember getting him for Christmas a cigarette in a little glass container for emergencies—I think it was just before New Year's—and he smashed the damned thing open and smoked it. He had addictions to everything. And his addictions—for food, for cigarettes—were necessary for his work, and without the work, the writing, he was nothing. At the end, when he wasn't allowed to smoke at all—those were the darkest moments."

At one point Kathleen and the children were in London, and Tynan was left alone to pack for a trip to Spain, where he planned to re-unite with his family. "He had his suitcase laid out on that second twin bed in the room where his desk was," Judy Harger remembers, "but he hadn't packed. And he said to me, 'I wonder if you have any plans tomorrow, on Saturday.'" She answered cautiously, "I might have some hours in the morning. Why?" Tynan answered, "If you would come and just sit with me while I pack, I would write you a check for any amount that you say." She returned the next day and watched him pack.

Perhaps as a response to Kathleen's ascendancy in Los Angeles, and a swipe at her enviable good health, Tynan revived the sadomasochistic affair he had begun years earlier in London with "Nicole." She was a willing partner in his sexual spanking games, as his wives were not. Elaine Dundy, in fact, was disgusted by Tynan's sexual tastes. Their daughter, Tracy, said later that as her father's health deteriorated his "sadomasochistic sexual escapades became more extreme." She also took a more philosophical view: "S&M is drama, and my father was addicted to drama." Tynan gave up his subscription to *The Times* of London and took to reading *The Fetishist Times*. In one diary passage, he described his spanking—and, more seriously, caning—sessions with Nicole and another woman: "Nicole and I played the role of a count and countess whipping a new housemaid for theft and drunkenness." Tynan made several trips with Nicole, once taking her to Madrid in 1977 for two weeks, while Kathleen was in England for the filming of *Agatha*.

"It was not a sexual script he could give up," Roxana believes, "and Mum was not into it. He didn't want to feel that he was pressing her to do something that she wasn't into. He was always very open about it and felt that he was kind of fighting the war for sexual liberation. I think Mum felt, 'Well, if he can enjoy straight sex, why can't he just keep enjoying it? Why does he have to go back?' But that kind of narrative is too difficult to break. It was very painful to Mum."

Throughout the 70s, Kathleen embarked upon several affairs, outdistancing her husband even in their infidelities. Tynan made a list in his diary of Kathleen's lovers, including "Bernardo Bertolucci, Warren Beatty, Gay Talese ... and others unadmitted. My record is slimmer: Nicole." Kathleen had a more enduring relationship with the Iranian-born director Barbet Schroeder (*Maîtresse, Barfly, Reversal of Fortune, Single White Female*).

By then the family had moved to a slightly less grand house at 1500 Stone Canyon Road, in Bel Air. "I remember being in Stone Canyon and a nanny was giving us a ride to school, and innocently I asked where Mum had been the night before," Roxana recalls. "She'd started an affair with—I think it was Barbet Schroeder—and the nanny said, 'It's none of your business where she was. And she has a right to have her own life.' I was 11 years old and I had no clue. She said, 'Your father's dying,' and Matthew and I were like, 'Huh?' It hadn't really dawned on us."

Shirley MacLaine remained especially close to Kathleen throughout this difficult time, inviting her friend to spend nights at her beach house in Malibu. "I think Tynan was jealous of Kathleen and her talent—that's what she thought, too," says MacLaine. But Kathleen "was fascinated by his thinness, by his very elegance. I couldn't see it, but she did.... I think it was worth it for Kathleen to put up with this S&M stuff he was into."

MacLaine was acquainted with Ken's theatrical delight in costumes, in dressing up in drag. "Sometimes he would show up at my apartment, when I was playing the [London] Palladium, dressed as a woman. Very elegant. And Kathleen would talk about how she had put on his lashes and made him up. He'd say, 'I am basically a lesbian.' Ken was fascinated with sex ... sex and death."

Perhaps it was just this fascination that re-ignited his interest in Louise Brooks, the silent-screen seductress with the schoolgirl pageboy whom he would christen "The Girl in the Black Helmet" in the best-remembered of his *New Yorker* profiles. Roxana recalls that "Dad did a lot of TV-watching here—all these old movies. After England, he was kind of amazed at the huge range and choices [of programs]." One January day, at one o'clock in the afternoon on Channel 28, he watched G. W. Pabst's 1928 silent film *Pandora's Box* and renewed his fascination with Brooks, the impishly stunning, 21-year-old girl from Kansas who plays a fetching young prostitute named Lulu in the film. "He recognized in her," says Roxana, "in the best way, a kind of fellow pervert—somebody who was completely self-invented, kind of frayed, and, in many ways, bold."

Tynan set out to find the elusive Miss Brooks, then 71, who had abandoned her film career in 1938 and virtually disappeared. He managed to locate her in Rochester, New York, where she lived alone in a drab apartment, subsisting on a monthly stipend of $400 from CBS founder William S. Paley, one of her former paramours. What had brought her to this reclusive existence, living near poverty, in a frozen northern city? She had been one of the most beautiful screen actresses of her day, rivaling Garbo, and one of the most original. Tynan wrote about her, "She has run through my life like a magnetic thread—this shameless urchin tomboy, this unbroken, unbreakable porcelain filly. She is a prairie princess ... amoral but totally selfless, with that sleek jet *cloche* of hair that rings such a peal of bells in my subconscious."

Tynan, the ultimate fan, wrote to her at once, dictating the letter to Judy Harger. "Dear Miss Brooks, You probably don't know me, but I'm an English writer.... I have been an admirer of yours ever since I first saw *Pandora's Box* many years ago: and when I saw it again the other day on TV, my admiration for you was rekindled as strongly as ever."

Brooks was reluctant at first to meet with Tynan, fearful that Paley would find out and stop her monthly stipend, her only source of income. "She sent half a dozen letters expressly forbidding that they could meet, talk, or that he could ever write the article," remembers Matthew. But Tynan prevailed. "You realize you are doing a terrible thing to me," she told her interlocutor. "I've been trying to kill myself off for 20 years ... and

now you are going to bring me back to life." Judy Harger remembers that Tynan was "ecstatic" when he received her permission to visit. "It was a big deal for him to go to Rochester—a whole other climate for him. You know, the packing, the drugs, the inhalers, the overcoat."

In the dead of winter, Tynan made the trek from Los Angeles to 7 North Goodman Avenue, a postwar apartment building, in Rochester. With her long gray hair pulled back in a ponytail, Brooks greeted Tynan wearing a woolen bed jacket over a pink nightgown, supporting herself on a rubber-tipped metal cane. According to Kathleen's version of their conversations, which she set down in her screenplay *Lulu in Love* (based on Kenneth's taped interviews with the actress), "There's nothing I can do about a face that is fifty years older than the one you had in mind" were the first words out of her mouth.

"You look p-p-pretty good, given that four months ago I thought you were dead," he replied.

Louise—herself a good and serious writer who had contributed illuminating bits of film criticism to obscure journals—found herself smitten. Like two actors on a movie set, they fell in love over the course of Tynan's interviews and exchanged a number of letters that could be described only as veiled love letters.

He usually showed up with several bottles of gin. ("Not too much," she cautioned him, "or I'll be gincoherent.") She already knew and admired Tynan's work and in fact accused her guest of being "a genius." She told him that he was "the only writer who understands, who sees the movement of actors—Ethel Merman, stalking back and forth out of time . . . [James] Cagney, his movement so integrated with his being that I didn't see it until you wrote: 'He released his compact energy quite without effort.'"

Tynan found in Brooks a woman who was as frank and interested in all manner of sexual expression as himself. She confessed to having had 450 lovers—"10 a year from age 15 to 60"—and remarked that Marlene Dietrich's "list of conquests in that silly book of hers doesn't hold a flame to mine. And Garbo? She made a pass at me, but I told her I wasn't interested." Tynan responded by telling Brooks, "I have always encouraged the rumor that I am homosexual. Actually, I regard it as a gap in me . . . that I've never been turned on by a man."

Brooks confessed, "Now that I've given up men, words are all I have to keep me occupied. I must be the only woman alive who gave up sex for the public library! I've read *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, cover to cover, twice." She also complained to her new friend, "I can't even be bothered to masturbate—I can't think of anything interesting, and when I do, it's all over so quickly." Brooks told Tynan that she could have been "the queen of CBS," but she found William Paley "too much of a gentleman, I mean, in bed. He didn't thrill me. Chaplin was the same."

Later, when Brooks heard that Tynan, back in Santa Monica and working on the profile, was briefly hospitalized, she wrote him an anguished letter: "I just got your telegram and I am too sick about you to speak—What can I do?—love love love Louise." In another letter, after calling herself "an old whore," she wrote, "I don't know whether it was the wine or the bond that sealed us. But I was suddenly overpowered by the feeling of love—a sensation I have never experienced with any other man. Are you a variation on Jack the Ripper who finally brings me love which I am prevented from accepting [a reference to Lulu's end in *Pandora's Box*], not by the knife but by old age? For it is true that I have never been in love. If I had loved a man would I have been faithful to him? Could he have trusted me beyond a closed door?"

In fact, the woman who confessed to never having been in love admitted to yet another emotion: "Dear Ken, you scoundrel! Wrecking my golden years. First I fall in love, and now I am insanely jealous. Of Dietrich! that contraption! that composite of cheap types! she wouldn't fool the stupidest actor!"

When Tynan wrote to Brooks in August of '79 telling her that he had been approached by two producers who wanted an option on her life story and that they had the "rapturous enthusiasm of a director, Mike Nichols, who would (I believe) be ideal for the job," Brooks became furious with Tynan, accusing him over the phone of trying to make "a sexy exploitation film" about her. "I'm surprised he didn't see this coming," Matthew says. "Louise had been living as a recluse, hidden away from her past for so long that it was only falling in love with Dad that persuaded her to let him do the piece for *The New Yorker*."

Shirley MacLaine always wondered why Brooks had walked away from Hollywood at such a young age. "Her behavior was so inexplicable," she says. "No one's ever done that—no one leaves Hollywood, unless they find God." She admits to being confounded by Tynan's fascination with the silent-screen actress. "I could never understand why he was so besotted. He talked about her incessantly, and then they had a big affair—you know that?" MacLaine speculates that, in terms of their affair, "he was the woman and she was the man," though Matthew Tynan says, "I can't imagine that she was up to much gymnastics. I'm sure it was slow and affectionate. If it did happen, it happened more than once."

Tynan pieced together his intimate portrait of the actress, the only woman he included among his five profiles. "The Girl in the Black Helmet" was published in June 1979 in *The New Yorker*. It's considered by many to be his greatest profile, though Matthew felt that his father's flamboyance had been toned down by the magazine's editors. "What's sad is that you don't see the passion Dad had for this woman."

It was the last piece of journalism Tynan published. Louise Brooks would outlive Ken Tynan by five years.

"Mum kept us cocooned from Dad's illness," Roxana explains. "We knew he was ill, but I don't know how much we understood. The fact that he had an oxygen tank was normal to us." But as Tynan's emphysema worsened, he was taken to the hospital on a number of occasions for the painful procedure of intubation, in which a tube is snaked into the lungs to aerate them.

Roxana felt that her father was probably aware of Kathleen's affair with Schroeder, but "he was so ill at that point that I'm not sure he would have given a shit. I mean, I think he cared more about the fact that in some metaphoric way he wanted Mum to go down with him. . . . It was less important that she was going to have a lover than that she was going to live." At one point, in a Santa Monica hospital, Tynan reduced Kathleen to tears, challenging her with the words "If you don't come down to the bottom with me, I don't want to go anywhere with you."

In 1979 the Tynans moved to the last of their homes in Los Angeles, an even more modest house, on South Westgate Avenue, in Brentwood, with an outbuilding on the property. "There was a little house in the backyard," Roxana remembers, "where Mum had set up a bed for him. And I think it was beginning to dawn on us, in some way, that he was dying." Tynan was relegated to the outbuilding of his household, breathing with an oxygen tank, exiled from the main house, and $75,000 in debt. Still, he treasured the time he was able to spend with Matthew and Roxana. One of the last things he wrote was a poem for Matthew on his birthday:

> Dear Matthew, Dear Boy
> Relax and Enjoy
> The Day of Your Birth.
> Start Your Tenth Year on Earth . . .
> Now that You're Nine
> I'm Sure You'll Be Fine . . .
> Love, Daddy. June 1980.

On that same day, his *New Yorker* benefactor, William Shawn, posted a letter telling

Tynan that his contract had been extended for another year, adding, "I'm happy you are beginning to recover. The writing will follow."

But Tynan died a month later, on July 26, 1980, at Saint John's Health Center, in Santa Monica. His good friends Joan Didion and John Gregory Dunne helped to arrange the funeral, at All Saints Episcopal Church, on Santa Monica Boulevard, where the English film critic Penelope Gilliatt and Shirley MacLaine spoke, and Christopher Isherwood quoted a paragraph from the Louise Brooks profile. Kathleen and her children later flew his ashes to England, where a service was held at St. Cross Cemetery, at Oxford. As the playwright Tom Stoppard (the subject of one of Tynan's profiles) told Roxana and Matthew, addressing them in his eulogy at the memorial service the following day, "For those of us who were working in the English-speaking theater during those years, for those of us who shared his time, your father was part of the luck we had."

A year after Ken's death, the Tynans relocated to New York City. "Matthew and I were both desperate to move," Roxana recalls. "We lived all over the West Side . . . we usually wound up moving once a year." Looking back, Roxana marvels at how well her mother did on so little money, showing up at meetings with bankers in her white miniskirts and with her long, leonine hair. She wrote for New York magazines, including *Vogue,* and managed to get Roxana into the exclusive girls' prep school Brearley and, later, a full scholarship to Yale. "I bargained and I lied," she told Judy Harger. "Mum wasn't making that much money," Roxana says, "but she was still living incredibly well. The first apartment we lived in was on Central Park West. God knows how she afforded it."

With Roxana at Yale, Kathleen and Matthew returned to London and took up residence at the Thurloe Square house, where she continued to live well, though sometimes she had to move into the basement and rent out the rest of the house to make ends meet. She turned her attention to what would become the great work of her life: writing the biography of Ken Tynan.

In London she met Joan Juliet Buck, the novelist and future editor of French *Vogue*. Buck first noticed her at a party given by Lady Rothermere. "I was early to this party, and Kathleen was early, too," Buck recalls. She was struck by Kathleen, dressed in a stunning gown, "a kind of column of gold. There was this shaft of sunlight falling on her, because it was six o'clock in London, in June, and I thought, Who is this woman?"

They became friends in the fall of 1983. Kathleen "was consumed by writing the biography," Buck recalls. Though Kathleen had been intent on forging an identity independent from Ken's in the last years of their marriage, she now found herself once again absorbed by Ken's life, not just in writing her dead husband's biography, which she would publish in 1987, but in publishing an edition of his profiles in 1989 and his letters in 1994. "I thought Mum was incredibly honest in the book, rigorously honest," says Roxana about *The Life of Kenneth Tynan.* "I think she did a very, very good job, because she had the added burden that she had to overcome not being taken seriously, a kind of snobbery of people saying, 'Oh, it's the widow's book.' People were starting to suggest that she was kind of, you know, dining out on his work." But Shirley MacLaine's assessment is probably closer to the truth: "She was writing to understand herself, and who she was married to." Joan Juliet Buck noticed that when Kathleen finished the book she removed her wedding ring.

As if researching and writing the biography and editing Tynan's letters and profiles weren't enough, Kathleen started work on a screenplay based on Ken's taped interviews and correspondence with Louise Brooks, called *Lulu in Love.* Kathleen seems to have been as fascinated with Brooks as her husband had been, but for different reasons. Roxana thought that her mother recognized in the actress "a kind of writer manqué. This was a woman whom a lot of men have stared at, who really was born to be a writer and not to be an object of desire—at least not exclusively. I think Mum felt the same way."

In her life after Tynan, Kathleen continued her affair with Barbet Schroeder. When asked about his relationship with Kathleen, the 64-year-old director now says, "If I am asked I'll always confirm the same thing and give NO details: it was one of the most beautiful love stories of my life." Because he was married she kept her involvement secret. According to Joan Juliet Buck, "She lived with secrets," including the devastating knowledge that she had developed colon cancer, discovered in the early 1990s. "There were just four people who knew she was sick," Buck recalls, and she was brilliant at keeping up appearances—dressing in Valentino, hiding her colostomy bag under a cape. Shirley MacLaine observes, "You know, she loved her beauty, too. She loved her size nothing and her sense of style." At a party given by the British publisher George Weidenfeld, Kathleen "showed up swathed in this gray cape. No one knew she was sick, though there were all kinds of rumors around London. She never admitted it."

She told Buck, "If I can go to a party, and for two hours I'm not ill, then I'm not ill." But, says Buck, "it was devastating for her, for me, for everybody. It was horrible; she was so elegant about it, in the French sense. She didn't want anyone's pity."

Kathleen's illness, according to Roxana, "seemed particularly difficult [because] she had spent many years taking care of a guy who was very ill. She felt like she should have had a free pass. She'd been diagnosed, she'd gone through treatment and had a colectomy. She had been in remission for about a year and a half, and then it returned. The doctor told her she had a year to live. And that's exactly what she had." Kathleen Tynan died on January 10, 1995, at the age of 57.

One of the things Roxana, who works as a hotel-union organizer in Los Angeles, admires about her father is that "he wasn't a snob. He loved low and high, he cared only about people who were really good at what they did. Dad didn't believe in the monarchy, although Mum was much more of a throwback in that sense. But Dad . . . would go to some party at Princess Margaret's house for New Year's and go into the kitchen with the staff and sing 'Auld Lang Syne' with them, whereas Mum would curtsy."

When he's not fronting a band (called Peacock's Penny Arcade, complete with accordion, sousaphone, guitars, and kazoos), Matthew is working on producing *Lulu in Love* (a final draft is being polished by the producer and screenwriter Belinda Haas, who wrote *Angels and Insects*), with Shirley MacLaine to play Louise Brooks: "In a way, she's perfect—they're both dancers, both opinionated, both larger than life. I think she'll be fabulous."

Of the 10 books Tynan published in his lifetime, all are out of print. "That's the irony. He wrote to last, but you can't even read him," Matthew says. "Even though he accomplished a huge amount in his life, Dad felt that he hadn't, because he hadn't made a film, he hadn't gone back to directing theater. He didn't respect the work he was doing." After all, Tynan once described a critic as "a man who knows the way but can't drive the car." Or, as the character named Ken Tynan says in *Lulu in Love,* "To be great, at least in England, you have to write a big book. . . . I've skimmed, I burned up the moment, I spent my life writing to deadline. A performer with a flair for words. . . . That's all."

Of Tynan's sojourn in Los Angeles, MacLaine says, "I think he saw this as the city of the angels, and he would make of that whatever he could. It represents the golden dream. You go as far west as possible, but unless you can walk on water, you have to go backward and look at who you are." □

Teri Hatcher



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 194 known extreme deprivation; reading *Burnt Toast,* in which she repeatedly alludes to her pain, one can't help but wonder what the problem is. Sure, there have been some career ups and downs (anybody remember those Radio Shack commercials?) and a difficult divorce, which left her bitter about having to give half her assets to her ex-husband. Before *Desperate Housewives,* Hatcher was even afraid of going broke: "At my lowest I was making nothing, of course."

But last year she won the Golden Globe and Screen Actors Guild awards for best actress in a TV comedy. This season she signed endorsement contracts with Clairol and Hydroderm and started developing her own clothing line. Each of the four desperate housewives reportedly received a $250,000 bonus from ABC last season, and published reports have claimed that Hatcher's income soared from $38,000 to $285,000 per episode. She says those figures are wildly inflated. "I do not make anywhere near 285," she e-mails me. "I wish. It's less than half that quote. Both of the numbers you have are wrong."

Still, it's safe to say that Hatcher's bank account is robust these days. As she juggles her shooting schedule with photo sessions for her new career as an author, she seems to be leading a rather charmed life for an over-40 actress in youth-obsessed Hollywood.

Instead, she is so emotionally bereft, so overwhelmed with grief, that it can hurt just to watch her trying to cope with it. But after a lifetime of concealing her sorrow, she feels it gathering force within her like the pressure inside a volcano. Hatcher's latest romantic fiasco may have precipitated the crisis, but even she has failed to anticipate the eruption that's about to begin.

Revealing her darkest secrets now makes no practical sense; she has a book to promote, and the real story—one she describes as the greatest trauma of her life—isn't even in the book. In two decades of celebrity, she has never discussed it in public. But ultimately she just can't help herself: the volcano is ready to blow, and everyone had better get out of the way.

"I didn't intend to talk about this with you," she says, "but it is something that's been surfacing with me for the last three years. This is something I've tried to hide my whole life."

And then, scrunching up her face as if she were a scared child who knows she has to face something really awful, Hatcher begins to relate a sad but all-too-common tale that—like a monster suddenly bursting out of a closet in a horror movie—then morphs into something truly horrific.

When Teri was a little girl, she and her parents lived in Sunnyvale, in Northern California's Silicon Valley, where they were close to her mother's sister and her husband, Richard Hayes Stone. Starting when Teri was five years old, she says, she was sexually molested by her uncle.

"My memories have been with me forever, right down to the details of the color of the carpet in the car, and his penis, and what he asked me to do with it," she says, her voice quavering as she struggles to maintain control. Like most abused children, Teri told no one, and her parents were seemingly oblivious. But for years, she says, she felt tortured by the classic conflict of childhood sexual abuse, torn between her revulsion and the magnetic control that Stone exerted over her.

"I remember once we were going from his house to pick up some other people, and I remember trying to manipulate it so that we would be alone together," she says, staring hard at the floor, suddenly unable to meet my gaze. "I knew that he would pull over in some deserted parking lot and do things to me. I feel such shame, because it felt like I was special. I was being paid special attention to, told how fabulous I was; this was someone who was supposed to love me, but at the same time you know it's wrong. I didn't like looking at him ejaculate; I didn't want to touch it. These are haunting things I've remembered all my life. The most horrible thing, that has stuck with me all my life, is that he was touching me and doing things to me and he said, 'Doesn't that feel good?' I said, 'No, it doesn't.' He said, 'Well, someday you'll know what I'm talking about.'"

Hatcher shudders violently, her whole body shaking as if she were having a seizure. "'Someday you'll know what I'm talking about!'" Sobbing, she hunches her shoulders and wraps her arms around herself, rocking back and forth.

After she composes herself, she tells me about the day she finally exploded in fury. "The last time I saw him—I think I was eight or nine—my mother invited them over to the house for dinner, and I went ballistic," Hatcher says. "My mom thought that was pretty out of left field, but that was when her instincts kicked in. She felt like something weird was happening, and she removed me from the situation, but she never asked me about it. After that I didn't see my aunt and uncle. My parents are really well intended, and I think their way of dealing with things is denial and guilt. Nobody wanted to talk about it. But all I did was blame myself."

As the years passed, Hatcher's aunt and uncle divorced, and she struggled mightily to move on. "It was something I tried to bury completely," she says. "It's why I don't associate with my mother's side of the family; in my mind, I try to pretend they don't exist."

But the ultimate tragedy was yet to unfold. Three and a half years ago, Hatcher's parents moved from Sunnyvale, where they had lived since she was a child, to Laguna, south of L.A., so they could be closer to her and Emerson. "They were having a garage sale, and I went up to help them pack," Teri recalls. "It was a beautiful day, and we had made chocolate-chip cookies, and Emerson had a lemonade stand. There was stuff all over the driveway, and clothes laid out on sheets all over the lawn, for a quarter apiece. My mother handed me these newspaper clippings, like she's handing me grocery coupons, and said, 'Oh, by the way, I found these. I didn't know if you would want to see them, but I kept them.'"

What Hatcher learned from the clippings was that Dick Stone had recently been arrested and charged with three counts of sexual molestation involving a girl who lived across the street from him and one of her friends. Sarah Van Cleemput's family had come to Sunnyvale from Belgium, moving into a cream-colored house on a peaceful cul-de-sac where all the neighbors knew one another. Stone, an engineer at National Semiconductor, quickly befriended Sarah's father, who worked at semiconductor-maker Novellus Systems. The two families were soon socializing and even vacationing together, and Stone became a trusted grandfather figure to little Sarah, although her mother was later sickened to recall the time she saw him lean her 10-year-old daughter over a sofa and lick a piece of chocolate out of her mouth.

Several years later, on January 18, 2002, 14-year-old Sarah wrapped a towel around her head and spread others on the floor so she wouldn't make a mess for her parents to clean up. Then she pulled her father's Heckler & Koch .45-caliber pistol out from under his bed, fired a test shot into the wall, clasped a photograph of herself and her late grandmother, put the gun to her temple, and blew her brains out.

"You're probably thinking a normal teenager doesn't do this, well ask Dick," Sarah wrote in the suicide note she left on the kitchen counter. "Please forgive me."

When Hatcher read the news, she was shattered. "I just couldn't believe it," she says. "I kind of freaked out. It struck me so strongly that—oh my god, he's been doing this for 35 years! Who else has he done this to? It just hadn't occurred to me. For all I knew, he could have been dead. I was just blown over by this girl's pain. I thought, Boy, that's really close to being me; any day of the week, I could feel that sort of pain. I haven't tried to kill myself, but I've certainly thought about it, and then I feel guilty about thinking about it, because what's so terrible about my life?"

Although Stone was being held on a million dollars' bail, Hatcher found herself racked with anxiety over whether he would be convicted. Her concern was well founded; although she didn't know it yet, the case against him was on its way to being dismissed.

A search of Stone's desk at work turned up a love note he had written to Sarah in 1999, when she was 12. "It hurts me so very much, my darling, to be near you and not be able to touch you the way that I want to, to tell you how much I love you," he wrote. Admitting that he promised never to touch her again, he added, "Sarah, my beautiful darling, I know I made that promise. But I cannot trust myself to keep it."

In Sarah's wallet, her mother also found a torn-up note in what appeared to be Stone's handwriting. It said, "My Darling Forever," with the last word enclosed in a pierced heart.

"Sarah had told friends of hers that this gentleman had been raping her for two to three years, but she told them not to tell," reports Chuck Gillingham, the supervising deputy district attorney in Santa Clara County, who served as the sex-crimes prosecutor in the case against Stone.

Under interrogation by law-enforcement authorities, Stone admitted only to what he called a "passionate kiss" with Sarah when she was around 12—a "lip lock" that seemed to last "a lifetime," he said, according to the San Jose *Mercury News*.

Incredibly, the prosecution's case seemed doomed by evidentiary hurdles despite all the incriminating evidence. "Under California State law, the kiss was enough to charge him with sexual molestation—but we didn't have a case because of corpus," Gillingham explains. "What that means is that we can't prosecute a case with just a confession by the defendant to law enforcement. The theory of the law is that there were situations in the past where people were coerced into confessions, so this is a protection to make sure there's independent evidence of a crime before you can prosecute a defendant based on their statement; that's called the corpus rule. But in this case we had a little girl who had killed herself. The only statement she had made that was admissible was 'Ask Dick,' but there was no independent evidence that a molestation of Sarah had occurred. Without corroborating evidence, we couldn't get his confession into evidence. None of what she had told her friends was admissible, because it was hearsay."

Although law-enforcement authorities believed that Stone had abused at least three other girls, none came forward—not even the other girl included in the charges against him, a 12-year-old friend of Sarah's who apparently made a suicide pact with her but then decided not to go through with killing herself. When Stone's lawyer filed a motion to dismiss the case, Gillingham was almost certain the judge would grant it.

In the meantime, Hatcher found herself tormented by the thought of Sarah Van Cleemput. "I kept thinking, If she'd known me, especially me being famous; if I could have said to her, 'Look, it happened to me!'; if I could just have said to her, 'You're going to be O.K.—'" Her voice breaks. "I kept thinking, What do I do with this information I have that no one else has?"

Terrified of exposure, she called her entertainment lawyer in Los Angeles to ask his advice. "He said, 'As a parent, I don't see how you can not come forward with this'—which I knew already," Hatcher says. "At the end of the day, there was no way I was not going to put this girl first, before whatever damage might be done to me."

Her next call was to someone in the sex-crimes unit at the Los Angeles D.A.'s office. "I said, 'As a prosecutor of these cases, do you feel like this is a case where he's got all the evidence he needs and he doesn't need me?'" Hatcher recalls. "She said, 'There's never enough evidence. The biggest factor in getting this guy is corroborating evidence, so you can show a pattern of behavior.'"

Hatcher finally worked up her courage to call the Santa Clara County D.A.'s office, but couldn't seem to find the right person. "Nobody wanted to talk to me, because I didn't want to tell my name," she says. "People kept hanging up. There were a couple of days when I could have said, 'Screw it—this is too hard.'"

Two days before the hearing on the motion to dismiss Stone's case, Hatcher finally reached Gillingham. She told him she was afraid to reveal her identity but wanted the prosecution to know that Stone had sexually abused her as a child.

"She was very uncertain what she wanted to do; she was just torn about opening these wounds again," Gillingham says. "It was so difficult for her even to think about it, let alone talk about it. In that respect, she is no different from any adult victim of molestation that I've dealt with. There is no such thing as closure. They never get past it; it's part of who they are. But they put it away, and it's manageable, and talking about it was very frightening to her. I explained to her that she would have to be willing to testify, which would mean sitting in the same room with this guy. She was clearly scared to death to see him." But Gillingham made it clear to Hatcher how important her testimony would be: "One of the ways you can get past the corpus requirement is to see whether the person has committed similar crimes in the past; so if we have Teri Hatcher saying, 'I was molested by this defendant,' her experience was similar enough that, based on what she said, we had the ability to go ahead and prosecute the case."

Persuaded that her participation was critical, Hatcher finally agreed to be interviewed, whereupon she panicked—and almost didn't show up for the appointment. "It was a very, very hard decision for me, but ultimately I knew I couldn't look myself in the mirror if I didn't go through with it," she says. Gillingham was particularly struck by the reason she gave for showing up. "Teri said the biggest motivating factor was her daughter," he recalls. "She had spent some time with her daughter that morning, and her daughter was in the same age range as Teri was when this had happened to her. She said that if something like this, god forbid, ever happened to her daughter, she would want someone to come forward and do the right thing. That was why she didn't cancel on us."

Afraid of being recognized if she was seen at any law-enforcement offices, Hatcher instead chose the conference room at her accountant's office in Century City for her witness interview. "It was a neutral, private place, and no one was going to see me go in or out of there, or care," she says. Accompanied by a police officer from Sunnyvale, Gillingham flew to Los Angeles and started to question her about what had occurred—"in very graphic detail," he says.

"I remember the tape recorder," Hatcher says. "Chuck asked me, 'Do you remember what the car looked like?' I remember feeling pressure, like 'Oh my god, what if I get it wrong!' As a victim, you always have this second-guessing craziness—maybe I'm describing the car wrong, because I was seven years old! But I'm pretty sure the car was white or cream-colored. It had those seats that went all the way across—this was before they started making those individual seats—and I remember that because I remember the position he put me in. I know the carpet was blue; I remember that because I was facing down. I don't think I'd ever seen a penis before. I remember the pinkness; I remember being

grossed out by what it looked like and by what it does when it's erect. I remember not wanting to touch it, and I remember my hand being forced. I remember him making me touch him, and feeling like 'I don't want to do this at all.' I was completely horrified."

Her detailed account of Stone's actions more than 30 years earlier proved invaluable to the prosecution. "We presented it to the judge, and we were able to get Stone's statement into evidence," Gillingham explains.

At the hearing to address the motion for dismissal, in December 2002, the prosecution provided the transcript of Hatcher's interview and a copy of the audiotape to Stone's defense attorney. Within days, Stone, who was 64, pleaded guilty to four counts of child molestation and received a 14-year prison sentence. Since the case never went to trial, Hatcher didn't have to testify in public, and her involvement remained a closely guarded secret.

"Without Teri, this case would have been dismissed," Gillingham says. "I have so much respect for what she did. This is a person who had nothing to gain and a lot to lose. But she volunteered to talk about the most heinous thing that could happen to a child, with no upside for her. It takes a person with a lot of emotional fortitude to do that; 'heroic' is a word that doesn't even do it justice. She is a damn good person, and she knew what the right thing to do was."

For Hatcher, who had thought Stone would deny everything, the outcome was unexpectedly self-affirming. "Here's what I anticipated: he did this, he gets off, and Teri ends up on the cover of a tabloid," she says. "But then it went totally the other way: he didn't get off, and he went to prison, and it didn't get made public, and nobody knew about it. He pleaded guilty, and even though it wasn't to my crime, it was because of my crime—and that made me feel really validated. It made me feel that I wasn't crazy. That's a victim thing; you ask yourself, Am I just crazy? Did I make all this up? Somehow it might be easier to accept that you're crazy and you made it all up than to admit that it happened, and how awful it was, and how much pain you're in. But I knew he would not have gone to prison if I hadn't come forward."

And yet she still continues to doubt. When Hatcher calls Chuck Gillingham to tell him I need to talk to him, her first question reveals how deeply she mistrusts her own reality. "Is he—is he still in jail?" she asks, as if Stone might somehow have escaped. Gillingham reassures her that Stone remains incarcerated, but her anxiety stays with her, and later she e-mails me: "I still have trouble embracing that he really is in jail, and staying there. Like the acting-fraud police are going to come take away my SAG award and Golden Globe, and the real police are going to come tell me I made it all up."

Stone's defense attorney, Eric Geffon, declined to comment on the case, and Stone could not be reached in jail before deadline.

Ever since Stone's sentencing, Gillingham has continued to hope that Hatcher would eventually tell her story. "Less than 10 percent of these cases are reported, and people bear the scars of these cases forever," he says. "If there's someone now who sees Teri come forward, and sees her as a role model who survived and became the epitome of success, and they think, 'I can get past it, and I can achieve'—how great is that? It sends a message to victims: You don't have to be defined by this event; there's no reason for this to be the end of your existence. If this happened to you, come forward—first, because it may not be too late to prosecute this person, and second, because people who have a sexual interest in children don't stop; they continue to offend, so you may be able to help another child."

One reason Hatcher delayed going public for so long was her faltering career. During the 1990s, she enjoyed considerable success with her roles as Superman's girlfriend on the hit TV show *Lois and Clark* and as James Bond's ill-fated former paramour Paris Carver in *Tomorrow Never Dies.* And then there was the *Seinfeld* episode in which Jerry and Elaine debate whether the woman he's dating—played by Hatcher—has had breast implants. Hatcher's last line became infamous: "They're real, and they're spectacular!"

But when Stone was arrested, Hatcher was pushing 40, struggling to find work, and facing a messy divorce. She couldn't bear the idea that cynics might accuse her of going public with her story of sex abuse to get attention and resuscitate an expiring career. She was also worried that the tabloid press would brand her as tainted goods. "I felt like the last thing I needed was to be included in some crazy thing like the 'Superman curse' that would make me forever unhirable," she says. "I felt like nobody would understand."

And so she tried to push Stone out of her mind once again. "I was haunted by this case, but I didn't want to put it in my book," she says. "I kept thinking, Aren't we all bored with this? Another person that's been molested? Big fucking deal! Blah, blah, blah! Get over it! Yes, this does happen to be my personal deep pain that I've dealt with my whole life, that I've not talked about, and that I've tried to hide. But I just didn't want to admit that this would have an effect on me that would last this long, because I'm a strong chick. This business hasn't been easy for me, but I love the fact that this business has given me a second chance. And it has not been easy for me to trust or commit to men, or to anyone, really . . . "

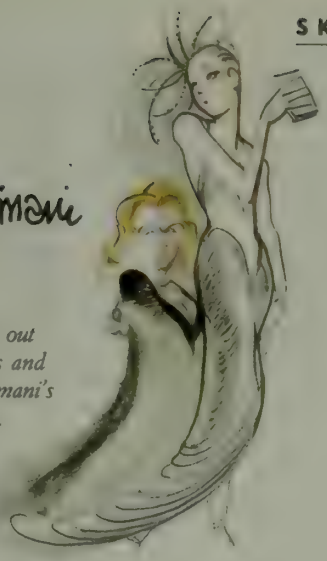
Her voice cracks, and the waterfall begins again. By now the Snoopy goggles have been replaced by some mysterious white wings Hatcher has applied under her eyes, but these too are soon washed off by the tears coursing down her face. "I can't believe I'm talking about this on a day when I have to shoot a comedy," she says.

In practical terms, Hatcher's timing may not be optimal, but the debacle with Mystery Man has made the parallels between her romantic failures and the legacy of her sexual abuse seem too obvious to ignore. "This pain of feeling like it's your fault, and not knowing how to solve the problem . . . that's a really familiar pattern to me in my life, including when a guy stops calling you, which makes it so much more painful than what it really is, which is that this stupid guy's not calling you," she says. "There's this cycle of not being able to give yourself a break, of constantly finding an avenue to punish yourself."

Which is what inspired her to write *Burnt Toast* in the first place. "Are you the kind of person who tries to scrape off the black?" she writes at the beginning of the book. "Do you throw it away, or do you just eat it? If you shrug and eat the toast, is it because you're willing to settle for less? Maybe you don't want to be wasteful, but if you go ahead and eat that blackened square of bread, then what you're really saying—to yourself and to the world—is that the piece of bread is worth more than your own satisfaction. Up 'til now, I ate the burnt toast."

No more; these days Hatcher is on a mission. "My purpose in writing the book was to try to help stop the pattern in women to take less than what they deserve, and to help stop the burnt-toast syndrome for their girls," she says. "I don't think you have to be molested to be in pain as a woman, to feel like you don't deserve good things. This just happens to be my pain, but even if this particular thing didn't happen to you, we are all women who don't treat ourselves well enough. Women walk around feeling like everything is their fault, and if they could only be better they could get something good. What I'm trying to say is 'Hey, I've felt like that my whole life, but guess what? You don't have to lose one pound; you don't have to get a great job; you don't have to get a boyfriend—you can just start treating yourself well right now!' Every woman, on some level, eats the burnt toast, and this book is my ideas, and my

THE COUTURE COLLECTIONS
PARIS, JANUARY 2006



Giorgio Armani Privé

Sophia Loren checks out the shimmery fabrics and silvery glamour of Armani's knockout dresses.

Chanel

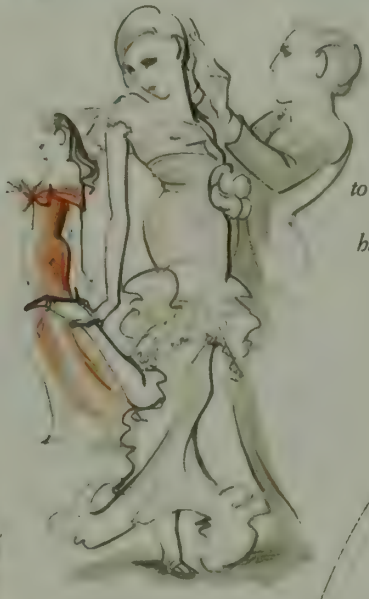
In the grand finale, this column rose from the bright-white stage to reveal a staircase with 55 models in the show's ravishing costumes.





Givenchy

The elegant black dresses, sheer gowns, and other pieces were presented as art in a sculpture garden of models, who slithered from one pose to the next.



Valentino

The maestro himself attended to models before presenting his ladylike designs on a stream of long-haired beauties against the backdrop of a blazing setting sun.



Gaultier

The crowd awaits the arrival of Madonna at the Gaultier show; his collection was inspired by ancient Greece—models launched a thousand ships with pantaloons, swinging beads, and cigarette holders.



Christian Dior

Dior declared, "Red is the new libertine": blood-red makeup and dresses adorned pale-white women under erotic flashing lights. They were joined in the final act by a slashed-leather-clad swordsman, John Galliano himself.

Teri Hatcher

humor, about how to stop doing that. We are all in this club. We've all suffered; if you've gotten to be in your 40s, you've won and lost, been up and down, and all the while you've given and given and given and given to everyone in your life, because that's a woman's job. I know the reality of what I deserve, and yet often I find myself not making the choice to treat myself right—the choice to pick the right guy, or realize that it was not my fault. I want to start treating myself better, and I want you to start treating yourself better, too."

And since the heaviest part of Hatcher's lifelong burden is the story of her sexual abuse, she's finally unloading it. "I only wanted to talk about it if I thought it was going to help people," she says. "But I'm 41 years old, and it's time for me to stop hiding. It's time for me to accept all the complicated things about me—and if I do that, maybe I'll find somebody who wants that whole package, instead of continuing to hide and finding somebody who doesn't. I want to be able to say, 'Yes, this did happen to me, and it did have an effect—but you can put somebody in prison 35 years later; you can have a voice; you can be part of stopping it.'"

Perhaps in retrospect, this year's Valentine's Day will have marked a turning point in her life. Mystery Man never made an appearance; now he's burnt toast. "If you want to be open and generous and loving and somebody creams you," Hatcher concludes, "you just move on to the next guy."

In her book, she never does explain why she and her ex-husband didn't have sex on their honeymoon, but that pattern endured throughout their nine-year marriage. "I know exactly when Emerson was conceived, because we had sex once that year, on Valentine's Day," Hatcher says. "From the beginning, our marriage was probably more defined by friendship."

Tenney declines to comment on his sex life with Hatcher, but through a spokesperson he says, "She's the mother of my daughter, so obviously I wish her the best."

For her part, Hatcher says her days of avoiding intimacy are over. "Now I want sex: trusting, deep, fabulous, open—did I say trusting?—wild, crazy sex, with the same person, over and over. Without a marriage license!"

And with any luck, maybe that person will finally appear. After all, stranger things have happened to the poster girl for the over-40 set. "Since the success of *Desperate Housewives,* people keep asking me, 'Aren't you angry about all those people who didn't hire you before? Don't you want to say to them, "Screw you!"?' But I don't feel angry at all," Hatcher says. "I feel like, Aren't I lucky that I'm actually getting to have this time! Wow—I got this blessing! And deciding that this is the moment to tell my story is another blessing. I don't want to pretend it never happened anymore. Now everyone is going to know. I'm really a survivor, but I've learned so much, given so much, and received so much out of all of it that I don't think I'm damaged goods. I think I'm a deeply sensitive, knowing, beautiful woman."

She stops, glancing around apprehensively, as if someone might contradict her. No one does. "There—I said it!" she says, looking surprised.

On the street in front of Susan Mayer's cozy little house, Teri Hatcher is sprawled on the pavement, shooting yet another take of the wheelchair scene. Hovering worriedly at the outskirts of camera range, Wally Crowder, the stunt coordinator, shakes his head. "She's just such a trouper," says Crowder, who still feels guilty about the time that Hatcher, called upon to fall into a large fake wedding cake, cracked several ribs on a protruding tier of frosting-covered cardboard. "She went on like nothing happened. She keeps her mouth shut and doesn't say, 'Wally, I'm hurting!'"

But even as Hatcher conceals how much she's hurting, she's started to hope for a different way of living. "I guess the biggest effect of everything that happened to me is this area of fault and love and men, which hasn't been so great," she tells me later, as earnest as Susan herself. "But I'm working on that."

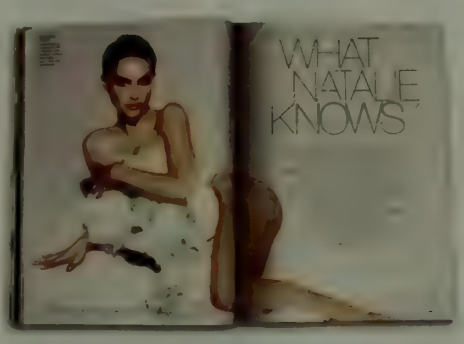
On the set, however, she goes off to take another fall. As the cast and crew focus on what the cameras are recording, few take note of the rustling and scrabbling in the tall trees beside the house. But every once in a while, a dark, masked face peers out from behind a curtain of leaves. Four large raccoons are racing up and down the trunks and darting through the branches.

Suddenly there's a blood-curdling howl—one that's not in the script. A rat has fallen out of a tree and scurried up the inside of a hairdresser's pant leg. As he jumps up and down, screaming, another crew member shrugs. "That's nothing," the man says. "Somebody saw a mountain lion around the craft-services area a while ago."

To a visitor, that seems like an awful lot of wild animals for a working night on the set of *Desperate Housewives,* which is filmed at Universal Studios in Los Angeles. But to reach Wisteria Lane from the congested studio lot below, you have to drive up a long road that winds around and around through the pitch-black night. The road is deserted; there are no lights to guide the way, as Mary Alice, the spectral narrator of *Desperate Housewives,* might point out in one of her chilling voice-overs from beyond the grave.

And you never know what dangers could be lurking in the dark, waiting to leap out when you least expect them. □

Natalie Portman



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 214 film *V for Vendetta,* written by Andy and Larry Wachowski, the brothers who made the *Matrix* films, and produced by Joel Silver. Based on the 1989 graphic novel by Alan Moore and David Lloyd, the film takes place in a post–World War III, totalitarian Britain. Its hero is V, a masked vigilante who blows up London landmarks, takes over the airwaves, and urges citizens to overthrow their tyrannical government. Although the original was written in response to Thatcher's England—with V an updated version of Guy Fawkes, who attempted to blow up Parliament in 1605—the film plays as a commentary on the Bush administration and its police-state tactics. It is one of the most genuinely subversive films to come out of Hollywood since the 70s.

"I started reading it out loud," says Portman, who plays a mild-mannered girl who is imprisoned by V before falling in love with him and, finally, carrying his torch of destruction. "That's always a sign to me that it's something I want to do." Throughout filming, Portman, Larry, Andy, and director James McTeigue plumbed notions of violence through a book-and-film circle, passing back and forth such works as David Mitchell's *Cloud Atlas, White Nights,* an autobiography by Menachem Begin, the 1965 film *The Battle of Algiers,* and a documentary about the Weather Underground Organization, the 1970s radical group.

"People are asking, 'Does this movie justify violence?'" says Portman. "I think it takes you to look at terrorism from a new perspective. It puts it in new shoes so that you can see reasons where the methods of terrorism might be justifiable.... I think

when you make any kind of art you're trying to open a conversation—you're not trying to tell someone what to think." The seriousness with which she contemplated those issues is reflected in her performance, a subtle yet powerful transformation from good girl to revolutionary. As McTeigue explains, "Natalie transcends the actorly thing. . . . She's not just drawing on past actor experience. She's drawing on autobiographical experience and fiction experience."

If you ask Portman, naturally, the autobiography is tedious. "I get really bored reading about myself," she says a little guiltily, and a little embarrassed. "Really nice, good parents. I grew up really well. Happy." Indeed, the Hershlags—he is an Israeli doctor; she is an artist and homemaker from Ohio—were Long Island's anti-Lohans, their household the epitome of safe, supportive, and wholesome. Natalie's idea of a crazy good time was watching *Dirty Dancing,* the ultimate Long Island Jewish girl movie, which she has seen countless times. "That was my movie growing up." It was Natalie who pushed the acting thing, and her parents resisted. When a Revlon scout approached the nine-year-old in a pizza parlor and asked if she wanted to get into modeling, the hammy little girl said, *No, but I would like an agent.* When, at age 11, she landed her first film, Luc Besson's *The Professional,* a love story of sorts between a hit man and the waif-like orphan he takes in, her father didn't hesitate to address his issues. "My dad had stipulations about how many drags on a cigarette I could take [in a scene], how many times I could curse. I wasn't actually allowed to inhale. My dad would have people standing behind me, blowing the smoke out."

Audiences found her enchanting, and, as much of her fan mail revealed, many dirty older men found her titillating. "I think I saw one [letter]," Portman recalls. "My parents didn't allow me to look at anything after that." She did, however, read the many editorials "about how my parents should be in trouble for allowing me to be in that movie. It was really upsetting. They kept saying 'Lolita-esque.' I had no idea what *Lolita* was." Ted Demme's 1996 film, *Beautiful Girls,* in which, as the self-confessed "old soul" on ice skates, she stole Timothy Hutton's heart, didn't do much to quell the unwanted attention. Finally, Portman's parents and her manager, Keshishian, decided that, moving forward, it would be best for young Natalie to keep a low profile and simply not engage. There would be no talking to fans and no signing of autographs, except for children. (Her aloofness at public appearances has occasionally led paparazzi to call her "cunt.") And when it came to choosing film roles, she steered clear of anything too erotic. She turned down the actual role of Lolita in Adrian Lyne's 1997 film of the Nabokov novel, and she turned down *The Ice Storm* (1997) because there was too much sexual content. She even turned down *Havana Nights,* the sequel to *Dirty Dancing,* which, naturally, was harder to resist.

Her performance in *The Professional* captured the attention of major directors—Woody Allen, Michael Mann, and Tim Burton, who cast her in small roles in, respectively, *Everyone Says I Love You, Heat,* and *Mars Attacks!*—and she landed a starring role opposite Susan Sarandon in the charming but overlooked *Anywhere but Here.* While many teenage actors might have struck while the iron was hot and moved to Hollywood, Portman went to college. It was simply a given. The decision to go to Harvard, above Yale or Columbia, where she also applied, came from her grandfather—on his deathbed. "I was like, 'Where should I go?,' and he was like . . . 'Harvard,'" she recalls, laughing. "No explanation, nothing, and he died two weeks later."

Harvard freshmen tend to be an insecure, arrogant group, and nothing threatens them more than a person who's really good at something. "I felt like I had to prove myself more," says Portman, "and it made me nervous all the time because I felt that people always thought I was there because I was famous and not because I deserved to be there. And so it makes your stupid comment in class even stupider. Everyone's got a moment when they say something really lame. But me, I was like, Oh my God, I'm just confirming everyone's belief here—everyone thinks I'm the dumb actress."

But Alan Dershowitz, who taught her in a seminar on neurobiology and the law, says she was one of the most remarkable students he's had. He still cites a paper she wrote debunking a new method of lie-detector tests, well before this particular practice had come under question. "She

SKETCHBOOK BY BRUCE McCALL



Natalie Portman

was really on the cutting edge," says Dershowitz, who, for a time, had no idea that Natalie Hershlag was a Hollywood movie star. "I think there were a lot of people in the class who really were taken with this new methodology. She just ripped it apart." Eventually she became his research assistant, and he encouraged her to go to graduate school in psychology.

Still, her self-consciousness about being an actress was apparent. Dershowitz recalls one evening when the students from the seminar came over for dinner. "She was embarrassed," he recalls, "saying, 'I hope you don't see this movie or that movie.'" To some classmates, she came off as aloof or mistrustful. One student notes how, at the beginning of freshman year, she tried overly hard to pepper everyone around her with friendliness, but then withdrew from the masses, hanging out only with the jock types who were members of "final clubs." Another, who shared the laundry room with her, recalls the awkward time he held the door for her. "She looked at me as if I were a stalker," he says. Many classmates were stunned, says one student, when they saw her on David Letterman, being overly coy about where she was at college and sounding like a ditz. "It was a huge disconnect," this student says.

On either side of her college career, and over one summer during it, she completed three episodes of *Star Wars,* for which she was paid enough millions on the back end that she could have retired at age 18. (However, she now makes about half of what her comtemporaries like Kate Hudson and Lindsay Lohan make, due to her choices of smaller films.) At once she became a bankable, global household name, the face of a deity in the *Star Wars* pantheon, and, in the eyes of some important directors, a bit of a hack. She now admits that, for a time, Queen Amidala hampered her career. *Episode I—The Phantom Menace* was downright suffocating. One can see how Portman suffered—delivering lines like a robot and being crushed under the weight of a headdress the size of an armadillo, all the while trying to sell romantic chemistry with a nine-year-old. Although the next two episodes were improvements, they did not exactly expand her acting horizons. [illegible] Anakin: "You're so in love because I'm so in love." Anakin: "No, it's because I'm so in love with you.") One reviewer called their romance "a love affair between a hothead [Hayden Christensen] and an ice bucket [Portman]." "After *Star Wars,*" she admits, "people were really like, 'Uh. I don't know if she can really act.'"

But the dearth of interesting scripts coming her way opened her up to something special: Zach Braff's 2004 directorial debut, *Garden State,* the sort of film she wouldn't, at face value, take at this point in her career. "Now, I wouldn't be like, 'Let's work with the first-time director who's in a television show that I haven't seen.'" But the movie, whose budget was just $2.5 million, allowed her to do something she'd never quite done before: play someone utterly kooky. For Braff's part, he had landed someone who ultimately could get the film financed, as well as his dream actress. His only reservation was that she might be too pretty. "I said to her, 'I don't want you to wear makeup,'" recalls Braff. "Some people will laugh, 'Oh, it's Natalie Portman, so who gives a shit,' you know? But women, I think, in general are terrified about that. She wore the most minimal makeup I've ever seen any person on film ever wear." Sarsgaard was particularly impressed by her instinctual, non-intellectual approach to acting. "You think of someone who went to Harvard and is very well read and all of that," he says. "As far as I saw her, the camera rolls and she goes. She doesn't whittle the scene down into its finer elements." Around the same time, she stood out as the lonely, desperate Civil War widow in Anthony Minghella's *Cold Mountain.*

Her biggest leap was undoubtedly in *Closer,* Nichols's 2004 film about the ugly ways four beautiful people treat one another. Portman took on the erotically charged role of a stripper. "I will not allow myself to be on a porn site, which happens," Portman says, explaining her modesty. "I don't want to be used by someone else for turning me into something I'm not." But for *Closer* she agreed to shoot a scene topless—only because she was working with Nichols, someone she'd come to trust since being directed by him in his Central Park production of Chekhov's *The Seagull.* "I was doing everything because I knew that Mike was going to get my permission about everything and show me everything and talk to me.... And he was like, 'That stuff's going to be burned if we don't use it.'" Indeed, it was destroyed.

Portman earned an Oscar nomination and a Golden Globe for her performance, but she never got puffed up over it. "She said such a Natalie thing after seeing *Closer,*" recalls Nichols. "She said, 'I'm not awesome yet.'" In fact, she e-mailed Dershowitz and said, "Please don't watch *Closer.* It's embarrassing to have my teacher see me half-naked." ("It *was* embarrassing," Dershowitz admits.) While most Oscar nominees gleefully rifled through their gift bags, which are worth more than $100,000 these days, Portman, Keshishian recalls, showed zero interest. "I honestly don't know what she did with it. She probably gave it to her grandmother or a friend." For Portman, the most important thing she got out of doing *Closer* was Nichols's devoted friendship and mentorship. "[Mike] will take me out to dinner and be like, 'This guy's not treating you right.' He'll take me out to dinner and be like, 'You need a new agent,'" she says, referring to her change from ICM to CAA. "You send him a book, he reads it the next day. You ask him for advice on a script, he reads it and gives you notes on it. I call him and I'm like, 'I'm stuck with this character.' He'll spend three hours on the phone with me and give me his thoughts. And he doesn't have anything to do with it, you know? It's not his movie."

As for Nichols, who has had that sort of affinity only with Meryl Streep and his old *Second City* colleague Elaine May, he says, "I love her very much. I feel something akin to the way I feel about my kids." Since *V for Vendetta,* she has created yet another older, male admirer—this one more unlikely: Joel Silver. Known for his brashness and liberal use of obscenities, he becomes positively gentlemanly in her company, says one observer. "She is remarkable," Silver gushes. "She is this oddity—this beautiful, intelligent, warmhearted, fantastic person, you know?"

Following the accolades brought about by *Closer,* Portman did another very Natalie thing: she left Hollywood in the dust and went to Hebrew University, in Jerusalem, to study for six months, kicking back with spoken Arabic, spoken Hebrew, the history of Israel, the history of Islam, and the anthropology of violence—a course taught in Hebrew. And for the past few years she has thrown herself into her charitable work with the Foundation for International Community Assistance (FINCA), an organization she discovered through a meeting with Queen Rania of Jordan that provides micro-loans to poor women in developing countries who are starting small businesses. Between trips for FINCA to Uganda, Guatemala, and Ecuador, she has had one-on-one sit-downs with members of Congress, including Hillary Clinton and John McCain, to discuss the organization and its issues. "McCain really cared," she says. "Sincerely. I mean, I'm an actor so I can pick up on bullshit pretty quickly."

The only things calling her back to Hollywood are interesting projects—really interesting projects. Up next is Milos Forman's *Goya's Ghosts,* a drama set against the Spanish Inquisition about Goya's relationship with two subjects. What she'd really love to do, somewhat surprisingly, is a romantic comedy. In Portman's opinion, comedy is

the most socially valuable genre. "That's the movie we want to watch a thousand times. That's the movie that when you're sick you watch. When you're sad, it makes you forget." She only wishes that every female lead in every romantic comedy didn't have to work in fashion. "The girls are either a model's agent or a photographer's assistant or a stylist or a fashion designer," she says, annoyed, "because they want to have cute clothes."

Hollywood—the ass-kissing, backstabbing, social-life aspect of it anyway—simply holds no interest for her. In fact, it gives her the creeps. "I always make sure that anytime I go to a Hollywood event I have five school friends with me, because they're like my monitors. They're like, 'That person's nice, that person's not. That person won't even look me in the eye or shake my hand to say hi.' You sort of see how people are by how they relate to people around you. With me, everyone's like, 'Hey, how *are* you?' Like, super-over-exaggeratedly sweet."

But even the most obnoxious antics of the Nicole Richie–Paris Hilton–Lindsay Lohan set won't illicit any snottiness from this young woman. To start with, she barely knows who Paris and Nicole are. As for Lindsay, she thinks she's a sweet girl and has a Long Island bond with her, starting with Lohan's signed head shot from *The Parent Trap* hanging at the local bagel shop. "You can't judge anyone else," says Portman. "Every moment in my life I've always known my parents would go to the end of the earth for me. And when you have that kind of rock, you can't judge anyone who doesn't, and most people don't."

Still, she's had her moments of Hollywood craziness. With her dad, the doctor. Her wildest night in recent memory was in December in Madrid, while filming *Goya's Ghosts*. "We went to this club that had really fun music and we were dancing with people from the crew until five in the morning. It's the latest I stayed up the whole time I was there. I was with my dad. I was like, *awesome*." □

Jack Abramoff



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 201 insist that the Abramoff scandal is strictly a Republican affair. Of the more than $200,000 he gave away of his personal money, not a dime went to the Democrats. He always stipulated that his lobbying activities accord with his staunchly conservative beliefs. But Democrats received money from Abramoff's tribal clients, including: Senate minority leader Harry Reid of Nevada ($30,500); Senator Byron Dorgan of North Dakota ($28,000); Senator Tom Harkin of Iowa ($14,500); and Representative Patrick Kennedy of Rhode Island ($31,000).

Bribery prosecutions are notoriously tough to make; while there was plenty of quid floating around, it can be very hard to prove the quo, at least without smoking guns like wiretapped conversations. Clearly, the voluminous e-mail trail will help. Along with evidentiary problems, there's also the question of political will. Perhaps after a few examples have been made, the Bush administration will declare victory and walk away from further prosecutions, especially if, should Democrats also be implicated, the opposition lets them. In another sense, though, the Abramoff scandal now transcends Abramoff. With congressional staffers and, perhaps, some congressmen willing to say anything to save their own skins, the fire could spread unabated.

For Abramoff's crimes, the statutory maximum is 30 years. But, as calculated in the plea agreement under the federal sentencing guidelines, he is subject to somewhere between 108 and 135 months in prison. That can be substantially reduced for cooperation, though given the notoriety of the case, everyone agrees, Abramoff is certain to do substantial jail time. The best guess is that Abramoff will be sentenced in a year or two, and spend at least a few years behind bars. It all rests with Judge Ellen Segal Huvelle, who took Abramoff's plea and heard his abject apology.

Ever since his days as an undergraduate at Brandeis University in the late 1970s, Abramoff has been a right-wing conservative zealot—a "Republican warrior," as he puts it. He has never voted for a Democrat in his life (and now, as a convicted felon, he probably never will). Paradoxically, it was Republicans who did Jack Abramoff in. According to an insider, Abramoff believes his downfall began with competing Republican lobbyists who coveted his clientele and fed damaging information about him to *The Washington Post*. And it continued with Senator John McCain (Republican of Arizona), whose hearings into Abramoff's dealings with the Indians ran for five gory, highly publicized sessions in 2004 and 2005.

At the top of his game, Abramoff was master of his domain. *The New York Times* and *The Wall Street Journal* did glowing front-page profiles of him. He had his "Team Abramoff," the cadre of young, hungry associates, many fresh recruits from the Hill, in whom he inculcated his scorched-earth, win-at-all-costs mentality. "If it's worth doing, it's worth overdoing," he tells me. Few lobbyists in Washington generated more business; in one year, he brought in $12 million. He presided over his empire at Signatures, which he opened in February 2002, between the Capitol and the White House, and which became a kind of command center for him. Abramoff's perch was Table 40, where the movers and shakers of official Washington came to him. "It was like Frank Sinatra," recalls Monty Warner, a Republican media strategist who remains friendly with Abramoff. "I can remember Ney coming up and groveling, saying how much he enjoyed a golf outing or skybox or ball game, and really appreciated Jack's support."

These days Signatures is locked up. And Abramoff, the ultimate lobbyist, now has his most challenging client: himself. In the past couple of years, he has become a cartoon-character bad guy, as he puts it. The image peaked on the day of his plea deal, when he wore the now infamous black hat. He had put it on because Orthodox Jews are supposed to cover their heads, but he feared that the yarmulke he would normally have worn would invite charges of false or newly minted piety. Besides, the forecast had called for rain. But he had unwittingly stepped right into a stereotype: Meet Jack Abramoff—the Fat Cat in the Hat.

Rehabilitation is a delicate maneuver. How do you prostrate and stand up for yourself at once? When Abramoff speaks to a reporter these days, he veers between the cathartic and the strategic. He says something, then thinks better of it. Ultimately, he is savvy enough to know that at this point in his saga the smart money lies with accepting his fate; no one who matters to him now is much interested in his self-pity or rage. When it comes to speaking freely, then, Abramoff's sentence has already begun. For public consumption, he has become something his friends and enemies would never recognize: cautious and conciliatory. He was getting to be too nice, unconvincingly so, I told him at one point. He laughed knowingly. I'd better hurry up and finish, he said; pretty soon, he'd turn into a saint.

For Abramoff, his is not a story of theft or greed; it is a colossal misunderstanding. He still sees himself as an idealist, a philanthropist, a visionary—someone who, as he puts it, "flies at 30,000 feet," too preoccu-

pied with larger, weightier issues to deal with quotidian details, like contractual arrangements or his choice of business partners or the finer points of the law. His corner cutting and legerdemain, he says, were not only never venal, but had a higher purpose. As an Orthodox Jew, Abramoff will not even write out God's name, but he saw himself as his instrument.

Abramoff's orbit now consists largely of his home, his lawyer's office, and the F.B.I. Gone are the skyboxes; he still has Wizards tickets—a remnant of his prior life, expiring at the end of the season—but he doesn't go. From the suite that was his office at the lobbying-and-law firm of Greenberg Traurig—the biggest on the premises, big enough to drive foam golf balls in—and a team of 30, he's been reduced to a cheerless, windowless room not far from the White House (it looks like, well, a cell) and a part-time secretary. He rarely goes there.

Clearly, part of Abramoff feels that he has been unfairly targeted, that he did not invent all of the abuses with which he was charged. He was not the first lobbyist to spread money around, or to throw fund-raisers, or to treat congressmen to exotic trips. He did what other lobbyists did, only more so: more intelligently, more aggressively, more effectively, more unrelentingly, more ruthlessly. Other people surely wrote e-mails every bit as embarrassing as his, in which he called his Indian clients "troglodytes" and "morons" and "monkeys," "the stupidest idiots in the land." In one particularly damning e-mail he counseled Scanlon, "The key thing to remember with all these clients is that they are annoying, but that the annoying losers are the only ones which have this kind of money and part with it so quickly. So, we have to put up with this stuff."

Abramoff has apologized profusely for those e-mails. They were not meant as racial slurs, he says; he claims he's never made a racist comment, at least consciously, in his life. Most of them, he has pointed out, were written to Scanlon, with whom he spoke a kind of vulgar patois, part locker room, part drill sergeant, part gangsta rap. I ask him whether what he wrote about a tribe in another e-mail—"Oh, well, stupid folks get wiped out"—could be applied to him, the author of all those self-incriminating statements. "Well, here I am," he replies.

He also maintains that whatever he charged the Indians they more than earned back on his results. And it is absolutely true that in the bizarre world of Indian gaming a few strategic moves with the right politicians or bureaucrats are worth millions, billions. It is also true that the very documents that show Abramoff's ridicule of the Indians also illustrate how indefatigably he pushed their interests. So, too, did the final two days of McCain's Senate hearings, which chronicled his extraordinary influence over the Department of the Interior. Now, though, he's been turned into some kind of predator, worse for Native Americans than Andrew Jackson and George Armstrong Custer. "The entire Indian country has come together in a big kumbaya of hatred for me," he says. "It just tears at my soul."

"I was moving a mile a minute and didn't conceive that I could be doing something wrong, and as I got near to the edge I either concealed it or I convinced myself that I wasn't having a problem," he explains. "I was basically so busy winning that I didn't see what I was doing. They say, 'Stop and smell the roses'? I didn't stop and smell the dung heap. Unfortunately, now I'm paying for it dearly."

"You can take one of two points of view about Abramoff," a man familiar with the Senate investigation tells me. "Either he'd always been a bad egg and he was put into a position where he could really flourish, or he was a classic Greek tragic hero: someone who was charismatic, diligent, effective, and a movement conservative adhering to the principles while serving his clients' interests, but who got caught up in the Master of the Universe syndrome." This man subscribed to the first theory. But Abramoff has a third: It's all divine will. God is punishing him for his misdeeds. He's sometimes tempted to complain.

"I could say to God, 'How dare you do this?'" he says. "'I became religious, against every influence in my environment. I fought to be kosher; there were times I didn't eat. There were times I walked to synagogue in bloody feet.' I could say that very easily, but I don't say it for a second. Why? Because I am the bearer of many transgressions, from stuff that is known to all the stuff known only to me."

He remains radioactive. Tom DeLay, who once called Abramoff "one of my closest and dearest friends," no longer talks to him. Nor does Scanlon, who struck a plea deal before he did. "Anyone who is anywhere near anything that has to do with me has been advised by their lawyers not to talk to me," Abramoff says.

Ralph Reed's race for lieutenant governor of Georgia has foundered since it was disclosed that Reed, who says he opposes gambling, accepted gambling money from Abramoff on a lobbying job, then insisted he hadn't known about it. The two are now estranged; when Norquist got married last year, Reed steered clumsily clear of Abramoff's table. And, Abramoff says, Newt Gingrich sneered at him. Doug Bandow, a conservative whom Abramoff paid to write newspaper pieces favoring Abramoff positions, was drummed out of the Cato Institute, a conservative think tank, and lost his syndicated column. Some think Abramoff's politically ambitious lawyer, Abbe Lowell, was crazy for taking on a client who seems to blacken whatever he touches.

Abramoff's friends—and some still do exist, despite the hordes who have run for the hills—marvel at the vituperation he generates. "Jack wasn't that great when he was on top and he's not that bad now that he's fallen from grace," says Laurence R. Latourette, former managing partner at Abramoff's first lobbying firm and now a headhunter in Washington. "He was an aggressive, occasionally ruthless, and largely effective hired gun. He didn't reach out and screw people because he liked to hurt them. At the same time, he didn't let much stand in the way when pursuing his goals. Jack's not intentionally immoral. He can be amoral."

"In everything he did he was over the top, and not everything he did was bad," said another close friend, a rabbi who asked not to be identified. "He was good over the top and bad over the top."

When I began writing about Abramoff, I assumed he'd hunkered down. That's what most lawyers have their clients do, even when, as in Abramoff's case, silence only exacerbates their problems. I made the obligatory call to Abramoff's law firm and was told, unsurprisingly, that there'd be no interview. Imagine my surprise, then, when an e-mail from him arrived. Very belatedly, he was taking no chances. "This email is off the record and must not be used or forwarded by you to anyone," it unceremoniously began. "If that is agreeable, please continue reading. If not, please delete. Thanks."

Abramoff went on to say he'd heard of my article-to-be, and asked whether it would be "just another in the long line of slam pieces" he'd endured over the previous two years or whether I was "an out of the box thinker/writer who might actually be the one to write the other side of this saga." He went on: "Of the usual slam pieces, there are over 2,100 so far—including a few written by excellent writers who misrepresented to me that they wanted to 'tell the untold story' and 'give me more of a human face' etc., etc." If I could convince him otherwise, he said, he'd consider talking to me.

"I have long prayed for that one chance to have my side told, unblemished by the cartoon image I have been assigned," he went on, "but I am also prepared to have this prayer remain unanswered." I replied that writing the 2,101st "slam piece" didn't interest me, as a journalist or a human being. I also, at his request, presented my bona

fides as a Jew. He agreed to meet me a few days later at Eli's, one of only two kosher delicatessens in Washington now that Abramoff's own, short-lived effort, Stacks, had closed. Eli's had the usual bedraggled look of kosher delis in the flyover states. But Abramoff himself surprised me.

He was shorter and stockier than I'd anticipated, with a black felt yarmulke on his head, something I'd not noticed in the pictures. Dressed casually and out of his usual power suits, he was a bit of a zhlub, far less scary than the man who had threatened in his e-mails to crush rival lobbyists "like bugs." He was also far more soft-spoken, polite, friendly, self-deprecating, and funny than I'd have ever expected. At adjacent tables people cast furtive glances at him, then talked into their hands as he passed. He saw it, as did I, but he was not fazed. Abramoff spoke continuously—so much so that I filibustered a bit before his hamburger got cold. He then ate it ravenously. To his acute embarrassment, he's put on 50 pounds. It's all the stress, he says.

"He always had a very vaudevillian, bombastic, exaggerated personality," a classmate of Abramoff's from Beverly Hills High School remembers. "There was clearly some insecurity deep within him that made him have to prove himself in all kinds of ways. There was a side of him that kind of came from the Borscht Belt. He seemed a little out of place in California." In fact, Abramoff was born in Atlantic City, New Jersey, in 1959; his father, Frank, headed golf legend Arnold Palmer's sports marketing company. (Once an 11-handicap golfer, Abramoff took his first lesson from Palmer.) When the elder Abramoff assumed a position with Diners Club, the family moved to Los Angeles. In high school, Abramoff set weight-lifting records and played center on the football team. The family was already Republican but only mildly religious; Abramoff's road to Damascus was Wilshire Boulevard, where he saw the 1971 movie *Fiddler on the Roof,* then vowed to reclaim his Jewish heritage and headed into Orthodoxy.

At Brandeis—he says another famous family friend, prizefighter Sugar Ray Robinson, helped get him in—Abramoff was a straight arrow who walked out when people began smoking marijuana. There, as in several later incarnations, he became the charismatic center of a loyal entourage, people who enjoyed his company and did his bidding. At this largely Jewish campus in Massachusetts in the late 1970s, there was little competition for the post of Republican big shot. He went on to head the Massachusetts College Republicans, and in 1980 helped Ronald Reagan carry the state George McGovern had won only eight years before. His partner in that effort was Grover Norquist, then a Harvard graduate student and now, as head of Americans for Tax Reform, one of the most important Republican operatives in Washington. (Norquist, whom Abramoff calls "the great unknown genius of politics," is one of the few people who publicly stood by him initially, though he refused to speak with *Vanity Fair.* "Grover's one of the most brave political strategists, one of the most important political figures in the early part of this century," Abramoff says. "He is also a very decent person. He's been nothing but friendly and sympathetic.")

From Massachusetts, Abramoff and Norquist took the top posts in the College Republican National Committee. Ralph Reed, then the baby-faced state chairman from Georgia, became Abramoff's projects director. To both the exhilaration and, occasionally, the discomfort of Republican grown-ups, Abramoff electrified the once sleepy organization, largely through imaginative right-wing street theater: burning Soviet flags, building and destroying mock Berlin Walls, re-assembling the American medical students who'd been rescued during Reagan's 1983 invasion of the Caribbean island of Grenada. "That's when I first didn't meet Newt Gingrich," he recalls.

If Reagan had a favorite designated "young person," it was surely Jack Abramoff. Accustomed, from his time as governor of California, to dealing with bearded Berkeley rabble-rousers, the president found this clean-cut, earnest young man a breath of fresh air. In the College Republicans' annual report for 1983 is a picture of the two in the Oval Office, with radiant beams emanating from chairman Jack Abramoff's 24-year-old eyes. "It was like meeting the king," he now recalls. At a birthday party the College Republicans threw for Reagan in the early 1980s Abramoff met his wife, Pamela, who knew Ralph Reed.

Abramoff and Norquist left the College Republicans in 1985 to take over Citizens for America, an organization designed to push Reagan's political agenda. But Abramoff soon crossed swords with the co-founder of the group, former New York gubernatorial candidate Lewis Lehrman—Abramoff and his staffers had "gone hog wild" on their spending, a Lehrman aide told *The Washington Post*—and was fired. Abramoff then turned to producing films. From 1986 to 1994 he made a few stinkers, most notably *Red Scorpion,* an anti-Communist parable filmed in Namibia that everyone hated, Abramoff included. But shortly after that, he abandoned show business. It was 1994, and the Republicans now ran Congress. It was time to get back into politics.

Right after the election, Jonathan Blank, Abramoff's next-door neighbor and a senior partner at the Washington office of the law-and-lobbying firm Preston Gates Ellis & Rouvelas Meeds, ran into him in synagogue and offered him a job. Like all such firms, Preston Gates (the Gates is Bill's father), based in Seattle, was in sudden, desperate need of Republicans. Abramoff hesitated. To him, lobbying sounded dull, and lobbyists were mainstream, cautious, unimaginative types, very much in the box, anathema to true conservatives. He accepted the offer, but only on his terms: His practice would be ideological, an extension of his conservative Republican activism. Anything politically uncongenial he simply would not do. The firm was just as ambivalent. The parties agreed to a six-month trial marriage.

Abramoff quickly brought in clients such as the government of Pakistan and, most important, the Northern Mariana Islands, an American territory in the Pacific whose exemption from certain American labor laws—factories there could pay their workers a pittance but still label their products "Made in the U.S.A."—was for Abramoff a classic case of free enterprise at work. So, too, he felt, were the Indian reservations. The Indians had always been Democrats, for Democrats were more sensitive to their social-welfare needs. Abramoff landed the Mississippi Band of Choctaws and promptly made their agenda mesh with that of the conservatives, most spectacularly by re-framing a Republican proposal to tax gaming revenues as a tax increase, then helping to kill it. The Choctaws saved hundreds of millions in taxes over the next decade. That paid a lot of bills. In five years, the tribe paid an extraordinary $7 million to Preston Gates, but they weren't complaining.

A key ally in that effort had been DeLay, whom Abramoff met in 1994. "I have admired Tom DeLay and his family from the first meeting with him, and I still do to this day," says Abramoff. I mentioned that DeLay once referred to him as one of his closest friends. "I am honored that he ever thought that of me," he says. "We would sit and talk about the Bible. We would sit and talk about opera. We would sit and talk about golf. I mean, we talked about philosophy and politics." He adds, "I didn't spend a lot of time lobbying Tom for things, because the things I worked on were usually consistent with the conservative philosophy, and I knew Tom would be supportive." Still, whether he was lobbying DeLay or not, his $450,500 to the National Republican Congressional Committee must have made DeLay very happy.

Beginning in the late 1990s, Abramoff hired several DeLay staffers and others closely connected to important congressmen. Mostly, they were long on enthusiasm and deference, short on wisdom—too young, as someone who came to know Abramoff well put it, "to have hair on their nuts." The tem-

plate was Michael Scanlon, a top aide to DeLay whom Abramoff hired at Preston Gates. Lots of people didn't like him, with all his swagger and football metaphors and cheesy smoothness. But to Abramoff he was creative and tactical and ingenious: "out of the box," to use his highest encomium. Scanlon was "Abramoff's evil elf," as someone calls him.

At Preston Gates, Abramoff remained a divisive figure. The firm didn't like his clients—representing sweatshops made for bad publicity back in liberal Seattle—or his associates: the day he brought in Ralph Reed "all of the liberal Democrats went absolutely fucking nuts," an eyewitness recalls. Nor did they always appreciate his take-no-prisoners style. A former Clinton administration official blames Abramoff for going at him so relentlessly—having him subpoenaed, investigated, fired, and attacked in *The Washington Times*—that he finally called a mutual acquaintance of theirs. "Isn't this guy ever going to let up and get a life?" he asked this friend. "He's relentless and he's vindictive and he'll never let up," the friend replied. "He sees the world as friends and enemies, and you destroy your enemies." At the rate he was going, one of the firm's heads once warned him, Abramoff would wind up "dead, disgraced, or in jail." But Abramoff persisted.

"Most lobbyists meet with a committee chairman, staff, a few members," Abramoff recalls. "We'd meet with the whole leadership of the House and Senate, the entire committee on both sides, then create a roster of who might ideologically support the idea and get them in the war. Then we'd activate people from the district where the client was. We'd get people firing constantly on the decision-makers. And we'd outwork everyone in the media, pay think-tank people to rile them up in the press. Most Washington lobbyists are lazy, people of limits, people who move glacially slow. For better or worse, I'm a very driven person. I felt my job was to go out there and save the world. . . . I thought it was immoral to take someone's money and not win for them. And we basically didn't lose."

Still, he felt underappreciated and restless. He was skeptical when Greenberg Traurig, a Miami-based firm with an unremarkable lobbying practice, came courting, but was gradually won over. What clinched the deal was something Abramoff recalls the firm's president, Cesar Alvarez, said: "Better to ask for forgiveness than permission." That suited him fine. He bolted to the firm's Washington, D.C., office, along with all 11 of his acolytes, and a reported $8 million in business.

Here, too, "Team Abramoff" met resistance. Wearing conservative suits and ties in a place that favored more casual wear, they "looked like a cult," said a lobbyist there. But, overnight, Greenberg became the fourth-largest lobbyist in town. Much of that money came from Indian tribes. The Mississippi Choctaws were joined by the Louisiana Coushattas, the Saginaw Chippewas, the Agua Caliente Band of Cahuilla Indians, the Sandia Pueblo Indians of New Mexico, and the Tiguas, among others. Most had, essentially, the same problems: averting efforts to tax the tribes or reduce their sovereignty; securing favorable legislation on health, housing, education, and other services; winning appropriations and grants of land in trust; and protecting their casino licenses against political vicissitudes and rival Indian tribes hoping to open casinos of their own.

Abramoff delivered on these fronts, especially in beating back rival casinos. Several tribes also got visits with President Bush at the White House, or dinner with Interior Secretary Gale Norton. Indeed, with George Bush in the White House, Abramoff had the Interior Department wired. His point man was former deputy secretary J. Steven Griles; various Abramoff e-mails, along with former department legal counsel Michael Rossetti's testimony to the Senate committee, show how faithfully Griles did Abramoff's bidding. (Griles denies any wrongdoing.) "There was a swagger to [Abramoff's] walk," Wayne Smith, deputy assistant secretary for Indian affairs at the Interior Department during Bush's first term, recalls. "He was very clear that he was very well connected. He mentioned that he was a major fund-raiser, very tight with Rove. The impression was 'Hey, I am a force to be reckoned with.'"

Abramoff charged in a variety of ways. There were his fees. There were the contributions he had the tribes make, to his foundation and other organizations, which he would then funnel to politicians or his pet charity. Then, most fatefully, there was his take of the colossal fees that Scanlon (who had opened his own public-relations firm in 2001) charged for services rendered, underrendered, and unrendered between 2001 and 2004. Greenberg Traurig knew nothing about that, but that was all right by Abramoff, who considered his grassroots work with Scanlon moonlighting that didn't constitute lobbying. The Indians were never explicitly told about the deal, either, Abramoff concedes, but that was also all right because, to him at least, the work he did was so valuable.

"Their casinos were going down the tubes, so it was not an issue of 'Jack, what are you doing?,' it was 'Jack, win, win, win,' and it was Jack saying, 'We're going to win,'" Abramoff says. "Their response was 'If you win, it's worth it. If you lose, it's not worth a dollar. Just go win.' Yes, I did wrong, but I did a hell of a lot right too. Basically, I was the best thing they had going. I knew it, they knew it. My mistake was not informing them [about Scanlon]."

In April 2002, *The New York Times* ran a front-page profile of Abramoff. "I call Jack Abramoff, and I get results," the vice-chairman of the Coushattas, William Worfel, told the newspaper. Never one to rest on his oars, as Reagan had observed of him, Abramoff cast about for still more Indian clients. But without knowing it he had hit his high-water mark. Rival tribal officials, dismayed by the huge payments to Abramoff and Scanlon, got word to lobbyists eager for some of Abramoff's Indian business, who in turn reached the press.

On the front page of *The Washington Post* for February 22, 2004, Susan Schmidt broke the story of Abramoff's astronomical fees. His underlings were horrified by what they read. "Lots of damning things in there," one of them e-mailed. "I know more than [the] article and the truth is worse." But Abramoff himself was initially sanguine: the *Post* was really accusing him of no more than making lots of money. He even weighed posting the piece on his Web site. Two tribes quickly rose to Abramoff's defense, faulting the *Post* for suggesting that the Indians were either too dumb to protect themselves or too poor to deserve first-class representation. The chief of the Mississippi Choctaws, Phillip Martin, said that Abramoff had done a "fantastic job" and was "definitely worth the money" (though Martin would recant six months later). "Sure, the new lobbyists are ⅒ the cost," the former chief of the Saginaw Chippewas, Maynard Kahgegab Jr., wrote of Abramoff's replacements, "but they are ⅒ the lobbyists." The *Post* never printed either letter, or, Abramoff says, anything else ever written on his behalf. (The *Post*'s Susan Schmidt, citing materials released by the Senate committee, maintains that Abramoff's team wrote the two chiefs' letters. Both Martin and Kahgegab declined to comment.) But within a week, Greenberg Traurig fired Abramoff. Soon investigators from the Justice Department, the Internal Revenue Service, the Interior Department, and the F.B.I. were all over the case. So, too, was the Senate Committee on Indian Affairs, which began its hearings in September 2004 into allegations of misconduct by Abramoff made by the Indian tribes.

Abramoff believes the hearings were unfair and blames McCain, with whom he says he has long had a contentious relationship: Abramoff raised money for Bush in 2000 and urged tribes not to contribute to McCain. McCain staffers deliberately humiliated him, he says, doling out to the press embarrassing e-mails that the Senate committee had subpoenaed—like the one in which he attempted to fabricate a Talmudic scholarship award from a Jewish organization to fortify his application to Washington's prestigious Cosmos Club.

"Mr. Abramoff flatters himself," said Mark Salter, the senator's administrative assistant. "Senator McCain was unaware of his existence until he read initial press accounts of

Abramoff's abuses, and had never laid eyes on him until he appeared before the committee."

"As best I can remember, when I met with him he didn't have his eyes shut," replies Abramoff. "I'm surprised that Senator McCain has joined the chorus of amnesiacs."

Even some other Indian lobbyists concede that McCain's hearings presented a distorted picture of Abramoff and his clients. "The Mississippi Choctaw, the Louisiana Coushatta, the Saginaw Chippewa—they are very wealthy tribes with big casinos," says one. "They knew they were spending money on him and they had an agenda which was to shut down other, poor tribes. They were getting ripped off, but the idea that they didn't know they were spending $30 million to kill a rival's casino . . . Well, let's not pretend the Indians are stupid." McCain's solicitude toward these tribes and their willingness to play victim for him, this lobbyist says, "makes me want to puke."

Abramoff was in Los Angeles when he turned himself in to federal authorities in August 2005. He was handcuffed, held overnight, and brought into court in leg irons and chains to face charges of bank fraud in his purchase of SunCruz Casinos. He and Adam Kidan had led a group of investors in buying SunCruz for $147.5 million in 2000, after long and hostile negotiations with Konstantinos "Gus" Boulis, the owner since 1994. Boulis never saw his money, however: Abramoff and Kidan had faked the wire transfer of $23 million which was supposed to be their down payment, and Boulis was shot dead in his car in February 2001. Two of the three men currently on trial for the murder were associates of Kidan, who himself pleaded guilty to the fraud charges in December 2005, tightening the noose around Abramoff. Once Scanlon had pleaded on the Indian-lobbying front, it was only a matter of time before Abramoff did, too.

Abramoff says he'd be saddened by any further indictments. But would he feel responsible for them? "I don't want to answer that question, if that's O.K.," he replies. I asked whether he felt he'd harmed his country. "There were times when I helped the country and the causes that I love and obviously times when I hurt them," he says. "The exposure of my lobbying practice, the absurd amount of media coverage, and the focus—for the first time—on this sausage-making factory that we call Washington will ultimately help reform the system, or at least so I hope." The real problem, as he sees it, is big government: "The only thing that a clever lobbyist cannot manipulate is the absence of something to lobby for or fight against." Thus, to keep future Jack Abramoffs from popping up, government has to slim down. It's what he's been saying all along.

After paying or owing a couple million dollars in legal fees, Abramoff says, he's now living off "the fumes of my savings." Hiding his assets would be incredibly foolhardy, given the consequences at sentencing were he found out. He's dabbling in a few projects—energy businesses, property development—and doing some screenplays, written under pseudonyms. A real job is out of the question. "People don't want to be in pictures with me, let alone business," he says.

Abramoff has one potential short-term source of funds: the photographs of him with Bush, which became much coveted once *Time* reported their existence. Publications started sending Abramoff offers, and there was frenzied bidding that quickly rose to the low seven figures. For a time he entertained them; he says he thought he could begin to reimburse the Indians. But he ultimately decided against it, in part because the Democrats had announced—stupidly, to his mind—that they'd exploit them. But to him that's not the only stupidity in evidence. He blames the Bush administration for the fuss. "My so-called relationship with Bush, Rove, and everyone else at the White House has only become important because, instead of just releasing details about the very few times I was there, they created a feeding frenzy by their deafening silence," he says. "The Democrats, on the other hand, are going overboard, virtually insisting I was there to plan the invasion of Iraq. This is why this nonstory grabbed headlines for weeks."

Abramoff says he hopes one day to pay back the Indians in full, and to visit them and ask for forgiveness. He also says he's happy so much of his tainted money is being given by embarrassed politicians to charity. "If it makes one kid's day better in some tenement somewhere, then that's good," he says.

He says he is not really readying himself for prison. "How does one prepare?" he asks. "I don't have a grand plan for how to survive. I'm putting myself in God's hands and trusting it will be fine." In fact, it will be excruciating: One can't spend more than a few minutes with him before one of his children, ranging in age from 12 to 18, calls or pops in. Apart from the Sabbath and holidays, he has spoken to his parents every day since he left college. "Hey, Dad, everything O.K.? Apart from everything that's going on?" is how one call began. To his mind, prison for him is pointless. "I can't perpetrate anything, so what does putting me in a prison do?" he asks. "Put me to work as a teacher in an inner-city school. Let me teach English, history, music. Or let me sweep floors at the reservation. Instead you'll be paying to feed me to sit in a jail. It's stupid." It sounds suspiciously liberal, and tardy too, coming from a law-and-order conservative. But he insists it's how he's always felt.



DON'T YOU KNOW JACK?
(1) Senator Conrad Burns (Republican, Montana). (2) Representative John T. Doolittle (Republican, California). (3) Representative J. D. Hayworth (Republican, Arizona). (4) House Speaker Dennis Hastert (Republican, Illinois). (5) R.N.C. chairman Ken Mehlman. (6) Representative Bob Ney (Republican, Ohio). (7) Former Christian Coalition leader Ralph Reed. (8) White House deputy chief of staff Karl Rove.

Downstairs from his office, Abramoff handed the parking-lot attendant a $100 bill. It was one of his last, he joked: the rest had gone to all those senators and congressmen. As the men fetched his car, he offered the latest late-night Jack Abramoff jokes. Conan O'Brien had just told a joke about how impressed George Bush was that Abramoff would soon name 20 congressmen; Bush could name only 3. Abramoff laughed heartily at each, though one has to wonder what combination of elements—bitterness, anger, disgust, self-loathing, or maybe even genuine pleasure—made up the mirth. He's the first

Jack Abramoff

to admit how peculiar it has all become. "This whole thing is one bizarre movie about some guy named Jack Abramoff," he tells me.

We set out into the solemn, dark, quiet streets of the capital, whose epic empty spaces make it a bleak place on a winter night, chillier than meteorologically colder places to the north. He turned right on 17th Street, passing the Old Executive Office Building and the White House beyond, then continued down toward the Washington Monument. By now the unnaturally enormous Capitol, bathed in an eerie lunar light, loomed in front of us, and I almost asked whether, in his newly humbled state, he felt sufficiently tortured by Washington's enduring landmarks to flee. Then I remembered that he would be leaving soon enough.

We turned down Louisiana Avenue, and he described how, on Christmas Eve, he'd taken in *It's a Wonderful Life* with his family, and how, by trying to die, the Jimmy Stewart character, George Bailey, learned just how loved he was. But George Bailey was someone without flaws, he said, something that could certainly not be said for himself.

"I was a killer," he said as we pulled into Union Station. "I killed for my clients, and it eventually killed me." He paused, as if he knew that this was no longer enough. That was the old Abramoff, the defiant, zealous, self-righteous Abramoff, and he could not stop there. "Or *I* eventually killed me," he continued. "And there were a lot of other hands on the knife." □

Afghanistan



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 222 sky and can make entire mountainsides glow. There is no way for a foot soldier to counter something like that. In several major battles in Zabol Province last year, groups of a hundred or so Taliban fighters managed to ambush small American and Afghan patrols. Not only were the Taliban unable to wipe out the badly outnumbered coalition soldiers, they were ultimately decimated by planes that came streaking in from air bases outside Kandahar and Kabul. According to the U.S. military, Taliban casualties in these battles were on the order of 60 or 70 percent (American losses were zero). In the space of several months, an estimated 250 Taliban were killed in Zabol Province alone.

Faced with such odds, the Taliban adopted a strategy of avoiding pitched battles and relying instead on a campaign of civil terror. The logic is brutal but sound: since the public wouldn't support the Taliban willingly, it would have to be terrorized into it. If enough people were terrorized into quitting their jobs, the government would cease functioning. If the government ceased functioning, the economy would suffer, and it would be that much easier to hire unemployed young men to fight the Americans. And if you threw enough of those young men into battle, eventually the Americans would leave.

"The conventional army loses if it does not win. The guerrilla wins if he does not lose," as Henry Kissinger famously said. More than [illegible] Afghans were killed during the Soviet occupation, and the mujahideen weren't even close to giving up. By that standard, what is going on with the Americans can hardly even be called war.

These tactics have worked particularly well in the south. A childhood friend and former National Public Radio reporter named Sarah Chayes, who has lived in Kandahar since 2001, showed me around the city for several days. She told me that zones of Taliban influence—where Westerners cannot travel safely and locals don't dare cooperate with the government—have crept to within 10 kilometers of the city center. That is almost the high-water mark of mujahideen control before they overran the city in the early 90s. It is an area of quiet mud-walled villages and irrigated orchards and busy little markets and sudden, obscene acts of violence. I was told about one man whom the Taliban skinned alive and left in a field to die. I was told about another man who was forced to watch as his wife was gang-raped in front of him; his eyes were then stabbed out so that it would be the last thing he ever saw.

It was against this grim backdrop that I drove from Kandahar to an American firebase in Qalat to view the war—not from the perspective of the Afghans, but from behind the steel sights of an American gun.

"GET DOWN!" I mainly remember someone yelling.

The thing about violence is that later you can recall almost none of it. Photographer Teun Voeten and I had gotten a ride into the mountains north of Qalat on a Black Hawk helicopter called *Evil Monkey,* which had dropped us off along with four body bags filled with food for a unit of Army Rangers. That was 20 minutes ago; now I'm prone beside a soldier whose weapon has jammed, and I'm watching another soldier take aim from behind a rock wall and fire. I remember him firing exactly one round when in reality—I later learned—he emptied three and a half magazines. No memory. I was plugged in for a long, unpleasant burst of gunfire from Taliban gunmen up in the rocks above us, but I completely missed the rocket-propelled grenade (R.P.G.) that exploded 50 yards away.

We've hooked up with the third squad of the third platoon of Battle Company, which is one of the companies that comprise Colonel Stammer's command in Qalat. Battle 3-3, as the squad is known, had flown in a week earlier to help out a unit of army scouts that had taken casualties when their Humvee was destroyed by an anti-tank mine. The scouts had driven down a dirt road with no exit, and the Taliban—knowing that they had to come back the same way—dug the mine into the tire ruts and waited. The turret gunner was blown entirely out of the vehicle and then lost both legs after the Humvee rolled back over him, and his two companions were badly burned but managed to get out alive. The Humvee was just a couple of hundred yards from the mud-walled house where the scouts and Rangers had set up their camp, and the first thing Teun and I had done was to walk down with a couple of soldiers to take a look. The Humvee was a charred, cockeyed hulk sitting on four bare rims by the edge of the Hazarbus River, and it was while we were down there contemplating its sad remains that we got hit.

While I'm lying behind the rock it dawns on me that my leg is getting wet from seepwater coming up through the sand, and I shift my notebook out of my pocket so the ink doesn't run. There's a lot of shooting, but it's hard to tell where it's coming from. Little gouts of dust from a grenade machine gun operated by the scouts stitch their way along the ridgeline across from us, and tracer rounds pulse out of the Ranger camp and skitter into the jumble of rocks where the Taliban are shooting from. Tracers are inserted into ammo belts every four rounds, which means that a steady torrent of invisible lead is hosing down the ridgeline. The grenade machine gun goes *bang-schlack-BOOM* very rapidly and over and over in a reassuring way. A mortar impact blossoms silently on the ridge, followed by a thud.

Ten minutes later it's all over and we are back at the Ranger camp. A cold, blue dusk settles over the mountains, and the temperature starts its nightly plunge into the teens.

Four scouts have crossed the river and moved up the ridge to the Taliban positions, but by then the enemy is long gone. All the scouts find is a pile of shell casings in the rocks, the 80 or so rounds that the Taliban fired at us.

American soldiers call getting shot at "contact." The rules of engagement for American soldiers in Afghanistan are so strict that getting shot at is virtually the only situation in which an American soldier can fire his weapon without giving a warning. The alternative—spotting a man with a radio or a weapon—is extraordinarily hard to do in the terrain where the Taliban operate. Once contact is made, American forces almost never break it voluntarily; they keep fighting until the enemy is dead or on the run. An enemy on the run can usually be destroyed by airpower, which is how the American military has inflicted most of its casualties since Vietnam. Shooting at American soldiers generally has such severe and immediate consequences that Taliban fighters will do almost anything—including not fighting—to avoid it.

As a result, many battles start when American patrols draw fire from unseen Taliban fighters. As soon as American forces come under attack, the radio operator for that unit gets on his set and says something like "Break, break, break, we're in contact and this is our grid." The grid number is the exact location of American personnel on the ground so that they don't get bombed or mortared by their own side; "break" means that everyone not involved in that fight should stay off the network. In our case, that call was received by Colonel Stammer's operations room in Qalat, and Stammer approved a request for air assets to be dispatched or diverted to our location. Within half an hour we had a total of five aircraft circling overhead at various altitudes, including a Predator drone flown remotely by a pilot at Kandahar airfield.

Predators carry infra-red optics that can pick out a man's body heat from 25,000 feet, and the one keeping watch over us quickly spotted a group of 10 men a mile to the south. Since no one here leaves his home after dark, these men were almost certainly connected to the attack. Captain Josh McGary, the commanding officer on the ground, listened in as information about the 10 men bounced back and forth across the net. "Show a weapon, bitch," I heard someone say under his breath. One weapon—just one AK-47—and all those guys would be dead.

There are consequences to omnipotence—practical consequences, not just moral ones. The enemy is forced to wage war while avoiding actual combat, which becomes—for a conventional army, at any rate—a much harder problem to solve. In this case, the Taliban have tried—and to some extent succeeded in—reshaping the war as an American logistical problem. Modern armies have to transport massive amounts of food, fuel, and ammunition in order to function, and insurgencies don't. If you can paralyze the logistics of a conventional army, you're winning the war. An attack last year provides a perfect example.

On August 21, four of McGary's men died when their Humvee hit an improvised explosive device (I.E.D.) while they were protecting a supply convoy returning from the Baylough Bowl. The supplies were brought in by truck rather than by helicopter because helicopters are inefficient at moving large amounts of equipment. (They're also vulnerable to ground attack. Every time a helicopter goes down in Afghanistan, the consequences ripple through the logistics web for days.) The decision to use a convoy solved one logistical problem but created another one. Because convoys are forced to travel on tortuous mountain roads, they run the risk of being hit by ambushes and I.E.D.'s. The road from Qalat to Baylough is only 25 miles, for example, but takes two days to drive; ambushing convoys on a road like that is not particularly hard to do.

There are countermeasures, though. The Americans can try to foster a strong relationship with the locals so that they'll report any suspicious activity by the Taliban, but that takes time and manpower—and even more supplies. The alternative is hyper-vigilance. Locals know everything that happens in their area, so if the Taliban put an I.E.D. in the road, locals won't drive until someone else has hit it. (In general, anything out of the ordinary in Afghanistan—a village with no children, a field with no farmers—means that something bad is about to happen.) When they see that locals aren't using the roads, American soldiers move on foot. But that engenders yet more problems. At his lightest, the American soldier carries more than 60 pounds of body armor, ammunition, and weaponry. In summer, the weight increases his risk of dehydration; in winter, it makes him sweat so heavily that he risks hypothermia when he stops. He won't get hypothermia if he has food and a sleeping bag, but that means taking a combat pack that, fully loaded, weighs another 100 pounds. "It's like having a dude on your back," one soldier told me.

You can't hope to outmaneuver the Taliban at 10,000 feet with a dude on your back, and that puts you right where you started: with airpower. All this becomes part of a very elaborate chess game that Captain McGary finds himself playing with a mid-level Taliban commander in the Hazarbus Valley named Mullah Kabir. Kabir generally spends the winter in Pakistan, but attempts by American soldiers to move into his area of influence have kept him pinned down until late in the season this year.

"Kabir has remnant fighters in the valleys," McGary says. "My take is he's running a delaying action until he can negotiate a deal with the governor of Zabol. He moves around on a motorcycle—but then again, these guys can cover distances that are unimaginable to an infantryman. They can go 20 clicks in a day."

Kabir's fighters are village boys who hide their weapons up in the mountains at night and retrieve them in the morning. They're generally home by dark. Most years the fighting would be over by November, but this winter the American strategy has been to establish a presence in areas that the Taliban have long considered to be a winter sanctuary. Colonel Stammer ordered several hundred pairs of snowshoes and told his men to be prepared to patrol all year in the high valleys. The idea is to keep enough Americans in remote areas for the locals to feel it is safe to reject the Taliban and come over to the government side. It's as if America



ARMY FATIGUE

American soldiers resting in the village of Andar after a brutal all-night march. Three days later they were extracted by helicopter to their base in Qalat.

PHOTOGRAPH BY TEUN VOETEN

were courting a woman who didn't quite dare leave her violent husband.

"It's intimidation—straight-up guerrilla tactics," McGary says about the Taliban methods. "Whoever controls the population controls the war. This war is the first time that at my level and below—at the platoon level—soldiers are addressing all the elements of national power. Every time my men address a village, they know they are addressing them as diplomats. The hardest thing about a counter-insurgency to grasp is that it lasts 30 years. The commitment that the American public has to understand is that fighting radical Islam and ignorance will be the fight of the century."

On this particular occasion—having been shot at four out of the past five nights while freezing his ass off at 7,000 feet—McGary decides that the fight against radical Islam is about to require some drastic measures.

Dawn: Four scouts are belly-down on a ridge with their rifles leveled at a cluster of mud houses. The houses show up on a U.S. military map as the village of Kockay. Downslope, a squad of Afghan National Army soldiers moves through an apple orchard, setting the dogs to barking. It takes five minutes to round up the men of the village and walk them down the hill toward the next village, where the process is repeated. A gray light touches the moonscape where these people scratch out their living. Dead grass twitches in the wind.

By the time the sun has hoisted itself over the last frozen ridges of the Shamali Kortke, three or four villages have been cordoned off and swept by the A.N.A., and several dozen men of all ages have been arranged in two lines in another orchard halfway down the valley. They squat silently with their shawls wrapped around their thin shoulders, not talking, not looking up. This is the first time that McGary's interpreter hasn't picked up any radio chatter in the morning, which means that some of the men in these lines are probably Taliban; one of them may even have had us in his gunsight 12 hours earlier.

McGary and his squad walk up through the broken sunlight of the orchard 20 minutes later, unnoticed until the last moment because of their camouflage. The scouts have settled behind some rocks to watch the perimeter, and his "terp" (interpreter), Mike, is walking between the lines of village men, looking for anyone who seems too nervous—or not nervous enough—or who just strikes him as wrong. Hands without calluses are a giveaway. Sunglasses are a giveaway. Disdain is a giveaway.

"Look at that guy," one of the soldiers says, pointing out one young man, who refuses to look at us. "He's shot so many R.P.G.'s his damn eyes are sideways."

McGary is five feet four, impeccably shaved, and moves with the balanced precision of the wrestler he once was. He has a tendency to start speaking a moment or two after you expect him to, which gives him an aura of thoughtfulness. Four years ago he kicked out a window during training and fell at the wrong moment, severing most of his right leg. His femoral artery retracted into his groin, and McGary only survived because a fellow soldier—who had just received E.M.T. training—managed to pull the femoral back out and apply an improvised tourniquet. He then carried McGary to the nearest road and drove him to the hospital at a hundred miles an hour. By the time they got there, McGary had lost so much blood that he had gone into cardiac arrest.

McGary sits down on a rock under an apple tree and tells Mike to gather the village men around him. As usual, McGary lets a moment pass, and then another, and then he begins to speak. "My name is Captain McGary. I'm the coalition commander in Daychopan District," he begins quietly. Mike translates every few sentences. "And for all you hardworking honest men here, I apologize for what happened this morning; it brings me no pleasure to pull you from your beds in the morning. But unfortunately as we drove in here to check on your village the enemy blew up one of our trucks, so our mission of peace and help became a mission of war. I apologize for bringing war to your valley."

The men sit cross-legged on the grass, rapt.

"Your government has sent me food and supplies to feed this valley for five years. It sits in Baylough, but I can't get it here, because they shoot at us. Do they not want you to eat? I can bring the food here, but I need you to talk to these men in the mountains. Ask them what they fight for—why? If they want us to leave Afghanistan, the fastest way is to stop fighting. Believe me, we're ready to go home. I have a four-year-old son, and he asked me if he can go to Afghanistan sometime. I want to bring him here to see a strong Afghanistan, all the tribes united under Islamic law. That's what's in my heart. So please, if you see those men in the mountains, tell them what's in my heart."

McGary takes off his helmet and puts it on the ground next to him. "The men in the mountains are getting paid by Pakistan," he says. Mike translates; heads nod. "Pakistan wants to see Afghanistan remain weak. So fight for Afghanistan and don't be a puppet of Pakistan!"

If you want to make an American intelligence officer blanch, ask him whether the Pakistani military is supporting the Taliban. Officers like McGary seem willing to talk about it all day long—it's their men who are dying, after all—but intelligence officers inhabit that awkward world where politics and war intersect, and the wrong question can literally set them to stammering.

On the one hand, Washington considers Pakistan a staunch American ally in the War on Terror, and for a mid-level intelligence officer to suggest otherwise would be professional suicide. On the other hand, suspicions about Pakistani involvement in the Taliban are so commonplace that a blanket denial would almost serve to confirm that it is true. When the topic comes up, American intelligence officers invariably slip into a question-and-answer format that seems intended to impart a message of reasonableness: "Do Pakistanis slip across the border to join the Taliban? Of course. Is the government of Pakistan aware of this? Undoubtedly. But can they put a stop to it . . . ?"

Pakistan's relationship with militant groups in Afghanistan goes back to the early 80s, when the C.I.A. went through Pakistani intelligence to funnel $2 billion to $3 billion in weapons and cash to mujahideen groups fighting the Soviet Army. It was up to the ISI, as the Pakistani intelligence service is known, to decide which commanders would receive the aid, and they invariably chose Islamic radicals, who could be counted on to fight not only the Russians but also the Indian Army in the disputed region of Kashmir. In addition, the Pakistani government fostered the creation of thousands of religious schools, called madrassas, which were strung along the Afghan border like coils of razor wire. The most extreme of these madrassas indoctrinated tens of thousands of young Afghans and Pakistanis with radical Islam, and it was in these theological furnaces that the Taliban militias were forged.

A cooperative Taliban regime in Kabul was part of Pakistan's plan to build "strategic depth" in the region, but unfortunately Osama bin Laden became part of that plan as well, and after 9/11, Pakistan watched in dismay as the United States bombed their wayward creation out of existence. Surviving Taliban and al-Qaeda forces fled across the border into Pakistan and sought refuge in the supposedly "lawless" tribal areas along the Afghan border. Their presence in his country forced Pakistani president Pervez Musharraf to make a choice: he could either round up all the Taliban and al-Qaeda elements and provoke the ire of religious extremists at home or leave them alone and provoke the ire of the United States. In a brilliant move, he decided to do both.

Every few months, it seems, the ISI catches some al-Qaeda figure—Ramzi bin al Shibh, Khaled Sheikh Mohammed, Abu Zubaydah—and hands him over to the United States. These operations don't cost Musharraf much politically, because the foreign jihadists are not particularly beloved in Pakistan. In return, the ISI seems to receive some

degree of indulgence from the United States when it comes to the Taliban. Since 9/11, not a single mid- or high-ranking commander of the Taliban has been turned over to the United States. The official explanation for this—one repeated by both Washington and Islamabad—is that the Pakistani military is simply not powerful enough to control the scattered Pashtun tribes of the border area where the Taliban are located. And if they did attempt it, President Musharraf would be quickly toppled by an uprising of Islamic radicals.

This vision of a Pakistan teetering on the brink of anarchy simply doesn't square with reality, however. In recent parliamentary elections, no candidate, including Islamic radicals, got more than 11 percent of the vote—hardly a threat to a military dictator. And the Pakistani military is configured to repulse a land invasion from India that would involve airpower, armored divisions, and hundreds of thousands of men; the idea that they cannot control Pashtun tribal areas that start a few hours' drive from Islamabad is laughable. And even if that *were* true, Taliban commanders are hardly hiding in caves up in the mountains; they live in villas in the suburbs of Quetta. They use cell phones, they drive cars, they go to mosques—they are easy to find, in other words. The Pakistani government is simply choosing not to.

Meanwhile, an average of nearly two American soldiers now die every week in Afghanistan—proportionally almost the same casualty rate as in Iraq, where there are seven times as many troops. They are being killed by Taliban fighters who are recruited, financed, and trained in Pakistan and whose commanders have ongoing relationships with elements of the Pakistani military. To put this in context, consider that in 1983 Hezbollah agents with links to the Iranian government drove a truck bomb into the U.S. Marine barracks in Beirut, Lebanon, and killed 241 servicemen. Now imagine that same scenario but with Iran as an American ally rather than as her sworn enemy. You have just imagined the current situation with Pakistan.

"The cost of not pressuring Pakistan is that it really hurts our efforts in Afghanistan, and in my view the security environment is moving in the wrong direction," says Seth Jones, a Rand Corporation analyst who advises the U.S. government on Afghanistan. "If you look at the number of insurgent attacks, in the proliferation of I.E.D.'s, in their sophistication, in the use of suicide attacks, it's very clear to me that not only is the insurgency not being defeated, but in many ways it's increasingly able to cause violence."

If I had had any doubts about the depth of Pakistan's role in the resurgent Taliban, those were gone by the time I left Afghanistan. In a situation that I can say almost nothing about because of risks to the people involved, I was able to interview a former member of the Taliban government who said that after 9/11 he was recruited by the Pakistani military to fight the Americans. He says that he turned the job down, but that the Taliban still consider him to be "one of them." Since then, Afghan intelligence has looked into his claims and decided that he was, in fact, telling me the truth when we met. They believe he did not approach American intelligence agents with his information out of fear that they would just send him to Guantánamo.

Not only is the Pakistani military allowing the Taliban to operate freely in Pakistani territory, this man said, but they themselves are training some of the Taliban recruits. He gave me the name, home address, phone numbers, and code name of the ISI major who had tried to recruit him after 9/11. ("You can tell his house because of the razor wire around the wall," he said about the man's residence, on a certain street in Quetta.) He also gave me the name and phone number of another ISI agent, who brings recruits from a certain region of Afghanistan and places them in training camps in western Pakistan, then sends them back across the border to fight. Then he gave me the names of 10 Afghans who are currently part of a larger group working for the ISI as a sort of government-in-exile. (In February, President Karzai submitted a similar list of known Taliban leaders—many with addresses—to the Pakistani government, demanding that they be arrested.) He said that bin Laden was not working closely with the ISI, but neither were they entirely separate. Then he made this surprising claim: "However much money Pakistan is taking from the United States to catch bin Laden, they are also taking from bin Laden to not capture him."

I had only about half an hour with this man, and most of it I spent just scribbling down names and addresses. I did notice something odd about him, though. The whole time we were talking he never once looked at me; he just stared straight ahead while his hands worked through his prayer beads.

"At 12 Z [Greenwich Mean Time] we're probably going to take some small-arms fire, so stay close to the walls. Once it gets dark the Apaches will come in and there'll be no problem. Get ready for rockets—the radios just picked up radio chatter that they got one rocket on a self-timer and they'll adjust with the second one. What's the burnout rate for an R.P.G. with plunging fire?"

The afternoon light is dying in the Hazarbus Valley, and Captain McGary has his men around him in the courtyard of the mud house where they've been living for the past week. His terp has picked up radio chatter that the Taliban have what they refer to as "the big machine" up on the mountain above us, and he's worried about it. If it's a Dishka machine gun—which can easily shoot down aircraft—then Task Force Storm won't send helicopters anywhere near this valley. If it's a 107-mm. rocket—which is more likely—then the only thing McGary has to worry about is a lucky shot that hits the compound. The Taliban shoot rockets out of PVC pipe using a primitive timer that relies on water dripping out of holes in a bucket. One wire is attached to a sponge that floats on the surface of the water, and another wire is attached to the bottom of the bucket; when all the water drips out and the two wires touch, the rocket ignites. By that time the Taliban are back home eating dinner.

The plan for tonight is to sling out the destroyed Humvee on a Chinook helicopter and then move 10 kilometers on foot into the next valley. (Colonel Stammer has a policy of not leaving destroyed vehicles behind—in part out of respect for the men who may have been killed or wounded in them, in part so that the Taliban can't use them as propaganda trophies.) The sling operation goes smoothly. The Apaches arrive soon after dark, clattering around us in the night, and then an A-10 comes in and lights up the mountainside with a burst from its gun. The Taliban are terrified of airpower, and the military finds that painting a mountainside with 4,000 rounds a minute has a way of discouraging enemy activity.

A few minutes later the Chinook comes in and settles awkwardly over the wrecked Humvee. The pilot descends so low that the belly of the Chinook taps the helmet of a Ranger who is on the hood trying to hook up the load slings. Mineral dust from the rotor wash hits the blades and produces two circles of fire that wobble oddly in the dark and then dissolve as the Chinook pulls and tilts and rushes on up the valley with its strange load. The temperature is probably 20 degrees. We've been up since dawn. We're going to have to walk all night. The soldiers burrow into their sleeping bags for a couple of hours' rest and then claw their way back out around midnight to start their move.

It's a gruesome display of endurance that lasts until dawn. The men are carrying a full load—160 pounds or so, and even more for the mortar squad—and we have to cross over a mountain pass at nearly 10,000 feet. The air is so cold—10 degrees? 15 degrees?—that the water freezes in our CamelBaks. The soldiers don't dare use the hip belts on their rucksacks in case they have to get rid of them quickly, which means they carry the entire 160 pounds on their shoulders. Because we're going straight through Mullah Kabir's territory, two A-10s babysit us for most of the movement, and a Global Hawk peers down from 65,000 feet to make sure no one's waiting for us in the rocks up ahead. Global Hawks are flown remotely by pilots at Edwards Air Force Base, in California, and from 12 miles up they can tell if a man on

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the ground is holding an American weapon or an AK-47. If it's the latter, artillery units 20 or 30 miles away can—almost literally—drop a round into his lap.

By the time we stagger over the pass, I have the feeling that the men are almost hoping for contact just so they can lie down for a while. Despite the cold we're all in our shirtsleeves and sweating like horses, and whenever we stop—once because a man's legs cramp up—hypothermia seems to introduce itself around the group like some oversolicitous party guest. We finally wobble into the village of Andar just as the eastern sky is starting to lighten. The scouts maintain a safe house in Andar, and in their courtyard we drop our gear and shake out our sleeping bags and zip ourselves in. One minute we're marching, the next minute we're asleep. I think the mortar team might have set up the mortar but I'm not even sure.

I wake up a few hours later to the voices of soldiers next to me. The sun is high and strong and starting to cook us in our bags. The soldiers don't know that I'm awake, and I just lie there for a while listening to them. They talk about music. They talk about women. They talk about their weapons. One guy asks a mortarman named McJunkin if it would be possible to hold a mortar sideways and fire it like a gun.

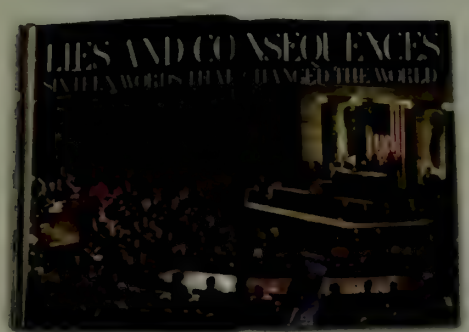
"No, it would tear you in half," McJunkin answers.

We happen to be sleeping a few hundred yards from the house of the main Taliban leader in the village, but of course he's up in the mountains; he won't be back until we're gone. After that, this particular village won't see another American until the spring. By then, the guy who rented his house to the scouts could be dead and the guy who sold them firewood to keep warm could be dead and the old man in the next village who whispered information about Mullah Kabir could be dead. They could *all* be dead, murdered by Taliban fighters who will start trickling in from Pakistan as soon as the snows melt. The locals call the Taliban *Piranaye,* or "ghosts," because of their ability to appear and disappear at will.

I eventually get up and wander over to the scouts' camp to get some food. As soon as the sun comes up it's 70 degrees and the soldiers are all sunbathing in their T-shirts. Through the compound gate I can see the village children watching our every move. We have a few days to kill before the helicopters come to get us, and McGary says that we'll use the time patrolling and trying to do something good for the village. We'll distribute Western clothes that we have to the children—some of whom don't have any shoes. We'll blow up some tree stumps that the villagers have been plowing around. We'll talk to the elders about Taliban activity in the area.

It's not war, exactly, but it's something. It's a great, powerful nation down on one knee trying to coax—once and for all—these war-ruined people over to our side. □

16 Words



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 211 over the Jayson Blair affair. The young, pampered reporter, who had a drug problem, had fabricated or plagiarized dozens of stories and had been forced to resign in disgrace on May 1. Miller's confidant, managing editor Gerald Boyd, had been dealing with the fallout. In addition, Raines was under fire for his imperious management style.

Miller later recalled Boyd and Raines telling her then, "There has been a lot of flak over your stories." It was becoming clear that the W.M.D. issue had been largely a propaganda vehicle used by the administration to sell the war to the press, and Miller's articles were suddenly seen as having been key in turning public opinion in favor of the war. All the stories she had written in the past on the financing of al-Qaeda, the threat of bioterrorism, Taliban training camps, and national security seemed to evaporate in a blaze of criticism. At first Raines and Boyd defended her and her stories about the Middle East, but they warned her, "Roger does not think you should go back."

"I told Judy that she could not go back," Roger Cohen, the foreign editor of the *Times,* told me recently. "There were concerns about her sources and her sourcing.... We talked about it in my office for an hour." Miller was able to prevail, however, and she returned briefly to Iraq, she later said, "to try to report on why the W.M.D. had not been found." She concentrated on one crucial aspect: why there were doubts about the mobile labs. "I wanted to find out how the intelligence services had gotten this so wrong," she said. "There was a tremendous divide over it."

It was more like a firestorm, and Miller was at the center of it. "Suddenly, thousands of people who had tapped into the blogs were e-mailing me that I had started the war, that I was the shill for the administration. None of my colleagues ever spoke to me about my reporting. But they would say, 'We don't want to work with her.'"

On June 5, Raines and Boyd both resigned under pressure. Five weeks later Bill Keller, Raines's chief rival at the paper, became the new executive editor.

I met Judy Miller in 1993, when she married Jason Epstein, who was then my editor at Random House. Intensely loyal, she had an ability to keep moving relentlessly forward and rarely questioned herself. Her father owned the Riviera nightclub in Fort Lee, New Jersey, and was part owner of several hotels in Las Vegas. At Princeton's Woodrow Wilson school she focused on the Middle East, and by 1983 she was in Cairo as the first woman bureau chief for *The New York Times.* She was, recalled former consul general Frances Cook, a "serious girl who wore long paisley skirts and had a ballpoint that hung from her neck, observing a society that was turning fundamentalist." Over the years she wrote a series of books, including *One, by One, by One,* about the aftermath of the Holocaust, and *God Has Ninety-nine Names,* about extremism in the Middle East. She co-authored *Saddam Hussein and the Crisis in the Gulf* with Laurie Mylroie and *Germs* with William Broad and Stephen Engelberg. To her critics she was an overknowing Cassandra, but to her admirers her reporting was often prescient.

Back from Iraq in June 2003, Miller realized that she was losing her authority. She had worked with Bill Keller for years, and she admired his reporting. He was a fellow Pulitzer winner. But now Keller was in a sensitive situation. Miller would have to be reeled in. "You are radioactive," she says he told her. "You can see it on the blogs." "Why do you give a shit about the blogs?," Miller remembered asking Keller. "They do not know anything." (Keller responds: "I'm pretty sure I never said any such thing.")

Miller later told me, "The bloggers were without editing, without a way for people to understand what was good, what was well reported—to distinguish between the straight and the slanderous. Things would get instantly picked up, magnified, and volumized.... I was appalled, not by the blogs—that would be like getting appalled at the Industrial Revolution—but by my colleagues, who believed what they read on the blogs."

But it wasn't just the blogs. By then a platoon of reporters, including Seymour Hersh in *The New Yorker,* had pounced on the issue of the missing W.M.D. Soon the criti-

cism rose to a critical mass. Miller and the *Times*'s Baghdad-bureau chief, John Burns, another Pulitzer winner, had had an acidic exchange over Chalabi, one of her longtime sources, which was picked up by *The Washington Post*'s Howard Kurtz. "If reporters who live by their sources were obliged to die by their sources, *New York Times* reporter Judith Miller would be stinking up her family tomb right now," *Slate*'s Jack Shafer would later comment.

Late in June, Miller scheduled time with Scooter Libby, who had been of help to William Broad during the writing of *Germs*. Libby was an inside man, with watchful eyes and a tight, folded face. His speech pattern was quick—question, answer, question, answer. Part of his job with Cheney was to calibrate the possible political damage any given action could do. He was, however, a contradictory figure, who, as a Washington lawyer, had in 1996 surprised many who knew him by writing a finely crafted novel set in Japan in 1903, which became notorious for its dirty passages.

Miller did not question Libby's desire to sell the war. For her, he was "a major figure" and "one of the most senior people I interviewed. I never interviewed the vice president, never met the president, and have met Karl Rove only once. I operated at the wonk level. That is why all of this stuff that came later about my White House spin is such bullshit. I did not talk to these people.... Libby was not a social friend, like [neocon] Richard Perle."

On June 23 she arrived at the Old Executive Office Building to see Libby. She went to the interview with a key question written in her notebook: "Was the intell slanted?" "Intell" meant the intelligence assessments of Iraq, and she underlined the word "slanted." Libby, she later wrote, was "displeased" with what he called "selective leaking" by the C.I.A. He called it "a hedging strategy," and Miller quoted him in her notes: "If we find it, fine, if not, we hedged." He was laying out for her the clear signs of a war between the White House and the C.I.A., but Miller wrote in her notebook "highly distorted," a reference to Libby's defense of his boss, who was being accused of embracing "skimpy intelligence reports" while ignoring evidence to the contrary. In the interview, Libby referred to a "clandestine guy." Miller wrote, "Veep didn't know of Joe Wilson." She put in parentheses "wife works in bureau?" She believed, she later testified, that the reference was to the C.I.A. One of the enduring mysteries of the case would become who told Miller what, and when. Although it would take her two years to remember this particular meeting—a fact impossible for many to believe—she wrote at the top of one page of her notes, "Valerie Flame." She has said that she does not know who the source was.

She recalled Libby's anger at the C.I.A. for failing to share "doubts about Iraq intelligence." He told her, "No briefer came in [after the State of the Union address] and said, 'You got it wrong, Mr. President.'" Over the next few weeks, she saw Libby two more times. The June meeting, she would later insist, slipped from her mind. "I did not remember the meeting until I saw the notes," she told me. "Can you imagine that?"

She didn't publish a word about Wilson or his wife.

DECEMBER 2004, NEW YORK CITY

"Something bad is happening," Miller told Jason Epstein. "I think I might be going to jail." Epstein, a founder of *The New York Review of Books*, had a wry sense of the world and the long view of power politics. "Going to jail—that can't be right," he said.

"That is where this is going to lead," she said.

"Well, if that's the case," he said, trying for lightness, "get a lawyer from the Yellow Pages so it won't cost so much."

"I already have a lawyer," she said. "Floyd will do it." Floyd Abrams, the specialist on First Amendment law, had with James Goodale represented the *Times* during the days of the Pentagon Papers—the explosive publication in 1971 of thousands of pages of classified information which laid out the government's deception during the Vietnam War. He had also helped to forge important case law to protect the right of journalists to have confidential sources. Although 49 of the 50 states and the District of Columbia now afforded some kind of protection, there was still no federal shield law. By the summer of 2004, Abrams had grown alarmed over the sharp increase in cases brought against reporters. He understood the gravity of what was at stake and the intensity that Patrick Fitzgerald was bringing to the issue. A 2003 opinion by Judge Richard A. Posner, a conservative Chicago jurist, emboldened prosecutors and judges to go after journalists. "A large number of cases conclude, rather surprisingly ... that there is a reporter's privilege," Posner wrote. "These courts may be skating on thin ice."

Suddenly, Abrams had a flurry of daunting cases. In 2002, Fitzgerald had come after *Times* writer Philip Shenon for reporting the story of F.B.I. raids on the Global Relief Foundation and the Benevolence International Foundation, Muslim charities in Illinois with suspected ties to terrorist organizations. He demanded Shenon's telephone records for 18 days and an interview with him. The *Times* refused to comply, but Fitzgerald reiterated the request in July 2004, this time asking additionally for an interview with Judith Miller and 23 days of her phone records, in relation to another Muslim charity.

The Muslim-charities case was entirely separate from the Valerie Plame affair. Abrams and Fitzgerald had spoken on several occasions about the former. "It was clear that he thought the *Times* had misbehaved, and that it was not just a question of who leaked information," Abrams said. "What the *Times* viewed as asking routine questions of entities involved in ongoing news stories, Fitzgerald viewed as tipping off entities in a criminal investigation." Such subpoenaing of phone records raised startling and disturbing new press-rights issues for Abrams. (Fitzgerald would subsequently lose the first round of the Muslim-charities case in federal court.) "When we would call each other, I would have to make clear which case it was," Abrams told me. "I would say, 'I am calling about the case we are winning.' ... At the same time he was trying to put Judy in jail, he was calling to ask for more time, in which he was asking for Judy's phone records."

That summer Abrams was also defending *Times* reporters James Risen and Jeff Gerth in a privacy suit brought by nuclear scientist Wen Ho Lee, who had been charged with 59 counts of mishandling classified information stemming from his employment at Los Alamos, and who spent nine months in solitary confinement before pleading guilty to downloading classified information to portable cartridges. The *Times* had weighed in with a measured apology for its inaccurate reporting, which deflected a likely lawsuit but offended some reporters in the newsroom. Abrams was concerned that Fitzgerald's efforts could leave journalists unprotected when they used confidential sources, as they had been doing in the late 1960s, when the Nixon administration initiated a blitz against the press.

Abrams was also representing Matthew Cooper of *Time* magazine, who had been subpoenaed after he revealed Valerie Plame's identity on *Time*'s Web site, and he would soon represent Judith Miller as well. Miller had already spoken to George Freeman, the *Times* in-house counsel. "I said, 'George, I think we are going to have a problem,'" Miller recalled. "I knew Valerie Plame's name. I knew who she was. I talked to many people in the government about her. He said, 'Before Novak's article?' And I said, 'Before and after.' ... He said, 'Don't worry about it.' I said, 'Why not?' He said, 'Because I'm sure they'll go after Novak first. He's the one who outed her.'"

But Abrams sensed how ominous the situation might be. Cooper's sources, the lawyer knew, had been Scooter Libby and Karl Rove. Based in Washington, D.C., Cooper had little protection. "There was no federal shield law, and the only protection the law could give Matt was under the First Amendment and federal common law," said Abrams. "While it was a coincidence that the Wen Ho Lee privacy suit, the Muslim-charities case, and the Plame case all arose at the same time, the fact that they did really

tells the story of the increased efforts by prosecutors and private lawyers alike to break the bonds between journalists and their sources, which had not been seen since the 1970s."

In June 2004, Abrams attempted to discuss the situation with Fitzgerald. "I called him up and asked to come to Chicago to sit and talk with him," Abrams told me. The two men did not know each other well, but Abrams's daughter, Ronnie, a prosecutor in the Southern District of New York, had known Fitzgerald when he ran a counterterrorism squad.

"Don't go down this road, Pat," Abrams said he had told Fitzgerald in Chicago. "I am here to urge you to avoid subpoenaing journalists and the ensuing battles that will come from it." Abrams later recalled, "He responded that he had thought long and hard about the issue and had pruned down the list of journalists who were of substantial relevance. He said, in effect, that he would not have started down the road unless he was prepared to go to the end." Abrams said Fitzgerald had told him that he was absolutely sure that his case was solid and that "he would not consider ceasing the pursuit of journalists who he thought had highly relevant information." Walking out of Fitzgerald's office, Abrams later said, "I thought it was absolutely hopeless."

In Washington, Walter Pincus was informed by *Post* lawyer Eric Lieberman that he too had been subpoenaed on the Plame matter. So had NBC's Tim Russert.

In private, Russert was deeply concerned about the consequences of any possible public testimony, but the network announced, "NBC News is resisting the subpoena because of the potential chilling effect on its ability to report the news."

Pincus had skirted the F.B.I.'s attempt to interview him about the Plame matter, and he believed that the process by which he had learned of it was not a criminal act. "I thought it was damage control. My source had been trying to get me to stop writing about Joe Wilson. I believed that the Democrats were too wound up thinking that a crime had been committed."

The 1972 Supreme Court case of *Branzburg* v. *Hayes* had always vexed Abrams. He had gone into practice several years after graduating from Yale Law School, in 1963. There was then little case law that clearly defined the First Amendment rights of the press when national-security issues were involved. In the 1920s and 1930s, Justice Holmes and Justice Brandeis had fiercely defended the principle of free speech, and there had been a famous case, *New York Times Co.* v. *Sullivan,* which spelled out some parameters of libel law. But between 1969 and 1971, Abrams wrote in his book *Speaking Freely,* NBC and CBS alone had received 122 subpoenas for reporters to appear before grand juries. The Branzburg case tested under what circumstances the government has the right to compel reporters to give up confidential material. It comprised four separate cases. The first dated back to 1970, when *Times* reporter Earl Caldwell, who had spent time with the Black Panthers in Oakland and Berkeley and reported on the organization, received a subpoena. This was at the height of the Vietnam War, and the Panthers, who had threatened Nixon's life, had become a target of his Justice Department. Caldwell's case reached the Supreme Court at the same time as three other cases, two involving Paul Branzburg, of the Louisville *Courier-Journal,* and one involving Paul Pappas, a TV newsman. The Supreme Court came to one decision for all four, commonly referred to as *Branzburg* v. *Hayes.* Justice Byron White's opinion for the five-to-four majority was brutal. "The issue in these cases is whether requiring newsmen to appear and testify before state or federal grand juries abridges the freedom of the press guaranteed by the First Amendment. We hold that it does not."

That opinion, recalled James Goodale, was thought to be "a catastrophe for the press." Taken to its extremes, it would mean that reporters could rarely guarantee any protection to sources. Justice Lewis Powell was the deciding vote, but the language of his opinion seemed to suggest an uneasiness with White's stern mandate, allowing for the possibility of a case-by-case basis and paying heed to the necessity of maintaining the crucial role of the American press. Goodale focused on Powell's wording. "I sent my family away and locked myself into the apartment for a week without air-conditioning. I was looking at the case and asking myself what were we going to do to try to protect reporters. I stared at the fucking thing, and it looked like curtains. All of a sudden inspiration hit me. I realized that the court had the votes that might just form privilege." If a reporter believes a grand-jury investigation is "not being conducted in good faith," Powell wrote, he may get some leeway not to testify.

Goodale came up with a strategy to reinterpret the five-four opinion. "No one had taken the time to think it through," he said. "I wanted to organize the press lawyers of the United States, and I was able to get 70 lawyers in a room. We decided to fan out the fight." They began to use the Powell opinion in their arguments in court, applying it on behalf of their clients. "We used to bicycle the briefs around! They were so thick, and there was no fax. It became known that this was the way to protect reporters. There was no law in any federal court, and there were very few shield laws. From that humble beginning, 30 years ago, we were able to get 49 states to have some protection for reporters.... The courts, however, became more conservative.... [The Judge Posner decision] cut the feet out from under Plamegate."

I mean, Your Honor, if I were doing a blueprint for a corrupt country, the first thing I would do is to say reporters cannot have confidential sources, and those who do, must reveal them.

—Robert Bennett, U.S. District Court for the District of Columbia, July 6, 2005.

The weekend of the Fourth of July passed in a haze for Judy Miller. "I was told to put my medications in a Baggie, to understand that I would have no makeup, no per-

MORPHOLUTION

ON THE ROAD AHEAD, A PATH TO BE AVOIDED



...Torture Memo" Gonzales ...

...General Pervez "I Don't Need No Stinkin' Memo" Musharraf.

PHOTO COMPOSITES BY JACQUES DEL CONTE

sonal items except for my pills," she told me. "You are going in one door of the courthouse and out another," her lawyers Bob Bennett and Saul Pilchen had told her. For nine months, all the way up to the Supreme Court, Miller and Matthew Cooper had argued their decision to refuse to testify. Judge David Tatel, of the U.S. Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia Circuit, had written eloquently of striking a balance between press freedom and law enforcement, but in the end had ruled against the two reporters. Eight pages of redacted information in his decision suggested to many at the time that Fitzgerald may have uncovered a violation of the agent-identity act and a criminal White House conspiracy. By July, blogs were predicting Karl Rove's imminent indictment, and the partisan rhetoric was in overdrive.

Meanwhile, a vigorous debate had begun within the reporting community: Was Miller and Cooper's stance simply a matter of protecting sources, or was it the result of the machinery of Washington reporting, with relationships forged over years and information obtained through friendly chats, general gossip, planted smears, and useful tips? And if it was the latter, was there anything wrong with that? Had Rove and Libby figured out a way to game the system by cornering reporters with confidentiality pledges? For absolutists, Fitzgerald was a threat to the reporting process. For Bush-haters, he was a hero doing the work for reporters who had no access to the inner workings of the White House. There were heated conversations about the ethics of getting information from whistle-blowers, scammers, and enemies with an agenda.

There was also the issue of corporate pressure. For example, NBC and *Time*, which respectively employed Tim Russert and Matt Cooper, were parts of huge companies whose shareholders seemed to be as concerned with profits and federal regulatory issues as with legal battles to overturn *Branzburg* v. *Hayes*. The arguments thrummed in drawing rooms and on cable-TV shows, as well as on the Web. A mass of fixed positions issued from the noisy new democracy of the blogs—Chalabi-haters, Rove fanatics, bloviators floating theories about who had been Novak's source. "Pardon me while I intrude on the whorish theater of martyrdom now assigned to the likes of Judith Miller. The same Judith Miller who is going to jail to protect whom? Sources such as Chalabi? . . . Yet many talking TV-journo-some-things are arguing that it is the principle of a 'free press' that is at stake here, not who the source is," declared a contributor to the Huffington Post, a Web site launched in 2005 by author Arianna Stassinopoulos Huffington. Such vitriolic points of view were becoming as influential as the weighty opinions held by the scrimshaw artists.

"Does a rogue White House or for that matter a rogue reporter deserve protection?," James Goodale asked. "Under the strict rules for confidential sources, clearly yes." He was a whisper in the roar, however, as many defenders of the press vanished in the jumble of issues. The "criminalization of politics does no one any good," *Washington Post* writer Richard Cohen noted in a column that provoked a flood of e-mails from the left.

The speed of delivery and magnification of the blog information raised another question: Had the mainstream media lost its monopoly? "Before the Web, the realm of journalism criticism was dominated by the cranky right," Martin Kaplan observed. "With a handful of exceptions with limited impact on the consensus, the center and the left were reluctant to undermine the credibility of the high-end media because the elite press was their best hope to offset conservative propaganda masquerading as journalism." Moreover, many of the traditional media companies had been taken over by vast corporations that cared little for the sacrosanct rules of Fred Friendly's CBS News and Henry Luce's Time Inc. The high-end media themselves seemed to be in peril.

"Why do you keep insisting this is important?," Bob Woodward asked Carl Bernstein in early July. "I know something about this. There's nothing there."

Woodward was referring to the Fitzgerald investigation, but he did not read the blogs. "If something is important, one of my researchers will show it to me," he told me. Mired in writing his next book, however, he could not see what was coming at him. Woodward and Bernstein were on the telephone often, scheduling interviews to discuss *The Secret Man* and the identity of Deep Throat, former No. 2 F.B.I. official W. Mark Felt, after he went public. It was an apt moment to argue for the necessity of confidential sources, since theirs had helped bring about the resignation of a president.

"You don't have this right," Bernstein told his old partner. "This thing is going to be huge. It will shine a light on the way Bush's White House operates. It is going to expose the president and his campaign of disinformation." Bernstein had become convinced that the current mess was a White House attempt to make the press the enemy.

Woodward had learned about Valerie Plame while *Plan of Attack* was still in the research stages, but he considered the matter so unimportant that he made only a single mention of Joseph Wilson in the book and said nothing at all about her, suggesting, as many critics have noted, that he could be lost behind blinders. Woodward later said that the only person he had let in on his secret was not Len Downie, *The Washington Post*'s editor, but Walter Pincus. Woodward insists that two years earlier he had stopped by Pincus's desk and told him that he knew about Plame. Pincus told me, "Bob said he said it. I never heard it."

Woodward was in a tricky position. People close to him believe that he had learned about Plame from his friend Richard Armitage, Colin Powell's former deputy, who has been known to be critical of the administration and who has a blunt way of speaking. "That Armitage is the likely source is a fair assumption," former *Washington Post* editor Ben Bradlee told me. "I have heard about an e-mail that was sent that had a lot of unprintable language in it."

"What I knew was casual and offhand," Woodward told me, however. "Something was mentioned in conversation to me—it was gossip. All of a sudden there was a lot of chatter. I thought a subpoena might come my way any day. I thought I might be mentioned in the indictment. . . . I should have told Len Downie."

I asked him, "Was this a case of being in a relationship where you traded information with a friend?" Woodward corrected me sharply: "It's not trading information. It is a subterranean narrative. What do you have? What do you know? If you start making this a criminal act, people will not speak to you."

"When a special prosecutor is out looking for leaks, everyone clams up," Richard Cohen later remarked. "You have to watch your own ass. Suddenly you are dealing with lawyers. Can you print this? Can you do that? It is not a five-minute meeting. It can be three days. Your sources start to get nervous. It is intimidating and chilling. That is why I hate this investigation."

Pincus, who was by then battling his own subpoena, had studied Posner's decision. "I believed firmly that the sources controlled the privilege," he said. One of his sources had conveyed to Pincus through lawyers that, since he had revealed his own identity, Pincus could testify but not name him publicly. As Pincus said, "If their identity was known to Patrick Fitzgerald, what confidence was I breaking?" He was therefore able to make what reporter Lowell Bergman would later call "a cute deal"—maintaining publicly the confidentiality of one of the men he had spoken with. A separate arrangement was negotiated by NBC's lawyers for Tim Russert's limited testimony.

"Can't you make an argument that this was the pragmatic tactic to take?," *Newsweek* senior editor Jonathan Alter asked Bergman. "It is until you are the next reporter subpoenaed and you have no protection," Bergman replied. Like many other reporters, Alter later said, he was trying to understand the is-

sue. "I was torn about it, but ultimately I agreed with Bill Keller that you have to fight with the army you have."

That July 4 weekend in Sag Harbor, New York, Miller got the idea of writing a statement to read in court. She felt this was her opportunity to get her views on the record, and she assumed that the *Times* and every other major newspaper would print a substantial section. She focused on the notion of civil disobedience, which was at the heart of the Declaration of Independence. Bob Bennett encouraged her: "I wanted her to show humility and speak from the heart. Attacking the prosecutors was not the way to go."

Miller's intent was to convey the need for a federal shield law to protect journalists, but the days when one could issue such a statement of purpose were as bygone as hula hoops. Anything that sounded remotely like grandstanding could be shredded in the blogosphere.

On the evening of the Fourth, six of Miller's friends gathered for a quiet dinner at a trattoria on the Upper East Side of Manhattan. "I am not in orange yet," Miller said with a tight smile as she arrived. Most of the women at the table were in the media. I helped organize the evening. Like many of Miller's friends, I agreed that reporters should not be used by prosecutors for information-gathering purposes. One person said to Miller, "You did not *write* anything! Why are you going to *jail?*"

By then the number of American fatalities in Iraq had risen to more than 1,700, and it had become a challenge to keep the issues of national security and journalistic freedom separate. It was difficult to reconcile Miller's credulous W.M.D. reporting with her courageous stand on the reporter's privilege. What did it mean to grant confidentiality if you were a party to mistaken information or a smear? Should a government official engaged in a cover-up have the right to demand that a conversation be off the record? "What is going to wind up here is that reporters all over the country are going to be used as witnesses," Lowell Bergman predicted that weekend. "And the [fact] remains: Miller did not write anything, and no one knows what she knows."

On the train to Washington the next day, Jason Epstein turned to his wife. "You know, you can still get out of this thing. It is not too late. This is like Watergate. You are in a tight spot. By taking a stand on principles, you are going to be accused of protecting bad people." Though he had no idea who Miller's source was, he had little respect for people such as Richard Perle and Ahmad Chalabi, both promoters of the war. While Miller was in Iraq, Epstein had been writing an article that would be published in *The New York Review of Books,* comparing Bush's invasion of Iraq to Captain Ahab's obsession in *Moby Dick.*

"How can you say that to me?," Miller snapped at him. "You know what's at stake here." She was so angry that she moved to another seat.

For several months before Patrick Fitzgerald was named special prosecutor, the F.B.I. had been in charge of investigating the Plame leak. "I was interviewing people involved in the investigation at the time, and they felt that there was no violation of the Intelligence Identities Protection Act," Lowell Bergman said. Nevertheless, Fitzgerald had been given the mandate to press ahead.

According to his later indictment, Libby had provided the F.B.I. with details of a conversation he had allegedly had with Tim Russert: "Russert asked Libby if Libby was aware that Wilson's wife worked for the CIA. Libby responded to Russert that he did not know that, and Russert replied that all the reporters knew it." Russert's testimony contradicted Libby's, however, and Russert is named in three of the five subsequent counts against him. Cooper is also named in three counts. Miller is named in only one. According to Goodale, in *New York Law Journal,* "Mr. Libby says he learned of Valerie Plame from Mr. Cooper and Mr. Russert. They say that is not true. Without going into details, the discrepancy in the two stories seems greater in the case of Mr. Russert. And that is why he may become the star witness in the case."

Novak's article and Wilson's response to it had resulted in the appointment of a special prosecutor, millions in legal expenses, and subpoenas to Cooper, Miller, Russert, Pincus, and other reporters. By July 4, only Miller and Cooper were still resisting giving Fitzgerald further information. As Floyd Abrams told me, "If someone from the White House had said at the beginning of all of this that what Lewis Libby had said was 'I learned it from Cheney, who learned it from the C.I.A.,' people would have said, 'So what?' That is hardly the charge that made it necessary to shake the Republic."

While reporters waited in the corridor leading to Judge Thomas Hogan's courtroom, they were able to read a memorandum arguing that Miller should not be allowed to have home or residential-prison-camp confinement. Fitzgerald's memo cited several statements by important authors, including the *Times*'s Pulitzer Prize–winning former columnist Anthony Lewis ("Do we really want the authors of defamatory articles to hide behind alleged anonymous sources?") and Bob Woodward, who in an interview with the *Columbia Journalism Review* underscored the need for confidentiality on major national issues, though not in the Plame matter. "This is not the Pentagon Papers," he said. "It's not the case you'd choose to make law on." Fitzgerald also quoted Norman Pearlstine, then editor in chief of Time Inc., on his decision to comply with the court's order: "The journalist and the lawyer were fighting in my head. But if presidents are not above the law, how is it that journalists are?"

"*Un panier de crabes*—a basket of crabs—is what the politico-journalistic village of Washington resembles in this unhinged summer," James Hoagland would write in *The Washington Post.*

The lack of interest from the general public in the story was obvious in the corridor. There were more than 100 reporters lined up to get seats in the courtroom, but there were just 32 people in the line for general seating. Miller's lack of popularity among her colleagues in the *Times*'s Washington bureau was clear when the reporter David Johnston arrived. "Here to show support?" one reporter called out. "Let's not go that far," he said. The remark, tossed off as a joke, was a taste of the hostility that would be leveled at Miller in the coming months by *Times* colleagues, including Maureen Dowd.

In court, Matt Cooper, his face puffed with emotion, announced that he had gotten an "expressed personal consent" waiver from his source and was now prepared to testify in front of the grand jury. The decision had been an agonizing one, he said.

Miller, in a navy quilted jacket, read her statement in a clarion voice:

> I am not above the law, and do not view myself as above the law. I am here today because I believe in the rule of law and your right to send me to prison for disobeying your ruling if you choose to do so. . . .
>
> For decades, I have lived and worked in Middle Eastern and other countries where there is no independent judiciary. I have chronicled what happens on the dark side of the world when the law is an arbitrary foil that serves the powerful—in Iraq under Saddam Hussein for instance. . . .
>
> But I also know . . . that the freest and fairest societies are not only those with independent judiciaries, but those with an independent press that works every day to keep government accountable by publishing what the government might not want the public to know.
>
> Thomas Jefferson put it best: If he had to choose between government and newspapers, he would choose the latter, because the latter is the long-term guarantor of the former.
>
> [A] promise of confidentiality once made must be respected, or the journalist will lose all credibility and the public will, in the end, suffer.

Hogan seemed moved by her statement until she invoked her time in Iraq. I watched his face darken. Fitzgerald, in response to Miller's statement, said, "Ms. Miller has great respect for the military who served in Iraq, as

we should all do, but if one of those officers' [lives] was compromised by the leak of classified information, we would want to see that justice was done." It was clear that Hogan had no intention of letting Miller off. As she was sentenced, her *Times* colleague David Barstow was choked with emotion. "I have never been as proud of another human being in my life," he later said. Frances Cook, the former diplomat, wept. "I feel awful," Bob Bennett said in the car outside the courthouse. "You know it's coming, and there is nothing you can do." Miller's statement, though it was available on the *Times*'s Web site, was not printed in any major newspaper.

III. The Fallout

A very different scenario is floating in the halls [of the Times*]. . . . Miller doesn't want to reveal her "source" at the White House—because she was the source. Sure, she first got the info from someone else, and the odds are she wasn't the only one who clued in Libby and/or Rove (the State Dept. memo likely played a role too) . . . but in this scenario, Miller certainly wasn't an innocent writer caught up in the whirl of history. She had a starring role in it.*

—Arianna Huffington, the Huffington Post, July 27, 2005.

"You are going to get upset with this," Saul Pilchen told Judy Miller during one of his visits to the Alexandria, Virginia, jail. A former federal prosecutor in Washington, D.C., Pilchen had served on the defense team for Caspar Weinberger during Iran-contra, but what was happening in the Miller case was new for him. "It was my first experience with the blog culture," he told me. "It was astounding to me how little constraint the bloggers had. They were passing off speculation as fact, and it read to me like pure character assassination."

According to Miller, the Huffington piece was not only mistaken but also possibly libelous. The Web site, though still in its infancy, had been steadily gaining heft. The Greek-born Huffington had an internationalist's shrewdness and realized that the digitally savvy went after information with a different sensibility. Her blog had become must reading for the media—a tangle of opinions, facts, and pseudofacts.

The blog set the stage for many in the press to find it difficult to defend Miller for protecting sources. When it was revealed that there were murky areas surrounding Miller—like the later-revealed notes of the June 23 meeting—her inability to shed the blogs' allegations undermined her. By late July a smog had descended on the crux of the case—protection of the press—and the blogs seemed to certify what had been speculated for weeks by Miller's critics.

Pilchen had with him a packet of press clips from the *Times*. "I want you to know what is happening out there. It is not all favorable. I don't want you to be upset," he said, handing Miller a copy of the Huffington Post clip.

Pilchen and Bennett were in the middle of a complex legal strategy to get Miller out of jail. But she was adamant that Libby would have to tell her personally that he wanted her to testify. The issue hinged on a blanket waiver that Libby and other government officials had signed. According to Abrams, "I was receiving mixed signals. On the one hand, Joseph Tate [Libby's lawyer] said it was O.K., and on the other he said that the document Libby had signed saying that journalists ought to cooperate was coerced. The message was blurry." Tate told me, "There were no negotiations. I did not equivocate. I said very carefully that Libby had signed that waiver. Period."

At first Pilchen, Bennett, and Abrams were not too concerned. Though much of what was appearing on Web sites such as the Huffington Post and Daily Kos excoriated Miller and her motives, scores of editorials had been published, from Lahore to Melbourne, calling her a heroine, and letters arrived by the thousands.

"No one takes this stuff seriously, do they?," Abrams said he asked *New York Times* lawyer George Freeman about the blogs.

"We must not give it any credence," Freeman said.

"But part of what we do is try to build public support for our client," Pilchen told me. And how could they do that when the uproar coming from the blogosphere drowned them out? For every one of their arguments, there was a counter-argument. Playing by the outmoded rules of the MSM, however, the lawyers seemed to be losing in the court of public opinion. "Everywhere I went, someone would ask me a question about the case, and it became obvious to me that what they were taking as truth was the defamation that was running on the blogs," Abrams said.

Inside *The New York Times*, reporter David Barstow was also feeling the effect. "People would come up to me and say, 'Is this true?' They knew I was close to Judy, so I became the one who would say that this or that blog was complete and total crap. I had to sit and explain how unlikely it was that Judy was the source, and I was struck by the power the blogs had over this place internally." Affable and outgoing, Barstow at 43 was an investigative reporter, and he and Miller shared a cubicle. On his first day in the investigative unit, he had noticed that the desk assigned to him had been commandeered by Miller for the overflow of her papers and books. "You don't think I am going to give this up, do you?" she had snapped at him, but Barstow made a joke of it, and soon the two forged a deep bond based on their shared capacity for grueling work. He was in frequent communication with Lowell Bergman, who had grown alarmed at the level of rage directed at Miller. The criticism of her W.M.D. reporting was obscuring what for Bergman and Barstow was the real concern: the threat to the press if it did not hang together and resist being used by prosecutors.

I was often on the telephone with Bergman that month. We had met in 1995, when he was a CBS producer and I was reporting on Jeffrey Wigand, the highest-ranking executive to come forward as a whistle-blower in the tobacco industry. Back then, Bergman warned me, "Unless you are prepared to go to jail, do not put any names on any of your notes. People's careers are in danger." Since then, Bergman has left CBS for *The New York Times* and PBS's *Frontline*. Like Barstow, he was concerned over the situation inside the paper: "There were three problems. First, the entrenched hatred of Judy, which made her role as the focal point questionable. Second, people at the *Times* appeared to be talking to Huffington. Third, Judy and the W.M.D. and the manipulation of the media had taken precedence over the legal issue. For those of us who supported the principle, any future weakness in her story could undermine her." It had become clear, he said, that Huffington's idea that Judy was a key to a White House conspiracy "was a fantasy fed by the deep animosity of people toward Judy. . . . It was a surrogate for what they all wanted to do to the Bush administration."

All during the year before Miller went to jail, she and Barstow had discussed the implications of her decision for the press in general. Russert and Pincus avoided talking to Fitzgerald but later yielded. "Every time a deal like that is made, by a Tim Russert or a Walter Pincus or a Bob Woodward—the absolute gold standard—it makes it that much harder for the police reporter in Portland, Oregon, to say no when the local D.A. says, 'Turn over your notes,'" Barstow told me. "Now the D.A. can go right to court and say, 'NBC thought it was O.K., *The Washington Post* thought it was O.K., Bob Woodward thought it was O.K. Who are you on *The Oregonian* to think it is *not* O.K.?'"

Soon after Miller went to jail, Woodward appeared on *Larry King Live*. He said that he was opposed to the idea of casting a "kind of dragnet for all reporters who apparently showed up on phone logs or something like that," and that he, like Miller, would be willing "to stand on this principle of trust." He said Fitzgerald was "just chasing every reporter possible, to see who might know, even somebody who didn't write a story about this." He continued, "If the judge would permit it, I would go serve some of

her [Miller's] jail time, because I think the principle is that important, and it should be underscored. It's not a casual idea that we have confidential sources. It is absolutely vital. And I'll bet there are all kinds of reporters out there, if we could divvy up this four-month jail sentence—I suspect the judge would not permit that, but if he would, I'll be first in line."

Woodward left out one crucial fact. Information about Plame had been made known to him two years earlier. His show of journalistic solidarity would come to haunt him when knowledge of his failure to tell Len Downie became prime meat on a myriad of Web sites and blogs.

Not long after Woodward's appearance on *Larry King Live,* William Safire testified before a congressional hearing on a federal shield law: "I am seething inside because I cannot tell you—with no holds barred—what I think of the unchecked abuse of prosecutorial discretion.... The reason is that I am afraid of retaliation against ... Judith Miller." The hearing, however, was televised only on C-SPAN3, so Safire's statement made little impact.

The day I went to see Miller in jail, she said, "The first person I wanted to come see me was James Risen [the *Times* national-security reporter involved in the Wen Ho Lee case]. I want Jim to see that going to jail is a reality."

From Arlington, I called Joe Wilson and asked if he would see me. "Yes," he said. "When can you get here? Will you be bringing a photographer?" There was a large American flag above his garage. Wilson answered the door barefoot, wearing Bermudas, and remarked upon that day's revelation in the *Post.* "I don't pretend to be an expert, but I agree with reporters who say that if the source burns you by offering up something that is bogus you have no responsibility to protect that source," he said. "Patrick Fitzgerald called me very early in the case. I sat with him for hours. I told him everything that had happened to me and to Valerie."

On September 29, Miller was released from jail, and the next day she testified before the grand jury that Libby had been her source. A month later, Libby was indicted for obstructing justice and lying to the F.B.I. and the grand jury. Wilson was with *60 Minutes* correspondent Ed Bradley, who was filming him for a segment on Valerie Plame, who has never commented publicly about the case. "Fitzgerald laid it out perfectly," Wilson told me in January. "A senior official of the United States government had obstructed justice. It was only because they decided they would engage in an extended character-assassination campaign that this had gone along for the last two years. And it would have succeeded if it had not been for the law of compromising the identity of a C.I.A. operative. [Otherwise] they would have completely destroyed me. But we are a nation of laws. It was wrong to leak Valerie's name, and it was wrong to engage in wiretapping about national security."

DECEMBER 6, 2005, BOSTON

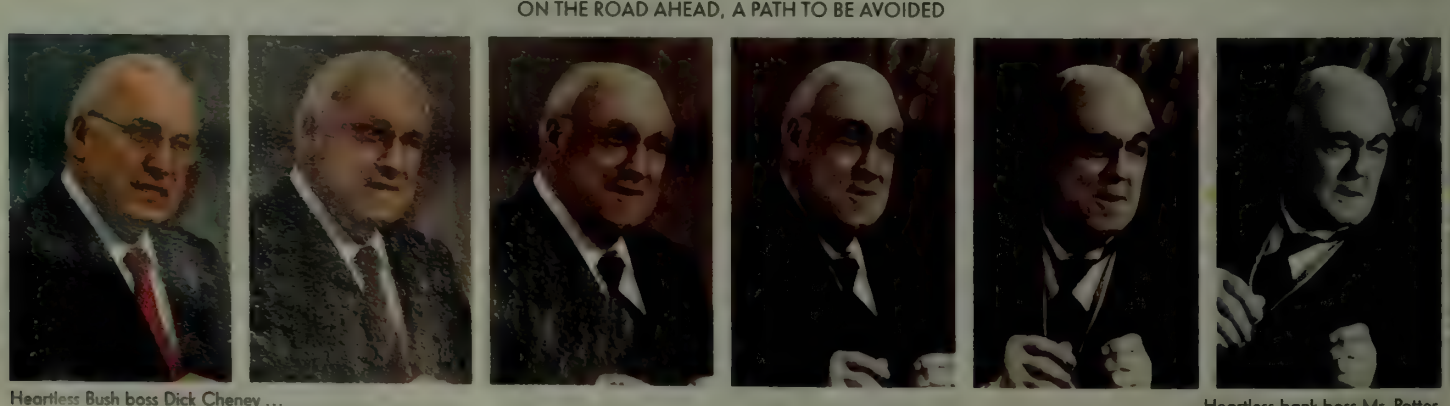
It was six A.M. at Logan airport. Bob Woodward sat at a Formica table outside a Wendy's, which was not yet open, and from a crumpled plastic shopping bag took out a thick stack of newspapers. From a distance, he looked like a character from another era, graying and hunched, while all around him young professionals were working their laptops, listening to iPods, or watching CNN. Woodward was the only person reading a newspaper.

For several weeks Woodward had been chastised for not revealing to his editor that information about Valerie Plame had also been shared with him. *Times* columnist Frank Rich had scolded him as well for his failure in *Plan of Attack* to include "any inkling of the disinformation campaign built to gin up this war." The surprise late entry of Woodward into the morass had tipped Plamegate into a new zone, muddying Fitzgerald's case by making it seem that there had been no concerted attempt to undermine Wilson. At home watching Fitzgerald announce the indictment of Libby, Woodward realized that "I knew something," he later told me. "When I heard the time line, I knew that I had heard the information from someone else several weeks earlier." Woodward had appeared on *Larry King Live* to try to explain: He said he had called his source, thought to be Dick Armitage, who had immediately gone to Fitzgerald to tell him of their conversation. Woodward followed, and soon Fitzgerald convened a new grand jury, to extend his investigation. Woodward had said that he kept the information secret in order to avoid getting a subpoena. "When all these reporters are close to going to jail, Woodward is trying to avoid a subpoena?" one anchorwoman commented at a dinner in November for the Committee to Protect Journalists. On *Meet the Press,* when Tim Russert asked David Broder what was happening at the *Post,* Broder replied, "Consternation, to be honest with you." Russert's silence about his own role has elicited considerable comment and criticism on the blogs. Russert, who is married to *V.F.* special correspondent Maureen Orth, later told me that he had been bombarded with requests for interviews, and that he had made the decision not to comment publicly. At times, the complexities of reporters' commenting on one another's behavior had the feel of a taffy pull as friends wrote about friends while trying to exhibit detachment.

On December 5, Bernstein and Woodward had appeared at a forum on anonymous sources moderated by Alex Jones, the director of Harvard's Shorenstein Center. Bernstein, a longtime friend, had alerted me that the forum was taking place, and by chance we were on the same shuttle to Boston. "Have you been Googling this thing every day? The Norwich, Connecticut, [*Bulletin*] editorial page, of all places, has said that Bob should resign from the *Post.* I would like to know the page-one stories *they* have broken." He was rereading a piece he had published in 1992 in *The New Republic* on the subject of infotainment and the growing lack of news standards, and he was appalled, he said, that once again the White House had managed to change the subject.

MORPHOLUTION

ON THE ROAD AHEAD, A PATH TO BE AVOIDED



Heartless Bush boss Dick Cheney ...

... Heartless bank boss Mr. Potter.

PHOTO COMPOSITES BY JACQUES DEL CONTE AND DIAD GRAPHICS

"They have made the press the very center of the drama, instead of what it is—trying to hide the fraud that was the selling of the war."

Onstage at the forum, Woodward at first looked apprehensive and melancholy, as gray as the gargoyles he and Bernstein had once unseated.

"Can you imagine a situation in which you would give up an anonymous source, promised confidentiality, against his wishes?," Alex Jones asked.

"I cannot," Woodward replied. "Those sources are a lifeline.... If they feel nervous ... if the environment is one of risk, they won't [come forward]."

"This thing is going to turn out to be a cul-de-sac," Bob Woodward said. I was on a plane back from Boston with him. "It is going from here to there and back to here," he said, running his finger across the seat in front of him. He and Bernstein were having an ongoing dispute. "Carl thinks that Fitzgerald and his investigation into a White House cover-up is the crucial issue. I disagree. What is crucial is the war, the ongoing casualties, the debate about what to do! The evidence! The rest of the country does not care about Fitzgerald—they think Fitzgerald is the author of *The Great Gatsby.*"

I asked Woodward if he had been in favor of the war. "I don't take a position," he said. "I never have. People in New York and the *Washington Post* editorial page were all in favor of it. Now they are opposed. It validates my point. I don't write editorials. I could see the arguments. I know what wars do. I was on a naval cruiser during Vietnam.... Paul Wolfowitz said it in *Vanity Fair:* 'You needed a vehicle.' The vehicle was W.M.D."

I asked him if he would still go to jail for Judy Miller. "I don't know what to think anymore," he said. "It has become murky for me. I know that if you start criminalizing the exchange of information people will no longer speak to you. Your sources will dry up. I should not talk to you. Because I have now testified in the case, my lawyers tell me, 'You cannot talk about this.' Someone is going to haul it out. My position is: Over my dead body. The lawyers told me, 'Do not do the thing up at Harvard.' I have a strong belief that you do not hide. It is critical. If you are going to be a reporter, then there is an obligation to speak. We cannot take a step down the road of not speaking."

I asked him about his meeting with Fitzgerald. "I told him that I noticed in his press conference that he had said, 'Truth is the engine for the business of journalism.' I repeated that remark to Fitzgerald, and he seemed to look at me with a real understanding." There was no hint of irony in Woodward's voice. I asked him if he was concerned about the chilling effect on the press. "Of course," he said. "What is going on creates a terrible precedent. No one knows how any of it is going to come out."

Ms. Miller ... acknowledged serious flaws in her articles on Iraqi weapons. "W.M.D.—I got it totally wrong," she said. "The analysts, the experts, and the journalists who covered them—we were all wrong. If your sources are wrong, you are wrong. I did the best job that I could."

—The New York Times, October 16, 2005.

Out of jail, Miller resigned under pressure from *The New York Times* and began making speeches around the country on the need for protection of anonymous sources and a national shield law. Meanwhile, her former colleague James Risen was at the center of a new leak investigation, with his front-page stories and book on warrantless wiretaps and the Bush administration's alleged violation of a foreign-intelligence act in monitoring the lives of Americans.

In December, I had arranged to meet Walter Pincus in the lobby of *The Washington Post.* Pincus was late, and when he came downstairs he apologized. "I was in the middle of this new domestic-spying story," he said. This was just days before Risen's investigation would break in the *Times.* As we crossed 15th Street to have lunch at the Madison, Pincus said, "There are reports that this administration is involved in the most comprehensive abridgement of court proceedings, using the N.S.A. to raid and spy on Americans without legal warrants." At the table, I asked Pincus: How did we get from there to here? He began with Bush and Cheney's decision to go to war in 2003. "The question was why. They said, 'You have to go to war because Saddam Hussein is not in a box and is a threat. He had weapons!'" Now it was conceivable that Risen and *The Washington Post*'s Dana Priest, whose article on the secret C.I.A. prisons known as "black sites" had prompted calls for another leak investigation, would be forced to go to jail.

"Every future Patrick Fitzgerald out there will see that coercion worked," David Barstow remarked.

Lawyers for Vice-President Dick Cheney's former chief of staff told a federal judge on Friday that they would seek to subpoena reporters and news organizations to obtain additional documents that could assist in his defense in the C.I.A. leak case.

—The New York Times, January 21, 2006.

By early 2006 it had become obvious to Eve Burton, the general counsel of the Hearst Corporation, that Barstow's dire prediction had come true. "What has been the effect of Plamegate for the Hearst newspapers and TV and radio stations?," I asked her. "Troubling," she said quickly. "From July to December we had 42 subpoenas, eight times the number we got in the same six-month period last year." Burton, who is one of the only general counsels of a media corporation with a First Amendment background, has been bothered by the language in the court cases and filings. "They either invoke the Plame case or they say that now all the rules have changed." For Burton, there is no question that Fitzgerald's tactics and the decision in Judge Posner's court have emboldened federal and state prosecutors all over the country. "It is clearly a political decision coming out of the Bush Justice Department to go after the press in this country," she said. "In our 42 subpoenas, they will come after anything and everything—B roll at the TV stations, for example. Basic general-assignment reporting. A call will come in from the government: 'I understand you took footage of Joe Blow!' And the reporter at a station, usually inexperienced, will say, 'No, we did not take any footage.' Then we will end up having fights in court with the prosecutor about what constitutes a waiver." The subpoenas at Hearst, Burton continued, involve broadcast stations and newspapers all over the country. Is there a pattern? "Typically, it is non-published and confidential material. This is the danger of making the press the investigative arm for the government." At Hearst, Burton has created a "subpoena task force"—fighting every subpoena of non-published or confidential material, no matter how seemingly minor. "At one point, I was in a position where we had four subpoenas for one afternoon, and I could not even figure out how to be able to litigate them in the same time period," she said. "There are instances where both sides are subpoenaing the reporter, and the court will say, 'You have to testify immediately,' and it is too late to argue in front of the court that day, so reporters are threatened with having to spend the next night in jail."

Within the *Times,* Barstow and every reporter who had ever worked with Judy Miller were braced for a flurry of subpoenas from Scooter Libby's legal team, in search of material that would exonerate him. It had become clear to Barstow and Lowell Bergman that Fitzgerald's mission and the agenda of the progressive left had set off a much greater problem for the press. Barstow was also concerned about *The Washington Post*'s fight for reporter Dana Priest. "She is a national treasure," he told me. "The left loves this story. She revealed the black sites and the secret prisons. Now she is in much graver danger of going to jail for 85 days."

Does Eve Burton blame Fitzgerald? "I don't blame him," she said. "He has a job to do, and he has done it. Fitzgerald would say that after *Branzburg* the press has had 30 years of a free ride. The media has taken its responsibility to fight these subpoenas too loosely. When we were fighting every single battle, we were doing better. Then we

16 Words

went through a time when we started to make deals. When you start making deals, you empower people to come after you. It is as simple as that."

Some months ago, Bergman, alarmed at the trend, stopped keeping records of conversations with sources who in talking to him might have broken a law. "There were people who could have drawn the line, like Tim Russert and Bob Woodward, by framing the public debate so people would have understood what was happening. Nice, lovable Tim Russert in jail? Bob Woodward of Watergate fame could have come forward and said, 'This is important.' When Fitzgerald's subpoenas started flying, the only solidarity after the first fights was how do I shilly-shally and get out of this? The problem is, it didn't work."

By February there was a strong indication of what many had suspected all along: the effort to sell the war had begun in the office of the vice president. Writing online in the *National Journal,* Murray Waas, citing "attorneys familiar with the matter" and court records as his sources, broke the story that Scooter Libby had testified that he had been empowered by his boss, Dick Cheney, and other superiors to release classified material "to defend the Bush administration's use of prewar intelligence in making the case to go to war with Iraq." However unethical that might be, it was not a violation of the Intelligence Identities Protection Act. It did, however, point to a craven plot to attempt to spin reporters. There was speculation that Libby's defense team, which includes John Cline, who represented Oliver North in the Iran-contra case, might be returning to a strategy used then, trying to prove that, whatever Libby did or didn't do, his orders had come from above. On February 23, Libby's lawyers tried a further strategy, arguing that the indictment be dismissed because Fitzgerald was not appointed by the President with the Senate's approval—as per the Constitution—but by the Justice Department. By then, the two key figures in the case—Novak and Plame—were all but forgotten. In December, Plame had resigned from the C.I.A.

What had started as an F.B.I. investigation into the Bush propaganda machine had somehow morphed into a time of danger for the press. C.I.A. director Porter Goss demanded that reporters be put in front of a grand jury for the most recent leaks. "To envelop this in a national-security patina is ci[illegible] to reporters," James Goodale said. "If this happens, it's the end of this kind of reportage. You end up in jail because you are the only witness." Floyd Abrams concluded, "The consequence will be to threaten journalists' ability to do their job." □

CREDITS

FASHION

Cover: **Teri Hatcher's** **Polo By Ralph Lauren** sweater from selected Ralph Lauren stores; **Chanel** bikini bottom from Chanel, N.Y.C., or call 800-550-0005; Joe Zee for Jed Root.
Page 36: **Natalie Portman's** **Marc Jacobs** blouse from Marc Jacobs, Las Vegas, or call 702-369-2007, or go to marcjacobs.com.
Page 70: See credits for cover.
Page 104: Center, **Valentino** shoe from fredsegalfeet.com.
Page 108: Top left, **Pierre-Alain Blum** styled by Valerie Chauvin.
Page 114: **Elliott Puckette's** **Mayle** dress from Mayle, N.Y.C., or call 212-625-0406; **Marc Jacobs** shoes from all Marc Jacobs stores, or call 702-369-2007, or go to marcjacobs.com; for **Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun** necklace, call 212-944-6480. **Hugo Guinness's** **Dior Homme by Hedi Slimane** suit from Dior Homme, N.Y.C. and Las Vegas, or call 212-421-6009 or 702-735-1345, or go to dior.com; **Jil Sander** shirt from Jil Sander, N.Y.C., or call 800-704-7317; **Hermès** tie from Hermès stores nationwide, or call 800-441-4488, or go to hermes.com. Mia Morgan for Bryan Bantry.
Page 120: **Dany Levy** styled by Mia Morgan for Bryan Bantry; for dress by **Tamsen,** go to tamsen.net; for diamond necklace by **Catherine Angiel,** go to catherineangiel.com; necklace by **Tiffany & Co.,** from Tiffany & Co. stores nationwide, or call 800-526-0649.



Page 185: **Joseph Gordon-Levitt's** **Dior Homme by Hedi Slimane** suit and shirt from Barneys New York, L.A.; Neil Rodgers for celestineagency.com.
Page 188: **Katty Kay's** **Dolce & Gabbana** dress from Dolce & Gabbana boutiques nationwide, Jeffrey, N.Y.C., and Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco; **Celine** scarf from Celine boutiques nationwide, or call 866-600-4121; **Cesare Paciotti** shoes from Cesare Paciotti, N.Y.C. and L.A., or call 212-452-1222 or 310-273-3220; for **R. J. Graziano** earrings, call 212-685-1248; for **Anne Klein New York** cuffs, call 800-937-0050.



Page 190: Teri Hatcher's **Brioni** shirt from Brioni stores nationwide, or call 212-376-5777, or go to brioni.com; **Chanel** bikini bottom from Chanel, N.Y.C., or call 800-550-0005.
Page 191: For **Calvin Klein** top, call 888-222-1213; **Nina Ricci** bra from Nina Ricci boutiques nationwide, or go to nina-ricci.fr; vintage pants from What Comes Around Goes Around, N.Y.C.; **Hermès** boots from Hermès stores nationwide, or call 800-441-4488, or go to hermes.com; **Gucci** belt from selected Gucci stores, or call 800-234-8224, or go to gucci.com; for **David Yurman** bracelet, call 888-DYURMAN, or go to davidyurman.com; vintage **Patek Philippe** watch from the Aaron Faber Gallery, N.Y.C., or go to aaronfaber.com.
Pages 192–93: **Carolina Herrera** dress from Carolina Herrera, N.Y.C., or call 212-249-6552; for **Christian Louboutin for Derek Lam** shoes, go to christianlouboutin.fr; **Tiffany & Co.** diamond bracelet (second from left) from Tiffany & Co. stores nationwide; all other diamond bracelets by **Jacob & Co.,** from Jacob & Co., N.Y.C., or go to jacobandco.com.
Page 195: **Versace** top from Versace boutiques worldwide; **Jacob & Co.** earrings from Jacob & Co., N.Y.C., or go to jacobandco.com.
Pages 202–3: **Jessica Lange's** **Derek Rose** pajamas from Nap, Inc., or call 212-481-5000, ext. 217.
Pages 212–13: Natalie Portman's **Rochas** dress by special order from Rochas, Paris, or call 011-331-53-57-22-10; George Cortina for Exposure.



Page 216: **Alexander McQueen** dress from Alexander McQueen, N.Y.C.
Pages 224–25: **Greg Vinkler's** blazer, jacket, and shirt by **Jay Kos,** from Jay Kos, N.Y.C., or call 212-327-2382. **William Houston's** vest and pants by **Hickey Freeman,** from Hickey Freeman, N.Y.C., or call 212-586-6481; shirt by **Turnbull & Asser,** from Turnbull & Asser, N.Y.C. and Beverly Hills, or call 212-752-5700. **Harriet Walter's** blouse and skirt by **Emporio Armani,** from Giorgio Armani, N.Y.C., or call 212-988-9191, or go to giorgioarmani.com. **Ian McKellen's** sweater, shirt, tie, and pants by Jay Kos, from Jay Kos, N.Y.C., or call 212-327-2382; shoes by **John Varvatos,** from John Varvatos, N.Y.C. and L.A., or call 212-965-0700, or go to johnvarvatos.com. **Rupert Evans's** vintage jacket from the Way We Wore, L.A., or call 323-937-0878; shirt by Turnbull & Asser, from Turnbull & Asser, N.Y.C. and Beverly Hills, or call 212-752-5700; sweater by **Loro Piano,** from Loro Piano, N.Y.C.; pants by **Asprey,** from Asprey, N.Y.C. and Beverly Hills, or call 800-833-2777, or go to asprey.com; watch by **Jaeger-LeCoultre,** from Wempe, N.Y.C., or call 212-397-9000. For **Judi Dench's** coat by **Adrienne Landau,** call 212-695-8362; vintage dress from the Way We Wore, L.A., or call 323-937-0878; stockings by **Fogal,** from Fogal, N.Y.C., or call 212-355-3254; shoes by **Gina Couture,** from Jeffrey, N.Y.C., and Fred Segal, L.A., or go to gina.com; earrings by **Tiffany & Co.,** from Tiffany & Co. stores nationwide, or call 800-526-0649. **Morven Christie's** dress by **Alberta Ferretti,** from Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide. **F. Murray Abraham's** coat, pants, and shoes by **Domenico Vacca,** from Domenico Vacca, N.Y.C., or call 212-838-9634; sweater by Jay Kos, from Jay Kos, N.Y.C., or call 212-327-2382. **Patrick Stewart's** shoes by **Brioni,** from Brioni, N.Y.C., or call 212-376-5777. **Claire Lautier's** blazer by **Ralph Lauren Blue Label,** from selected Ralph Lauren stores, or go to polo.com; pants by **Maggie Norris Couture,** from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C., or call 212-239-3433; vintage watch by **Hamilton,** from Plaza Collectibles in ABC Carpet & Home, or call 212-473-3000. **Chuk Iwuji's** suit by Hickey Freeman, from Hickey Freeman, N.Y.C., or call 212-586-6481; shirt by Turnbull & Asser, from Turnbull & Asser, N.Y.C. and Beverly Hills, or call 212-752-5700; tie by **Ermenegildo Zegna,** from Ermenegildo Zegna boutiques nationwide, or call 888-880-3462, or go to zegna.com; shoes by Emporio Armani, from Giorgio Armani, N.Y.C., or call 212-988-9191, or go to giorgioarmani.com; watch by **Piaget,** from Piaget, N.Y.C., and Bal Harbour and Palm Beach, Fla., or call 877-8PIAGET, or go to piaget.com.



BEAUTY AND GROOMING



Cover: **Teri Hatcher's** hair styled with **John Frieda** Brilliant Brunette Simply Sleek Straightening Cream, and Satin Shine Finishing Cream; Serge Normant for Serge Normant at John Frieda Salon. On her face, **Lancôme** Magique Matte Soft-Matte Perfecting Mousse Makeup in Ivoire 2, and Photogenic Sheer Loose Powder in Translucent; on her eyes, Color Design in Makeover, Le Crayon Khôl in Black Ebony, and Hypnôse Custome Volume Mascara in Black; on her cheeks, Blush Subtil in Rose Fresque; on her lips, Color Design Lip in Timeless; Gucci Westman for Lancôme.
Page 70: See credits for cover.
Page 78: Sara Switzer's and Beth Kseniak's hair and makeup by Naomi Warden for artistsbytimothypriano.com.
Page 108: Top left, **Pierre-Alain Blum's** grooming by Jean Luc Saint Blaise.
Page 114: Ashley Javier for Kérastase Paris/Magnet; Jenna Menard for MAC/Jump.
Page 120: Top left, **Dany Levy's** hair by Diego Americo for Redken/Cutler/De Facto; makeup by Carmindy for carmindy.com/Kramer & Kramer. Center right, **Jo Malone** Nectarine Blossom and Honey from Jo Malone stores nationwide and from selected Neiman Marcus stores, or

go to jomalone.com. **Ralph Lauren** Hot from department stores nationwide, or go to polo.com; for **Becker-Eshaya** Be, go to beckereshaya.com. Bottom right, **Yves Saint Laurent** Rouge Pure Shine from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C., and Neiman Marcus, Nordstrom, and Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide; **Giorgio Armani** Armani Silk from Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide, or go to giorgioarmani.com; **Chanel** Rouge Allure Lip Colour from Saks Fifth Avenue stores and other major department stores nationwide, or go to chanel.com.



Page 185: Joseph Gordon-Levitt's hair styled with **Redken** Maneuver Working Wax; his face moisturized with **Zirh** Defend. Kim Werbeck for Exclusive Artists.

Page 188: On **Katty Kay's** face, **MAC** Moisture Blend Foundation S.P.F. 15 in NC15; on her eyes, Pro Lash Mascara in Coal Black; on her lips, Lipstick in Chili; Regina Harris for Mac Pro/L'Atelier.

Page 190: See credits for cover

Pages 191–95: On Ten Hatcher's face **Laura Mercier** Silk Crème Foundation in Rose Ivory, and Loose Setting Powder in Translucent; on her eyes, Eye Colour in Princess, Eye Pencil in Black Extreme, and Thickening & Building Mascara in Black; on her cheeks, Illuminating Powder in Pink Rose Quad; on her lips, Lip Colour Crème in Marquise; Laura Mercier for Laura Mercier Cosmetics/Jed Root. Sheril Bailey for Jed Root. For other product details, see credits for cover.



Page 203: Howard Fugler for Kérastase Paris/marekandassociates.com; Kay Montano for Streeters.

Page 206: Walter Pincus's grooming by Nicholette Nicci for T.H.E Artist Agency.

Pages 208–9: Judith Miller's hair and makeup and **Floyd Abrams's** grooming by Helene Macaulay for artistsbytimothypriano.com.

Page 211: Joseph Wilson's grooming by Susan Heydt for T.H.E Artist Agency.

Pages 212 and 215: Natalie Portman's hair styled with **L'Oréal Professionnel** Textureline Lisscontrol and Textureline Texture Gel; Paul Hanlon for Julian Watson Agency. On her face, **Chanel** Instant D'Éclat Radiance Flash Fluid; on her eyebrows, Sculpte Sourcils Sculpting Brow Pencil in Bistre; on her eyes, Le Crayon Khôl Intense Eye Pencil in Noir, Les 4 Ombres Quadra Eye Shadow in Golden Eyes, and Cils à Cils Lash Building Mascara in Noir; on her cheeks, Joues Contraste Powder Blush in Cedar Rose; on her lips, Rouge Hydrabase Lipstick in Tempt; Charlotte Tilbury for Untitled. Luna for Servimatge.



Page 216: On her lips, **Chanel** Rouge Hydrabase Crème Lipstick in Temptress. For other product details, see credits for pages 212 and 215.

Page 217: On her eyes, **Chanel** Automatic Liquid Eyeliner in Noir. For other product details, see credits for pages 212 and 215.

Pages 224–25: All hair and grooming products by **Kiehl's.** Makeup products by **Dior.** On **Greg Vinkler's** face, Facial Fuel. **William Houston's** hair styled with Crème with Silk Groom; his face moisturized with Sodium PCA Oil-Free Moisturizer, on his lips, Lip Balm No. 1. **Harriet Walter's** hair styled with Just-Out-of-the-Shower Hair Gel; on her face, Diorskin Ultra-Mat in Ivory, and Powder in Transparent Light; on her eyes, Crayon Eyeliner in Deep Brown and Ultimeyes Mascara in Ultimate Black; on her cheeks, Diorblush in Contour; on her lips, Addict Rouge à Lèvres in Polychrome Brown. **Ian McKellen's** hair styled with Just-Out-of-the-Shower Hair Gel; on his face, Facial Fuel. **Rupert Evans's** hair styled with Malleable Molding Paste; his face moisturized with Sodium PCA Oil-Free Moisturizer; on his lips, Lip Balm No. 1. **Judi Dench's** hair styled with Just-Out-of-the-Shower Hair Gel; on her face, Diorskin Fluid in Ivory, and Powder in Transparent Light; on her eyes, 5-Color Eyeshadow in Seascape, and Ultimeyes Mascara in Ultimate Black; on her cheeks, Diorblush in Naive Rose; on her lips, Addict Rouge à Lèvres in Instinctive Pink. **Morven Christie's** hair styled with Heat-Protective Silk-Straightening Cream; on her face, Diorskin Fluid in Ivory, and Powder in Transparent Light; on her eyes, 1-Color Eyeshadow in Cigarillo, and Ultimeyes Mascara in Ultimate Black; on her cheeks, Diorblush in Naive Rose; on her lips, Addict Rouge à Lèvres in Contrast Brown. On **F. Murray Abraham's** face, Facial Fuel. On **Patrick Stewart's** face, Facial Fuel. **Claire Lautier's** hair styled with Silk Groom Serum; on her face, Diorskin Ultra-Mat in Ivory, and Powder in Transparent Light; on her eyes, 1-Color Eyeshadow in Cigarillo, and Ultimeyes Mascara in Ultimate Black; on her cheeks, Diorblush in Contour; on her lips, Addict Rouge à Lèvres in Radiant Orange. **Chuk Iwuji's** face moisturized with Ultimate Men's After Shave Balm & Moisturizer; on his lips, Lip Balm No. 1. Stacey Ross for L'Atelier; Claire Bayley for L'Atelier. James Mooney for Kiehl's/Terrie Tanaka, assisted by Gary France for Toni & Guy; and Carla Furtado, Ane Haugli, and Michiko, all for Windle. Ashley Ward for Dior/Terrie Tanaka, assisted by Annabel Callum, Louise Dartford, Caroline Frazer, and Lyz Marsden.

Page 266: Grooming by Anita Keeling for Blunt.

Where to find beauty products:

Chanel, Chanel boutiques and counters nationwide, or go to chanel.com.

Dior, Dior boutiques and major department stores nationwide.

John Frieda, from drugstores nationwide, or go to drugstore.com.

Kiehl's, Kiehl's and Barneys New York stores nationwide, or go to kiehls.com.

Lancôme, major department stores nationwide, or go to lancome.com.

Laura Mercier, Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C., and Barneys New York and Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide.

L'Oréal Professionnel, specialty hair salons and supply stores nationwide, or go to us.lorealprofessionnel.com.

MAC, MAC stores and department stores nationwide, or go to maccosmetics.com.

Redken, Redken Gallerie, N.Y.C., or go to redken.com.

Zirh, Paul La Brecque Salon, N.Y.C., and Barneys New York stores nationwide, or go to paullabrecque.com.

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Page 66: By Steve Chernin/A.P. Wide World Photos (McNamara), Paul J. Richards/AFP/Getty Images (Rumsfeld).

Page 94: Right, courtesy of *Outside* magazine.

Page 104: Top, *Otherworld,* 2002, tempera on panel, 30.5 in. by 47.75 in., courtesy of Frank E. Fowler, © by Andrew Wyeth; bottom left, from Reuters/Landov; bottom right, © Victoria and Albert Museum, London.

Page 106: Top left, from *Andy Warhol "Giant" Size* (Phaidon Press), photograph from Magnum Photos.

Page 108: Bottom right, from Sony Pictures Classics.

Page 110: Left, second from top, courtesy of Hotel Hassler Roma.

Page 112: Top right, from Dian Hanson's *The History of Men's Magazines* (Taschen).

Page 116: Top left, from NBC Universal; top right, from Retna.

Page 118: From Atlantic Archives (Telfair Museum), courtesy of Comune di Roma (altar), courtesy of Lawrence Loewy/Loewy Designs (Loewys).

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Page 174: From *The Stamford Advocate*/A.P. Wide World Photos.

Page 175: Courtesy of the Smith family.

Page 179: Bottom, courtesy of Royal Caribbean International.

Page 182: From A.P. Wide World Photos

Pages 191–95: Produced on location by Simone Silverman. Tom Bell for Jed Root.

Page 191: Vintage riding crop from Early Halloween, N.Y.C.

Page 198: Top, from A.P. Wide World Photos; bottom, courtesy of the Ronald Reagan Library.

Page 201: Top, from *The Hill;* bottom, from A.P. Wide World Photos

Pages 202–3: Production by Stacey Hug.

Pages 204–5: From Getty Images.

Pages 212–17: Produced on location by Anne-Gaël Le Clec'h for Lalaland.

Pages 224–25: Production by Maya Marzolf. Produced on location by Jo Matthews. Simon Costin for CLM.

Pages 226–27: From the Tynan Family Collection.

Page 228: Top and center, from the Tynan Family Collection; bottom, from *The Times,* London.

Page 229: From the Tynan Family Collection.

Pages 230–31: From Camera Press/Retna (9); all others from the Tynan Family Collection.

Page 232–33: All from the Tynan Family Collection.

Page 251: Clockwise from top left: by Adele Starr, Dennis Cook, Matt York, Charles Dharapak, Dave Weaver, Ric Feld, Bill Haber, Stephen J. Boitano; all from A.P. Wide World Photos.

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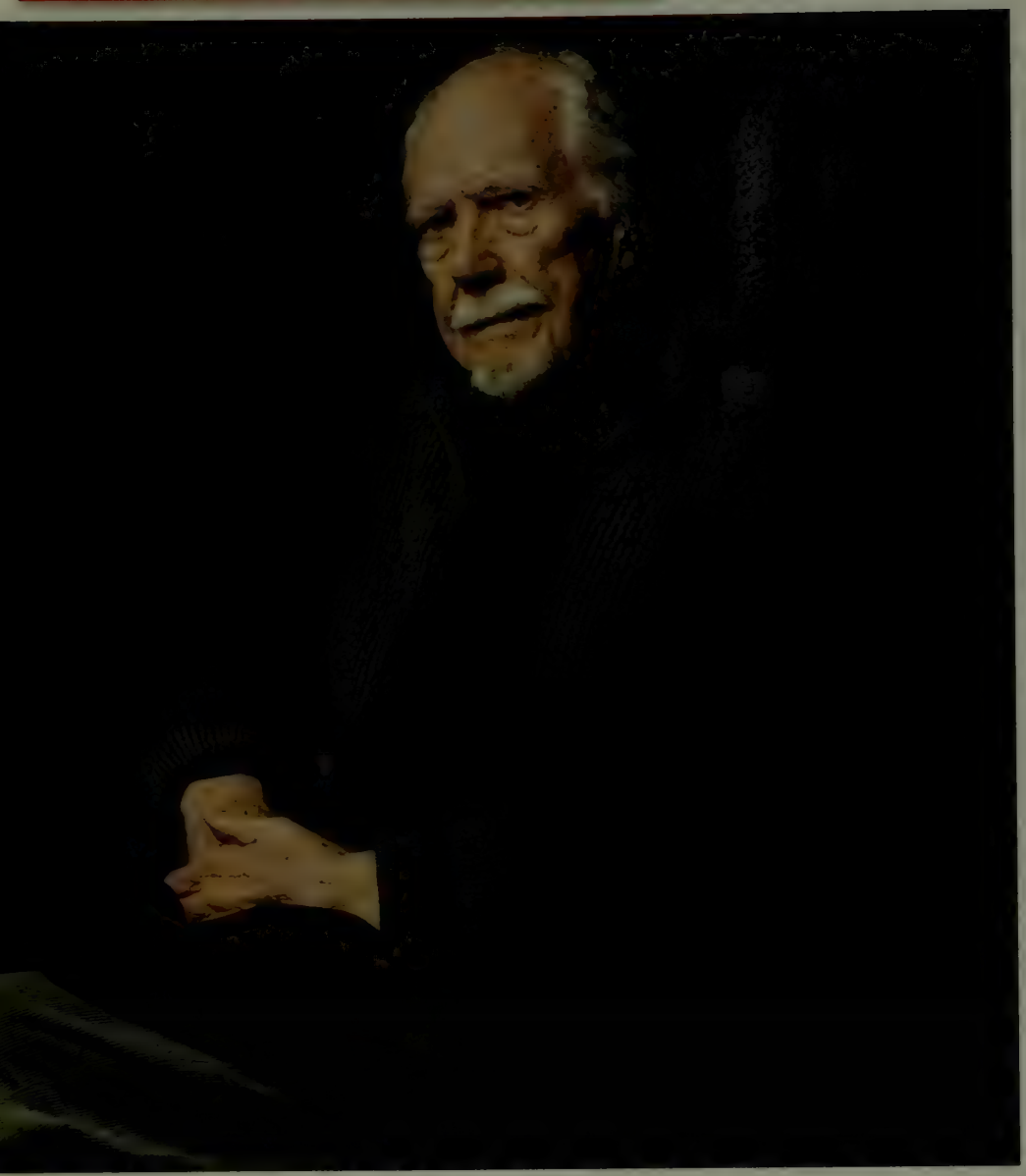
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ROBERT ALTMAN

When *M*A*S*H* opened, in 1970, Robert Altman established himself as an independent, irreverent force in Hollywood. At this year's Academy Awards, the maverick of moviemaking received an honorary Oscar for his work as a director, producer, and writer. Before releasing his 39th film, *A Prairie Home Companion*, he speaks out about frugality, foolish risks, and Buffalo Bill

What is your idea of perfect happiness?
Screening a new picture in a room full of "virgins."

What is your greatest fear?
See above answer.

Which historical figure do you most identify with?
Buffalo Bill.

Which living person do you most admire?
Harry Belafonte.

What is the trait you most deplore in yourself?
My tendency to take foolish risks.

What is the trait you most deplore in others?
Their reluctance to take foolish risks.

What do you consider the most overrated virtue?
Frugality.

On what occasion do you lie?
What day is today?

Which living person do you most despise?
W.

Which words or phrases do you most overuse?
"Cut."

What is your greatest regret?
Doing this questionnaire.

What or who is the greatest love of your life?
Kathryn Reed.

When and where were you happiest?
Working.

Which talent would you most like to have?
Card counting.

What is your current state of mind?
Cautiously optimistic.

If you could change one thing about yourself, what would it be?
I'd make my legs the same length.

If you could change one thing about your family, what would it be?
No comment.

What do you consider your greatest achievement?
I've made only the movies I wanted to make.

If you were to die and come back as a person or thing, what do you think it would be?
I'm immortal.

What is your most treasured possession?
Memories.

What is the quality you most like in a man?
The ability not to take one's self seriously.

What is the quality you most like in a woman?
The ability to take *me* seriously.

Who are your favorite writers?
Raymond Carver and Roald Dahl.

Who is your favorite hero of fiction?
Philip Marlowe.

What is it that you most dislike?
Movies that explain everything.

What is your motto?
"Giggle and give in."

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BEYOND THE STATUS QUO.


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